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PENTECOSTAL HYMNS

NOS. 3 AND 4 COMBINED

ENTECOSTAL HYMNS

NUMBER THREE

WINNOWED COLLECTION FOR EVANGELISTIC SERVICES, YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS

SELECTED BY

HENRY DATE

MUSIC EDITORS

E. A. HOFFMAN T. C. O'KANE W. W. BENTLEY

HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY

150 MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO

27 EAST 22ND STREET
NEW YORK

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PREFATORY

PENTECOSTAL HYMNS No. 3 is a winnowed collection of upwards of 300 pieces by 150 writers and 100 composers. It contains 288 pages, and is larger by 64 pages than either of the books that preceded it, whose sales ran into the hundreds of thousands. The aim has been to provide a book that would be broad enough in its scope to accommodate the needs of all departments of Church and Sunday-School work, except those that are met by an authorized Hymnal. The latter book should always have the pre-eminence. The peculiar needs of the Sunday School, the Young People's Prayer Meeting, and the Mid-Week Devotional Service have been most carefully considered. The songs of an evangelistic character are a host. The classics, for which there are no substitutes in modern Hymnody, have not been overlooked. For every number there will be found an appropriate tune. Many choice songs appear for the first time in this collection.

Henry Date.

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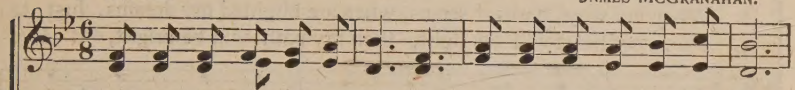
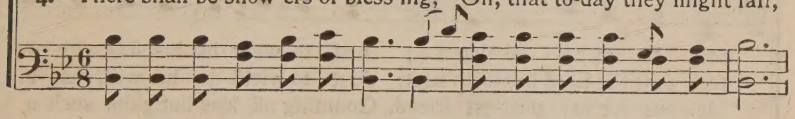
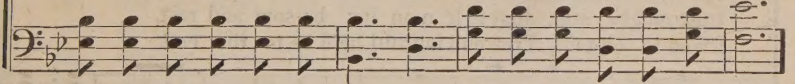
Pentecostal Hymns, No. 3.

1 There Shall be Showers of Blessing.

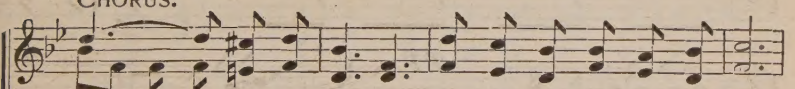
EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Pre-cious re - viv-ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Oh, that to-day they might fall,



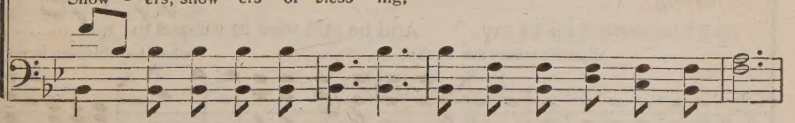
There shall be sea-sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of abundance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now honor Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call.



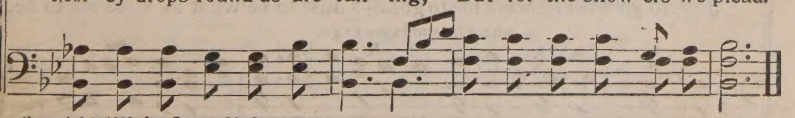
CHORUS.



Show - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless - ing we need;
Show - ers, show - ers of bless - ing,



Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



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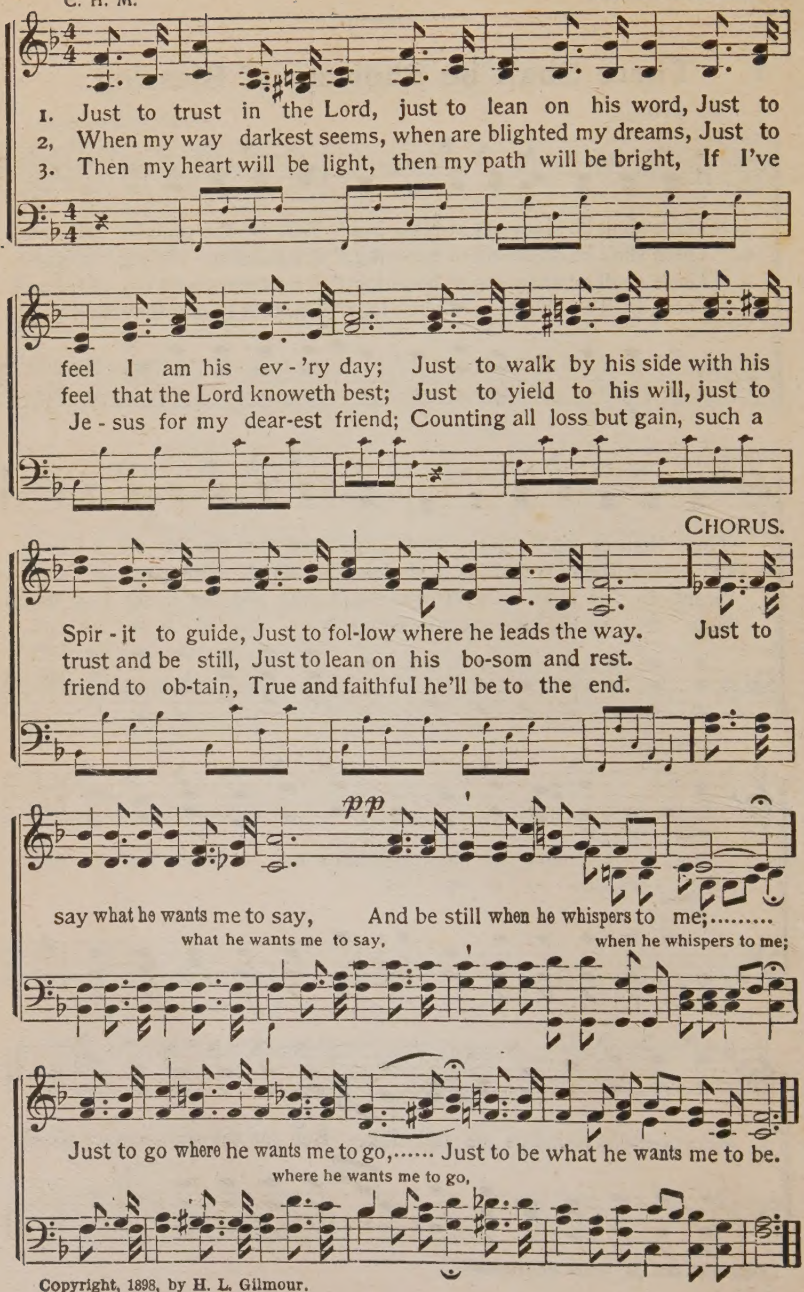
Doing His Will.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to
2, When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've
feel I am his ev - 'ry day; Just to walk by his side with his
feel that the Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to
Je - sus for my dear-est friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a
CHORUS.
Spir - it to guide, Just to fol-low where he leads the way. Just to
trust and be still, Just to lean on his bo-som and rest.
friend to ob-tain, True and faithful he'll be to the end.
pp
say what he wants me to say, And be still when he whispers to me;.....
what he wants me to say, when he whispers to me;
Just to go where he wants me to go,..... Just to be what he wants me to be.
where he wants me to go,

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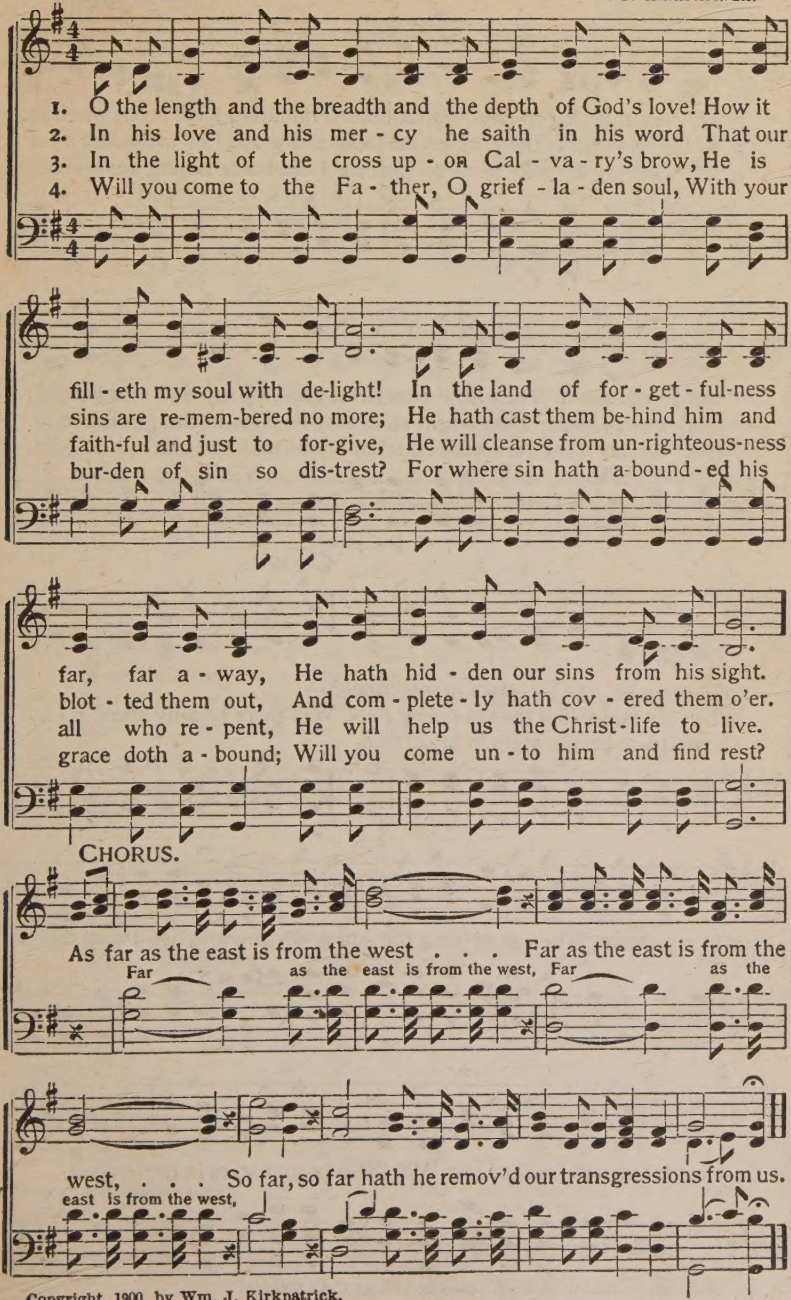
As Far as the East.

FLORA KIRKLAND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. O the length and the breadth and the depth of God's love! How it
2. In his love and his mer - cy he saith in his word That our
3. In the light of the cross up - on Cal - va - ry's brow, He is
4. Will you come to the Fa - ther, O grief - la - den soul, With your
fill - eth my soul with de-light! In the land of for - get - ful-ness
sins are re-mem-bered no more; He hath cast them be-hind him and
faith-ful and just to for-give, He will cleanse from un-righteous-ness
bur-den of sin so dis-trest? For where sin hath a-bound - ed his
far, far a - way, He hath hid - den our sins from his sight.
blot - ted them out, And com - plete - ly hath cov - ered them o'er.
all who re - pent, He will help us the Christ-life to live.
grace doth a - bound; Will you come un - to him and find rest?
CHORUS.
As far as the east is from the west . . . Far as the east is from the
Far as the east is from the west, Far as the
west, . . . So far, so far hath he remov'd our transgressions from us.
east is from the west,

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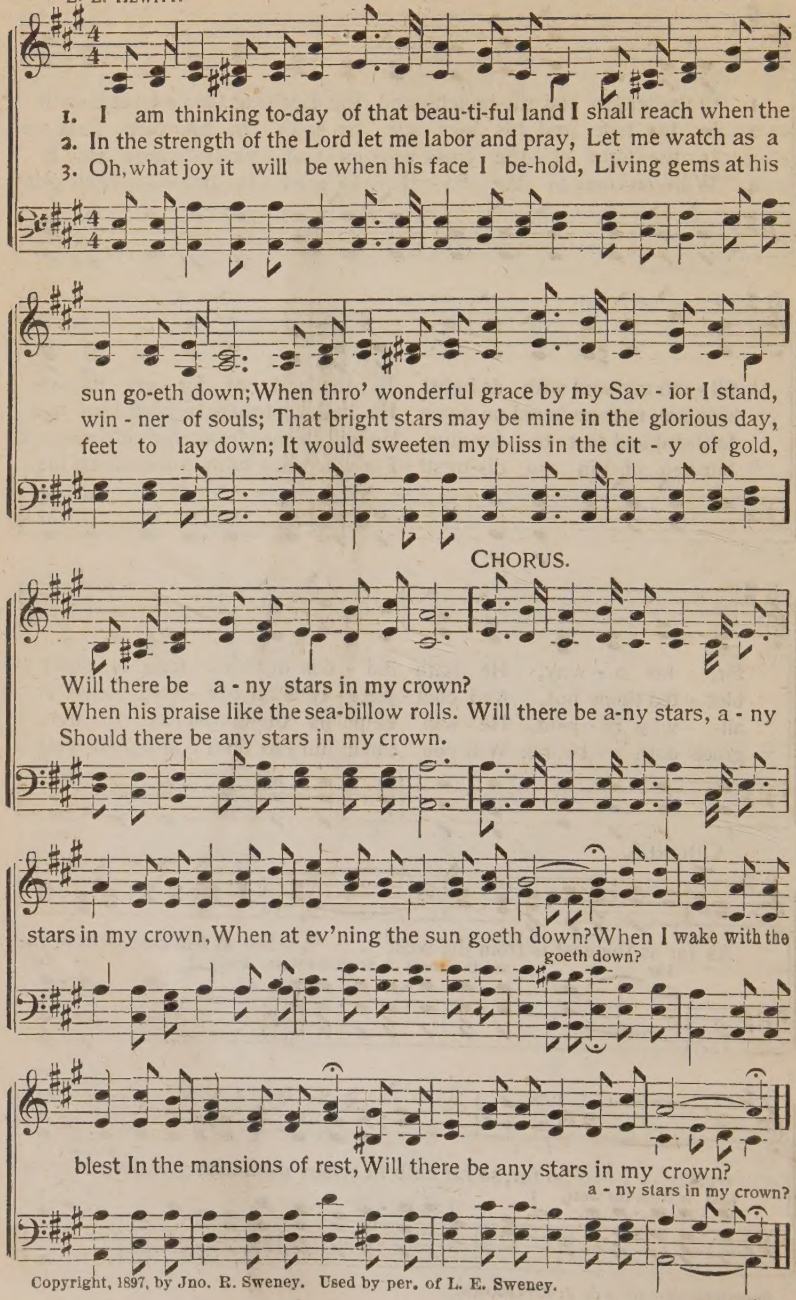
Will there be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a
win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when his face I be-hold, Living gems at his
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,
CHORUS.
Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?
When his praise like the sea-billow rolls. Will there be a-ny stars, a - ny
Should there be any stars in my crown.
stars in my crown, When at ev'ning the sun goeth down? When I wake with the
goeth down?
blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?
a - ny stars in my crown?

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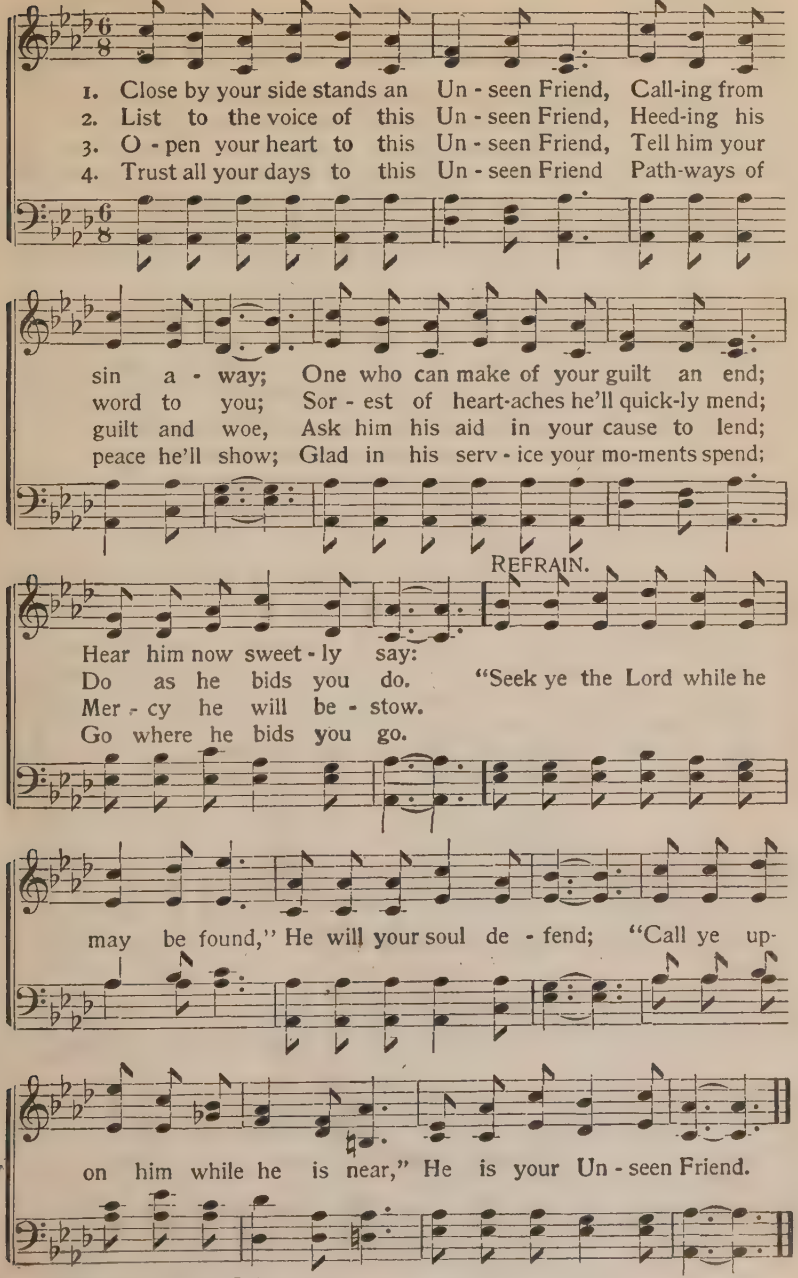
An Unseen Friend.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. Close by your side stands an Un - seen Friend, Call-ing from sin a - way; One who can make of your guilt an end;
2. List to the voice of this Un - seen Friend, Heed-ing his word to you; Sor - est of heart-aches he'll quick-ly mend;
3. O - pen your heart to this Un - seen Friend, Tell him your guilt and woe, Ask him his aid in your cause to lend;
4. Trust all your days to this Un - seen Friend Path-ways of peace he'll show; Glad in his serv - ice your mo-ments spend;
REFRAIN.
Hear him now sweet - ly say:
Do as he bids you do. "Seek ye the Lord while he
Mer - cy he will be - stow.
Go where he bids you go.
may be found," He will your soul de - fend; "Call ye up-
on him while he is near," He is your Un - seen Friend.

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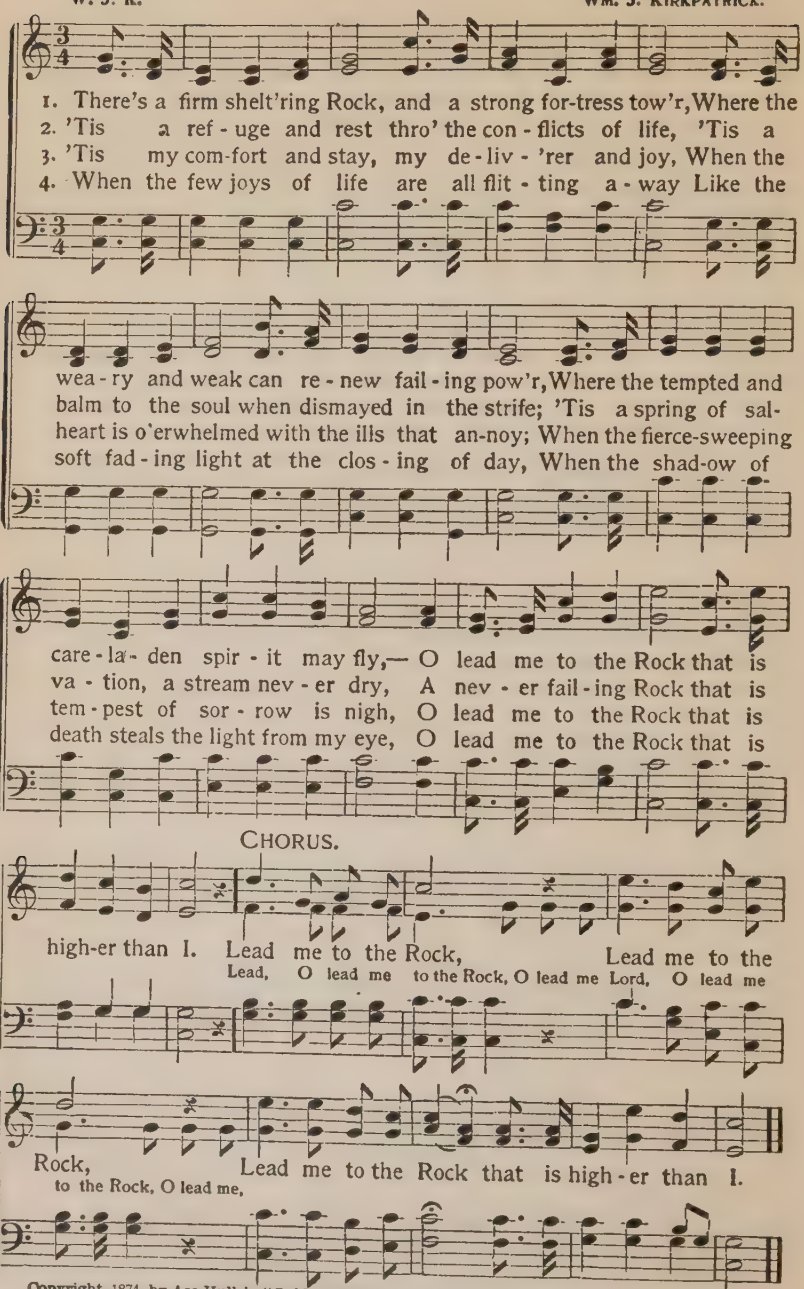
The Sheltering Rock.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. There's a firm shelt'ring Rock, and a strong for-tress tow'r, Where the
2. 'Tis a ref - uge and rest thro' the con - flicts of life, 'Tis a
3. 'Tis my com-fort and stay, my de - liv - 'rer and joy, When the
4. When the few joys of life are all flit - ting a - way Like the
wea - ry and weak can re - new fail - ing pow'r, Where the tempted and
balm to the soul when dismayed in the strife; 'Tis a spring of sal-
heart is o'erwhelmed with the ills that an-noy; When the fierce-sweeping
soft fad - ing light at the clos - ing of day, When the shad-ow of
care - la - den spir - it may fly,— O lead me to the Rock that is
va - tion, a stream nev - er dry, A nev - er fail - ing Rock that is
tem - pest of sor - row is nigh, O lead me to the Rock that is
death steals the light from my eye, O lead me to the Rock that is
CHORUS.
high-er than I. Lead me to the Rock, Lead me to the
Lead, O lead me to the Rock, O lead me Lord, O lead me
Rock, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.
to the Rock, O lead me,

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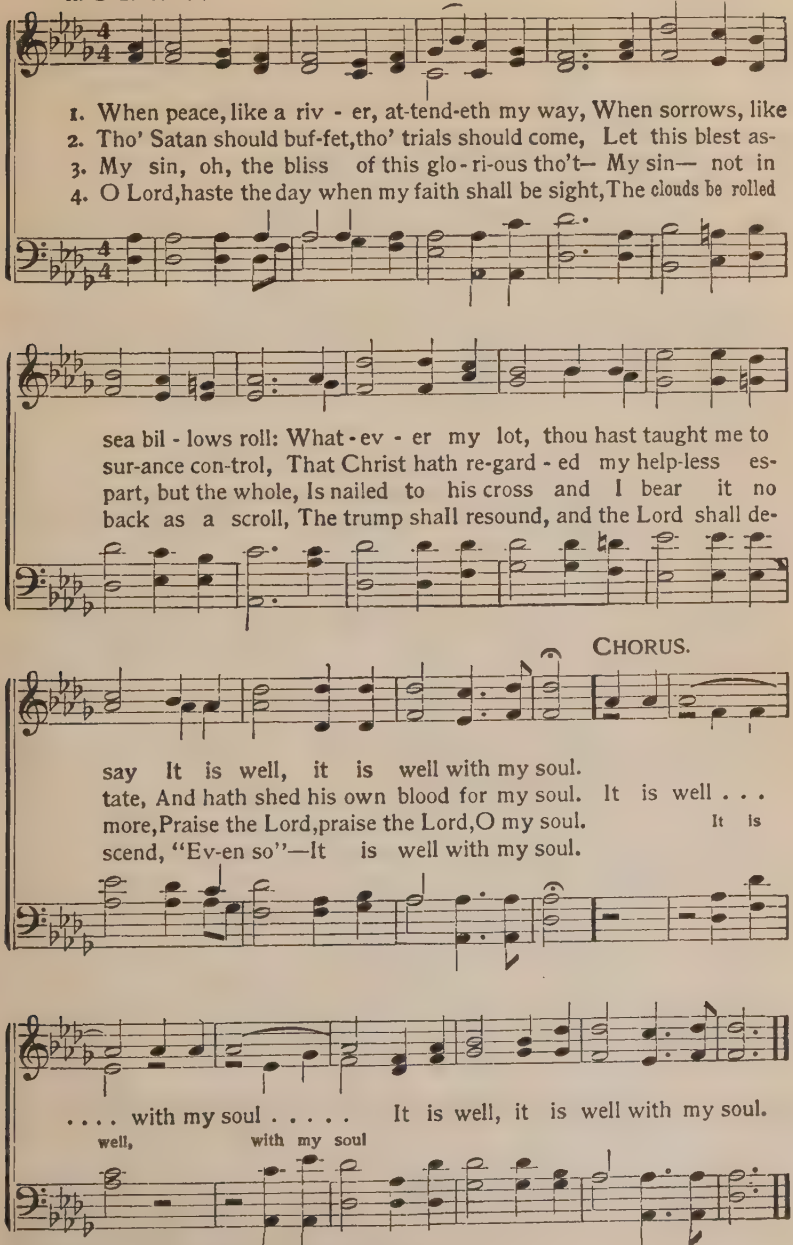
It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.


1. When peace, like a riv - er, at-tend-eth my way, When sorrows, like
2. Tho' Satan should buf-fet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin, oh, the bliss of this glo - ri-ous tho't— My sin— not in
4. O Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled
sea bil - lows roll: What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to
sur-ance con-trol, That Christ hath re-gard - ed my help-less es-
part, but the whole, Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall de-
CHORUS.
say It is well, it is well with my soul.
tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul. It is well . . .
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul. It is
scend, "Ev-en so"—It is well with my soul.
. . . . with my soul . . . . . It is well, it is well with my soul.
well, with my soul

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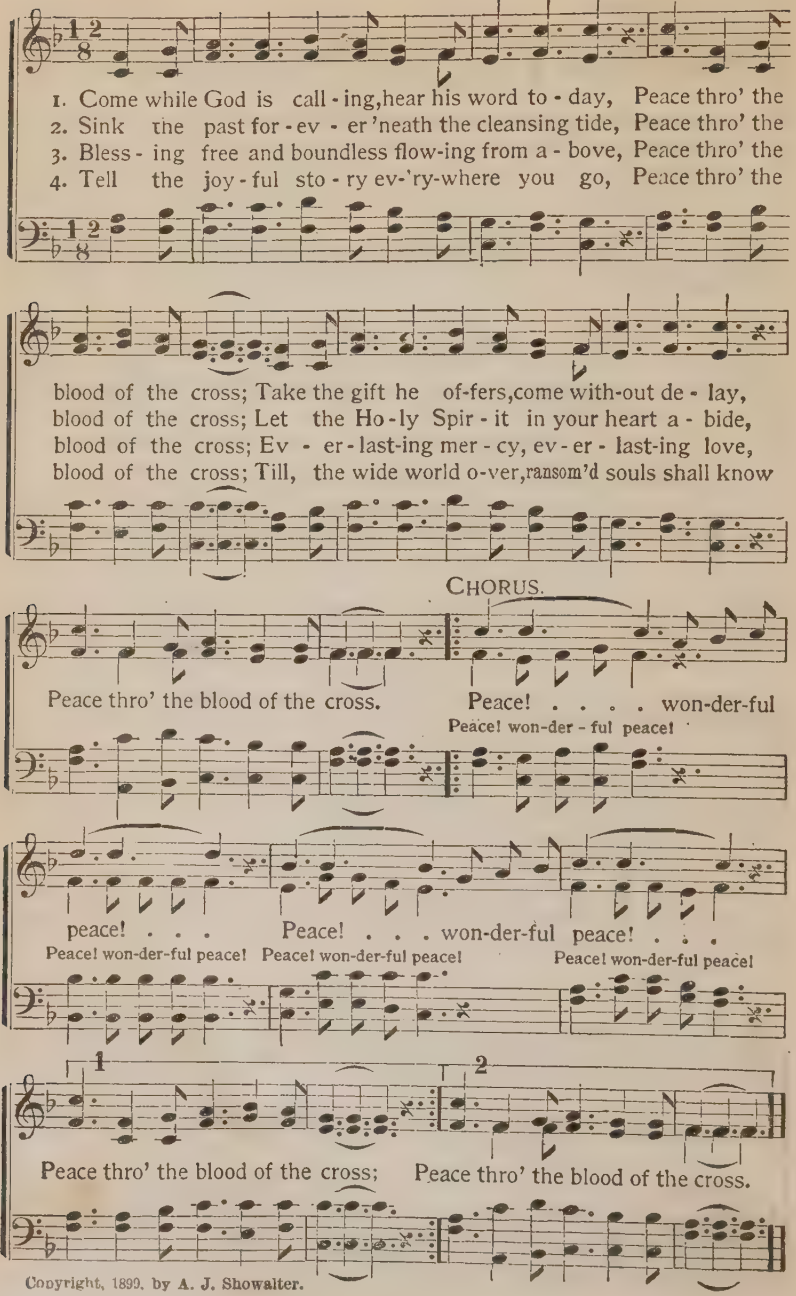
Peace through the Blood.

E. E. HEWITT. A. J. SHOWALTER.


1. Come while God is call - ing, hear his word to - day, Peace thro' the
2. Sink the past for - ev - er 'neath the cleansing tide, Peace thro' the
3. Bless - ing free and boundless flow-ing from a - bove, Peace thro' the
4. Tell the joy - ful sto - ry ev-'ry-where you go, Peace thro' the
blood of the cross; Take the gift he of-fers, come with-out de - lay,
blood of the cross; Let the Ho - ly Spir - it in your heart a - bide,
blood of the cross; Ev - er - last-ing mer - cy, ev - er - last-ing love,
blood of the cross; Till, the wide world o-ver, ransom'd souls shall know
CHORUS.
Peace thro' the blood of the cross. Peace! . . . . won-der-ful
Peace! won-der - ful peace!
peace! . . . Peace! . . . won-der-ful peace! . . .
Peace! won-der-ful peace! Peace! won-der-ful peace! Peace! won-der-ful peace!
1
Peace thro' the blood of the cross;
2
Peace thro' the blood of the cross.

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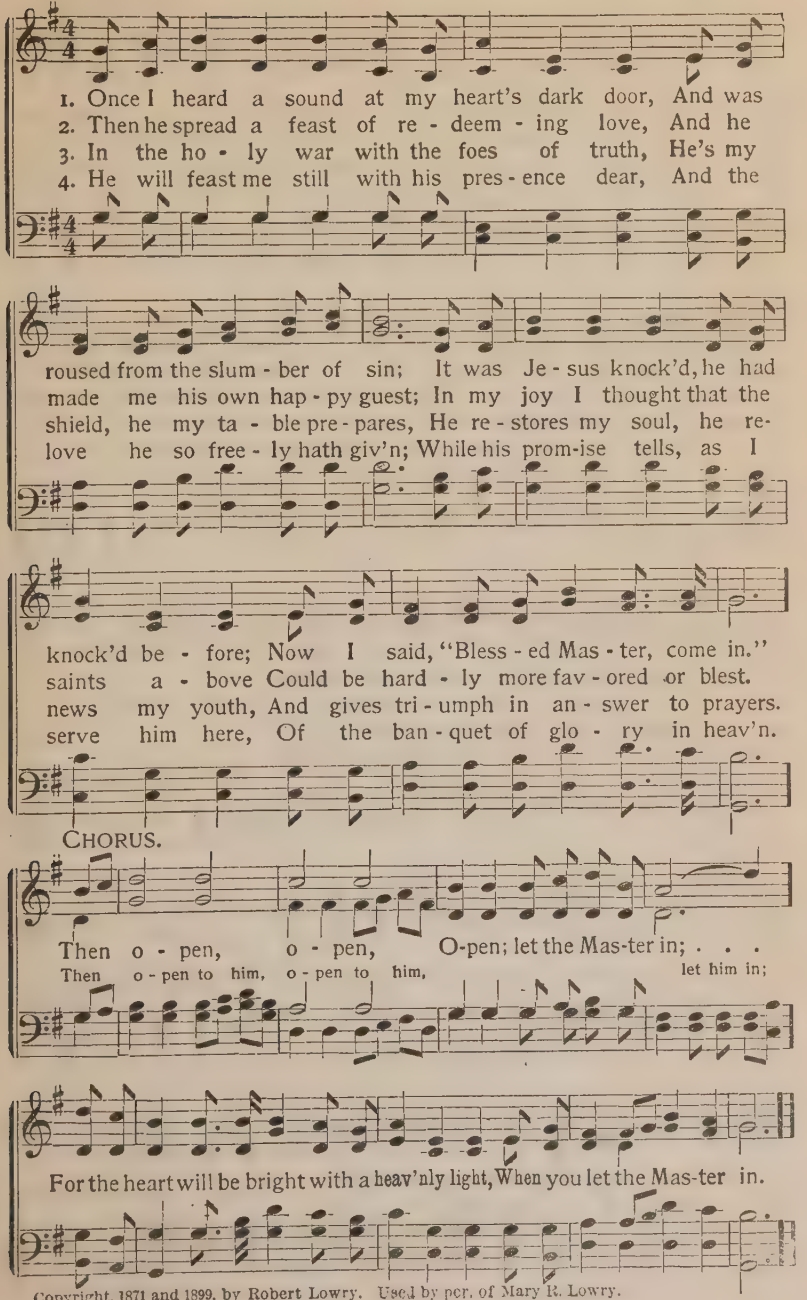
Let the Master In.

S. D. PHELPS. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Once I heard a sound at my heart's dark door, And was
2. Then he spread a feast of re - deem - ing love, And he
3. In the ho - ly war with the foes of truth, He's my
4. He will feast me still with his pres - ence dear, And the
roused from the slum - ber of sin; It was Je - sus knock'd, he had
made me his own hap - py guest; In my joy I thought that the
shield, he my ta - ble pre - pares, He re - stores my soul, he re-
love he so free - ly hath giv'n; While his prom-ise tells, as I
knock'd be - fore; Now I said, "Bless - ed Mas - ter, come in."
saints a - bove Could be hard - ly more fav - ored or blest.
news my youth, And gives tri - umph in an - swer to prayers.
serve him here, Of the ban - quet of glo - ry in heav'n.
CHORUS.
Then o - pen, o - pen, O-pen; let the Mas-ter in; . . .
Then o - pen to him, o - pen to him, let him in;
For the heart will be bright with a heav'nly light, When you let the Mas-ter in.

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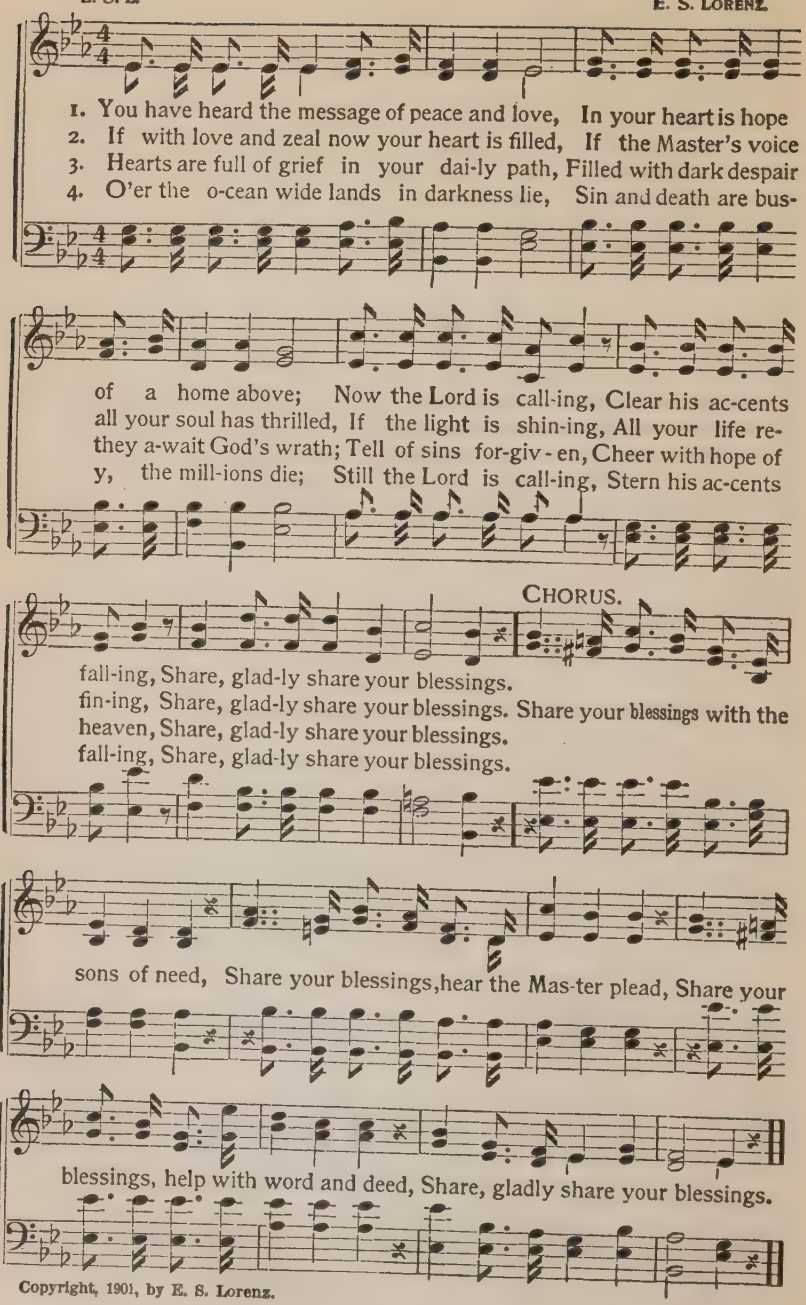
Share Your Blessings.

E. S. L. E. S. Lorenz.


1. You have heard the message of peace and love, In your heart is hope
2. If with love and zeal now your heart is filled, If the Master's voice
3. Hearts are full of grief in your dai-ly path, Filled with dark despair
4. O'er the o-cean wide lands in darkness lie, Sin and death are bus-
of a home above; Now the Lord is call-ing, Clear his ac-cents
all your soul has thrilled, If the light is shin-ing, All your life re-
they a-wait God's wrath; Tell of sins for-giv-en, Cheer with hope of
y, the mill-ions die; Still the Lord is call-ing, Stern his ac-cents
CHORUS.
fall-ing, Share, glad-ly share your blessings.
fin-ing, Share, glad-ly share your blessings. Share your blessings with the
heaven, Share, glad-ly share your blessings.
fall-ing, Share, glad-ly share your blessings.
sons of need, Share your blessings, hear the Mas-ter plead, Share your
blessings, help with word and deed, Share, gladly share your blessings.

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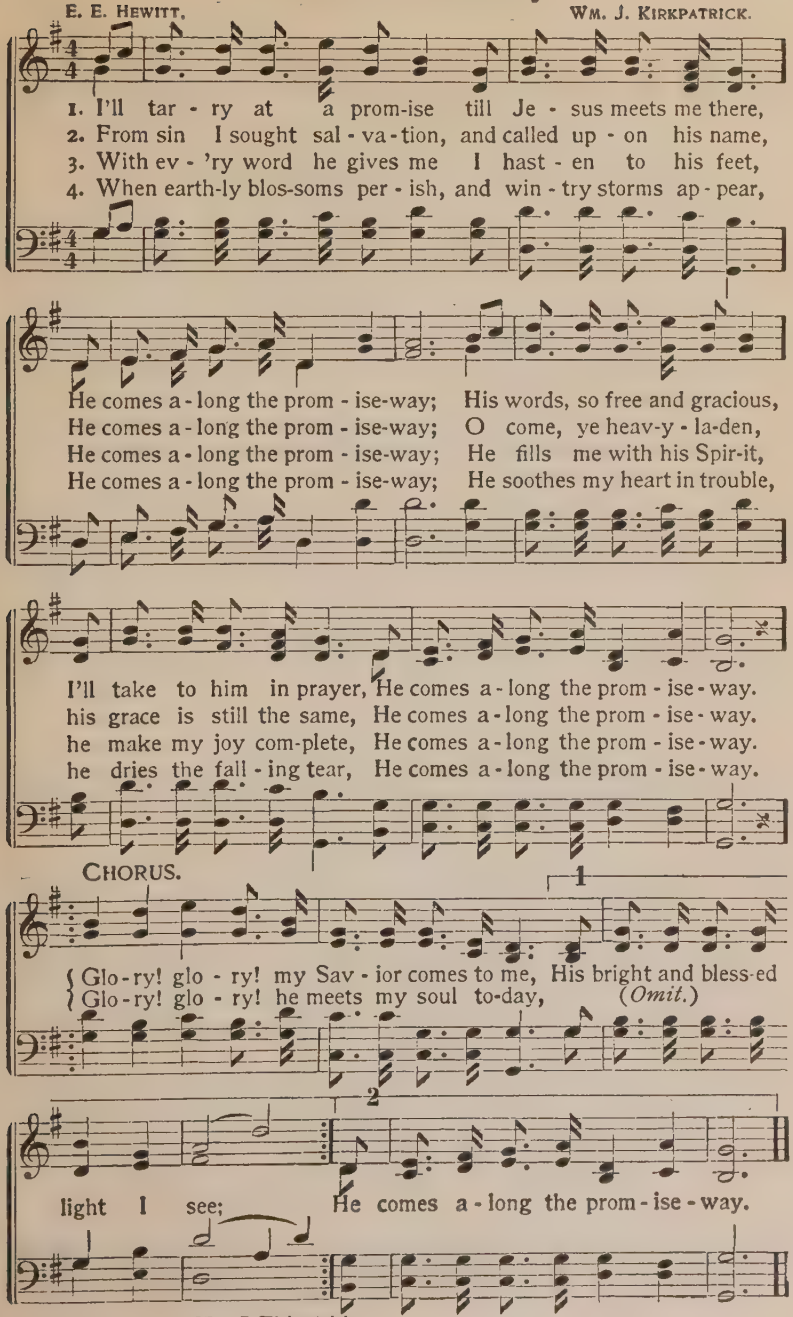
The Promise-Way.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I'll tar - ry at a prom-ise till Je - sus meets me there,
2. From sin I sought sal - va - tion, and called up - on his name,
3. With ev - 'ry word he gives me I hast - en to his feet,
4. When earth-ly blos-soms per - ish, and win - try storms ap - pear,
He comes a - long the prom - ise-way; His words, so free and gracious,
He comes a - long the prom - ise-way; O come, ye heav-y - la-den,
He comes a - long the prom - ise-way; He fills me with his Spir-it,
He comes a - long the prom - ise-way; He soothes my heart in trouble,
I'll take to him in prayer, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.
his grace is still the same, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.
he make my joy com-plete, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.
he dries the fall - ing tear, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.
CHORUS.
1
Glo - ry! glo - ry! my Sav - ior comes to me, His bright and bless-ed
Glo - ry! glo - ry! he meets my soul to-day, (Omit.)
2
light I see; He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.

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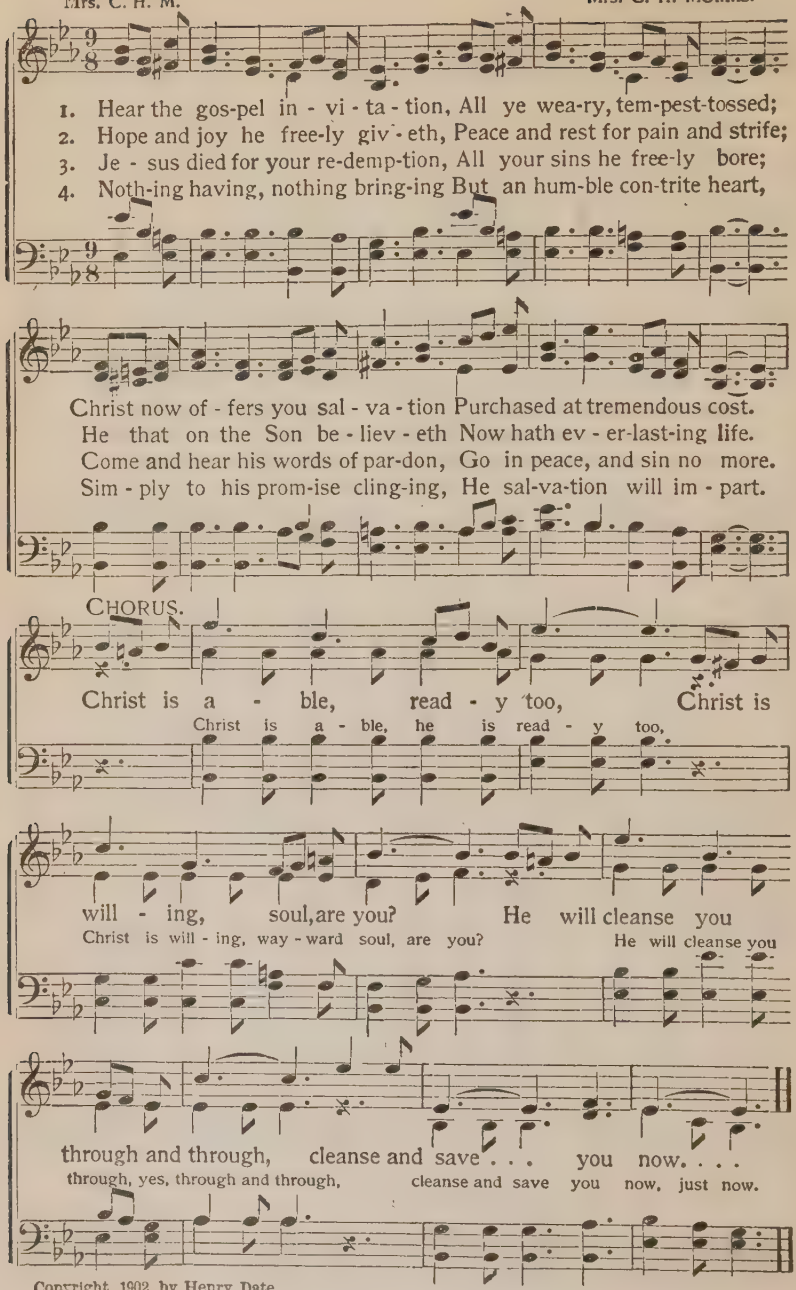
Christ is Able.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Hear the gos-pel in - vi - ta - tion, All ye wea-ry, tem-pest-tossed;
2. Hope and joy he free-ly giv - eth, Peace and rest for pain and strife;
3. Je - sus died for your re-demp-tion, All your sins he free-ly bore;
4. Noth-ing having, nothing bring-ing But an hum-ble con-trite heart,
Christ now of - fers you sal - va - tion Purchased at tremendous cost.
He that on the Son be - liev - eth Now hath ev - er-last-ing life.
Come and hear his words of par-don, Go in peace, and sin no more.
Sim - ply to his prom-ise cling-ing, He sal-va-tion will im - part.
CHORUS.
Christ is a - ble, read - y too, Christ is
Christ is a - ble, he is read - y too,
will - ing, soul, are you? He will cleanse you
Christ is will - ing, way - ward soul, are you? He will cleanse you
through and through, cleanse and save . . . you now. . . .
through, yes, through and through, cleanse and save you now, just now.

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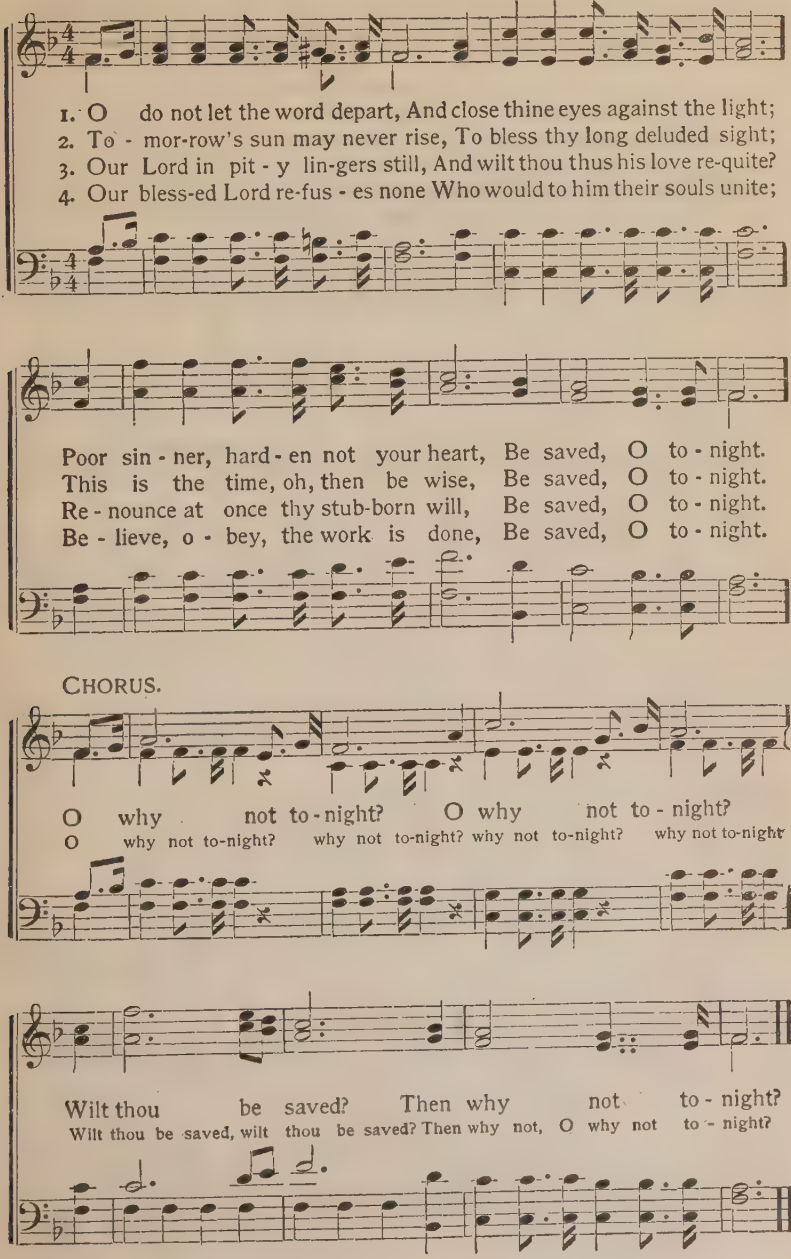
O Why Not To-night?

ELIZABETH REED. J. CALVIN BUSHBY.


1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may never rise, To bless thy long deluded sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus - es none Who would to him their souls unite;
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.
CHORUS.
O why not to - night? O why not to - night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to - night?
Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to - night?

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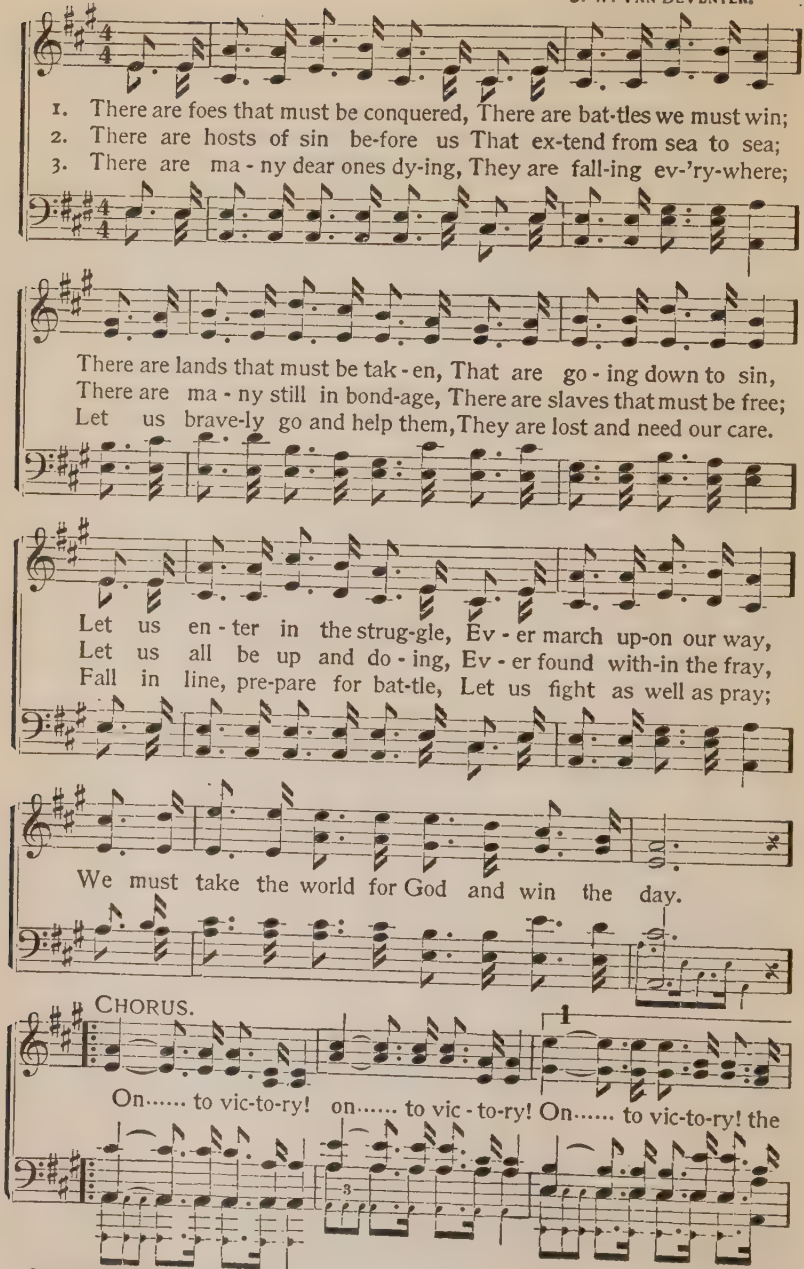
On To Victory!

J. W. V. J. W. VAN DEVENTER.


1. There are foes that must be conquered, There are bat-tles we must win;
2. There are hosts of sin be-fore us That ex-tend from sea to sea;
3. There are ma - ny dear ones dy-ing, They are fall-ing ev-'ry-where;
There are lands that must be tak - en, That are go - ing down to sin,
There are ma - ny still in bond-age, There are slaves that must be free;
Let us brave-ly go and help them, They are lost and need our care.
Let us en - ter in the strug-gle, Ev - er march up-on our way,
Let us all be up and do - ing, Ev - er found with-in the fray,
Fall in line, pre-pare for bat-tle, Let us fight as well as pray;
We must take the world for God and win the day.
CHORUS.
1
On..... to vic-to-ry! on..... to vic - to-ry! On..... to vic-to-ry! the
3

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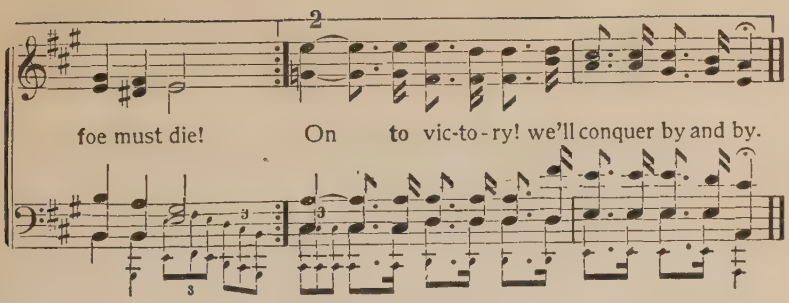
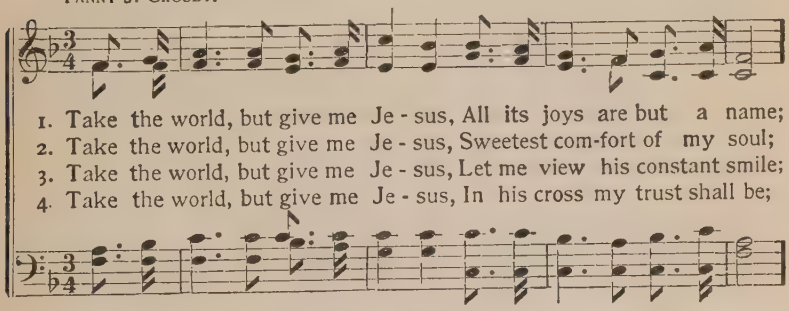
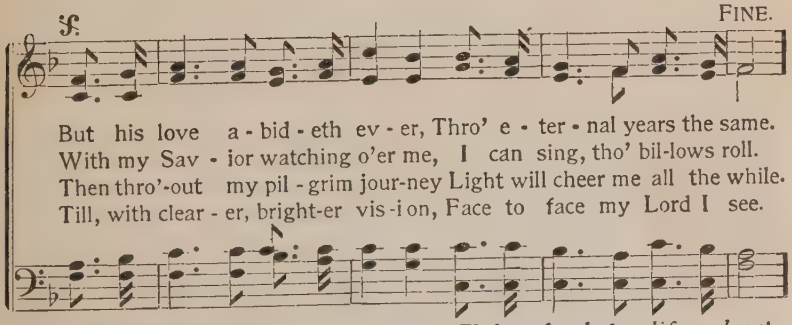
On to Victory.



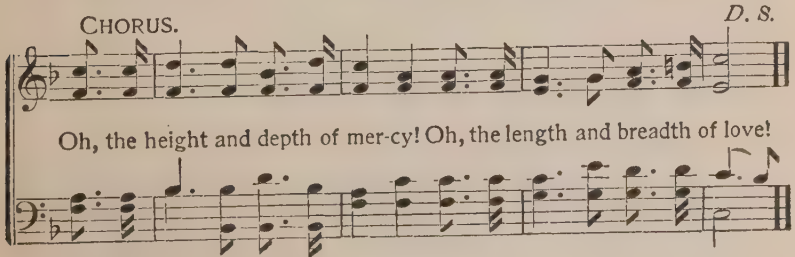
15 Give Me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com-fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In his cross my trust shall be;


FINE.
But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - ior watching o'er me, I can sing, tho' bil-lows roll.
Then thro'-out my pil - grim jour-ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, bright-er vis - i on, Face to face my Lord I see.

D. S.–*Oh, the full - ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a-bove!*



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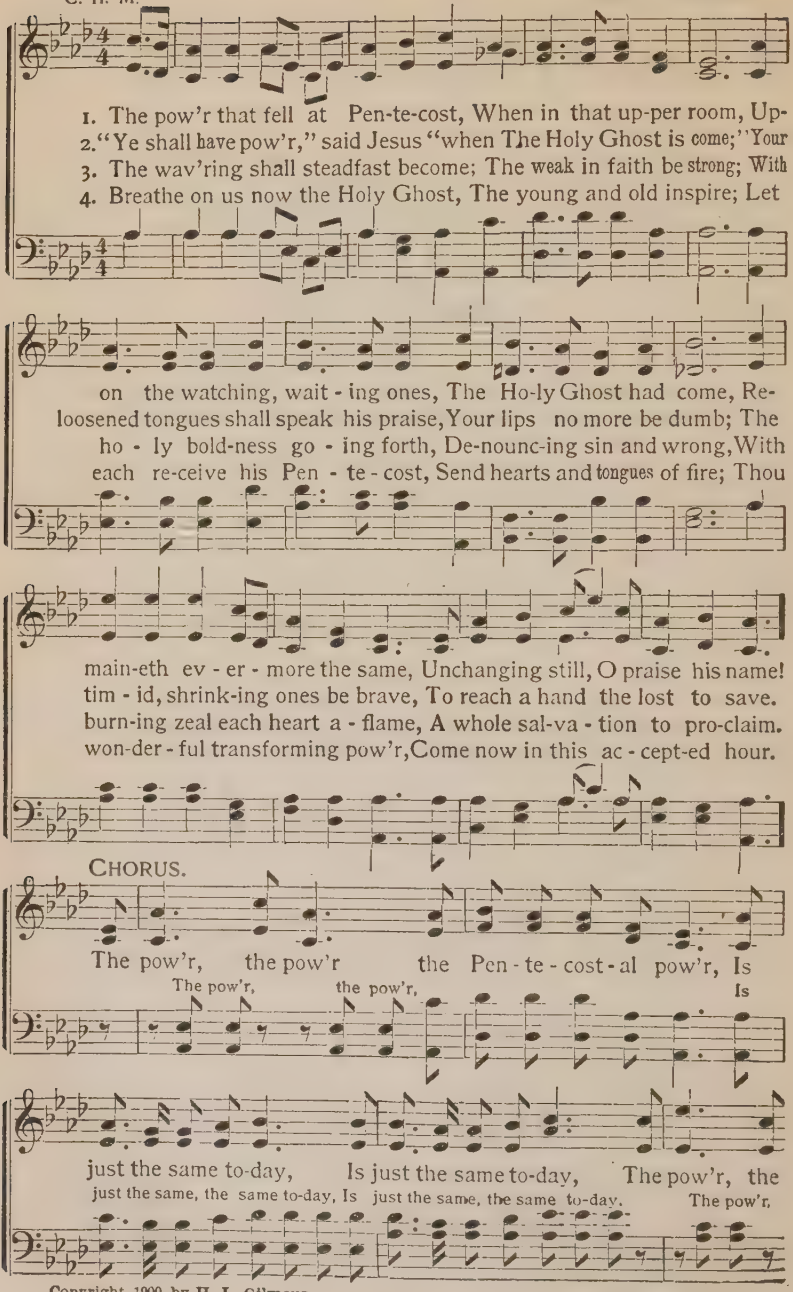
The Pentecostal Power.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. The pow'r that fell at Pen-te-cost, When in that up-per room, Up-
2. "Ye shall have pow'r," said Jesus "when The Holy Ghost is come;" Your
3. The wav'ring shall steadfast become; The weak in faith be strong; With
4. Breathe on us now the Holy Ghost, The young and old inspire; Let
on the watching, wait - ing ones, The Ho-ly Ghost had come, Re-
loosened tongues shall speak his praise, Your lips no more be dumb; The
ho - ly bold-ness go - ing forth, De-nounc-ing sin and wrong, With
each re-ceive his Pen - te - cost, Send hearts and tongues of fire; Thou
main-eth ev - er - more the same, Unchanging still, O praise his name!
tim - id, shrink-ing ones be brave, To reach a hand the lost to save.
burn-ing zeal each heart a - flame, A whole sal-va - tion to pro-claim.
won-der - ful transforming pow'r, Come now in this ac - cept-ed hour.
CHORUS.
The pow'r, the pow'r the Pen - te - cost - al pow'r, Is
The pow'r, the pow'r, Is
just the same to-day, Is just the same to-day, The pow'r, the
just the same, the same to-day, Is just the same, the same to-day. The pow'r,

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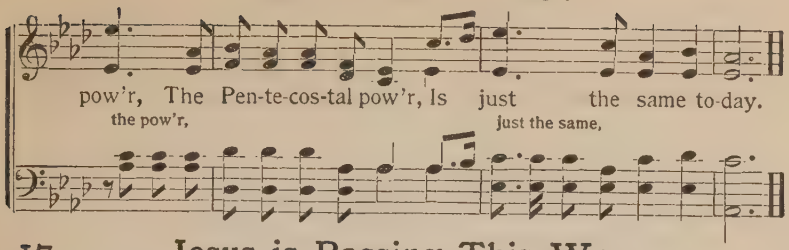
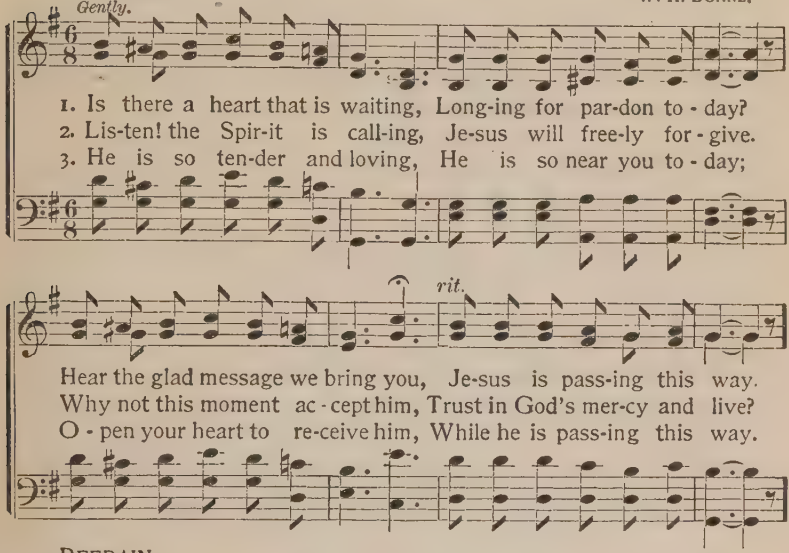
The Pentecostal Power.



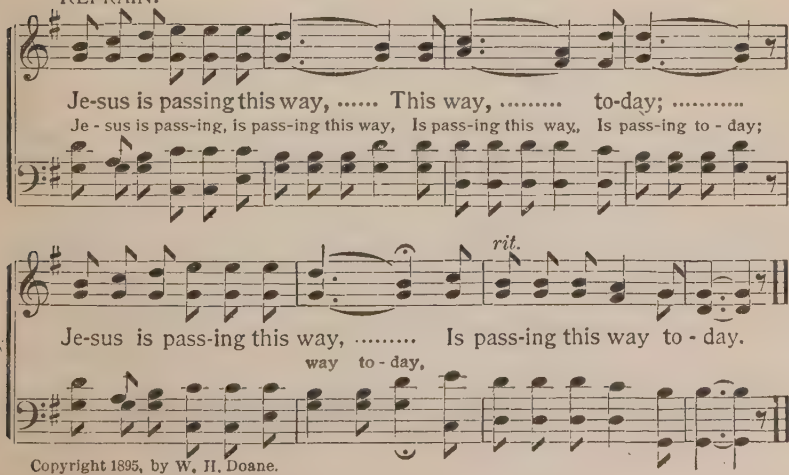
17 Jesus is Passing This Way.

ANNIE L. JAMES. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.


1. Is there a heart that is waiting, Long-ing for par-don to - day?
2. Lis-ten! the Spir-it is call-ing, Je-sus will free-ly for - give.
3. He is so ten-der and loving, He is so near you to - day;
rit.
Hear the glad message we bring you, Je-sus is pass-ing this way.
Why not this moment ac - cept him, Trust in God's mer-cy and live?
O - pen your heart to re-ceive him, While he is pass-ing this way.

REFRAIN.


Je-sus is passing this way, ... This way, ... to-day; .....
Je - sus is pass-ing, is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing to - day;
rit.
Je-sus is pass-ing this way, ... Is pass-ing this way to - day.
way to - day,

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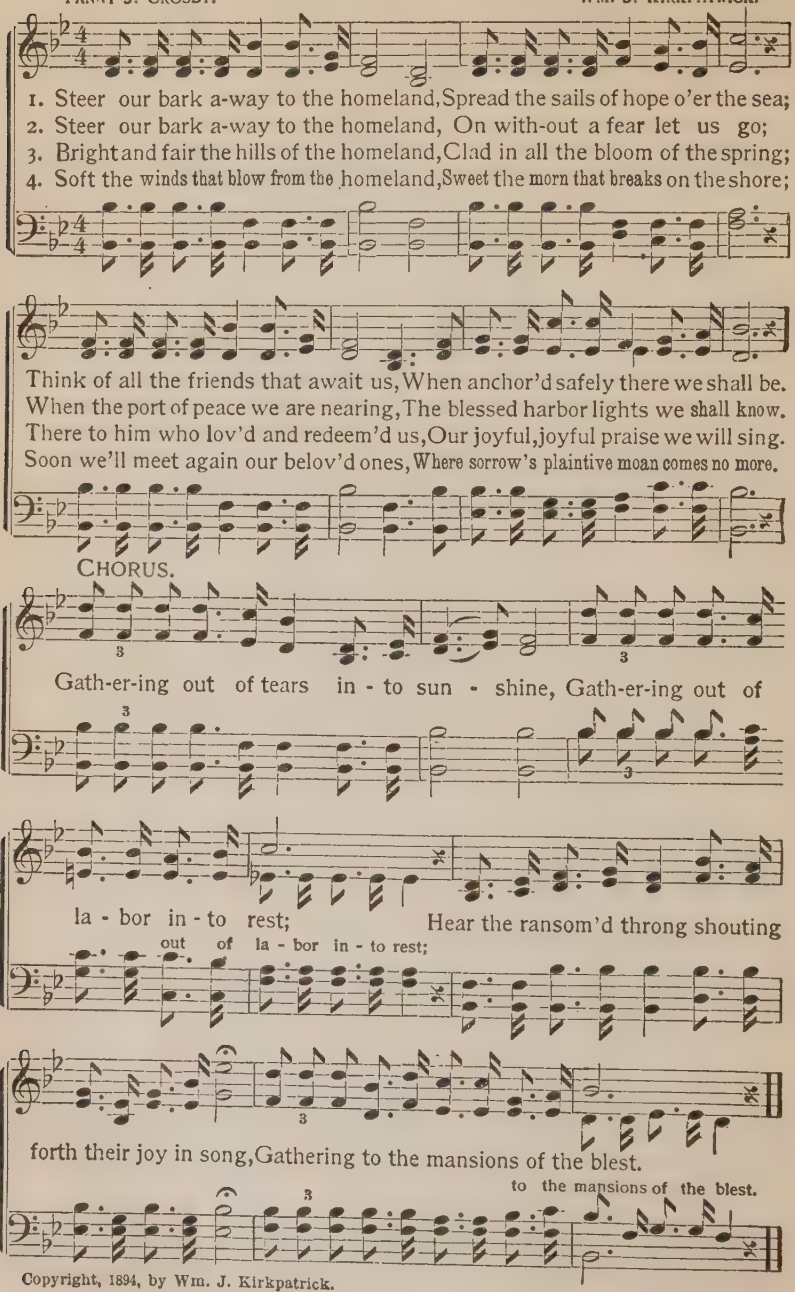
Gathering Out of Tears.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Steer our bark a-way to the homeland, Spread the sails of hope o'er the sea;
2. Steer our bark a-way to the homeland, On with-out a fear let us go;
3. Bright and fair the hills of the homeland, Clad in all the bloom of the spring;
4. Soft the winds that blow from the homeland, Sweet the morn that breaks on the shore;
Think of all the friends that await us, When anchor'd safely there we shall be.
When the port of peace we are nearing, The blessed harbor lights we shall know.
There to him who lov'd and redeem'd us, Our joyful, joyful praise we will sing.
Soon we'll meet again our belov'd ones, Where sorrow's plaintive moan comes no more.
CHORUS.
Gath-er-ing out of tears in - to sun - shine, Gath-er-ing out of
la - bor in - to rest;
Hear the ransom'd throng shouting
out of la - bor in - to rest;
forth their joy in song, Gathering to the mansions of the blest.
to the mansions of the blest.

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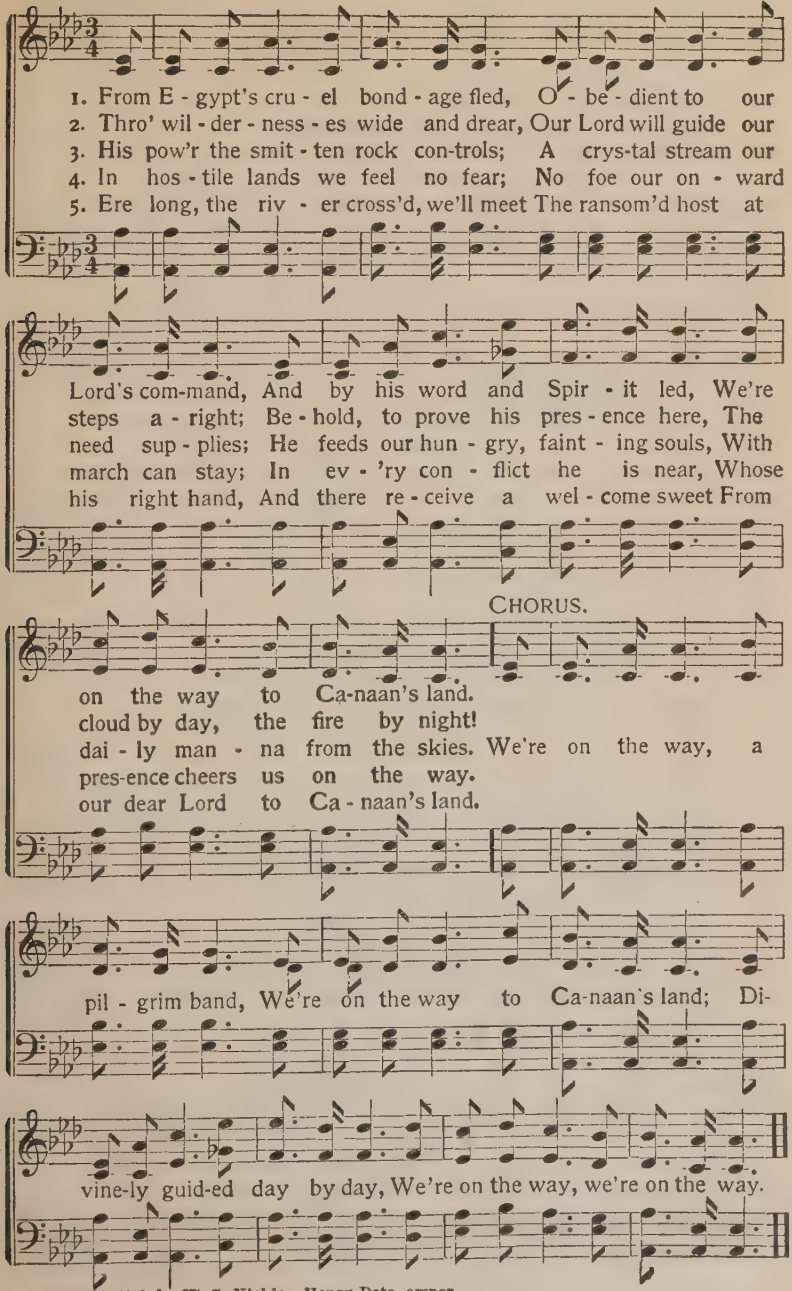
19 We're on the Way to Canaan's Land.

H. G. JACKSON. W. S. NICKLE.


1. From E - gypt's cru - el bond - age fled, O - be - dient to our
2. Thro' wil - der - ness - es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our
3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock con-trols; A crys-tal stream our
4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear; No foe our on - ward
5. Ere long, the riv - er cross'd, we'll meet The ransom'd host at
Lord's com-mand, And by his word and Spir - it led, We're
steps a - right; Be - hold, to prove his pres - ence here, The
need sup - plies; He feeds our hun - gry, faint - ing souls, With
march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict he is near, Whose
his right hand, And there re - ceive a wel - come sweet From
CHORUS.
on the way to Ca-naan's land.
cloud by day, the fire by night!
dai - ly man - na from the skies. We're on the way, a
pres-ence cheers us on the way.
our dear Lord to Ca - naan's land.
pil - grim band, We're on the way to Ca-naan's land; Di-
vine-ly guid-ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

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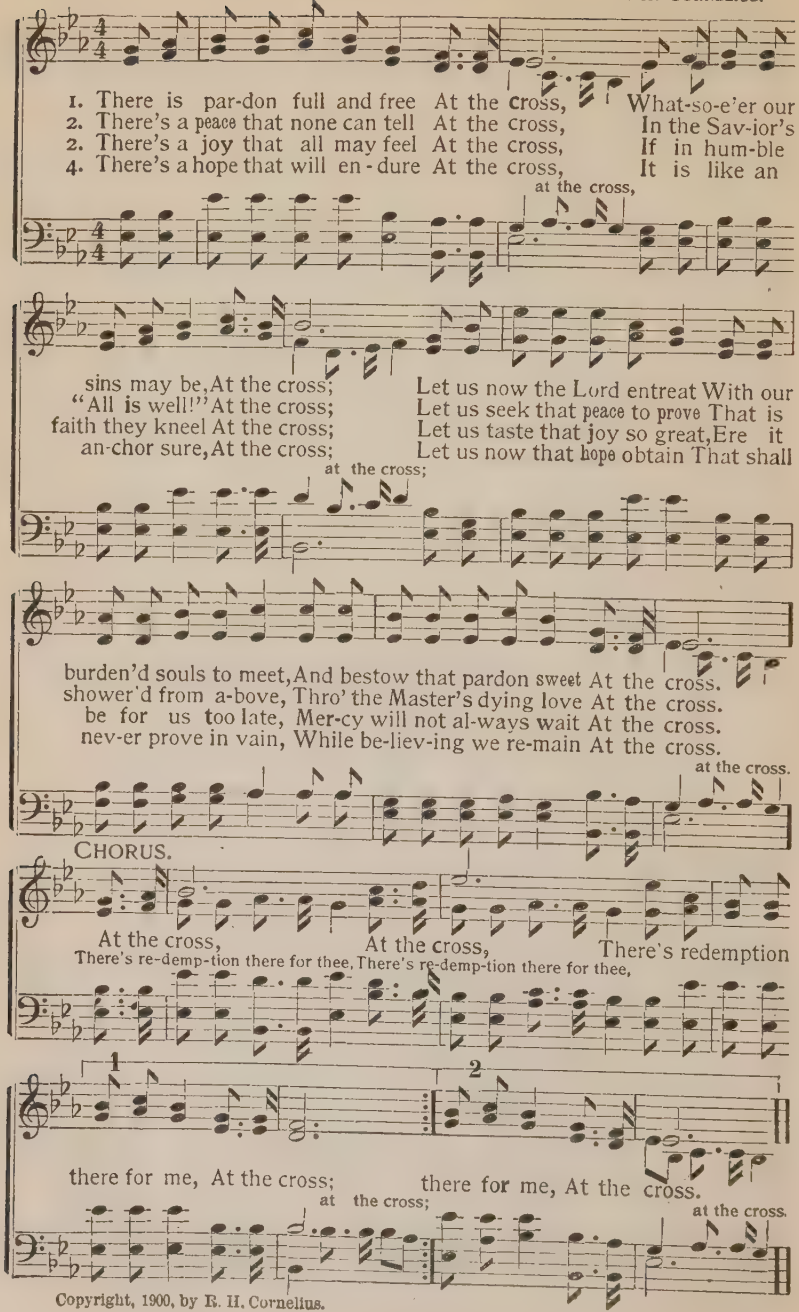
At the Cross.

E. R. LATTA. R. H. CORNELIUS.


1. There is par-don full and free At the cross, What-so-e'er our
2. There's a peace that none can tell At the cross, In the Sav-ior's
2. There's a joy that all may feel At the cross, If in hum-ble
4. There's a hope that will en-dure At the cross, It is like an
at the cross,
sins may be, At the cross; Let us now the Lord entreat With our
"All is well!" At the cross; Let us seek that peace to prove That is
faith they kneel At the cross; Let us taste that joy so great, Ere it
an-chor sure, At the cross; Let us now that hope obtain That shall
at the cross;
burden'd souls to meet, And bestow that pardon sweet At the cross.
shower'd from a-bove, Thro' the Master's dying love At the cross.
be for us too late, Mer-cy will not al-ways wait At the cross.
nev-er prove in vain, While be-liev-ing we re-main At the cross.
at the cross.
CHORUS.
At the cross, At the cross, There's redemption
There's re-demp-tion there for thee, There's re-demp-tion there for thee,
1
2
there for me, At the cross; there for me, At the cross.
at the cross;
at the cross.

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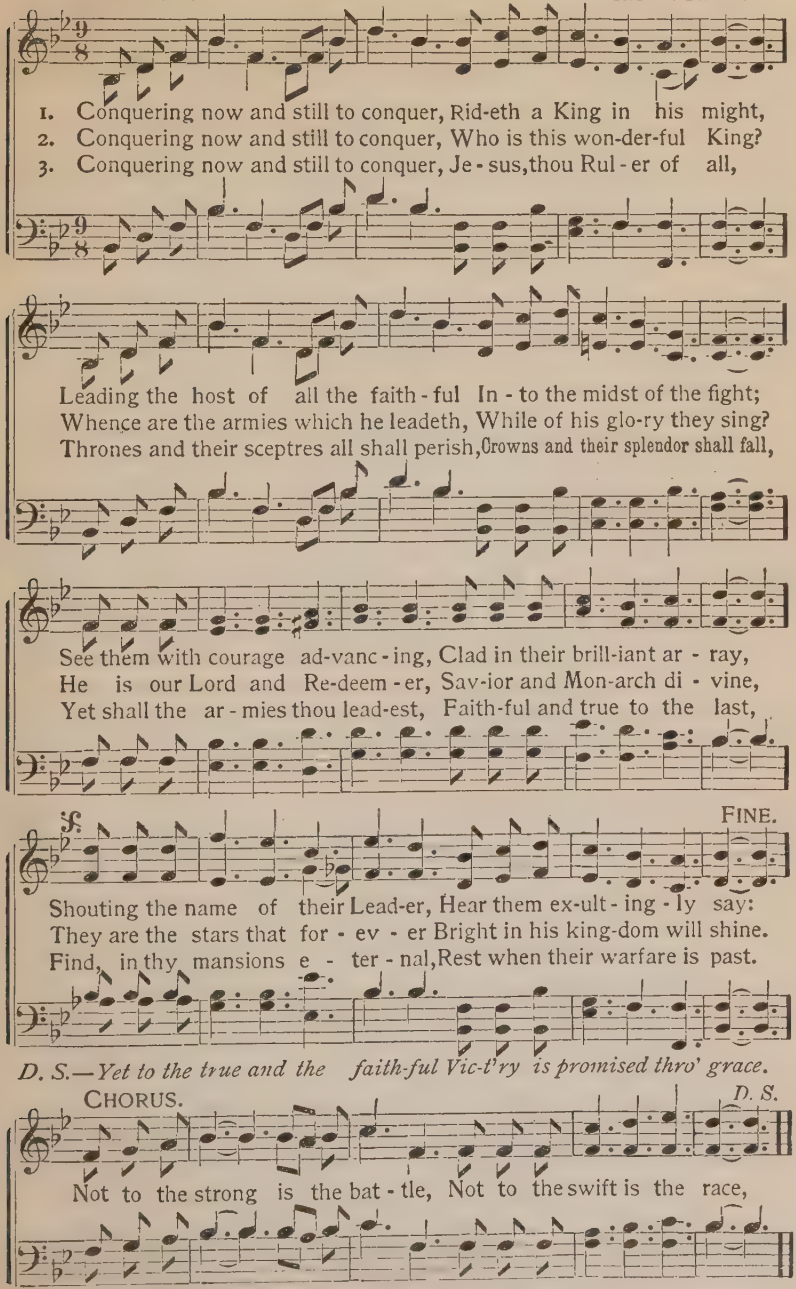
Victory through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rid-eth a King in his might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Je - sus, thou Rul - er of all,
Leading the host of all the faith - ful In - to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the armies which he leadeth, While of his glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
See them with courage ad-vanc - ing, Clad in their brill-iant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem - er, Sav-ior and Mon-arch di - vine,
Yet shall the ar - mies thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,
FINE.
Shouting the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult - ing - ly say:
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in his king-dom will shine.
Find, in thy mansions e - ter - nal, Rest when their warfare is past.
D. S.—Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is promised thro' grace.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,

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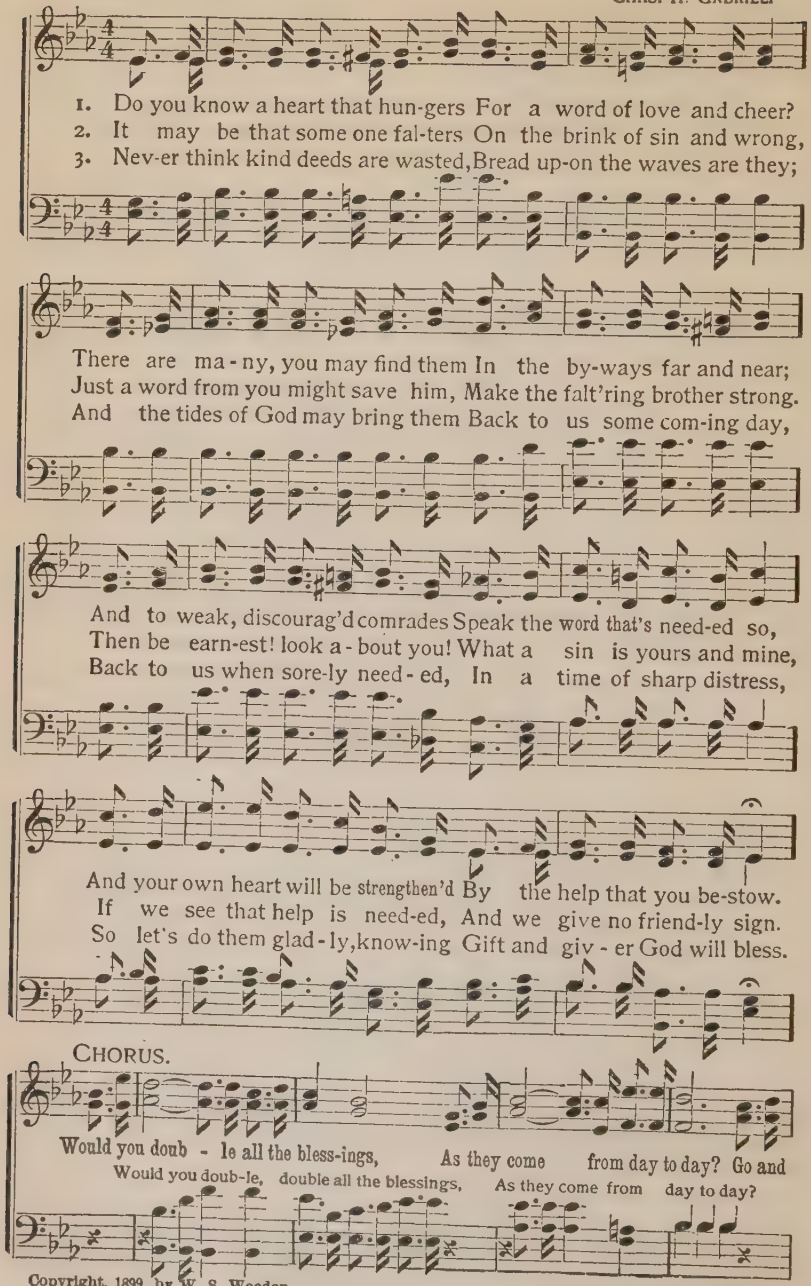
Scatter Sunshine by the Way.

EBEN E. REXFORD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Do you know a heart that hun-gers For a word of love and cheer?
2. It may be that some one fal-ters On the brink of sin and wrong,
3. Nev-er think kind deeds are wasted, Bread up-on the waves are they;
There are ma-ny, you may find them In the by-ways far and near;
Just a word from you might save him, Make the falt'ring brother strong.
And the tides of God may bring them Back to us some com-ing day,
And to weak, discourag'd comrades Speak the word that's need-ed so,
Then be earn-est! look a-bout you! What a sin is yours and mine,
Back to us when sore-ly need-ed, In a time of sharp distress,
And your own heart will be strengthen'd By the help that you be-stow.
If we see that help is need-ed, And we give no friend-ly sign.
So let's do them glad-ly, know-ing Gift and giv-er God will bless.
CHORUS.
Would you doub-le all the bless-ings, As they come from day to day? Go and
Would you doub-le, double all the blessings, As they come from day to day?

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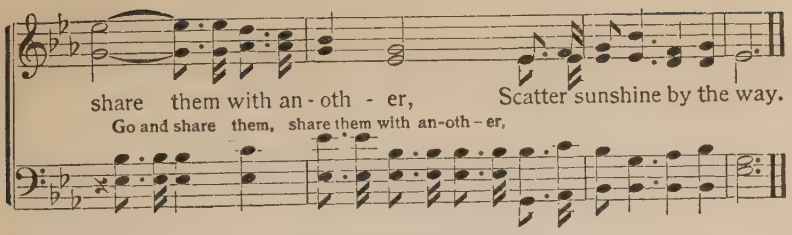
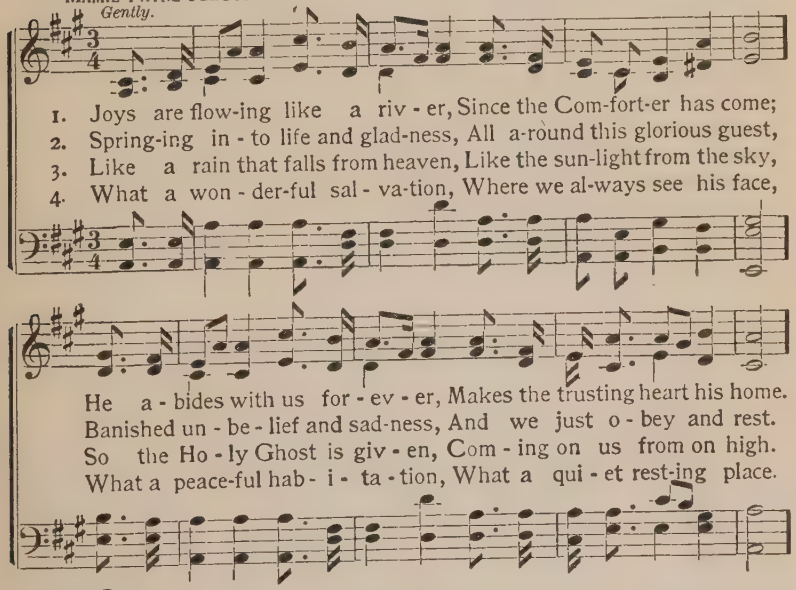
Scatter Sunshine by the Way.



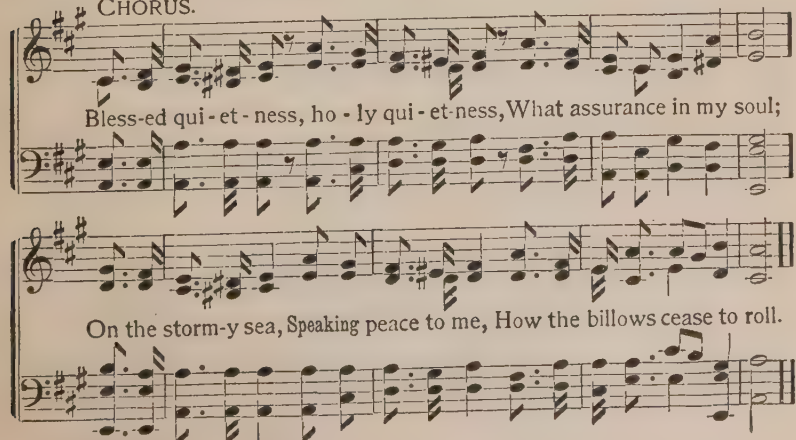
23 Holy Quietness.

MAMIE PAYNE FERGUSON. W. S. MARSHALL. Arr. by T. C. O'KANE.

Gently.


1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Spring-ing in - to life and glad-ness, All a-round this glorious guest,
3. Like a rain that falls from heaven, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. What a won - der-ful sal - va-tion, Where we al-ways see his face,
He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trusting heart his home.
Banished un - be - lief and sad-ness, And we just o - bey and rest.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.
What a peace-ful hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest-ing place.

CHORUS.


Bless-ed qui - et - ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, What assurance in my soul;
On the storm-y sea, Speaking peace to me, How the billows cease to roll.

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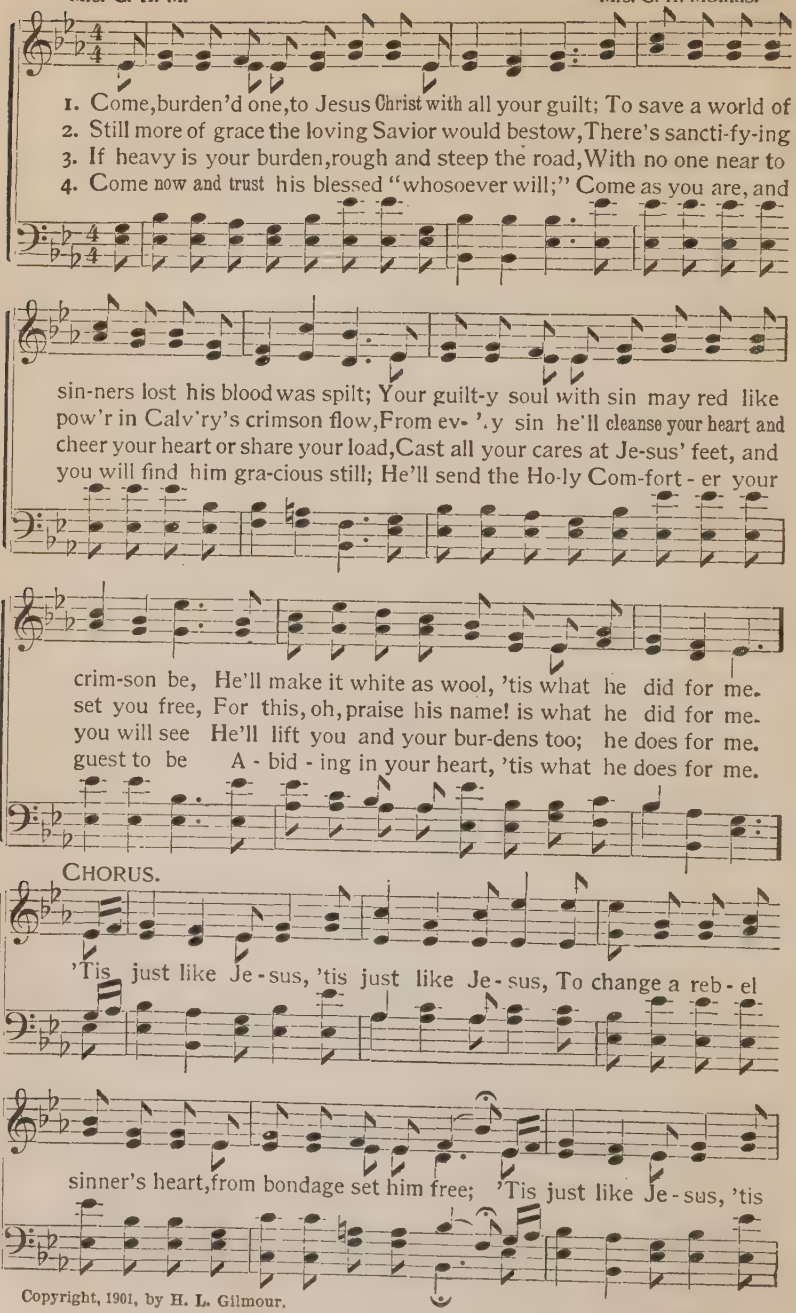
It is Just Like Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Come, burden'd one, to Jesus Christ with all your guilt; To save a world of
2. Still more of grace the loving Savior would bestow, There's sancti-fy-ing
3. If heavy is your burden, rough and steep the road, With no one near to
4. Come now and trust his blessed "whosoever will;" Come as you are, and
sin-ners lost his blood was spilt; Your guilt-y soul with sin may red like
pow'r in Calv'ry's crimson flow, From ev-'.y sin he'll cleanse your heart and
cheer your heart or share your load, Cast all your cares at Je-sus' feet, and
you will find him gra-cious still; He'll send the Ho-ly Com-fort-er your
crim-son be, He'll make it white as wool, 'tis what he did for me.
set you free, For this, oh, praise his name! is what he did for me.
you will see He'll lift you and your bur-dens too; he does for me.
guest to be A-bid-ing in your heart, 'tis what he does for me.
CHORUS.
'Tis just like Je-sus, 'tis just like Je-sus, To change a reb-el
sinner's heart, from bondage set him free; 'Tis just like Je-sus, 'tis

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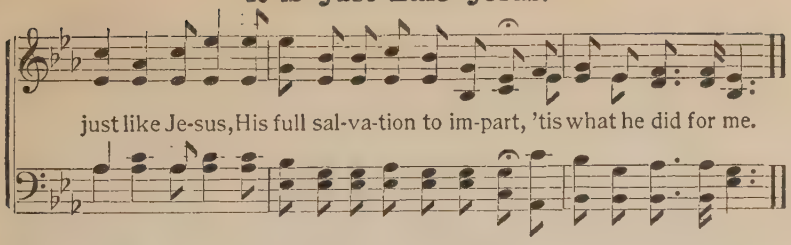
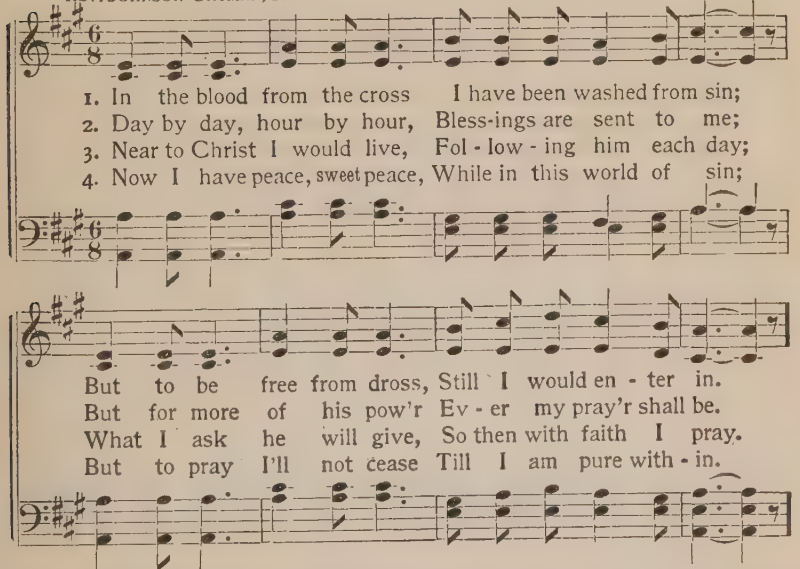
It is Just Like Jesus.

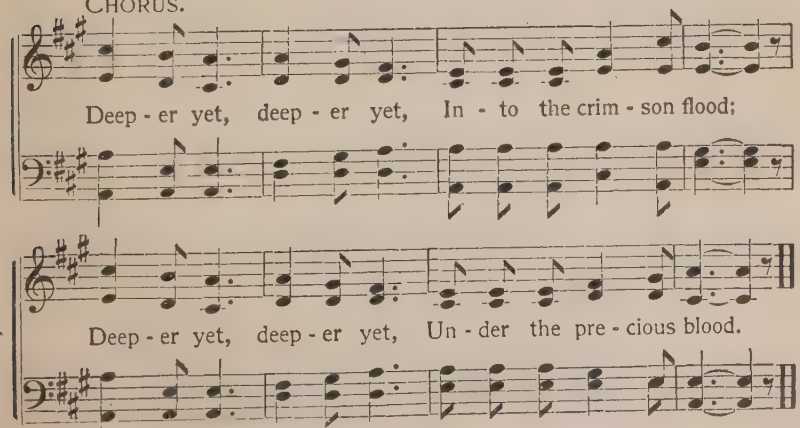


25 Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. In the blood from the cross I have been washed from sin;
2. Day by day, hour by hour, Bless-ings are sent to me;
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol - low - ing him each day;
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin;
But to be free from dross, Still I would en - ter in.
But for more of his pow'r Ev - er my pray'r shall be.
What I ask he will give, So then with faith I pray.
But to pray I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.

CHORUS.



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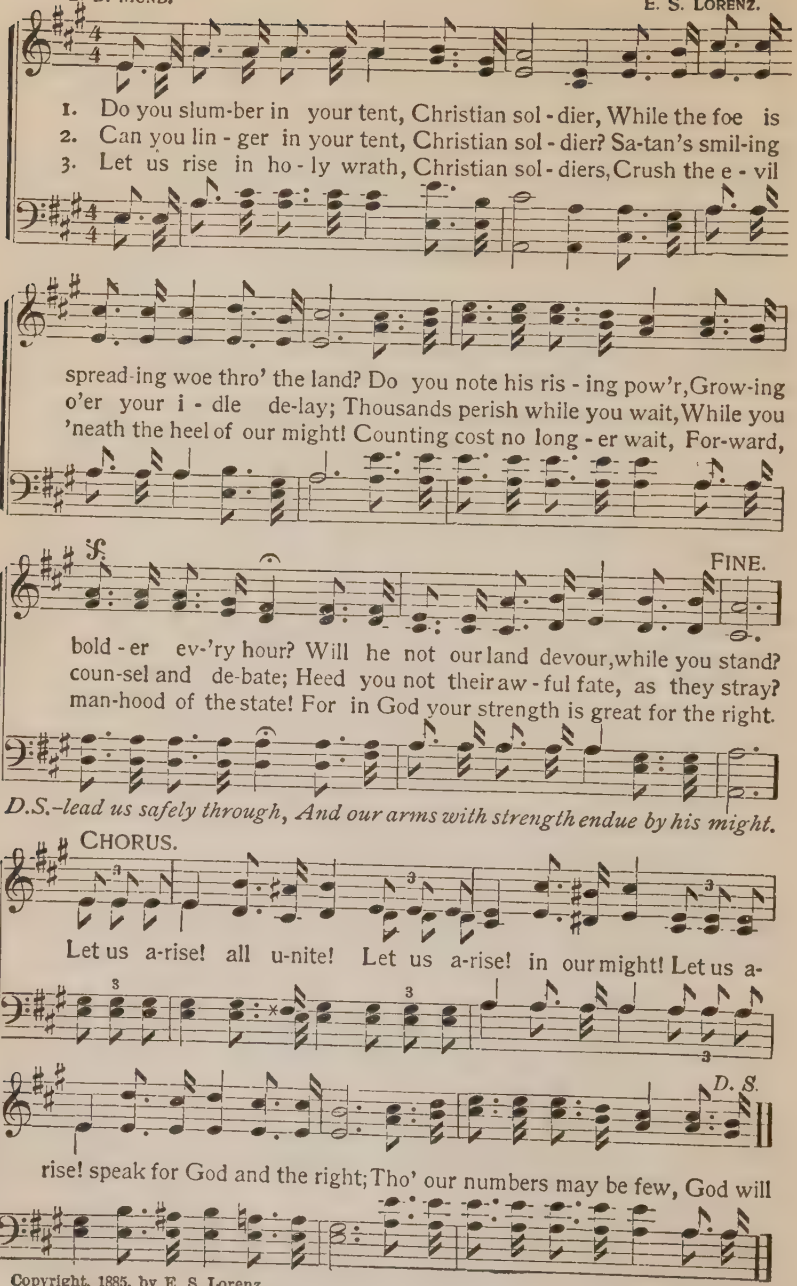
Let Us Arise.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Do you slum-ber in your tent, Christian sol-dier, While the foe is
2. Can you lin-ger in your tent, Christian sol-dier? Sa-tan's smil-ing
3. Let us rise in ho-ly wrath, Christian sol-diers, Crush the e-vil
spread-ing woe thro' the land? Do you note his ris-ing pow'r, Grow-ing
o'er your i-dle de-lay; Thousands perish while you wait, While you
'neath the heel of our might! Counting cost no long-er wait, For-ward,
bold-er ev-'ry hour? Will he not our land devour, while you stand?
coun-sel and de-bate; Heed you not their aw-ful fate, as they stray?
man-hood of the state! For in God your strength is great for the right.
FINE.
D.S.–lead us safely through, And our arms with strength endue by his might.
CHORUS.
Let us a-rise! all u-nite! Let us a-rise! in our might! Let us a-
rise! speak for God and the right; Tho' our numbers may be few, God will
D. S.

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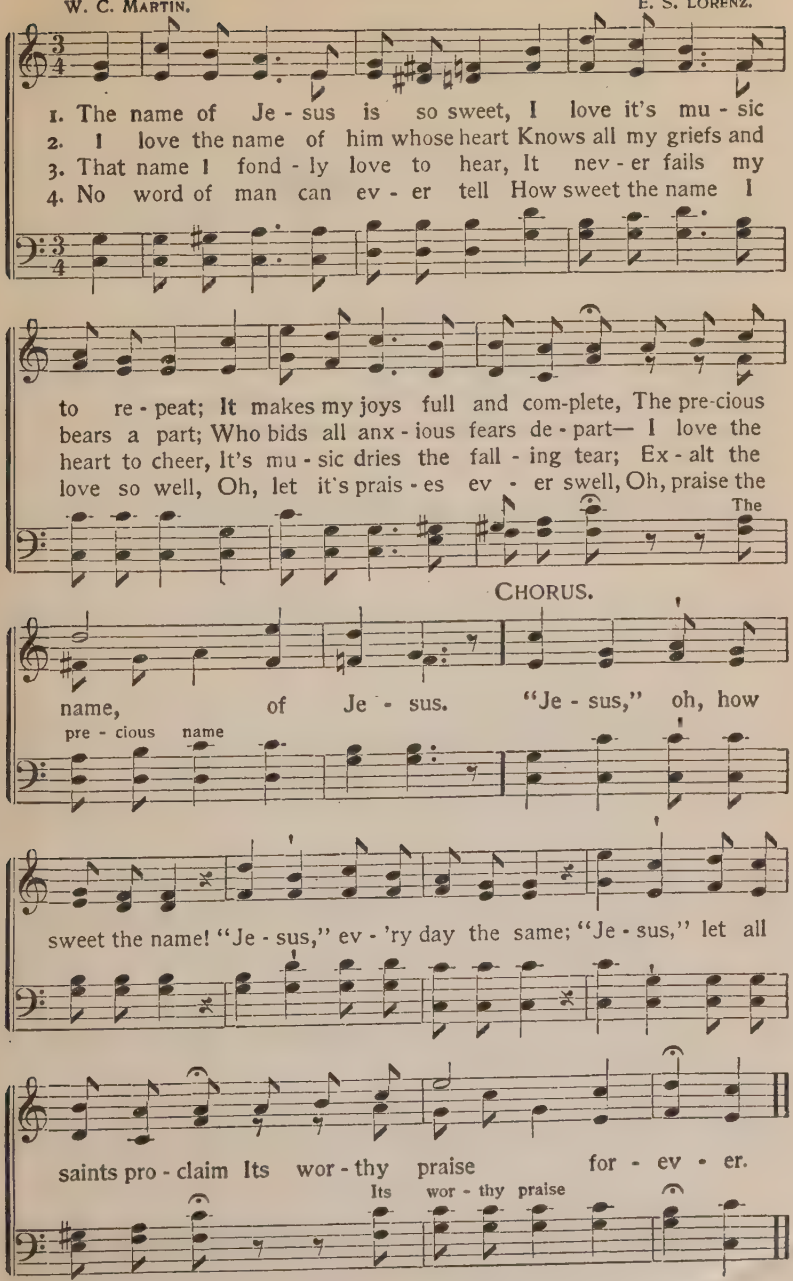
The Name of Jesus.

W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love it's mu - sic
2. I love the name of him whose heart Knows all my griefs and
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I
to re - peat; It makes my joys full and com-plete, The pre-cious
bears a part; Who bids all anx - ious fears de - part— I love the
heart to cheer, It's mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the
love so well, Oh, let it's prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the
The
CHORUS.
name, of Je - sus. "Je - sus," oh, how
pre - cious name
sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same; "Je - sus," let all
saints pro - claim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.
Its wor - thy praise

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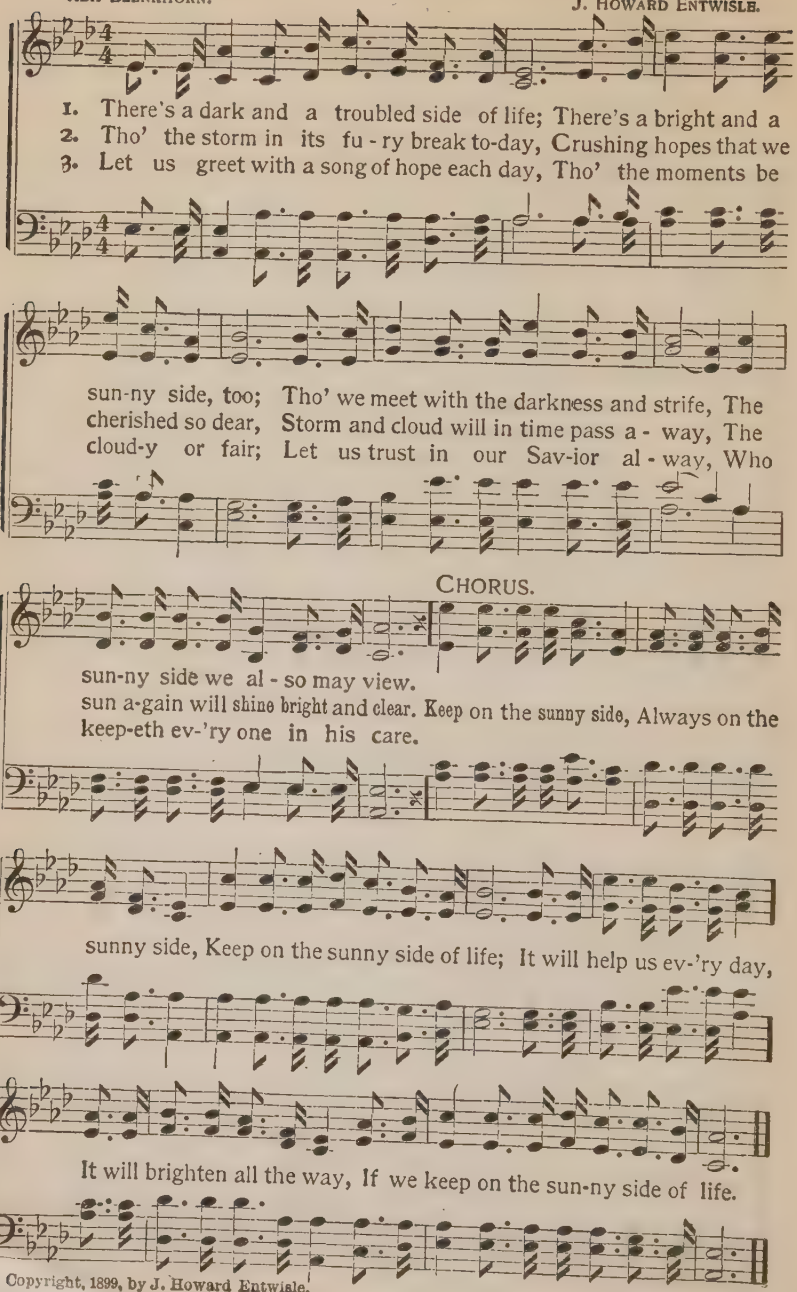
28 Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.


1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to-day, Crushing hopes that we
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the moments be
sun-ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife, The
cherished so dear, Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The
cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav-ior al - way, Who
CHORUS.
sun-ny side we al - so may view.
sun a-gain will shine bright and clear. Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
keep-eth ev-'ry one in his care.
sunny side, Keep on the sunny side of life; It will help us ev-'ry day,
It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sun-ny side of life.

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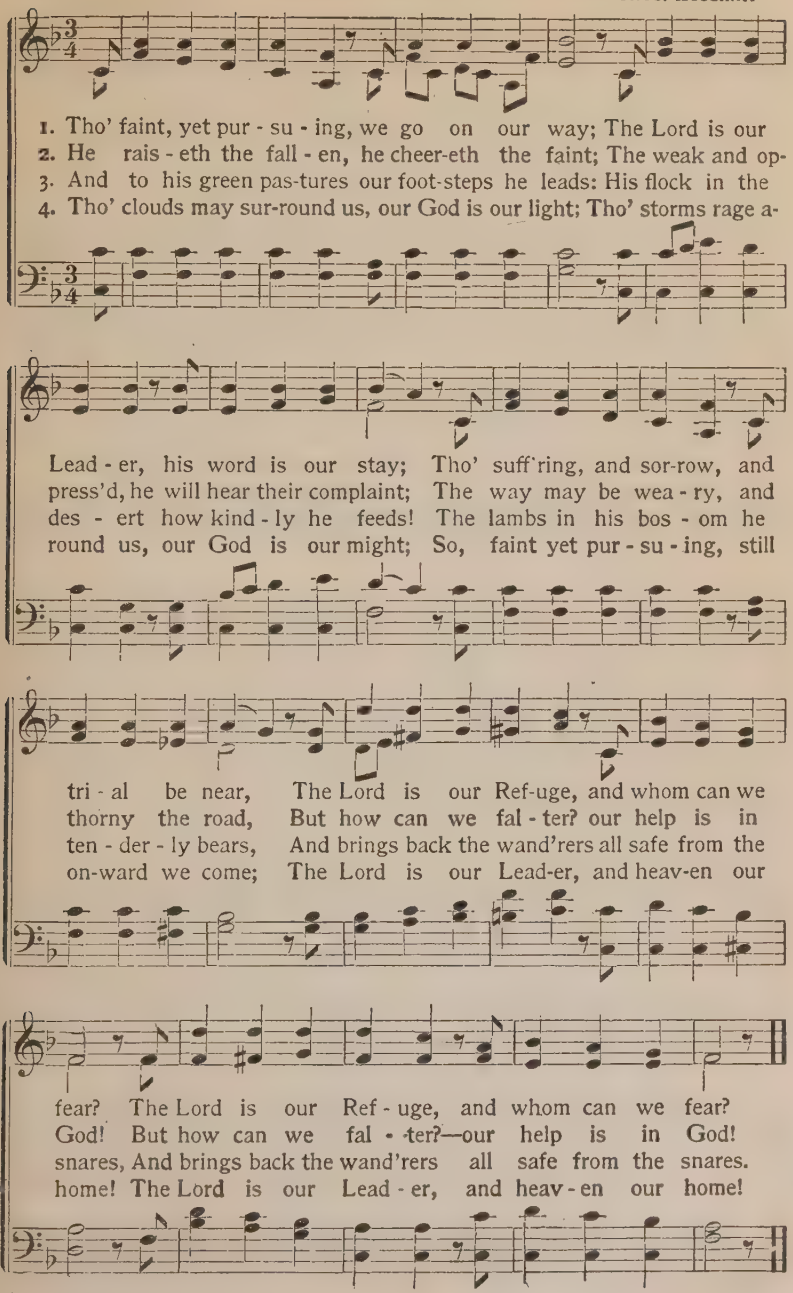
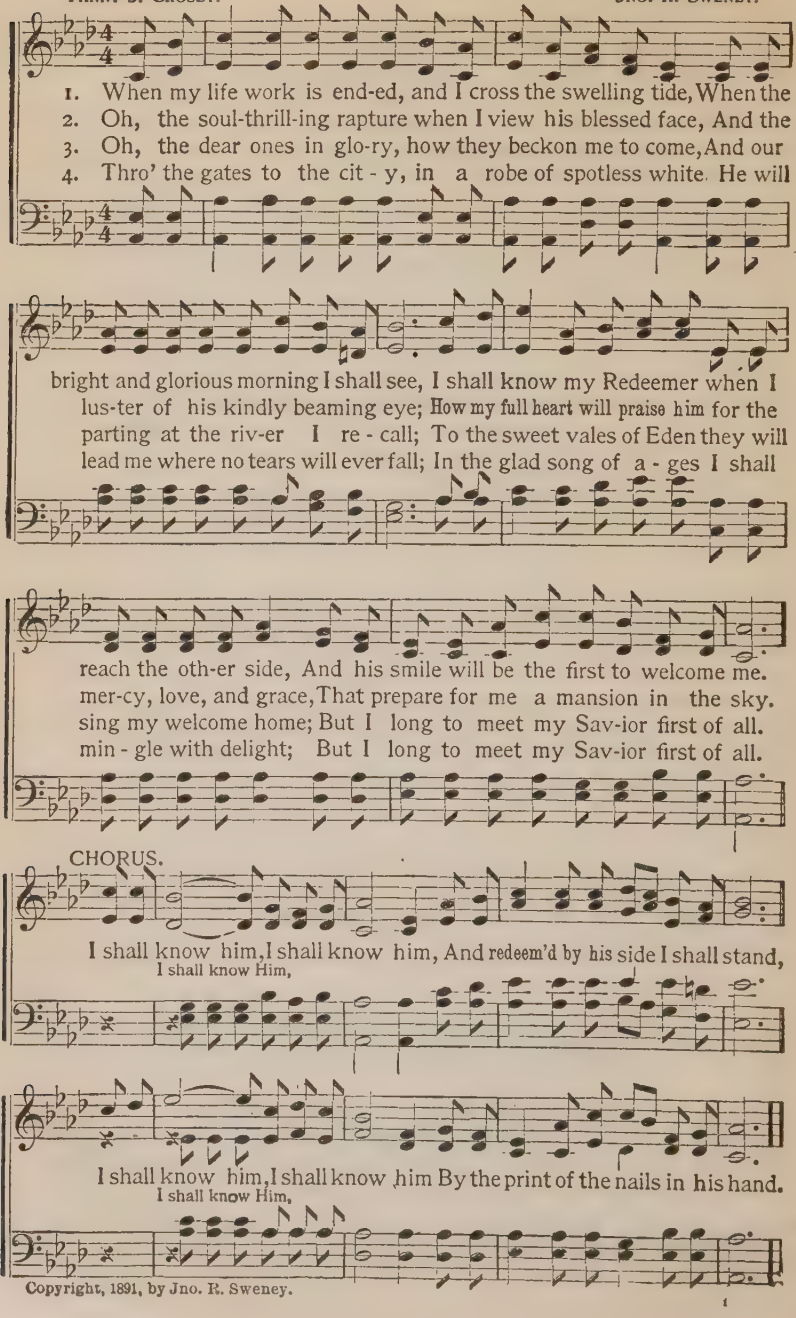
The Lord is Our Leader.

JOHN N. DARBY. THOS. KOSCHAT.


1. Tho' faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our Lead - er, his word is our stay; Tho' suff'ring, and sor-row, and tri - al be near, The Lord is our Ref-uge, and whom can we fear? The Lord is our Ref - uge, and whom can we fear?
2. He rais - eth the fall - en, he cheer-eth the faint; The weak and op- press'd, he will hear their complaint; The way may be wea - ry, and thorny the road, But how can we fal - ter? our help is in God! But how can we fal - ter?—our help is in God!
3. And to his green pas-tures our foot-steps he leads: His flock in the des - ert how kind - ly he feeds! The lambs in his bos - om he ten - der - ly bears, And brings back the wand'rers all safe from the snares. And brings back the wand'rers all safe from the snares.
4. Tho' clouds may sur-round us, our God is our light; Tho' storms rage a- round us, our God is our might; So, faint yet pur - su - ing, still on-ward we come; The Lord is our Lead-er, and heav-en our home! The Lord is our Lead - er, and heav - en our home!

My Savior First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. When my life work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapture when I view his blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spotless white He will
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I
lus-ter of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
parting at the riv-er I re - call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall
reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepare for me a mansion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
min - gle with delight; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
CHORUS.
I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
I shall know Him,
I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.
I shall know Him,

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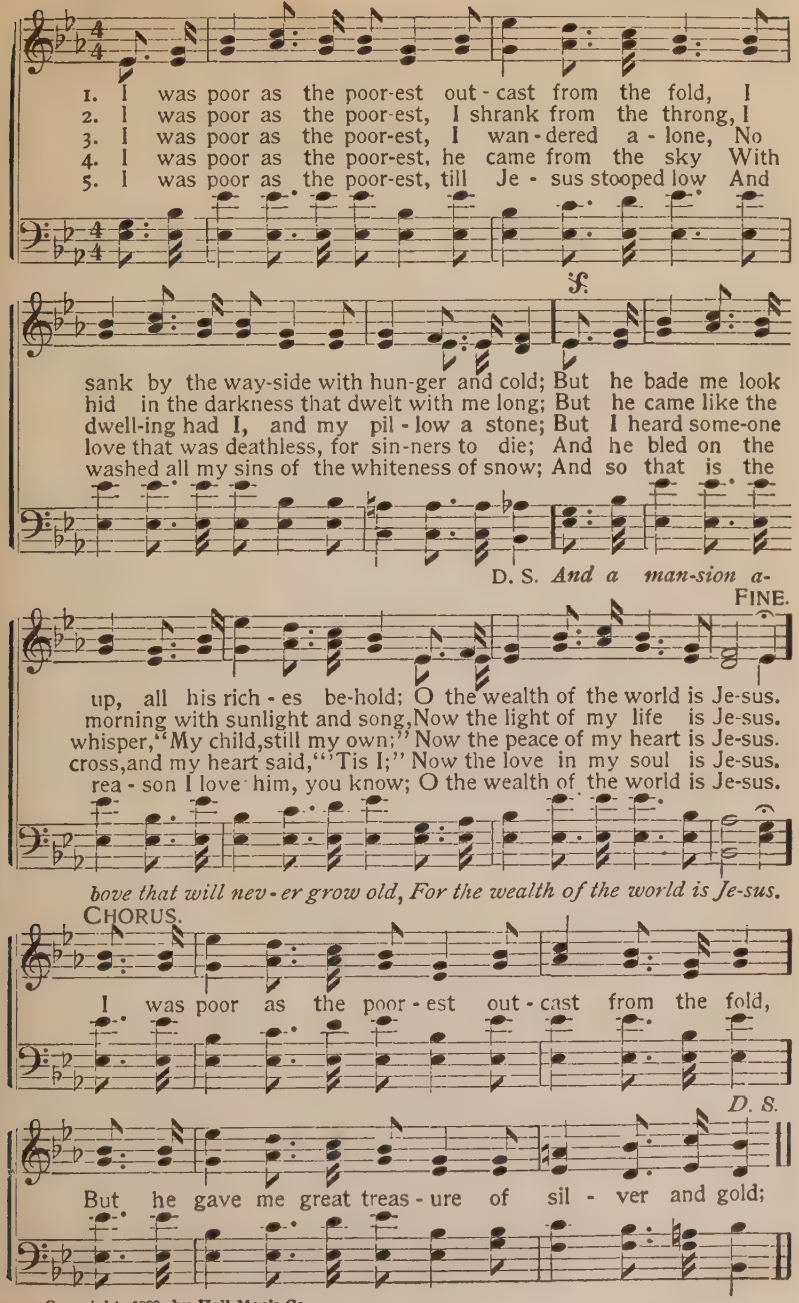
I Was Poor as the Poorest.

FRANK H. MASHAW. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. I was poor as the poor-est out-cast from the fold, I
2. I was poor as the poor-est, I shrank from the throng, I
3. I was poor as the poor-est, I wan-dered a-lone, No
4. I was poor as the poor-est, he came from the sky With
5. I was poor as the poor-est, till Je-sus stooped low And
sank by the way-side with hun-ger and cold; But he bade me look
hid in the darkness that dwelt with me long; But he came like the
dwell-ing had I, and my pil-low a stone; But I heard some-one
love that was deathless, for sin-ners to die; And he bled on the
washed all my sins of the whiteness of snow; And so that is the
D. S. And a man-sion a-
FINE.
up, all his rich-es be-hold; O the wealth of the world is Je-sus.
morning with sunlight and song, Now the light of my life is Je-sus.
whisper, "My child, still my own;" Now the peace of my heart is Je-sus.
cross, and my heart said, "'Tis I;" Now the love in my soul is Je-sus.
rea-son I love him, you know; O the wealth of the world is Je-sus.
bove that will nev-er grow old, For the wealth of the world is Je-sus.
CHORUS.
I was poor as the poor-est out-cast from the fold,
D. S.
But he gave me great treas-ure of sil-ver and gold;

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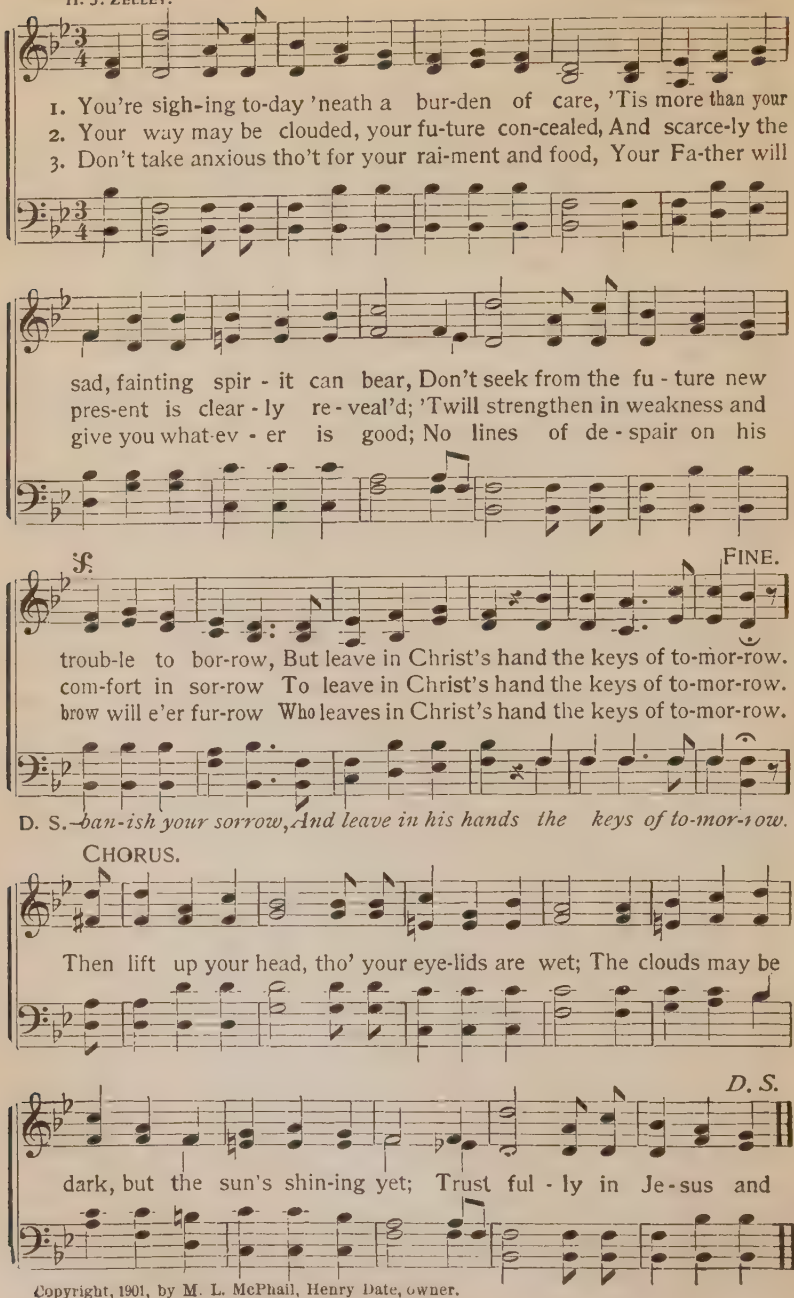
The Keys of Tomorrow.

H. J. ZELLEY. M. L. McPHAIL.


1. You're sigh-ing to-day 'neath a bur-den of care, 'Tis more than your
2. Your way may be clouded, your fu-ture con-cealed, And scarce-ly the
3. Don't take anxious tho't for your rai-ment and food, Your Fa-ther will
sad, fainting spir - it can bear, Don't seek from the fu - ture new
pres-ent is clear - ly re - veal'd; 'Twill strengthen in weakness and
give you what-ev - er is good; No lines of de - spair on his
f.
FINE.
troub-le to bor-row, But leave in Christ's hand the keys of to-mor-row.
com-fort in sor-row To leave in Christ's hand the keys of to-mor-row.
brow will e'er fur-row Who leaves in Christ's hand the keys of to-mor-row.
D. S.—ban-ish your sorrow, And leave in his hands the keys of to-mor-row.
CHORUS.
Then lift up your head, tho' your eye-lids are wet; The clouds may be
D. S.
dark, but the sun's shin-ing yet; Trust ful - ly in Je-sus and

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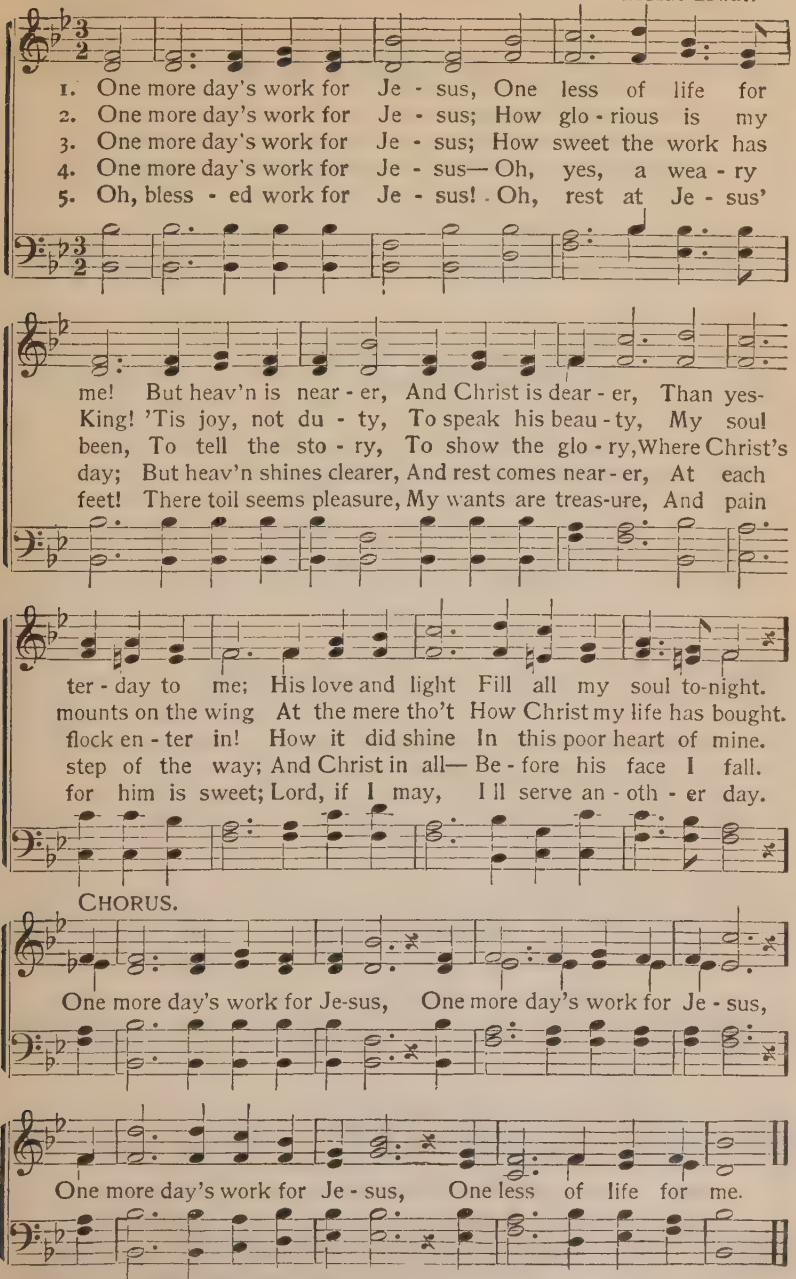
33 One More Day's Work For Jesus

ANNA WARNER ROBERT LOWRY.


1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo - rious is my
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has
4. One more day's work for Je - sus— Oh, yes, a wea - ry
5. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je - sus'
me! But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes-
King! 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak his beau - ty, My soul
been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, Where Christ's
day; But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes near - er, At each
feet! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treas-ure, And pain
ter - day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night.
mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.
flock en - ter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine.
step of the way; And Christ in all— Be - fore his face I fall.
for him is sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.
CHORUS.
One more day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,
One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

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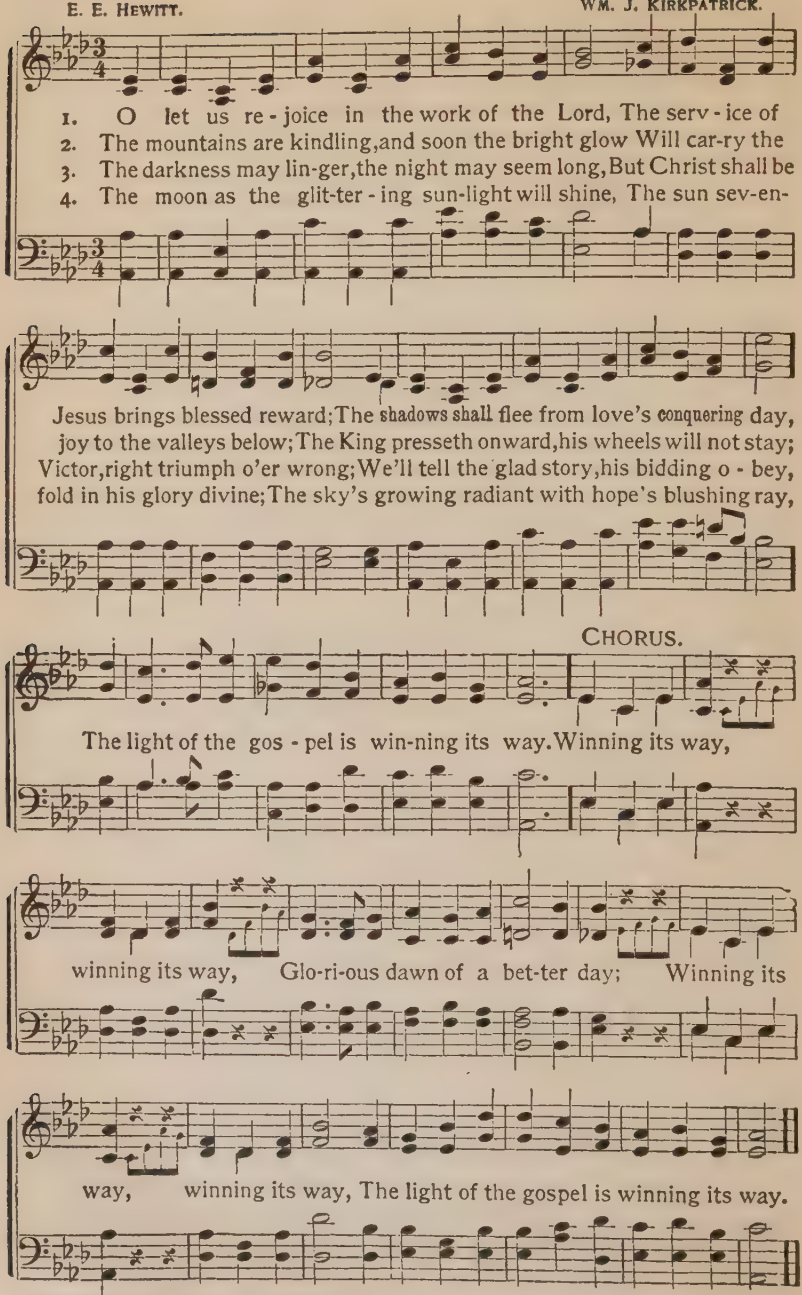
Winning Its Way.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O let us re - joice in the work of the Lord, The serv - ice of
2. The mountains are kindling, and soon the bright glow Will car-ry the
3. The darkness may lin-ger, the night may seem long, But Christ shall be
4. The moon as the glit-ter - ing sun-light will shine, The sun sev-en-
Jesus brings blessed reward; The shadows shall flee from love's conquering day,
joy to the valleys below; The King presseth onward, his wheels will not stay;
Victor, right triumph o'er wrong; We'll tell the glad story, his bidding o - bey,
fold in his glory divine; The sky's growing radiant with hope's blushing ray,
CHORUS.
The light of the gos - pel is win-ning its way. Winning its way,
winning its way, Glo-ri-ous dawn of a bet-ter day; Winning its
way, winning its way, The light of the gospel is winning its way.

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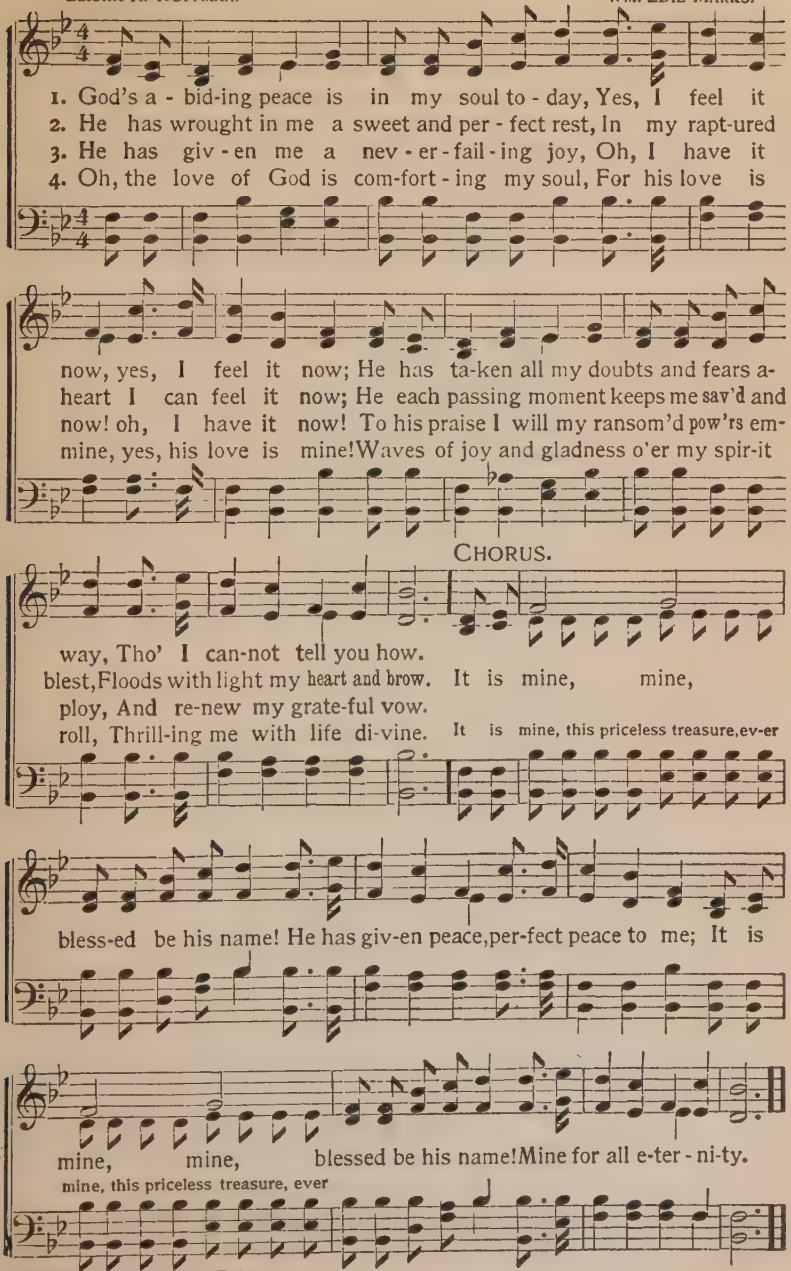
It is Mine.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. WM. EDIE MARKS.


1. God's a - bid-ing peace is in my soul to - day, Yes, I feel it now, yes, I feel it now; He has ta-ken all my doubts and fears a-way, Tho' I can-not tell you how.
2. He has wrought in me a sweet and per - fect rest, In my rapt-ured heart I can feel it now; He each passing moment keeps me sav'd and blest, Floods with light my heart and brow. It is mine, mine, mine, mine!
3. He has giv - en me a nev - er - fail - ing joy, Oh, I have it now! oh, I have it now! To his praise I will my ransom'd pow'rs em-ploy, And re-new my grate-ful vow.
4. Oh, the love of God is com-fort - ing my soul, For his love is mine, yes, his love is mine! Waves of joy and gladness o'er my spir-it roll, Thrill-ing me with life di-vine.
CHORUS.
It is mine, this priceless treasure, ev-er bless-ed be his name! He has giv-en peace, per-fect peace to me; It is mine, mine, mine, blessed be his name! Mine for all e-ter - ni-ty.
mine, this priceless treasure, ever

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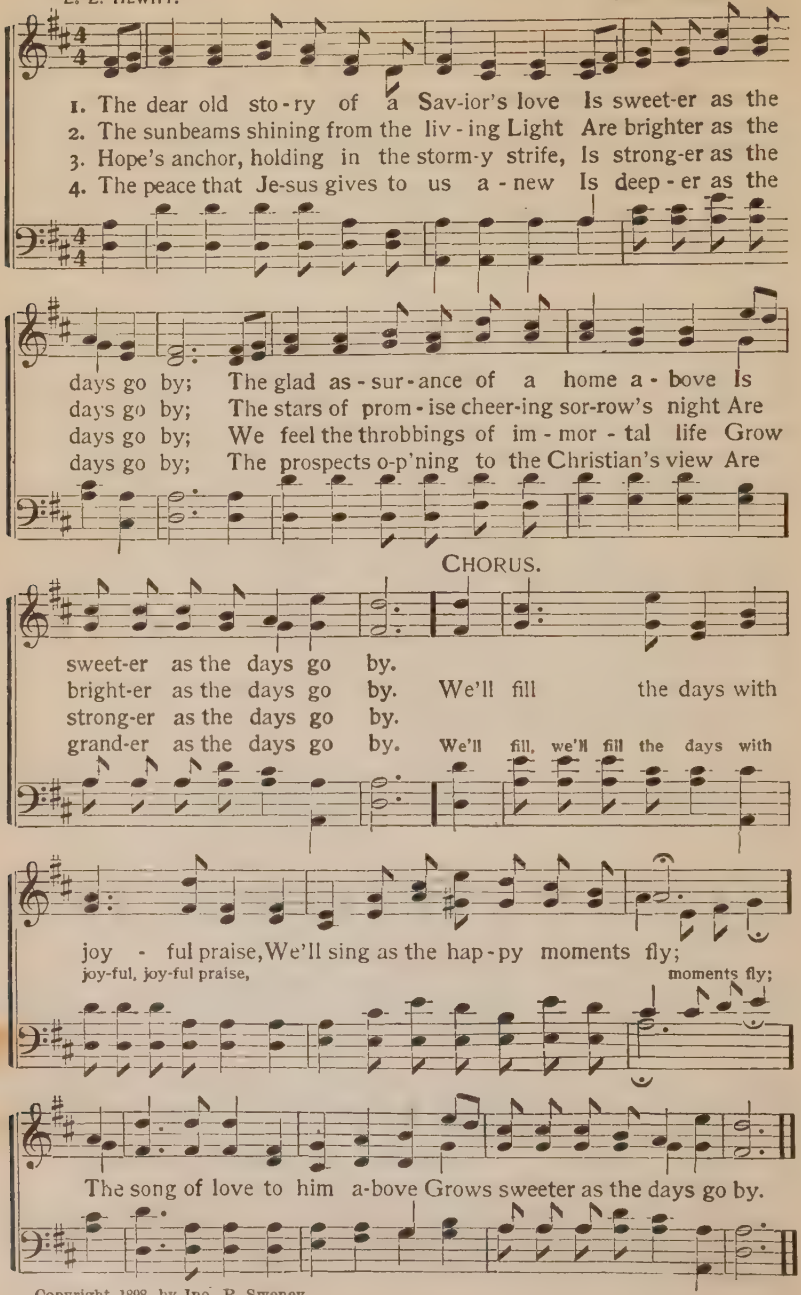
Sweeter as the Days Go By.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The dear old sto-ry of a Sav-ior's love Is sweet-er as the
2. The sunbeams shining from the liv-ing Light Are brighter as the
3. Hope's anchor, holding in the storm-y strife, Is strong-er as the
4. The peace that Je-sus gives to us a-new Is deep-er as the
days go by; The glad as-sur-ance of a home a-bove Is
days go by; The stars of prom-ise cheer-ing sor-row's night Are
days go by; We feel the throbbings of im-mor-tal life Grow
days go by; The prospects o-p'ning to the Christian's view Are
CHORUS.
sweet-er as the days go by.
bright-er as the days go by. We'll fill the days with
strong-er as the days go by.
grand-er as the days go by. We'll fill, we'll fill the days with
joy - ful praise, We'll sing as the hap-py moments fly;
joy-ful, joy-ful praise,
moments fly;
The song of love to him a-bove Grows sweeter as the days go by.

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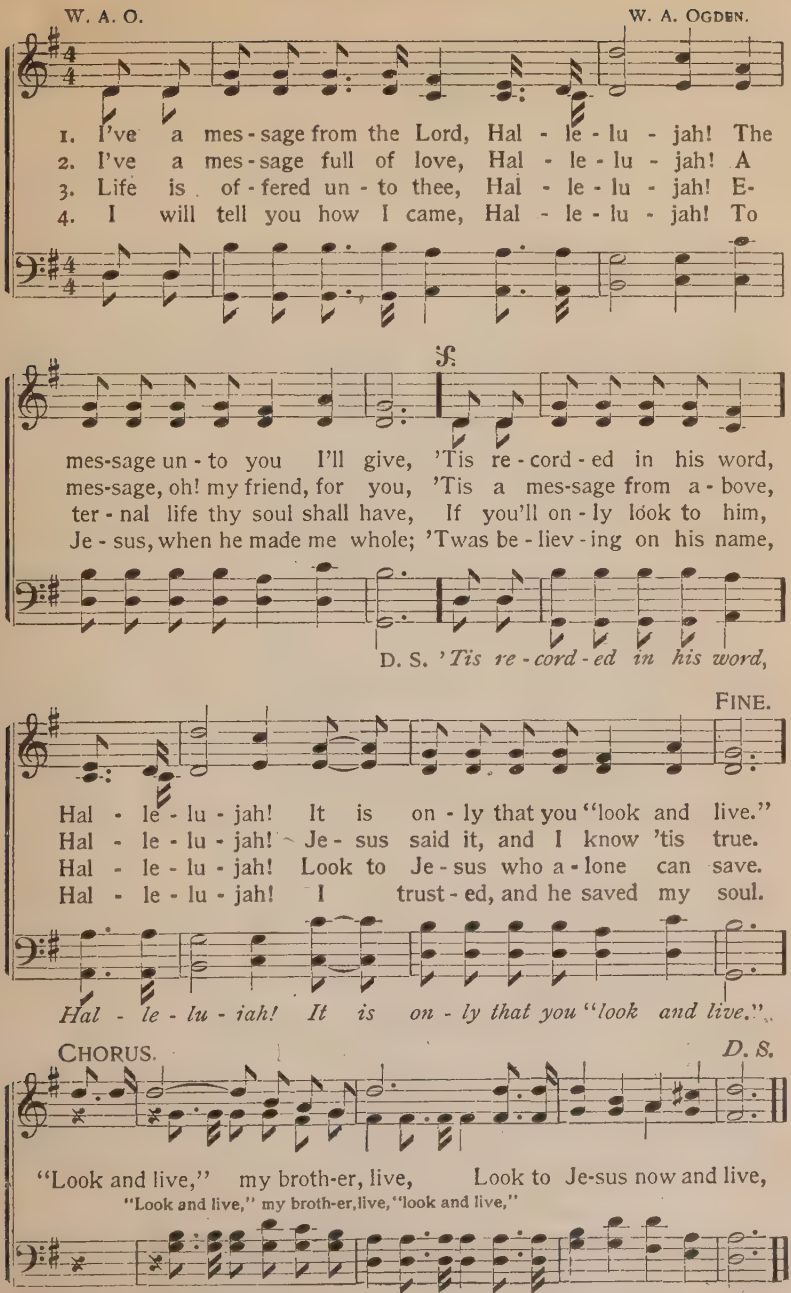
Look and Live.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.


1. I've a mes - sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The
2. I've a mes - sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A
3. Life is of - fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E-
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To
mes-sage un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,
mes-sage, oh! my friend, for you, 'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove,
ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to him,
Je - sus, when he made me whole; 'Twas be - liev - ing on his name,
D. S. 'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,
Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus who a - lone can save.
Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed, and he saved my soul.
Hal - le - lu - iah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
"Look and live," my broth-er, live, Look to Je-sus now and live,
"Look and live," my broth-er, live, "look and live,"

f.

FINE.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

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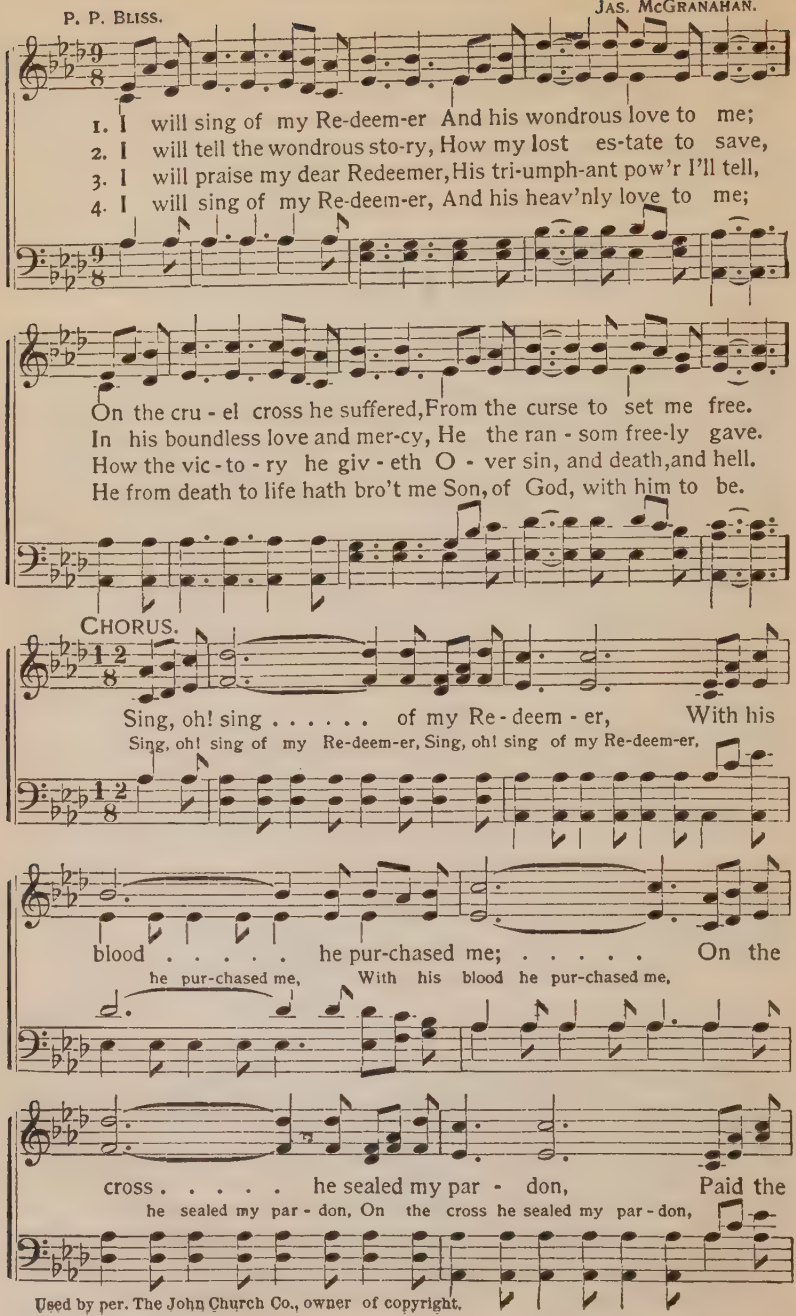
My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS. JAS. McGRANAHAN.


1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And his wondrous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri-umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And his heav'nly love to me;
On the cru - el cross he suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In his boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran - som free-ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry he giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me Son, of God, with him to be.
CHORUS.
Sing, oh! sing . . . . . of my Re - deem - er, With his
Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er,
blood . . . . . he pur-chased me; . . . . . On the
he pur-chased me, With his blood he pur-chased me,
cross . . . . . he sealed my par - don, Paid the
he sealed my par - don, On the cross he sealed my par - don,

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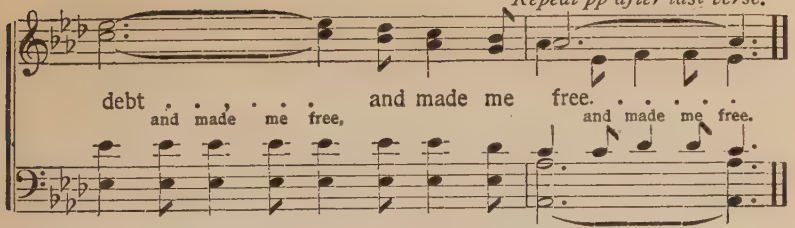
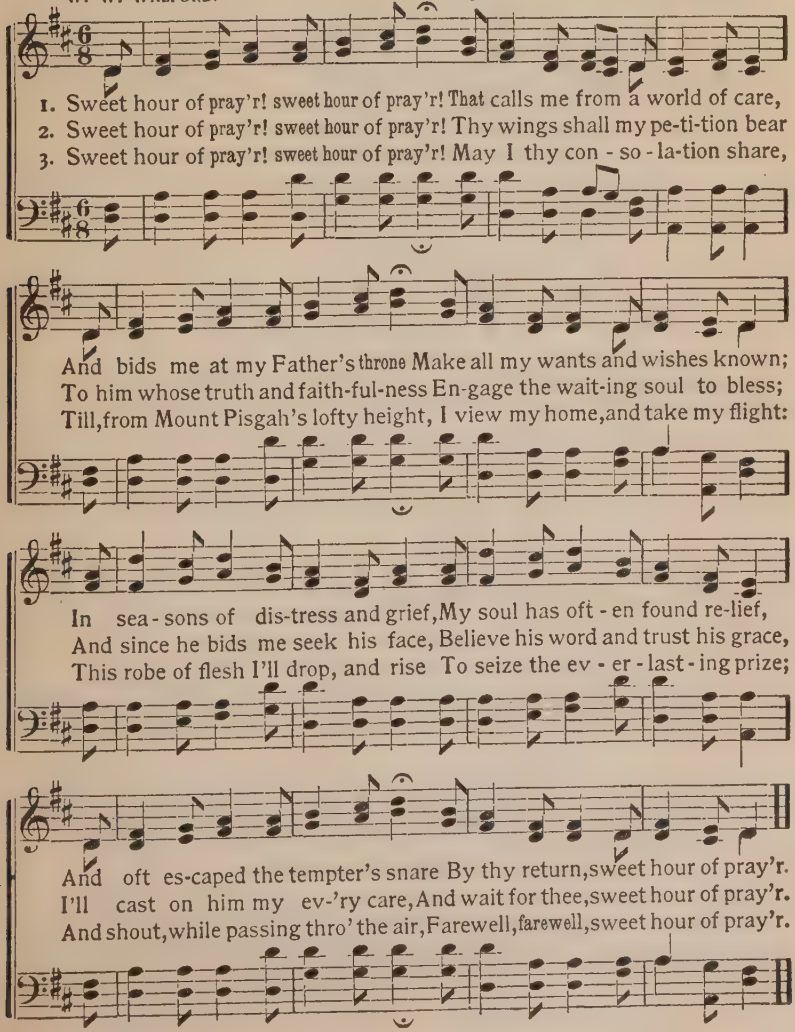
My Redeemer.

Repeat pp after last verse.



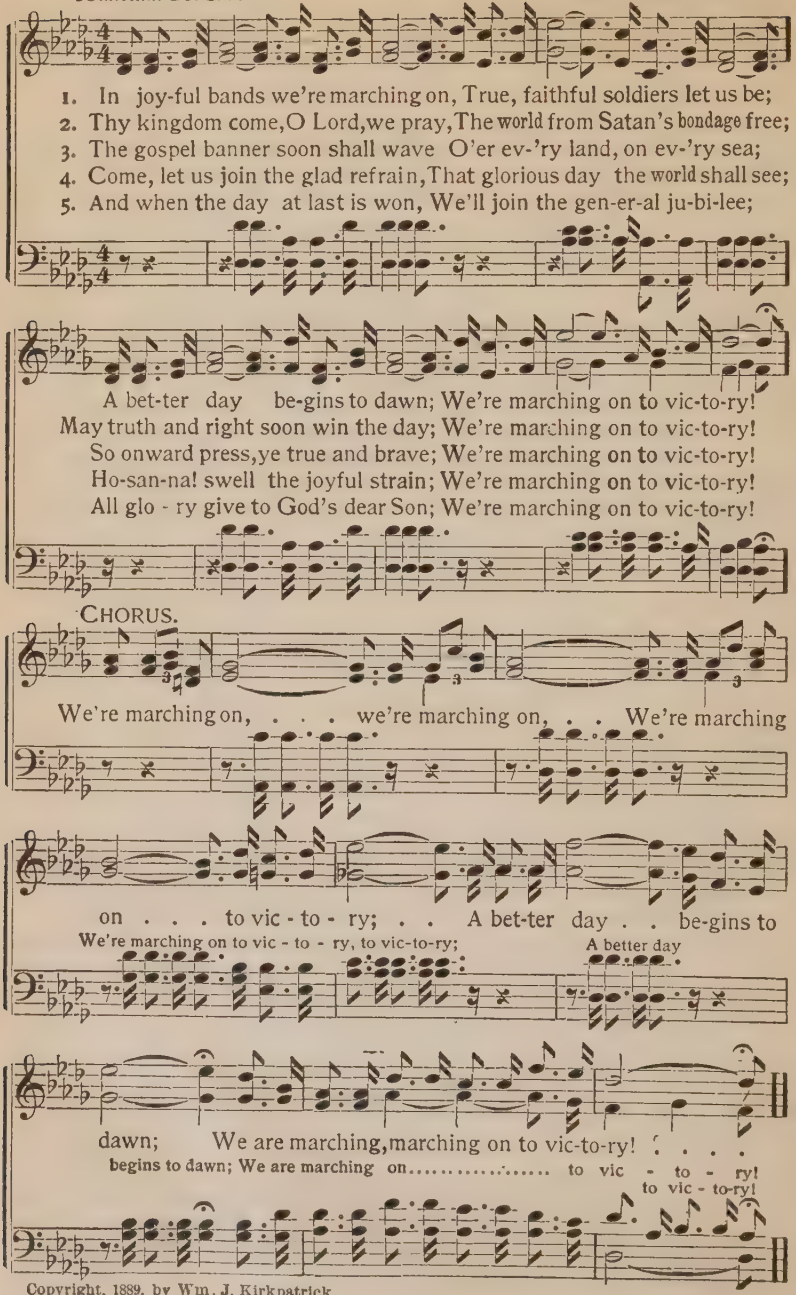
39 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la-tion share,
And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known;
To him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and take my flight:
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief,
And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word and trust his grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;
And oft es-caped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

Marching On to Victory.

JONATHAN DUNGAN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. In joy-ful bands we're marching on, True, faithful soldiers let us be;
2. Thy kingdom come, O Lord, we pray, The world from Satan's bondage free;
3. The gospel banner soon shall wave O'er ev-'ry land, on ev-'ry sea;
4. Come, let us join the glad refrain, That glorious day the world shall see;
5. And when the day at last is won, We'll join the gen-er-al ju-bi-lee;
A bet-ter day be-gins to dawn; We're marching on to vic-to-ry!
May truth and right soon win the day; We're marching on to vic-to-ry!
So onward press, ye true and brave; We're marching on to vic-to-ry!
Ho-san-na! swell the joyful strain; We're marching on to vic-to-ry!
All glo - ry give to God's dear Son; We're marching on to vic-to-ry!
CHORUS.
We're marching on, . . . we're marching on, . . . We're marching
on . . . to vic - to - ry; . . A bet-ter day . . be-gins to
We're marching on to vic - to - ry, to vic-to-ry;
A better day
dawn; We are marching, marching on to vic-to-ry!
begins to dawn; We are marching on..... to vic - to - ry!
to vic - to-ry!

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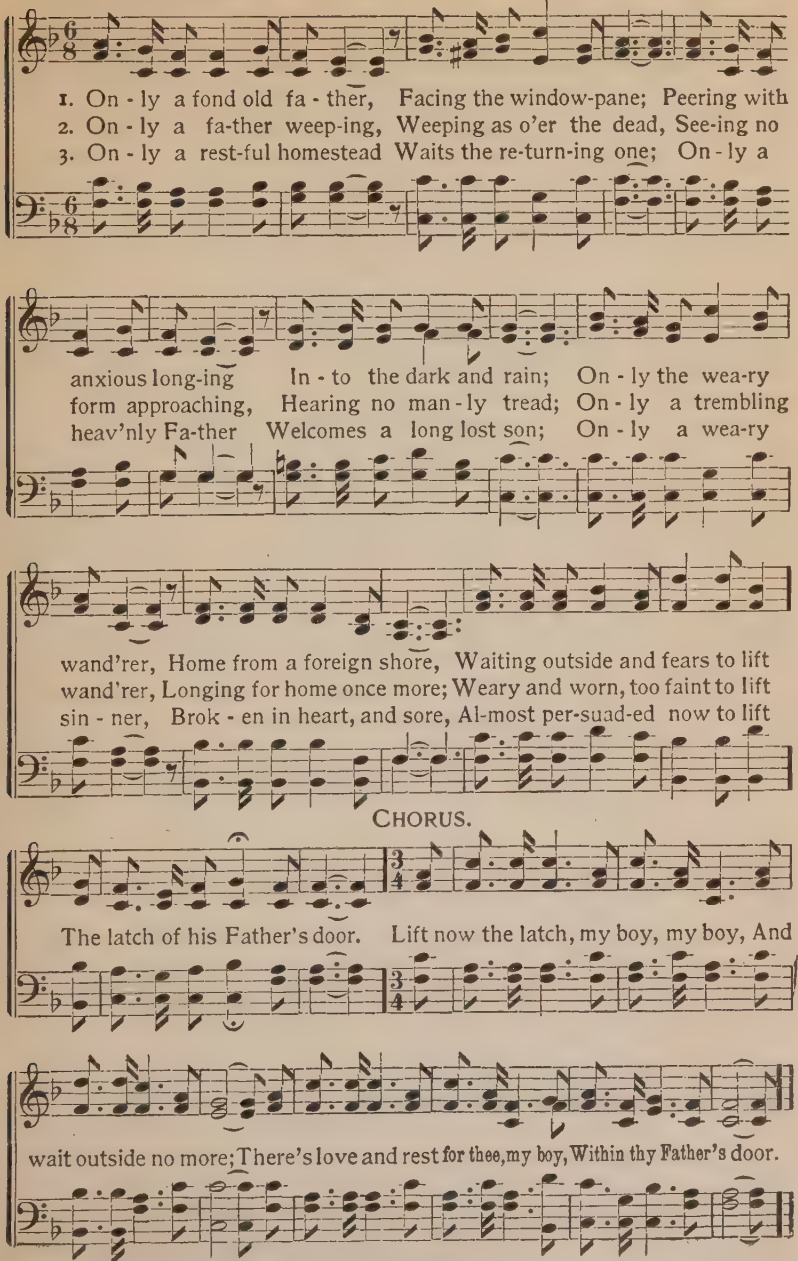
The Latch of Father's Door.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER. H. L. GILMOUR.


1. On - ly a fond old fa - ther, Facing the window-pane; Peering with
2. On - ly a fa-ther weep-ing, Weeping as o'er the dead, See-ing no
3. On - ly a rest-ful homestead Waits the re-turn-ing one; On - ly a
anxious long-ing In - to the dark and rain; On - ly the wea-ry
form approaching, Hearing no man - ly tread; On - ly a trembling
heav'nly Fa-ther Welcomes a long lost son; On - ly a wea-ry
wand'rer, Home from a foreign shore, Waiting outside and fears to lift
wand'rer, Longing for home once more; Weary and worn, too faint to lift
sin - ner, Brok - en in heart, and sore, Al-most per-suad-ed now to lift
CHORUS.
The latch of his Father's door. Lift now the latch, my boy, my boy, And
wait outside no more; There's love and rest for thee, my boy, Within thy Father's door.

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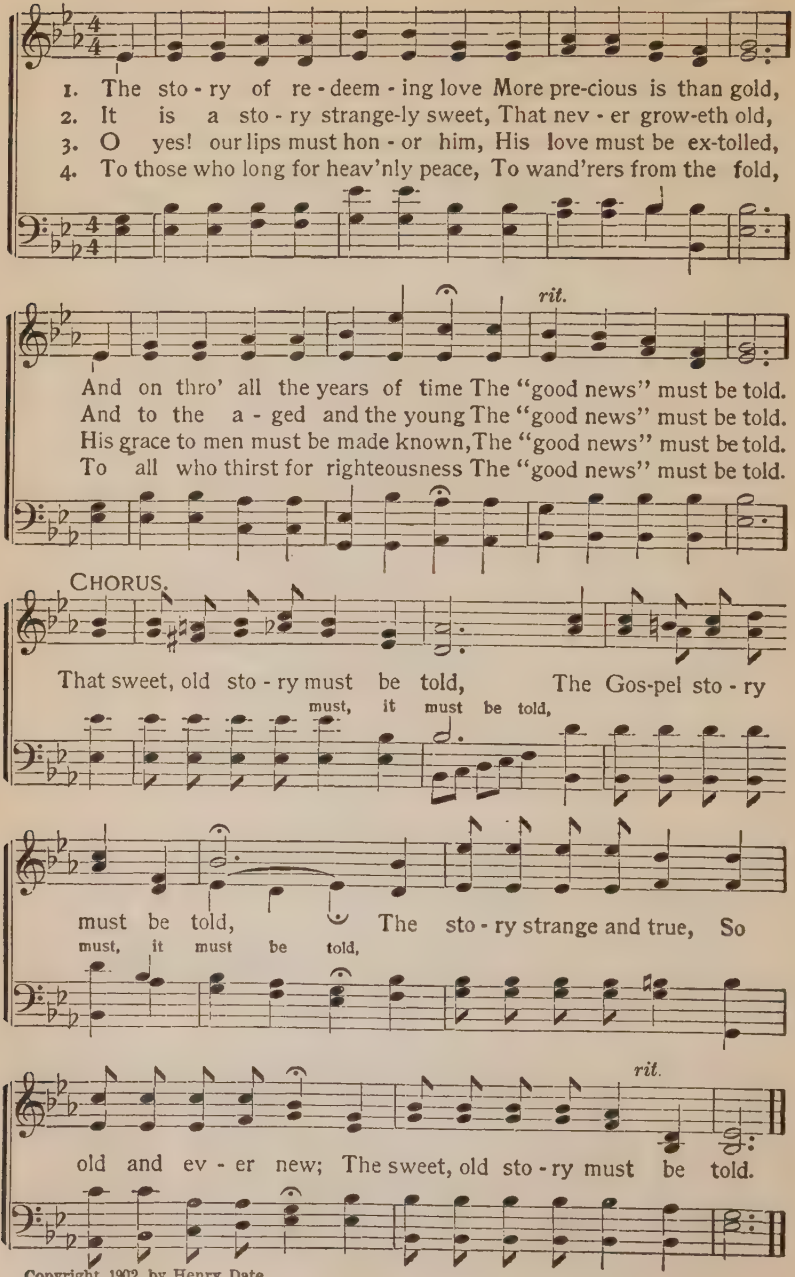
The "Good News" Must be Told.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. The sto - ry of re - deem - ing love More pre-cious is than gold,
2. It is a sto - ry strange-ly sweet, That nev - er grow-eth old,
3. O yes! our lips must hon - or him, His love must be ex-tolled,
4. To those who long for heav'nly peace, To wand'rers from the fold,
rit.
And on thro' all the years of time The "good news" must be told.
And to the a - ged and the young The "good news" must be told.
His grace to men must be made known, The "good news" must be told.
To all who thirst for righteousness The "good news" must be told.
CHORUS.
That sweet, old sto - ry must be told, The Gos-pel sto - ry
must, it must be told,
must be told, The sto - ry strange and true, So
must, it must be told,
rit.
old and ev - er new; The sweet, old sto - ry must be told.

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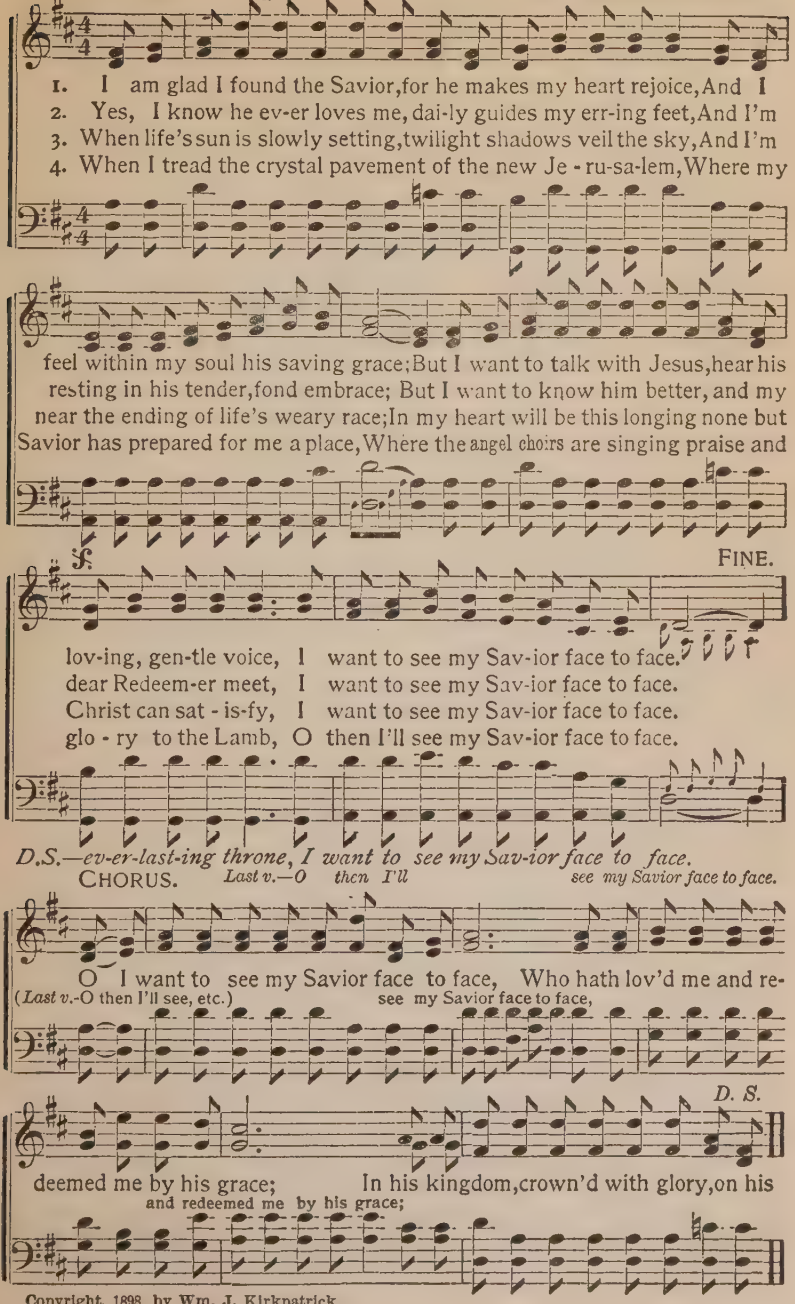
My Savior Face to Face.

W. C. AGAR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I am glad I found the Savior, for he makes my heart rejoice, And I
2. Yes, I know he ev-er loves me, dai-ly guides my err-ing feet, And I'm
3. When life's sun is slowly setting, twilight shadows veil the sky, And I'm
4. When I tread the crystal pavement of the new Je - ru-sa-lem, Where my
feel within my soul his saving grace; But I want to talk with Jesus, hear his resting in his tender, fond embrace; But I want to know him better, and my near the ending of life's weary race; In my heart will be this longing none but Savior has prepared for me a place, Where the angel choirs are singing praise and
FINE.
lov-ing, gen-tle voice, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.
dear Redeem-er meet, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.
Christ can sat - is-fy, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.
glo - ry to the Lamb, O then I'll see my Sav-ior face to face.
D.S.—ev-er-last-ing throne, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.
CHORUS.
Last v.—O then I'll see my Savior face to face.
O I want to see my Savior face to face, Who hath lov'd me and re-
(Last v.-O then I'll see, etc.)
see my Savior face to face,
D. S.
deemed me by his grace; In his kingdom, crown'd with glory, on his
and redeemed me by his grace;

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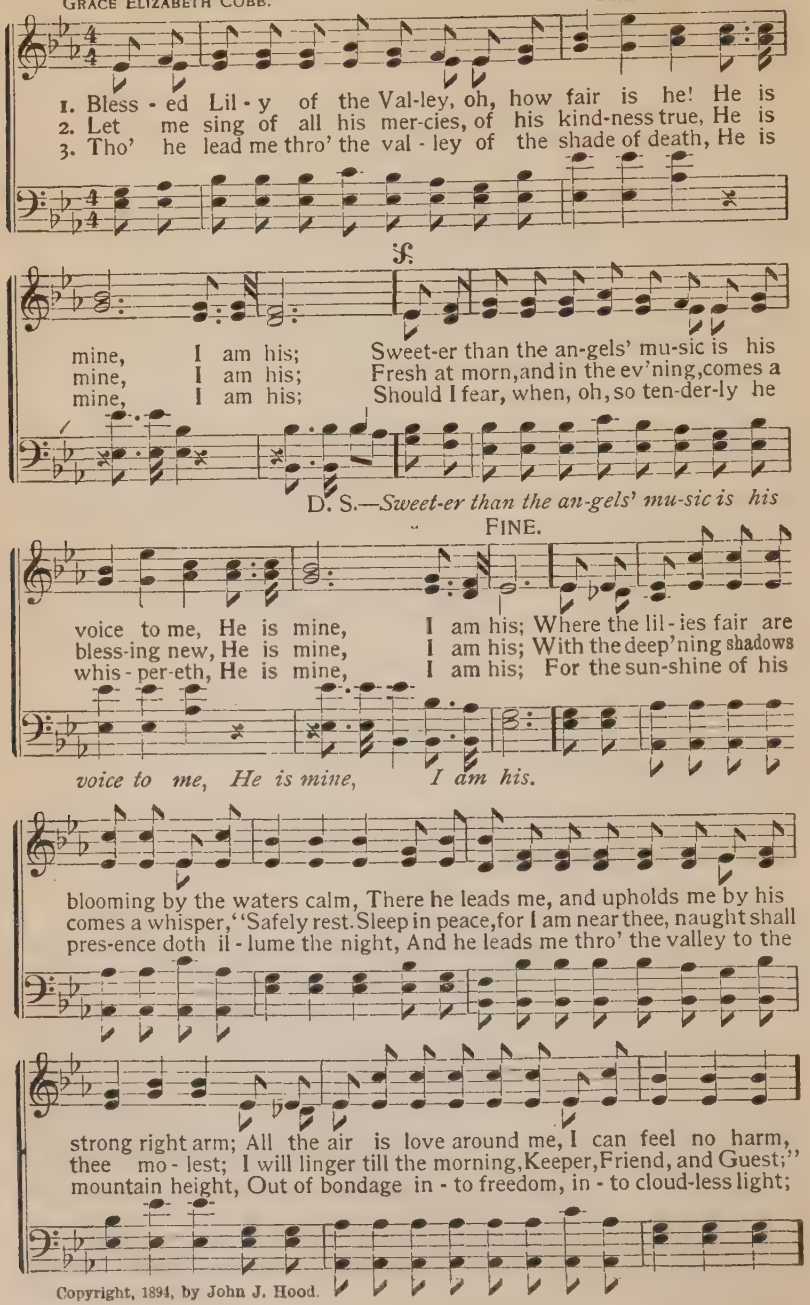
He is Mine, I am His.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Bless - ed Lil - y of the Val-ley, oh, how fair is he! He is
2. Let me sing of all his mer-cies, of his kind-ness true, He is
3. Tho' he lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death, He is
f.
mine, I am his; Sweet-er than the an-gels' mu-sic is his
mine, I am his; Fresh at morn, and in the ev'ning, comes a
mine, I am his; Should I fear, when, oh, so ten-der-ly he
D. S.—Sweet-er than the an-gels' mu-sic is his
FINE.
voice to me, He is mine, I am his; Where the lil - ies fair are
bless-ing new, He is mine, I am his; With the deep'ning shadows
whis - per-eth, He is mine, I am his; For the sun-shine of his
voice to me, He is mine, I am his.
blooming by the waters calm, There he leads me, and upholds me by his
comes a whisper, "Safely rest. Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
pres-ence doth il - lume the night, And he leads me thro' the valley to the
strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,
thee mo - lest; I will linger till the morning, Keeper, Friend, and Guest;"
mountain height, Out of bondage in - to freedom, in - to cloud-less light;

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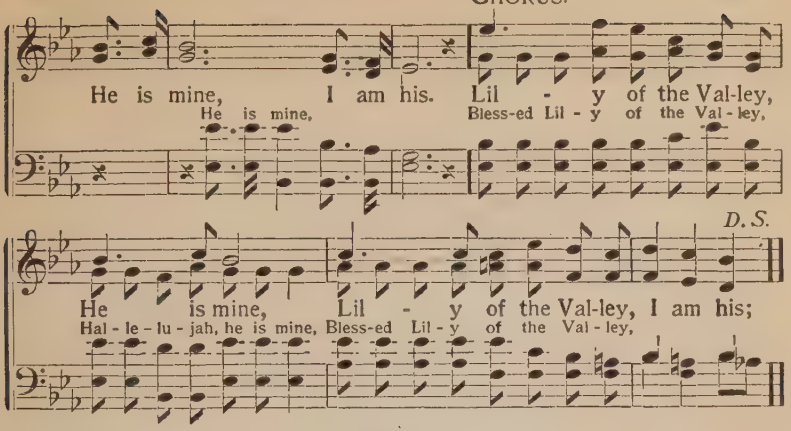
He is Mine, I am His.

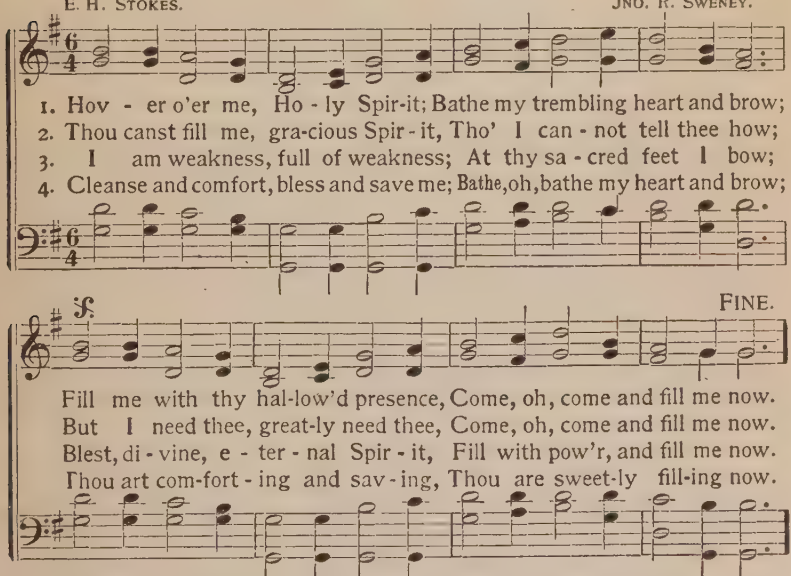
CHORUS.


He is mine, I am his. Lil - y of the Val-ley,
He is mine, Bless-ed Lil - y of the Val - ley,
D. S.
He is mine, Lil - y of the Val-ley, I am his;
Hal - le - lu - jah, he is mine, Bless-ed Lil - y of the Val - ley,

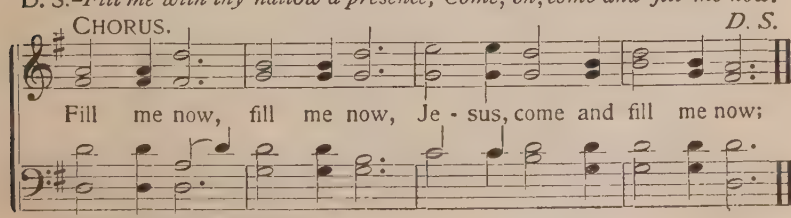
45

Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir-it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
FINE.
Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need thee, great-ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou are sweet-ly fill-ing now.

D. S.–*Fill me with thy hallow'd presence; Come, oh, come and fill me now.*



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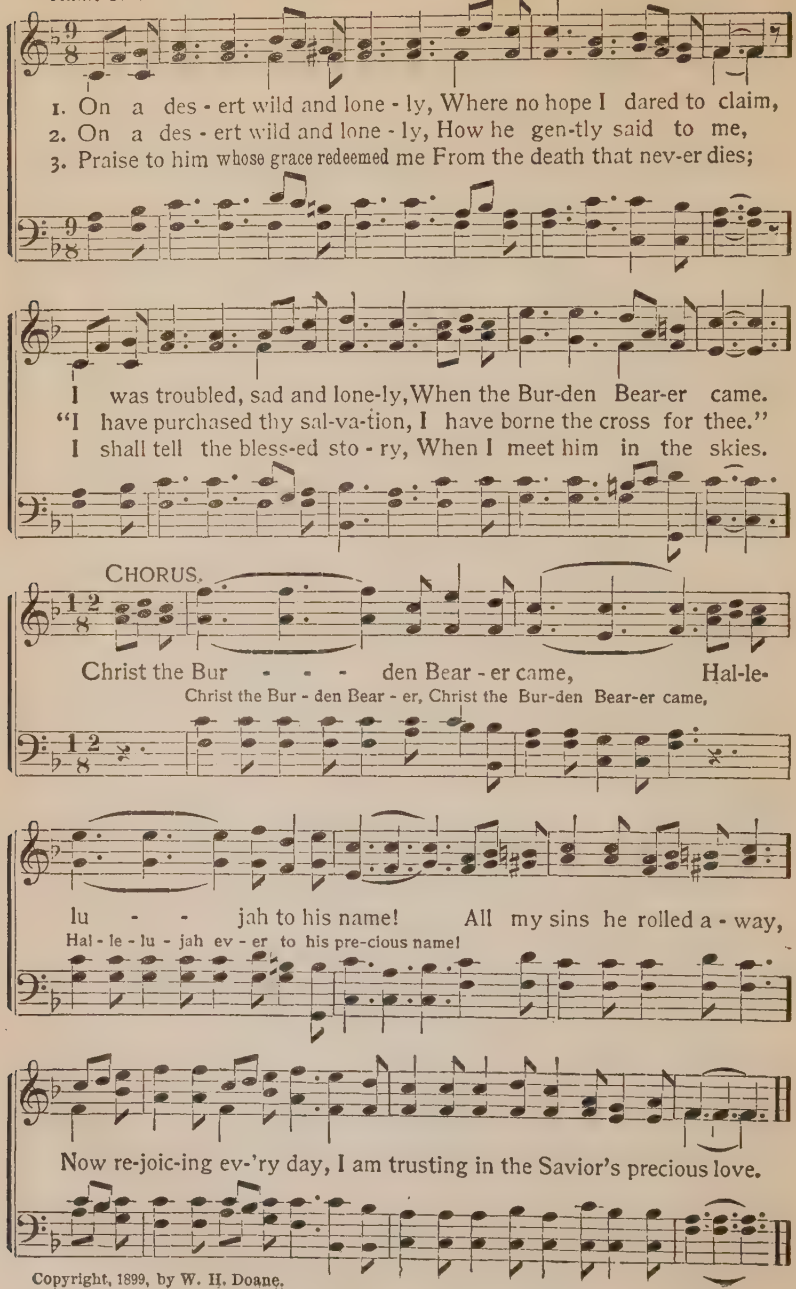
46 When the Burden Bearer Came.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. On a des - ert wild and lone - ly, Where no hope I dared to claim,
2. On a des - ert wild and lone - ly, How he gen-tly said to me,
3. Praise to him whose grace redeemed me From the death that nev-er dies;
I was troubled, sad and lone-ly, When the Bur-den Bear-er came.
"I have purchased thy sal-va-tion, I have borne the cross for thee."
I shall tell the bless-ed sto - ry, When I meet him in the skies.
CHORUS.
Christ the Bur - - - den Bear - er came, Hal-le-
Christ the Bur - den Bear - er, Christ the Bur-den Bear-er came,
lu - - jah to his name! All my sins he rolled a - way,
Hal - le - lu - jah ev - er to his pre-cious name!
Now re-joic-ing ev-'ry day, I am trusting in the Savior's precious love.

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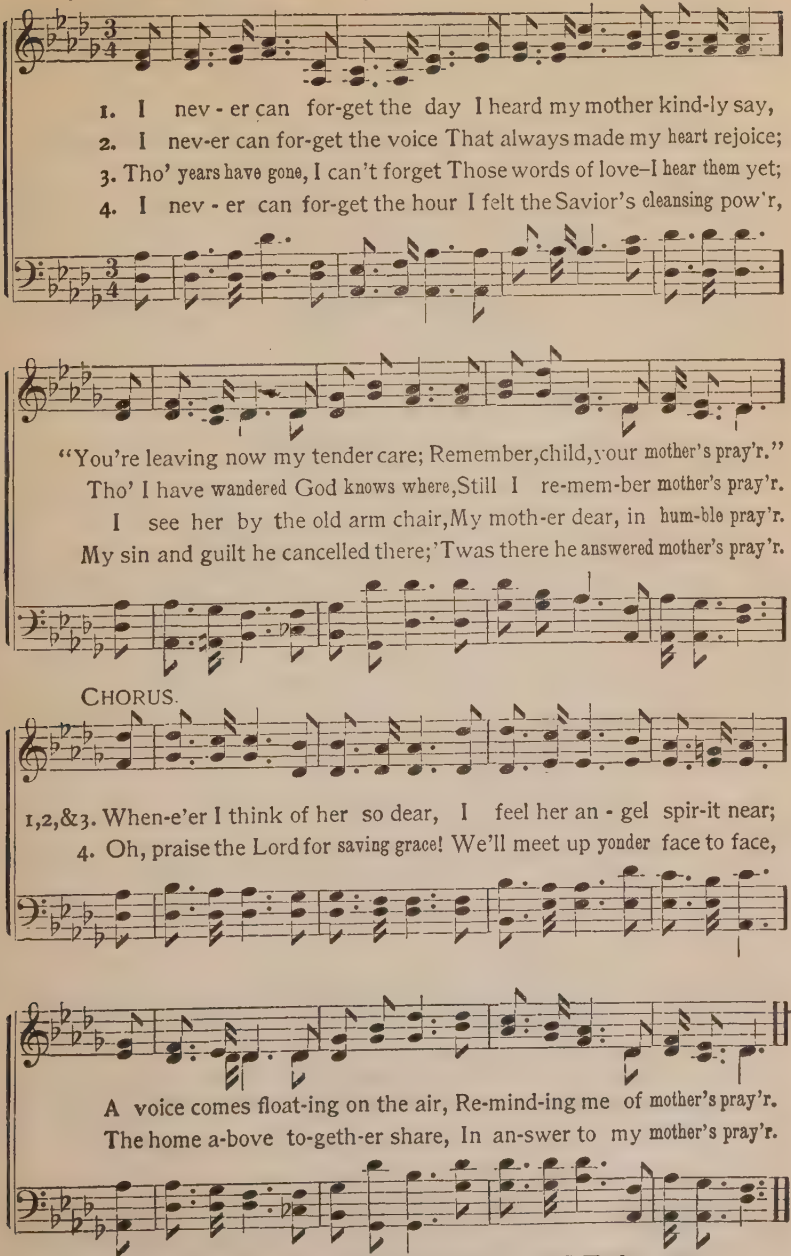
My Mother's Prayer.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.


1. I nev - er can for-get the day I heard my mother kind-ly say,
2. I nev-er can for-get the voice That always made my heart rejoice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't forget Those words of love–I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for-get the hour I felt the Savior's cleansing pow'r,
"You're leaving now my tender care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."
Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re-mem-ber mother's pray'r.
I see her by the old arm chair, My moth-er dear, in hum-ble pray'r.
My sin and guilt he cancelled there; 'Twas there he answered mother's pray'r.
CHORUS.
1,2,&3. When-e'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir-it near;
4. Oh, praise the Lord for saving grace! We'll meet up yonder face to face,
A voice comes float-ing on the air, Re-mind-ing me of mother's pray'r.
The home a-bove to-geth-er share, In an-swer to my mother's pray'r.

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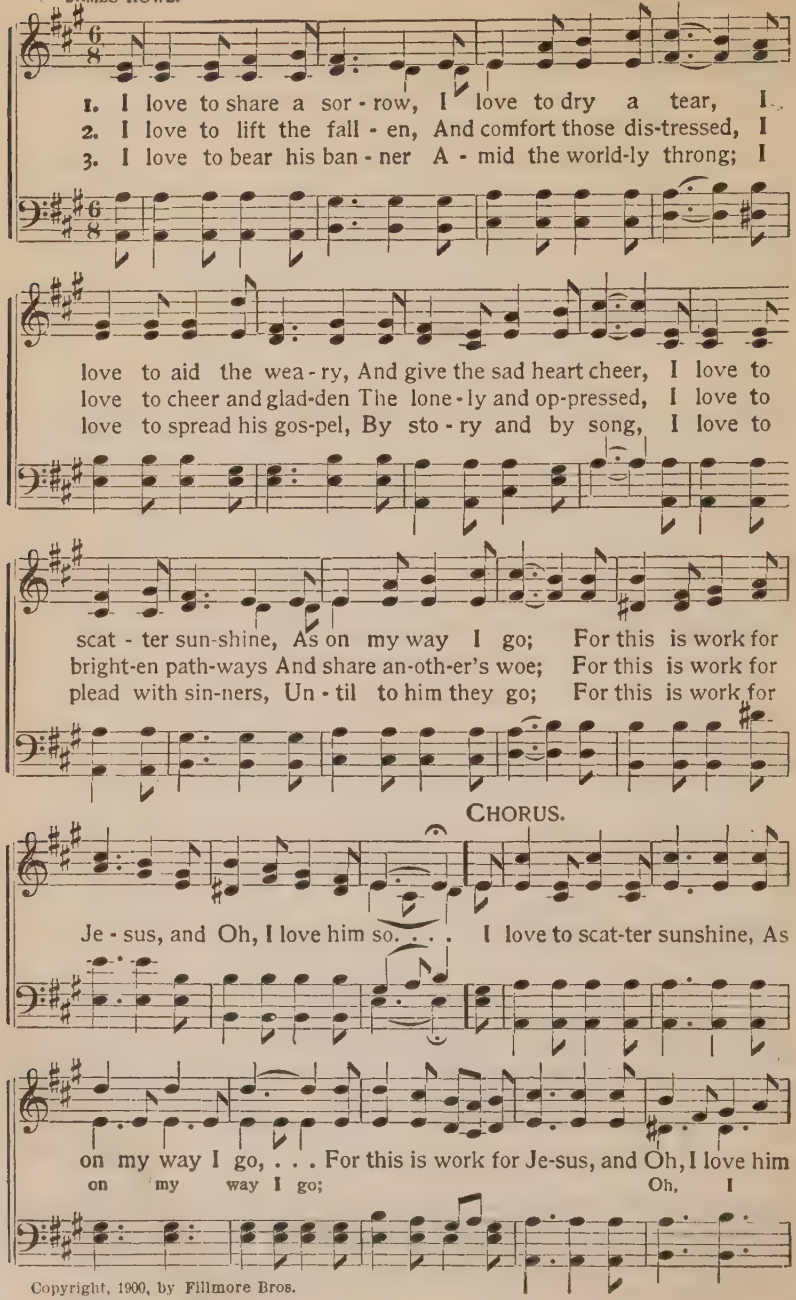
I Love to Scatter Sunshine.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I love to share a sor - row, I love to dry a tear, I
2. I love to lift the fall - en, And comfort those dis-tressed, I
3. I love to bear his ban - ner A - mid the world-ly throng; I
love to aid the wea - ry, And give the sad heart cheer, I love to
love to cheer and glad-den The lone - ly and op-pressed, I love to
love to spread his gos-pel, By sto - ry and by song, I love to
scat - ter sun-shine, As on my way I go; For this is work for
bright-en path-ways And share an-oth-er's woe; For this is work for
plead with sin-ners, Un - til to him they go; For this is work for
CHORUS.
Je - sus, and Oh, I love him so. . . . I love to scat-ter sunshine, As
on my way I go, . . . For this is work for Je-sus, and Oh, I love him
on my way I go; Oh, I

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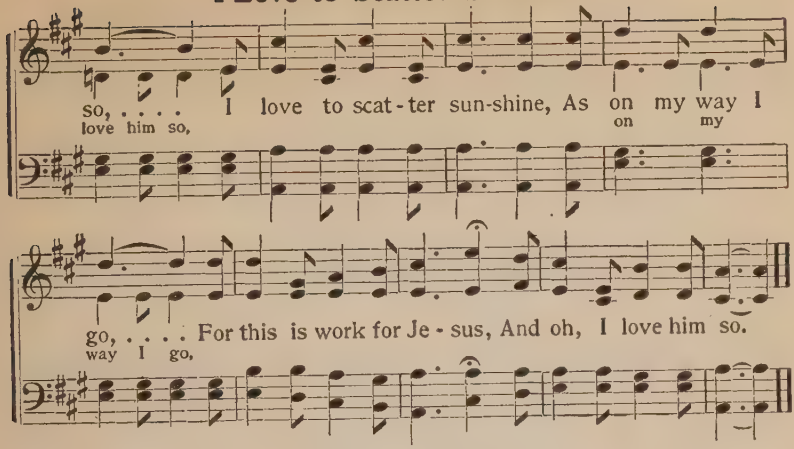
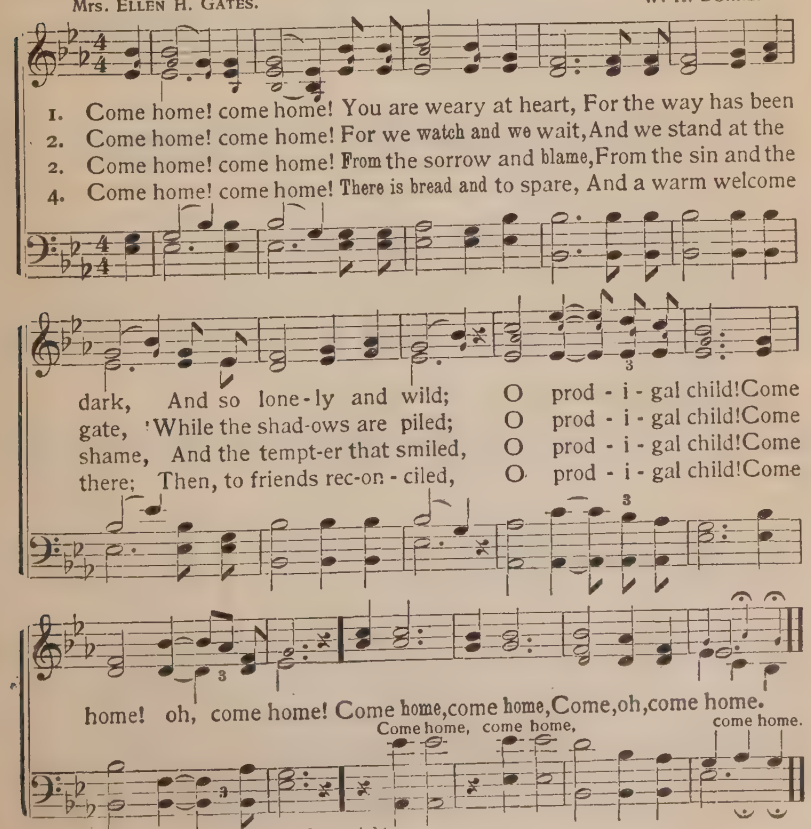
I Love to Scatter Sunshine.



49 Prodigal Child.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES. W. H. DOANE.


1. Come home! come home! You are weary at heart, For the way has been
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the
2. Come home! come home! From the sorrow and blame, From the sin and the
4. Come home! come home! There is bread and to spare, And a warm welcome
dark, And so lone-ly and wild; O prod-i-gal child! Come
gate, While the shad-ows are piled; O prod-i-gal child! Come
shame, And the tempt-er that smiled, O prod-i-gal child! Come
there; Then, to friends rec-on-ciled, O prod-i-gal child! Come
home! oh, come home! Come home, come home, Come, oh, come home.
Come home, come home, come home.

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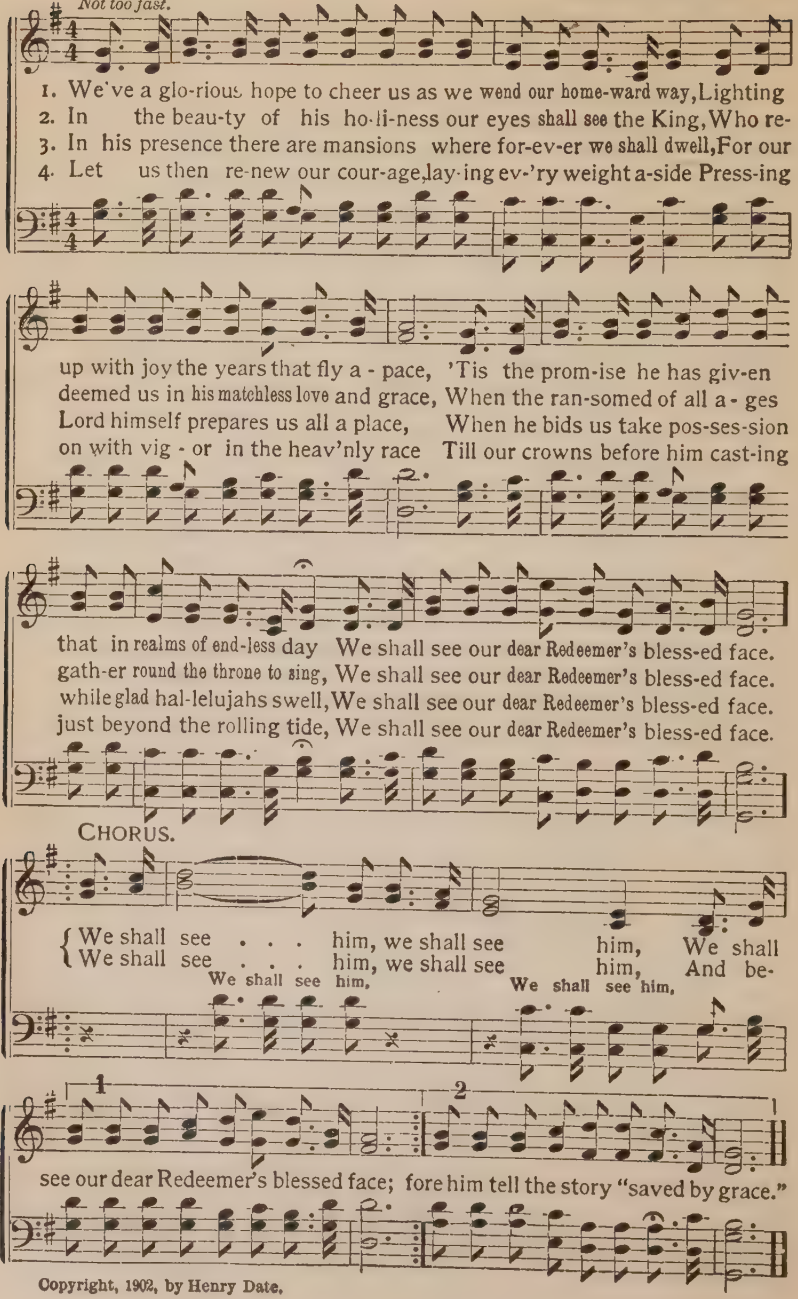
50 We Shall See His Blessed Face.

KATE ULMER. *Not too fast.* WARREN W. BENTLEY.


1. We've a glo-rious hope to cheer us as we wend our home-ward way, Lighting
2. In the beau-ty of his ho-li-ness our eyes shall see the King, Who re-
3. In his presence there are mansions where for-ev-er we shall dwell, For our
4. Let us then re-new our cour-age, lay-ing ev-'ry weight a-side Press-ing
up with joy the years that fly a - pace, 'Tis the prom-ise he has giv-en
deemed us in his matchless love and grace, When the ran-somed of all a - ges
Lord himself prepares us all a place, When he bids us take pos-ses-sion
on with vig - or in the heav'nly race Till our crowns before him cast-ing
that in realms of end-less day We shall see our dear Redeemer's bless-ed face.
gath-er round the throne to sing, We shall see our dear Redeemer's bless-ed face.
while glad hal-lelujahs swell, We shall see our dear Redeemer's bless-ed face.
just beyond the rolling tide, We shall see our dear Redeemer's bless-ed face.
CHORUS.
We shall see . . . him, we shall see him, We shall
We shall see . . . him, we shall see him, And be-
We shall see him.
We shall see him.
1
2
see our dear Redeemer's blessed face; fore him tell the story "saved by grace."

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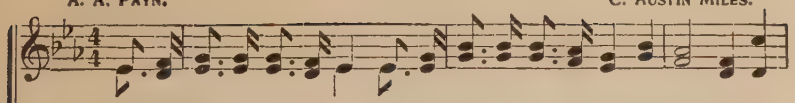
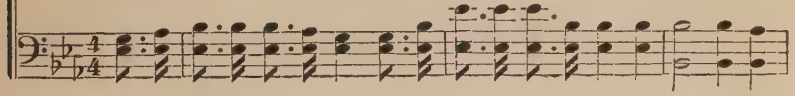
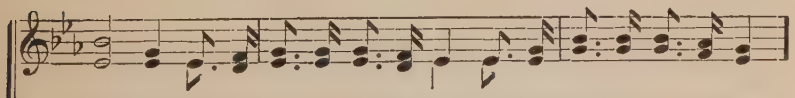
My Savior.

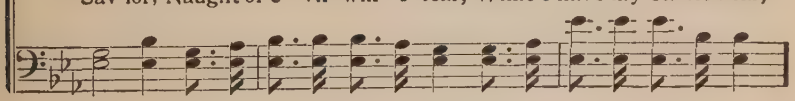
A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.



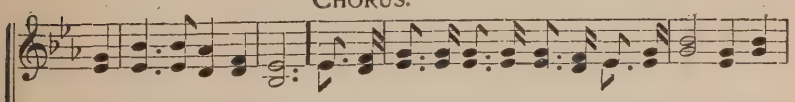
1. He will hear me when I call, He will help me when I fall, My Savior, my
2. I will la - bor, I will pray, I will trust him ev'ry day, My Savior, my
3. When I'm weary and distressed, I will go to him for rest, My Savior, my
4. May I never, never stray From thy precious side away, My Savior, my

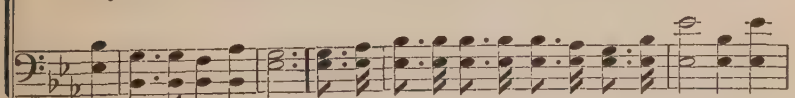
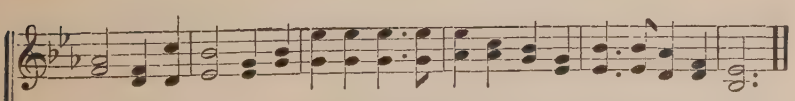


Sav-ior; He will give me strength to bear Ev'ry grief that may appear;
Sav-ior; I will look to Him in faith, I will trust him un-til death;
Sav-ior; To his lov - ing arms I'll fly, Ev-'ry need he will sup-ply,
Sav-ior; Naught of e - vil will I fear, While I have my Savior near;

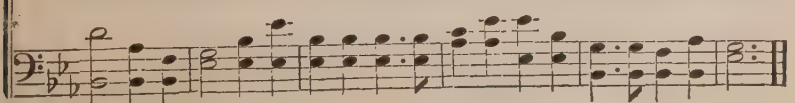


CHORUS.



My all in all is he. Yes, a sat-is-fy - ing portion is my Savior, My



Savior, my Savior; My rock, my stay, by night by day My all in all is he.



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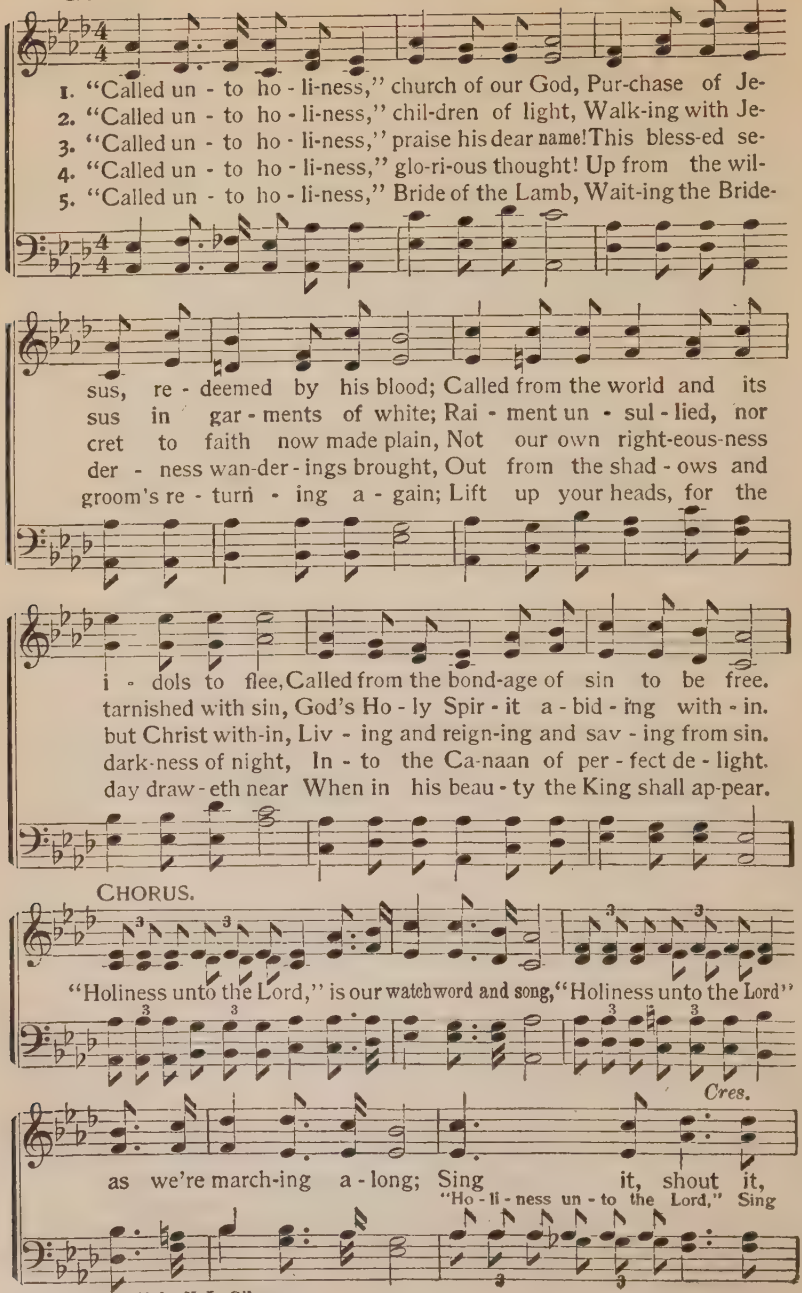
"Holiness Unto the Lord."

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," church of our God, Pur-chase of Je-
2. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," chil-dren of light, Walk-ing with Je-
3. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," praise his dear name! This bless-ed se-
4. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," glo-ri-ous thought! Up from the wil-
5. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," Bride of the Lamb, Wait-ing the Bride-
sus, re - deemed by his blood; Called from the world and its
sus in gar - ments of white; Rai - ment un - sul - lied, nor
cret to faith now made plain, Not our own right-eous-ness
der - ness wan-der - ings brought, Out from the shad - ows and
groom's re - turn - ing a - gain; Lift up your heads, for the
i - dols to flee, Called from the bond-age of sin to be free.
tarnished with sin, God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in.
but Christ with-in, Liv - ing and reign-ing and sav - ing from sin.
dark-ness of night, In - to the Ca-naan of per - fect de - light.
day draw - eth near When in his beau - ty the King shall ap-pear.
CHORUS.
"Holiness unto the Lord," is our watchword and song, "Holiness unto the Lord"
Cres.
as we're march-ing a - long; Sing it, shout it,
"Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," Sing

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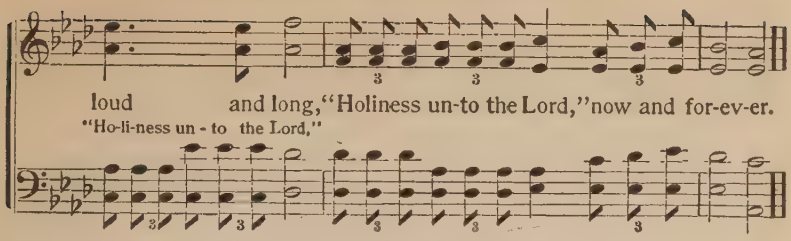
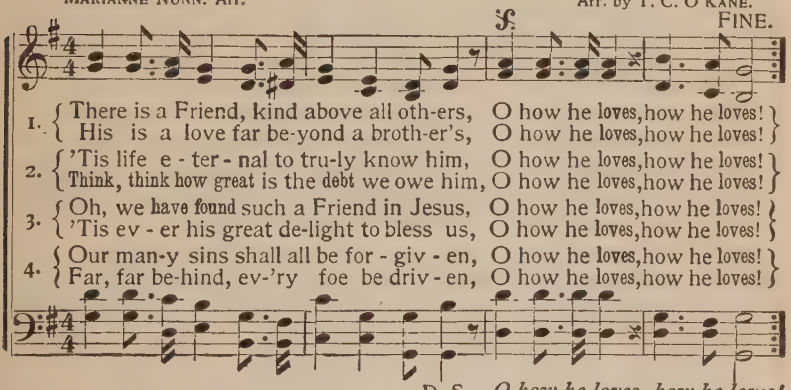
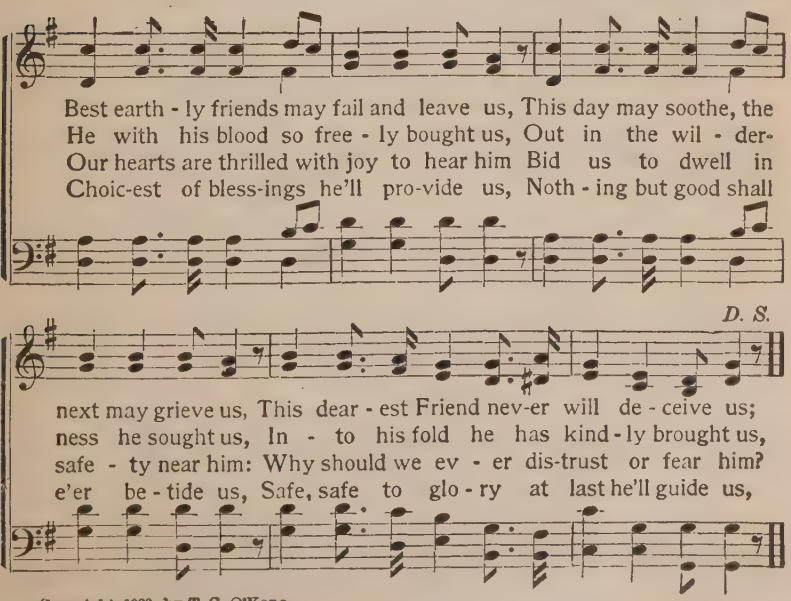
"Holiness Unto the Lord."



53 O How He Loves.

MARIANNE NUNN. Arr. Arr. by T. C. O'KANE.


FINE.
1. There is a Friend, kind above all oth-ers, O how he loves, how he loves!
His is a love far be-yond a broth-er's, O how he loves, how he loves!
2. 'Tis life e - ter - nal to tru-ly know him, O how he loves, how he loves!
Think, think how great is the debt we owe him, O how he loves, how he loves!
3. Oh, we have found such a Friend in Jesus, O how he loves, how he loves!
'Tis ev - er his great de-light to bless us, O how he loves, how he loves!
4. Our man-y sins shall all be for - giv - en, O how he loves, how he loves!
Far, far be-hind, ev-'ry foe be driv - en, O how he loves, how he loves!
D. S.—O how he loves, how he loves!


Best earth - ly friends may fail and leave us, This day may soothe, the
He with his blood so free - ly bought us, Out in the wil - der-
Our hearts are thrilled with joy to hear him Bid us to dwell in
Choic-est of bless-ings he'll pro-vide us, Noth - ing but good shall
D. S.
next may grieve us, This dear - est Friend nev-er will de - ceive us;
ness he sought us, In - to his fold he has kind - ly brought us,
safe - ty near him: Why should we ev - er dis-trust or fear him?
e'er be - tide us, Safe, safe to glo - ry at last he'll guide us,

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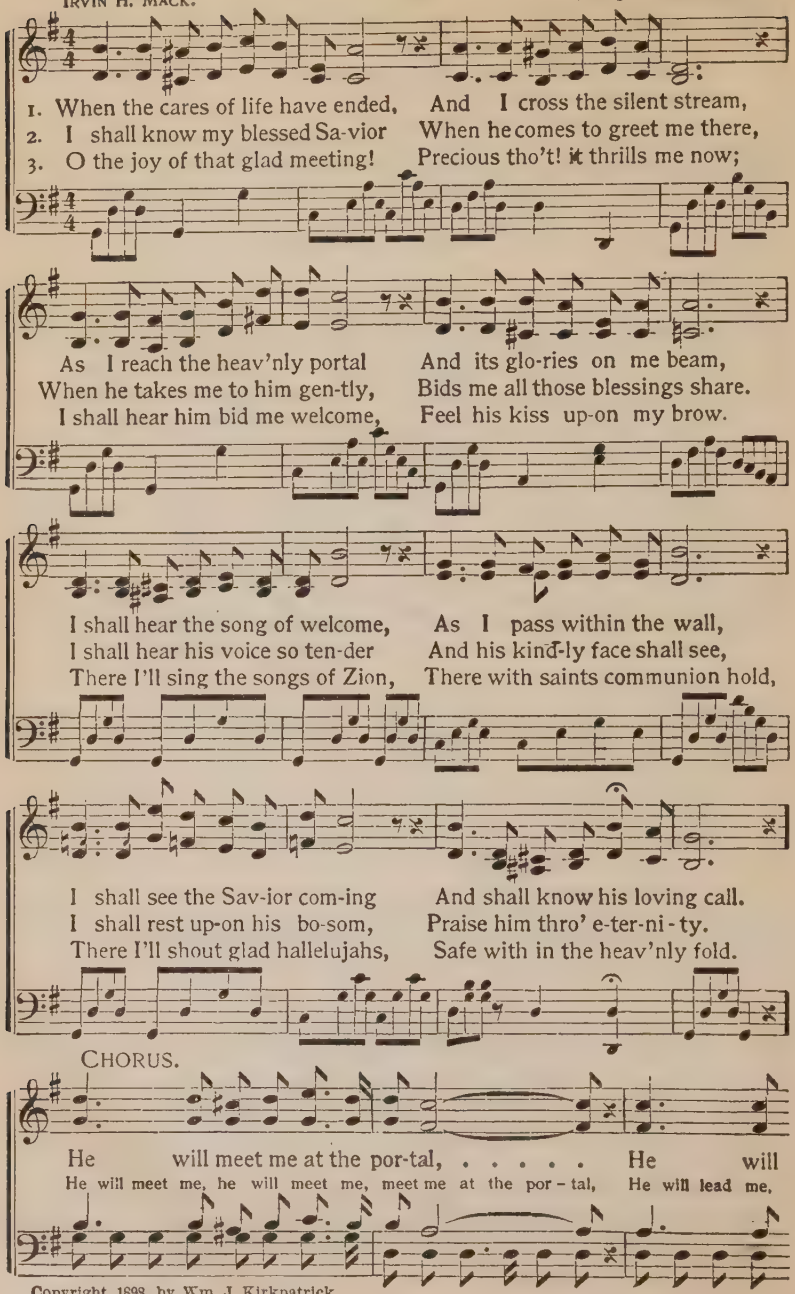
54 He Will Meet Me at the Portal.

IRVIN H. MACK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. When the cares of life have ended, And I cross the silent stream,
2. I shall know my blessed Sa-vior When he comes to greet me there,
3. O the joy of that glad meeting! Precious tho't! it thrills me now;
As I reach the heav'nly portal And its glo-ries on me beam,
When he takes me to him gen-tly, Bids me all those blessings share.
I shall hear him bid me welcome, Feel his kiss up-on my brow.
I shall hear the song of welcome, As I pass within the wall,
I shall hear his voice so ten-der And his kind-ly face shall see,
There I'll sing the songs of Zion, There with saints communion hold,
I shall see the Sav-ior com-ing And shall know his loving call.
I shall rest up-on his bo-som, Praise him thro' e-ter-ni-ty.
There I'll shout glad hallelujahs, Safe with in the heav'nly fold.
CHORUS.
He will meet me at the por-tal, ... He will
He will meet me, he will meet me, meet me at the por-tal, He will lead me,

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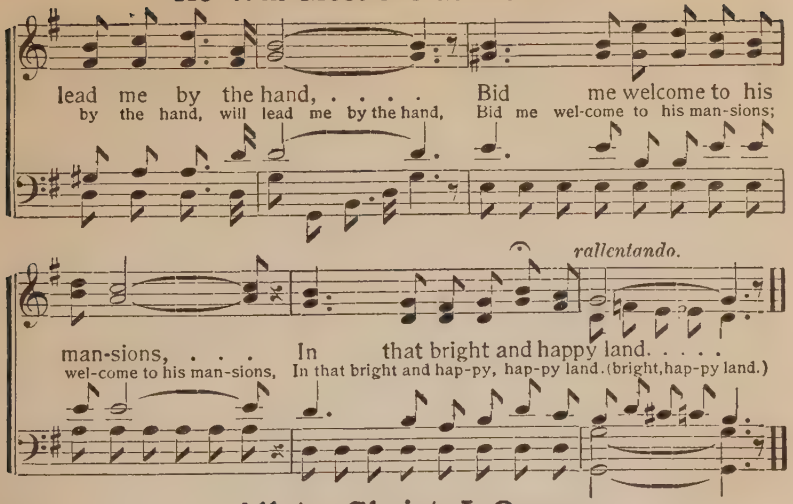
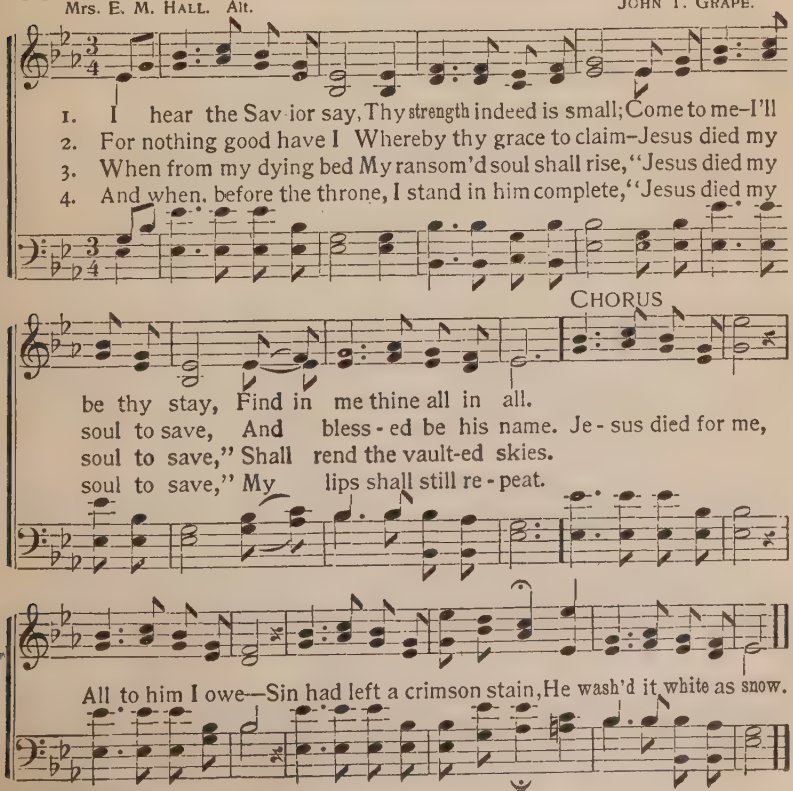
He Will Meet Me at the Portal.


lead me by the hand, ... Bid me welcome to his
by the hand, will lead me by the hand, Bid me wel-come to his man-sions;
rallentando.
man-sions, . . . In that bright and happy land. . . . .
wel-come to his man-sions, In that bright and hap-py, hap-py land. (bright, hap-py land.)

55 All to Christ I Owe.

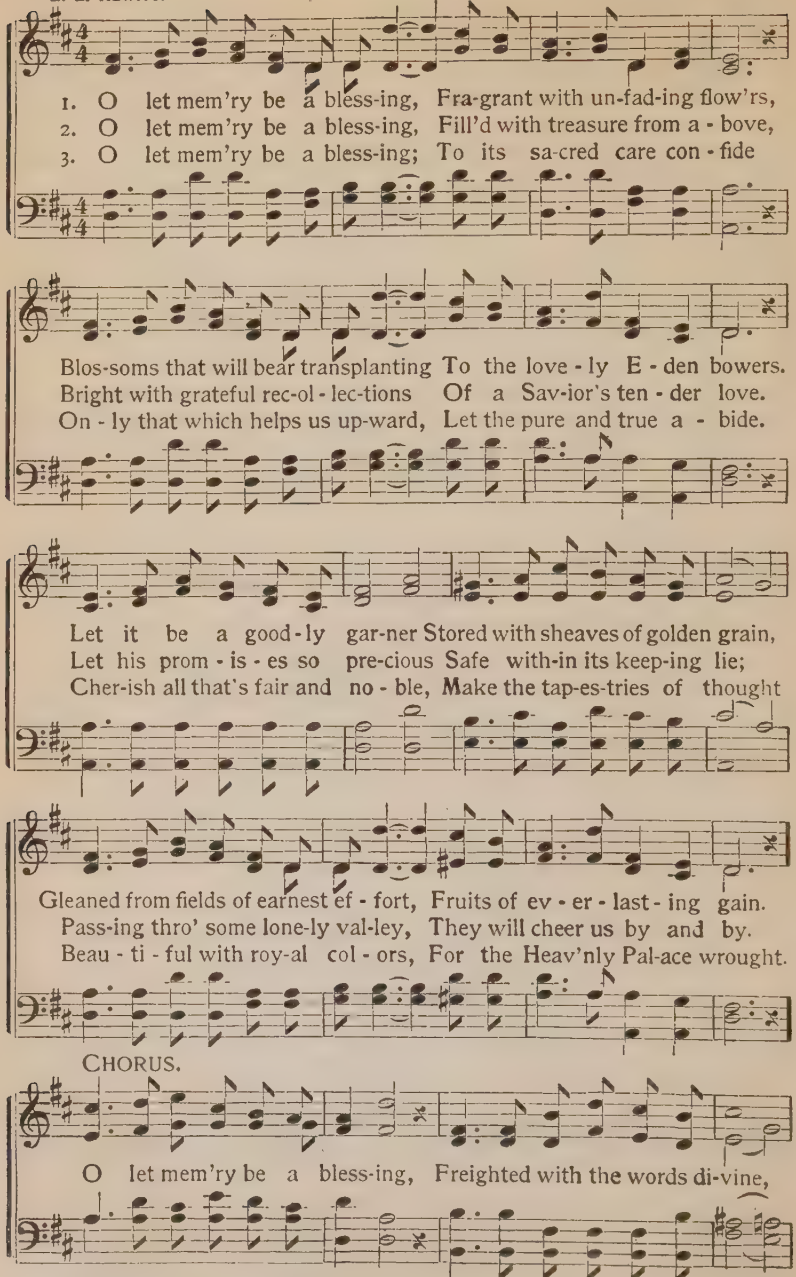
Mrs. E. M. HALL. Alt. JOHN T. GRAPE.


1. I hear the Sav-ior say, Thy strength indeed is small; Come to me—I'll
2. For nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—Jesus died my
3. When from my dying bed My ransom'd soul shall rise, "Jesus died my
4. And when, before the throne, I stand in him complete, "Jesus died my
CHORUS
be thy stay, Find in me thine all in all.
soul to save, And bless-ed be his name. Je-sus died for me,
soul to save," Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
soul to save," My lips shall still re-peat.
All to him I owe—Sin had left a crimson stain, He wash'd it white as snow.

Used by per.

O Let Memory Be a Blessing.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. O let mem'ry be a bless-ing, Fra-grant with un-fad-ing flow'rs,
2. O let mem'ry be a bless-ing, Fill'd with treasure from a - bove,
3. O let mem'ry be a bless-ing; To its sa-cred care con - fide
Blos-soms that will bear transplanting To the love - ly E - den bowers.
Bright with grateful rec-ol - lec-tions Of a Sav-ior's ten - der love.
On - ly that which helps us up-ward, Let the pure and true a - bide.
Let it be a good - ly gar-ner Stored with sheaves of golden grain,
Let his prom - is - es so pre-cious Safe with-in its keep-ing lie;
Cher-ish all that's fair and no - ble, Make the tap-es-tries of thought
Gleaned from fields of earnest ef - fort, Fruits of ev - er - last - ing gain.
Pass-ing thro' some lone-ly val-ley, They will cheer us by and by.
Beau - ti - ful with roy-al col - ors, For the Heav'nly Pal-ace wrought.
CHORUS.
O let mem'ry be a bless-ing, Freighted with the words di-vine,

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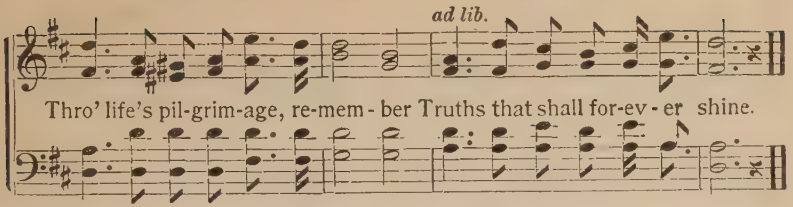
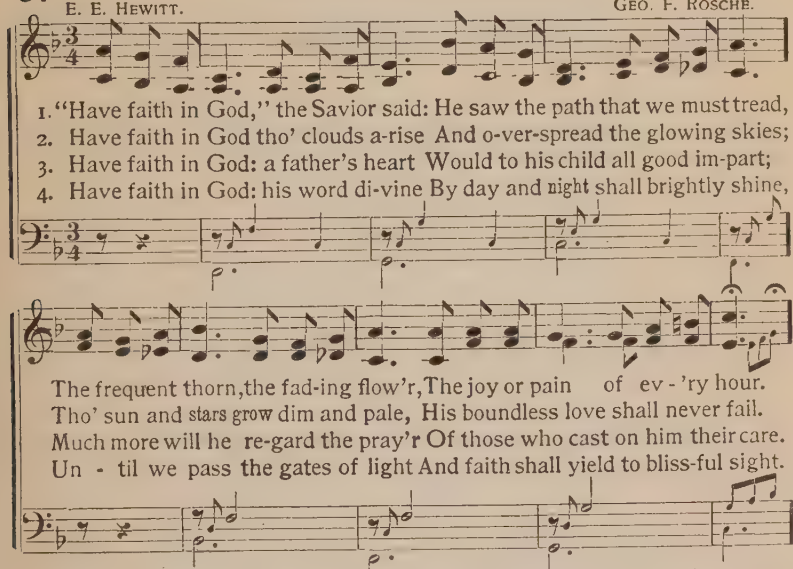
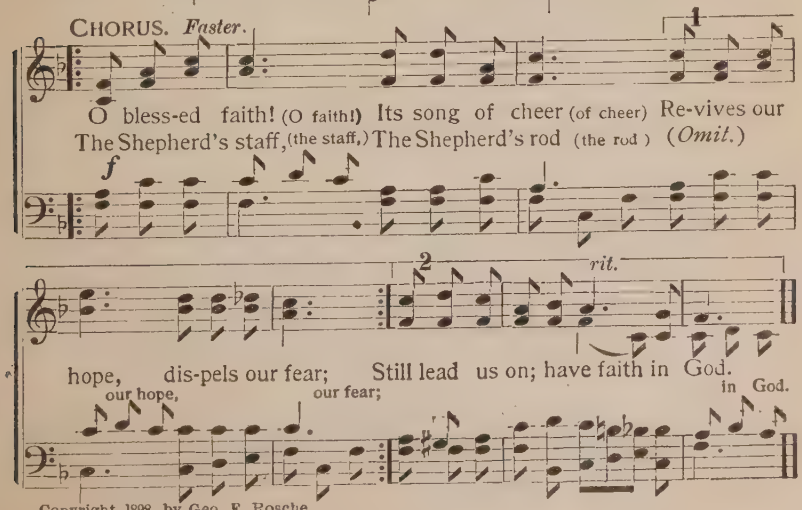
O Let Memory Be a Blessing.



57 Have Faith in God.

E. E. HEWITT. GEO. F. ROSCHE.


1. "Have faith in God," the Savior said: He saw the path that we must tread,
2. Have faith in God tho' clouds a-rise And o-ver-spread the glowing skies;
3. Have faith in God: a father's heart Would to his child all good im-part;
4. Have faith in God: his word di-vine By day and night shall brightly shine,
The frequent thorn, the fad-ing flow'r, The joy or pain of ev - 'ry hour.
Tho' sun and stars grow dim and pale, His boundless love shall never fail.
Much more will he re-gard the pray'r Of those who cast on him their care.
Un - til we pass the gates of light And faith shall yield to bliss-ful sight.


CHORUS. Faster.
O bless-ed faith! (O faith!) Its song of cheer (of cheer) Re-vives our
The Shepherd's staff, (the staff,) The Shepherd's rod (the rod) (Omit.)
f
rit.
hope, dis-pels our fear; Still lead us on; have faith in God.
our hope, our fear; in God.

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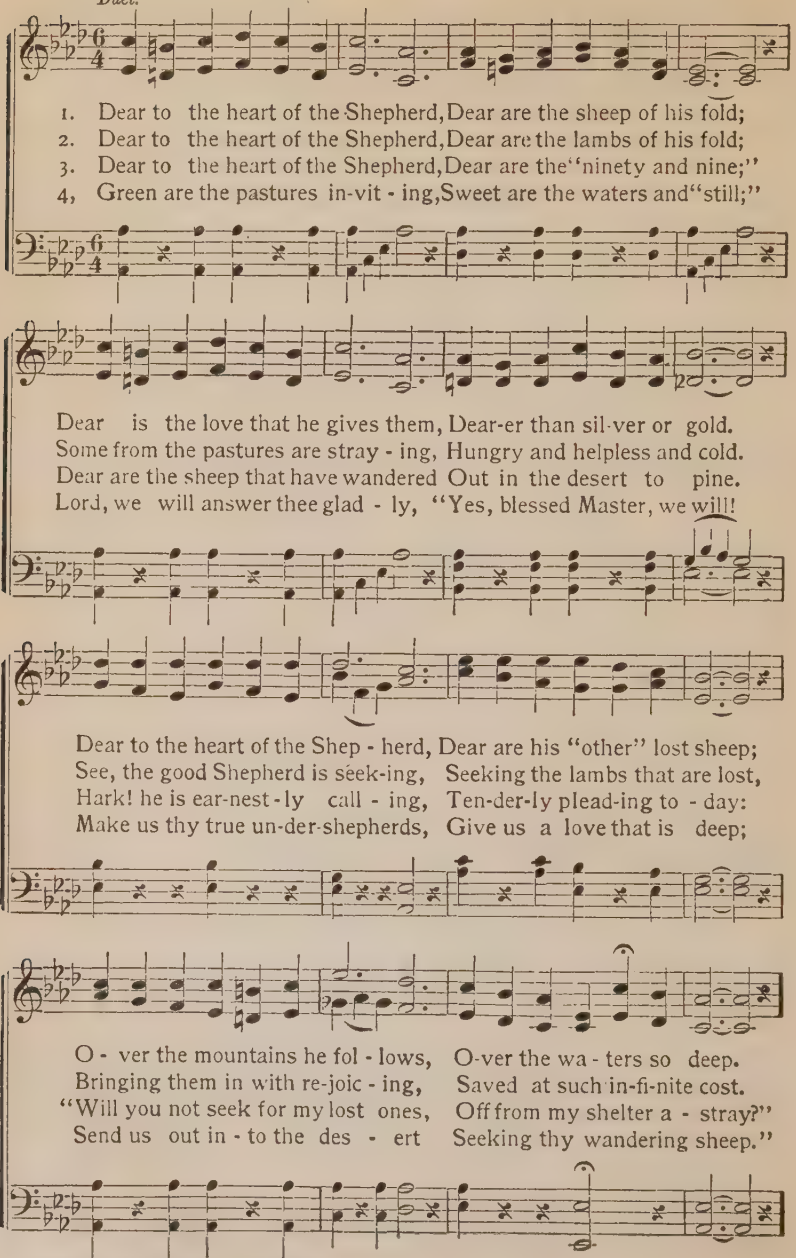
58 Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Duet.


1. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the sheep of his fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the lambs of his fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the "ninety and nine;"
4, Green are the pastures in-vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still;"
Dear is the love that he gives them, Dear-er than sil-ver or gold.
Some from the pastures are stray - ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wandered Out in the desert to pine.
Lord, we will answer thee glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!
Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are his "other" lost sheep;
See, the good Shepherd is seek-ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost,
Hark! he is ear-nest-ly call - ing, Ten-der-ly plead-ing to - day:
Make us thy true un-der-shepherds, Give us a love that is deep;
O - ver the mountains he fol - lows, O-ver the wa - ters so deep.
Bringing them in with re-joic - ing, Saved at such in-fi-nite cost.
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shelter a - stray?"
Send us out in - to the des - ert Seeking thy wandering sheep."

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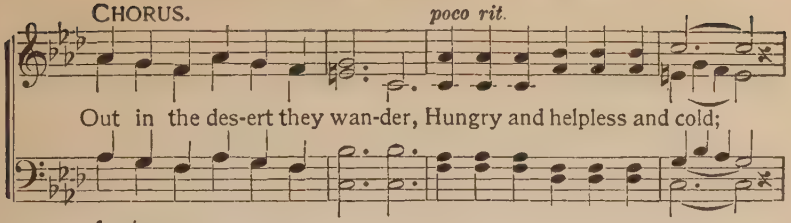
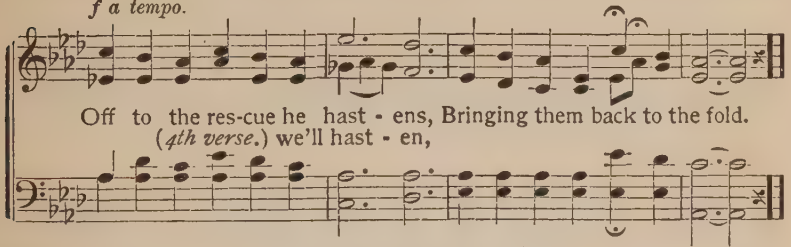
Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

CHORUS. *poco rit.*



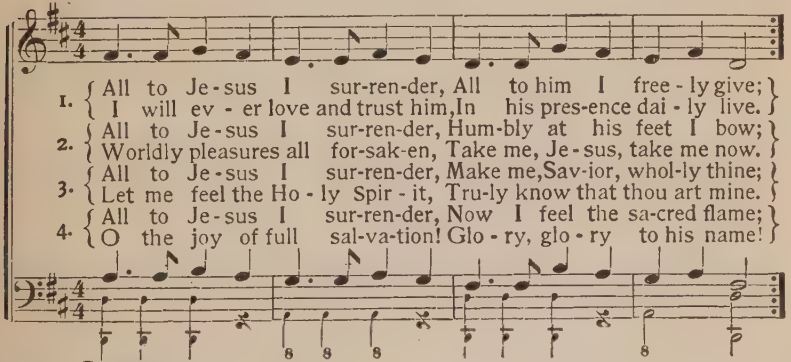
f a tempo.



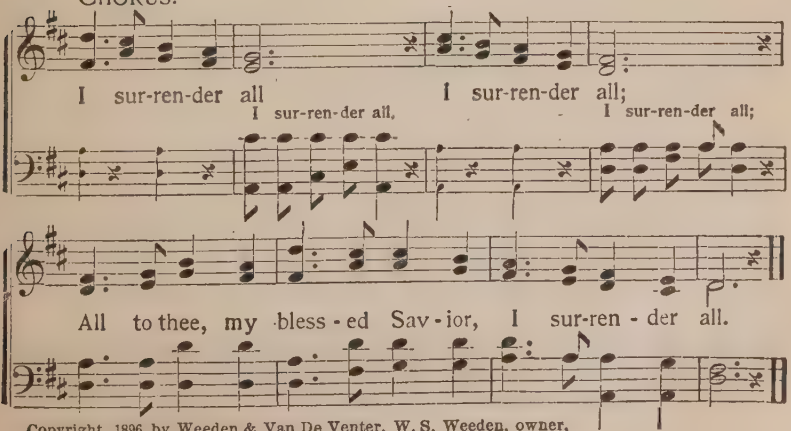
59

I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. *Solo or Duet.* W. S. WEEDEN.


1. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to him I free-ly give;
I will ev-er love and trust him, In his pres-ence dai-ly live.
2. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at his feet I bow;
Worldly pleasures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now.
3. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-ior, whol-ly thine;
Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Tru-ly know that thou art mine.
4. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame;
O the joy of full sal-va-tion! Glo-ry, glo-ry to his name!

CHORUS.



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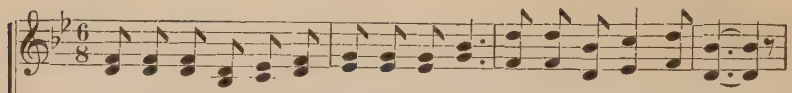
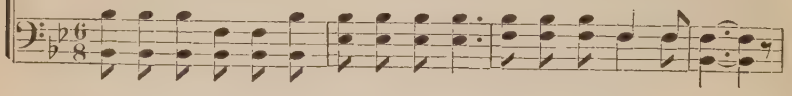
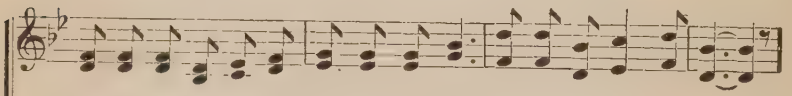
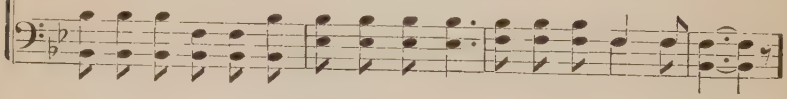
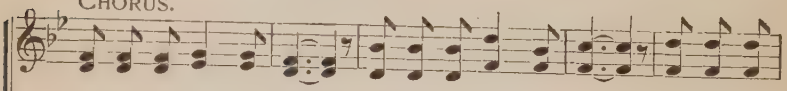
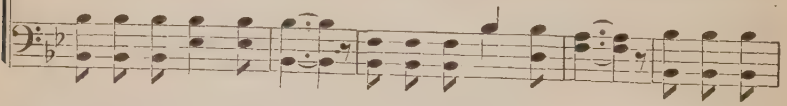
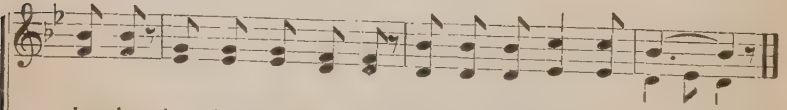
Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy af-fections been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou dominion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Jesus' control? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

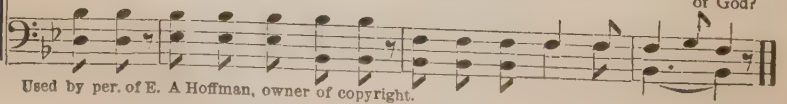


Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does he each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crimson flood, Cleansed and made



ho - ly, hum-ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?

of God?

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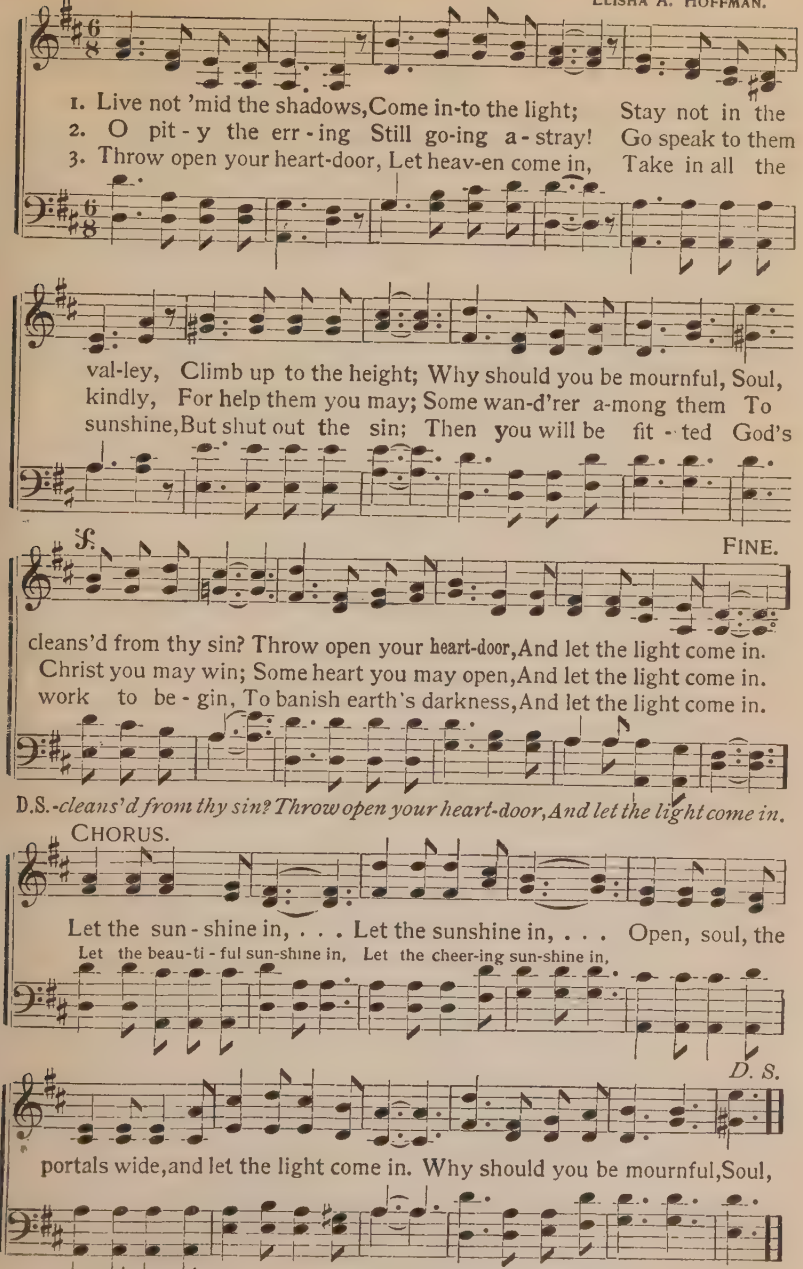
Let God's Sunshine In.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Live not 'mid the shadows, Come in-to the light; Stay not in the
2. O pit-y the err-ing Still go-ing a-stray! Go speak to them
3. Throw open your heart-door, Let heav-en come in, Take in all the
val-ley, Climb up to the height; Why should you be mournful, Soul,
kindly, For help them you may; Some wan-d'rer a-mong them To
sunshine, But shut out the sin; Then you will be fit-ted God's
FINE.
cleans'd from thy sin? Throw open your heart-door, And let the light come in.
Christ you may win; Some heart you may open, And let the light come in.
work to be-gin, To banish earth's darkness, And let the light come in.
D.S. -cleans'd from thy sin? Throw open your heart-door, And let the light come in.
CHORUS.
Let the sun-shine in, . . . Let the sunshine in, . . . Open, soul, the
Let the beau-ti-ful sun-shine in, Let the cheer-ing sun-shine in,
D. S.
portals wide, and let the light come in. Why should you be mournful, Soul,

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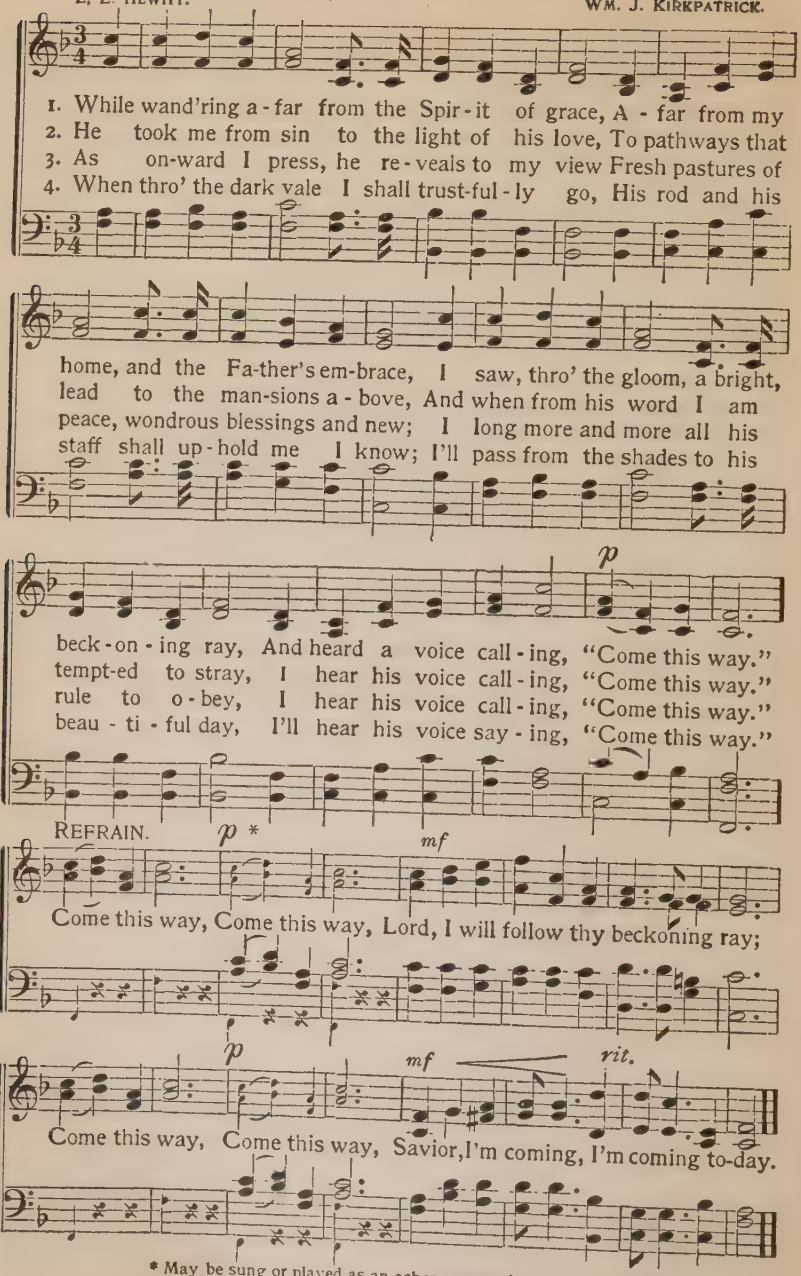
Come This Way.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. While wand'ring a - far from the Spir - it of grace, A - far from my
2. He took me from sin to the light of his love, To pathways that
3. As on-ward I press, he re - veals to my view Fresh pastures of
4. When thro' the dark vale I shall trust-ful - ly go, His rod and his
home, and the Fa-ther's em-brace, I saw, thro' the gloom, a bright,
lead to the man-sions a - bove, And when from his word I am
peace, wondrous blessings and new; I long more and more all his
staff shall up - hold me I know; I'll pass from the shades to his
p
beck - on - ing ray, And heard a voice call - ing, "Come this way."
tempt-ed to stray, I hear his voice call - ing, "Come this way."
rule to o - bey, I hear his voice call - ing, "Come this way."
beau - ti - ful day, I'll hear his voice say - ing, "Come this way."
REFRAIN.
p *
mf
Come this way, Come this way, Lord, I will follow thy beckoning ray;
p
mf
rit.
Come this way, Come this way, Savior, I'm coming, I'm coming to-day.

* May be sung or played as an echo; or sung by the Tenors pp.

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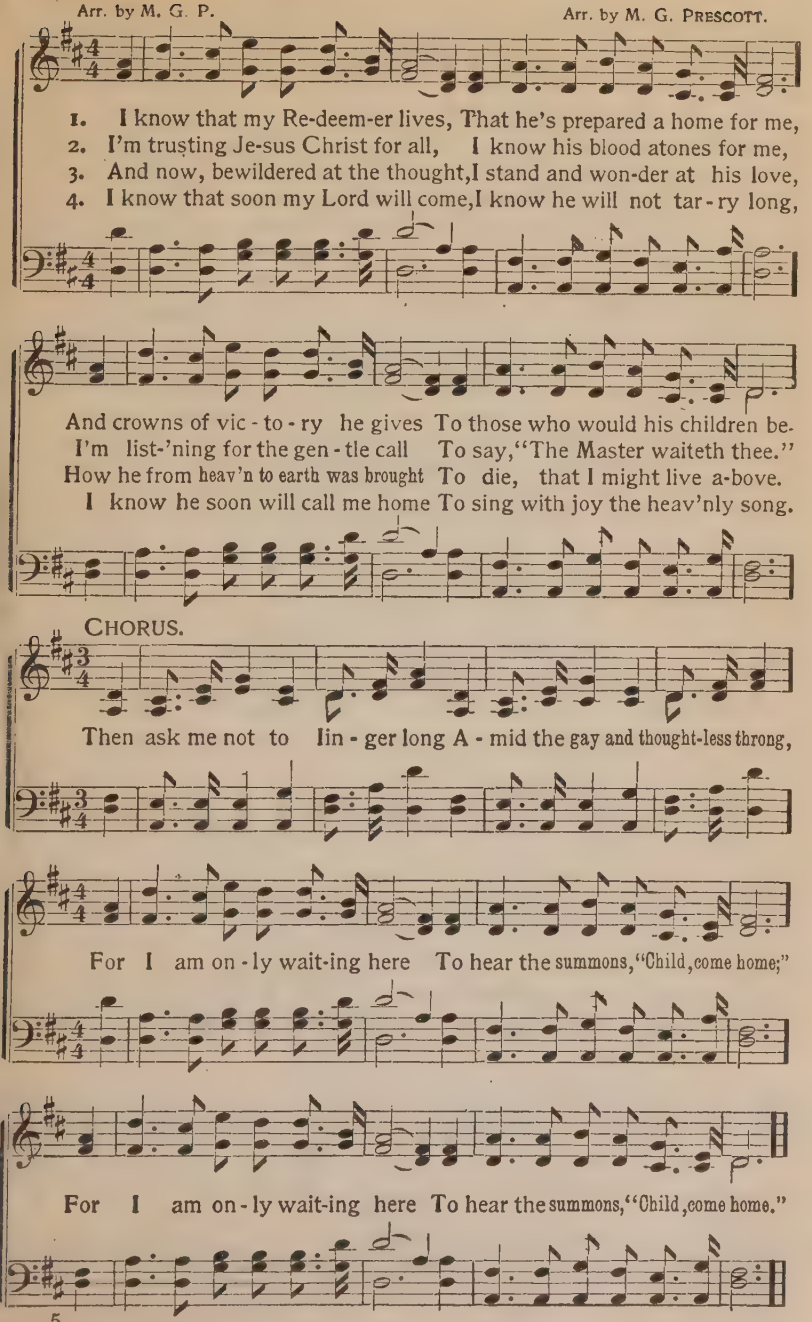
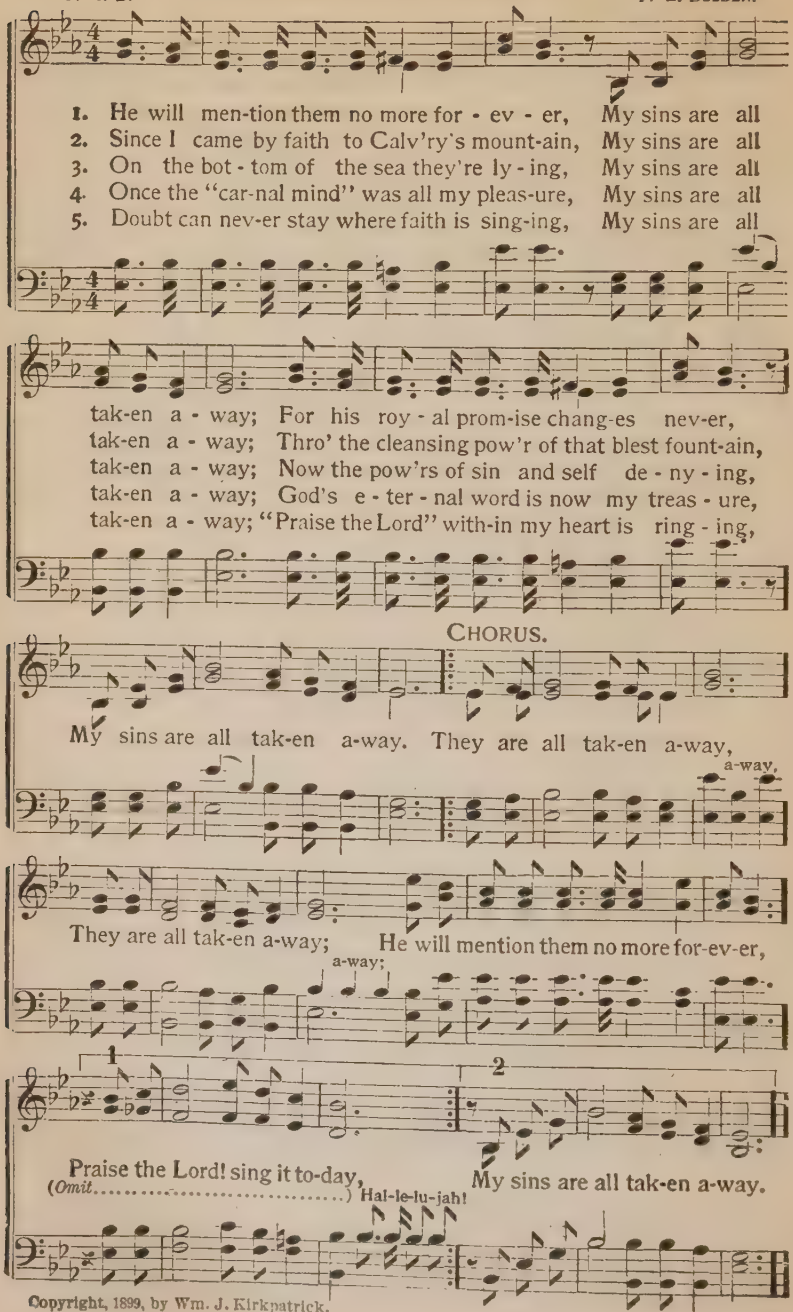
My Redeemer Lives.

Arr. by M. G. P. Arr. by M. G. PRESCOTT.


1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, That he's prepared a home for me,
2. I'm trusting Je-sus Christ for all, I know his blood atones for me,
3. And now, bewildered at the thought, I stand and won-der at his love,
4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know he will not tar-ry long,
And crowns of vic-to-ry he gives To those who would his children be.
I'm list-'ning for the gen-tle call To say, "The Master waiteth thee."
How he from heav'n to earth was brought To die, that I might live a-bove.
I know he soon will call me home To sing with joy the heav'nly song.
CHORUS.
Then ask me not to lin-ger long A-mid the gay and thought-less throng,
For I am on-ly wait-ing here To hear the summons, "Child, come home;"
For I am on-ly wait-ing here To hear the summons, "Child, come home."

My Sins Are All Taken Away.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.


1. He will men-tion them no more for - ev - er, My sins are all
2. Since I came by faith to Calv'ry's mount-ain, My sins are all
3. On the bot - tom of the sea they're ly - ing, My sins are all
4. Once the "car-nal mind" was all my pleas-ure, My sins are all
5. Doubt can nev-er stay where faith is sing-ing, My sins are all
tak-en a - way; For his roy - al prom-ise chang-es nev-er,
tak-en a - way; Thro' the cleansing pow'r of that blest fount-ain,
tak-en a - way; Now the pow'rs of sin and self de - ny - ing,
tak-en a - way; God's e - ter - nal word is now my treas - ure,
tak-en a - way; "Praise the Lord" with-in my heart is ring - ing,
CHORUS.
My sins are all tak-en a-way. They are all tak-en a-way,
a-way.
They are all tak-en a-way; He will mention them no more for-ev-er,
a-way;
1
2
Praise the Lord! sing it to-day, My sins are all tak-en a-way.
(Omit.....) Hal-le-lu-jah!

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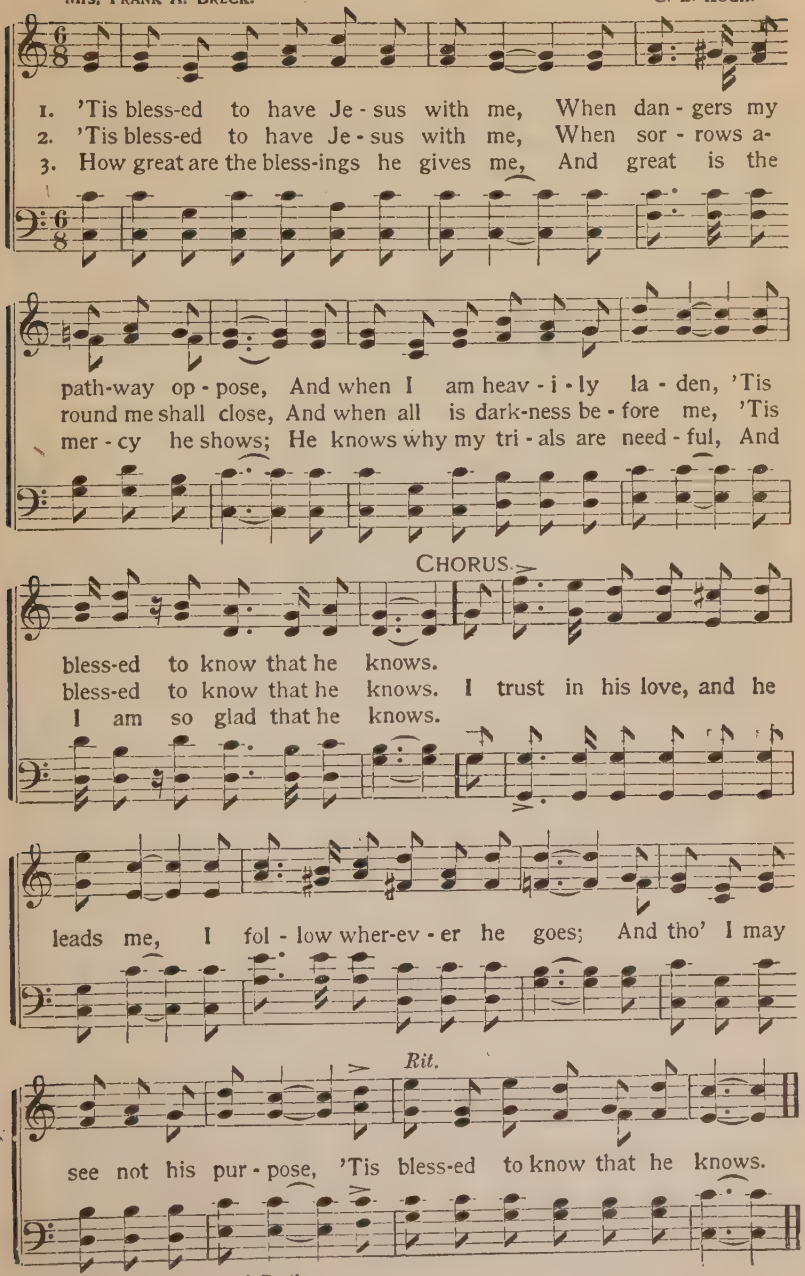
65 To Know that He Knows.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. C. E. KOCH.


1. 'Tis bless-ed to have Je - sus with me, When dan - gers my
2. 'Tis bless-ed to have Je - sus with me, When sor - rows a-
3. How great are the bless-ings he gives me, And great is the
path-way op - pose, And when I am heav - i - ly la - den, 'Tis
round me shall close, And when all is dark-ness be - fore me, 'Tis
mer - cy he shows; He knows why my tri - als are need - ful, And
CHORUS.
bless-ed to know that he knows.
bless-ed to know that he knows. I trust in his love, and he
I am so glad that he knows.
leads me, I fol - low wher-ev - er he goes; And tho' I may
Rit.
see not his pur - pose, 'Tis bless-ed to know that he knows.

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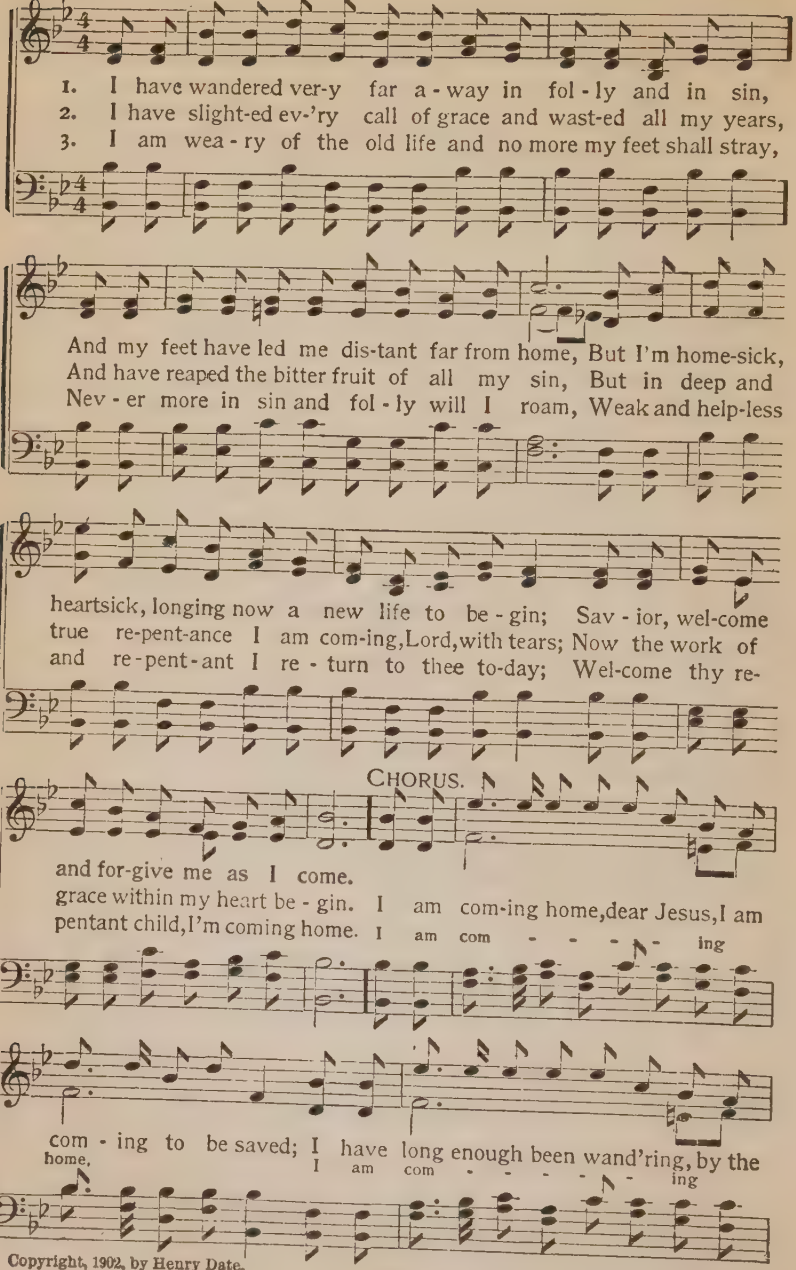
I am Coming Home.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. HATHAWAY.


1. I have wandered ver-y far a-way in fol-ly and in sin,
2. I have slight-ed ev-'ry call of grace and wast-ed all my years,
3. I am wea-ry of the old life and no more my feet shall stray,
And my feet have led me dis-tant far from home, But I'm home-sick,
And have reaped the bitter fruit of all my sin, But in deep and
Nev-er more in sin and fol-ly will I roam, Weak and help-less
heartsick, longing now a new life to be-gin; Sav-ior, wel-come
true re-pent-ance I am com-ing, Lord, with tears; Now the work of
and re-pent-ant I re-turn to thee to-day; Wel-come thy re-
CHORUS.
and for-give me as I come.
grace within my heart be-gin. I am com-ing home, dear Jesus, I am
pentant child, I'm coming home. I am com - - - - ing
com-ing to be saved; I have long enough been wand'ring, by the
home, I am com - - - - ing

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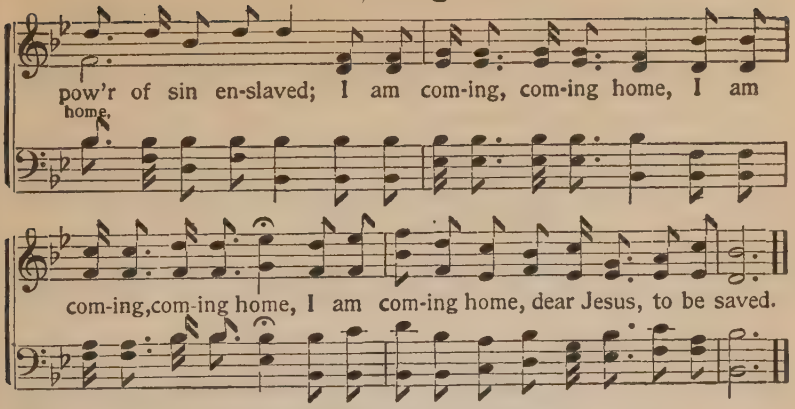
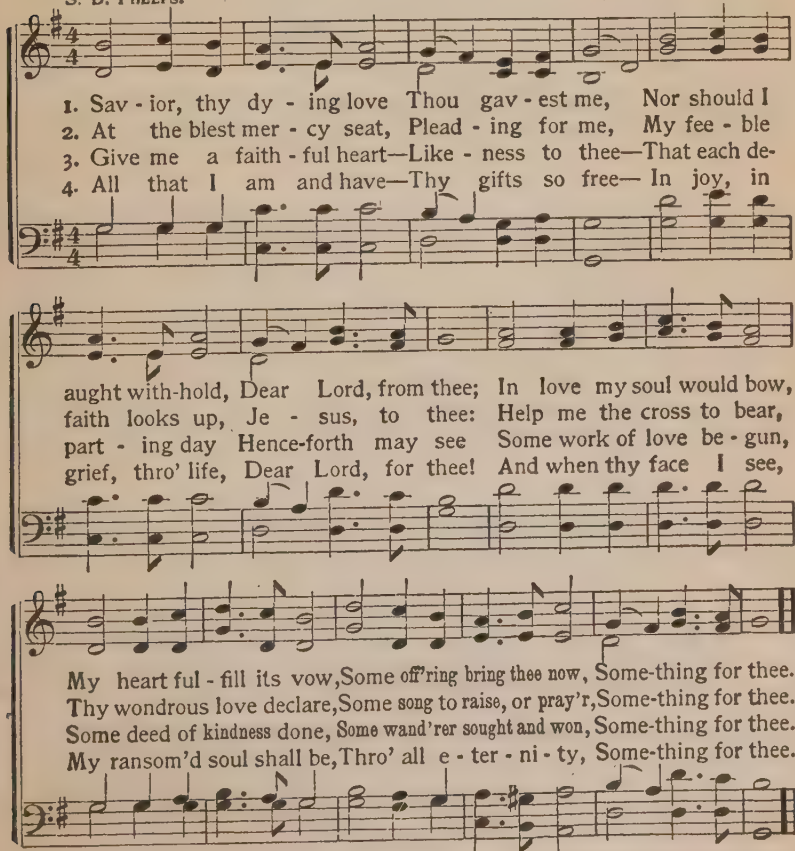
I am Coming Home.



67 Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Sav - ior, thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart—Like - ness to thee—That each de-
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free— In joy, in
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from thee; In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for thee! And when thy face I see,
My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring thee now, Some-thing for thee.
Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Some-thing for thee.
My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Some-thing for thee.

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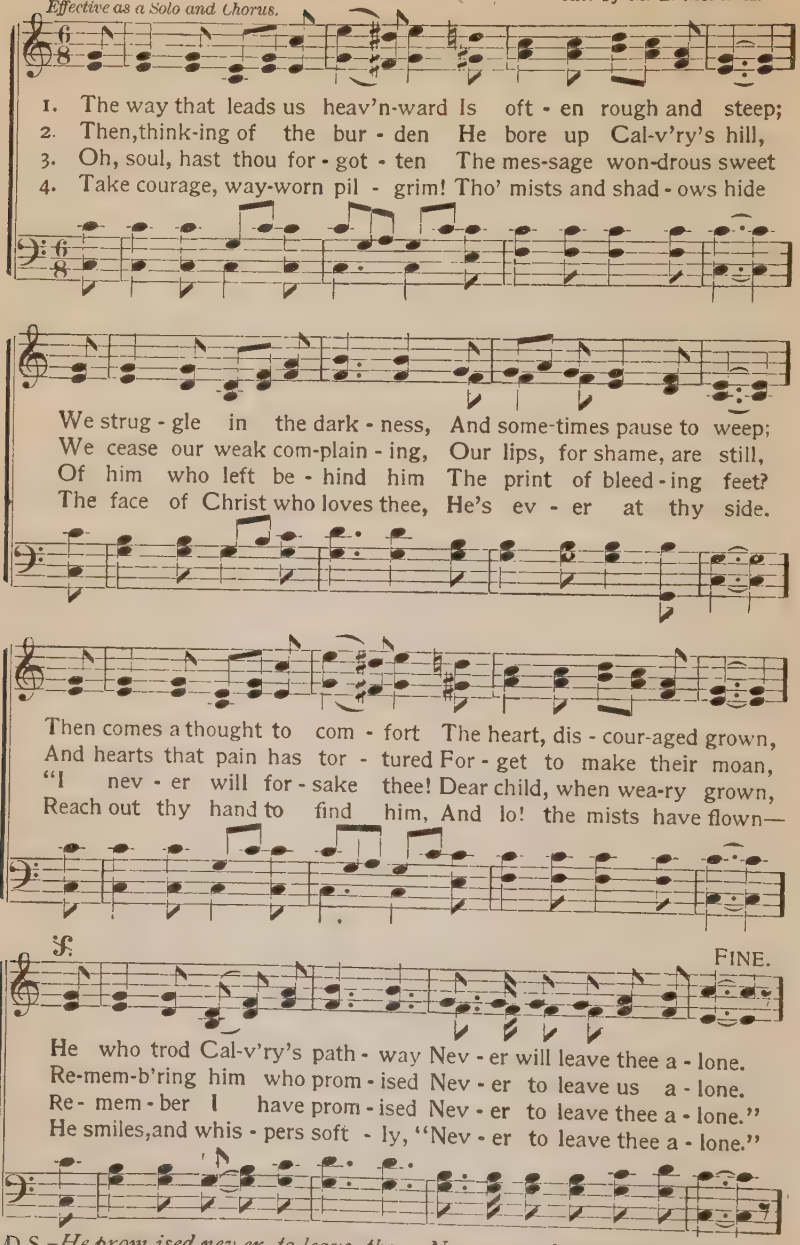
Never Alone.

EBEN E. REXFORD.
Effective as a Solo and Chorus.

Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.


1. The way that leads us heav'n-ward Is oft - en rough and steep;
2. Then, think-ing of the bur - den He bore up Cal-v'ry's hill,
3. Oh, soul, hast thou for - got - ten The mes-sage won-drous sweet
4. Take courage, way-worn pil - grim! Tho' mists and shad - ows hide
We strug - gle in the dark - ness, And some-times pause to weep;
We cease our weak com-plain - ing, Our lips, for shame, are still,
Of him who left be - hind him The print of bleed - ing feet?
The face of Christ who loves thee, He's ev - er at thy side.
Then comes a thought to com - fort The heart, dis - cour-aged grown,
And hearts that pain has tor - tured For - get to make their moan,
"I nev - er will for - sake thee! Dear child, when wea-ry grown,
Reach out thy hand to find him, And lo! the mists have flown—
f.
FINE.
He who trod Cal-v'ry's path - way Nev - er will leave thee a - lone.
Re-mem-b'ring him who prom - ised Nev - er to leave us a - lone.
Re - mem - ber I have prom - ised Nev - er to leave thee a - lone."
He smiles, and whis - pers soft - ly, "Nev - er to leave thee a - lone."

D.S.–*He prom-ised nev-er to leave thee, Nev - er to leave thee a - lone.*

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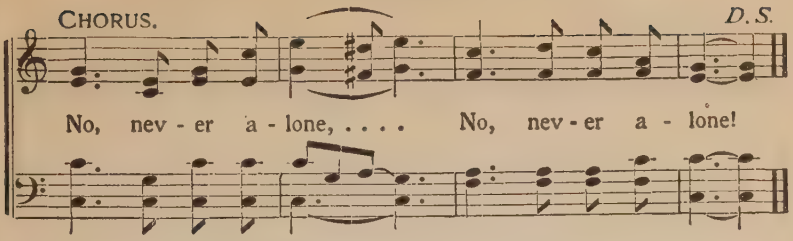
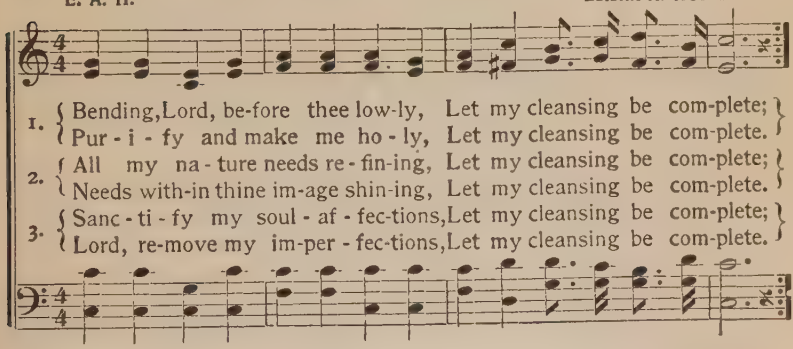
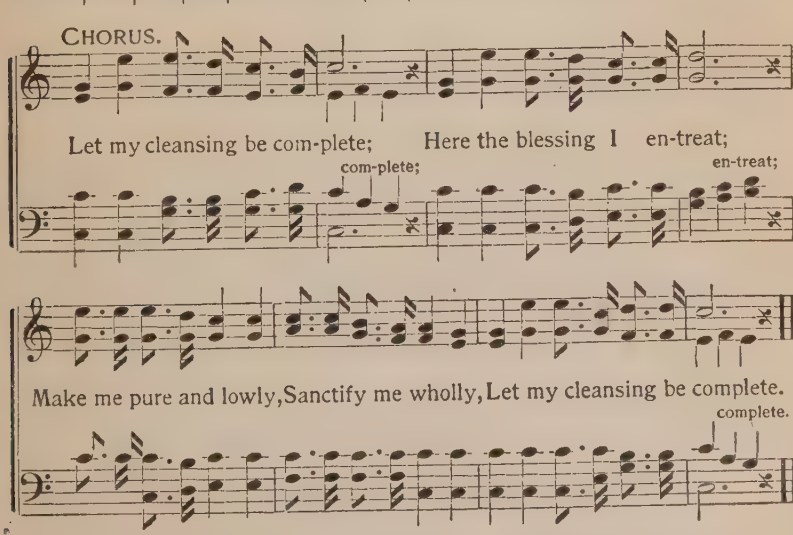
Never Alone.



69 Let My Cleansing be Complete.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Bending, Lord, be-fore thee low-ly, Let my cleansing be com-plete;
Pur - i - fy and make me ho - ly, Let my cleansing be com-plete.
2. All my na - ture needs re - fin-ing, Let my cleansing be com-plete;
Needs with-in thine im-age shin-ing, Let my cleansing be com-plete.
3. Sanc - ti - fy my soul - af - fec-tions, Let my cleansing be com-plete;
Lord, re-move my im-per - fec-tions, Let my cleansing be com-plete.


CHORUS.
Let my cleansing be com-plete; Here the blessing I en-treat;
com-plete;
en-treat;
Make me pure and lowly, Sanctify me wholly, Let my cleansing be complete.
complete.

4 I am thirsting for the blessing,
Let my cleansing be complete;
My unholiness confessing,
Let my cleansing be complete.

5 Self and sin I come bemoaning,
Let my cleansing be complete;
Wash me in the blood atoning,
Let my cleansing be complete.

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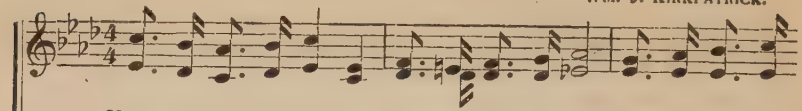
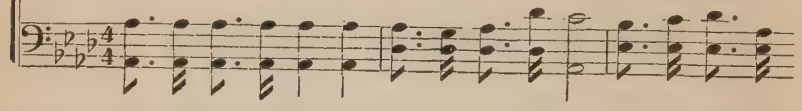
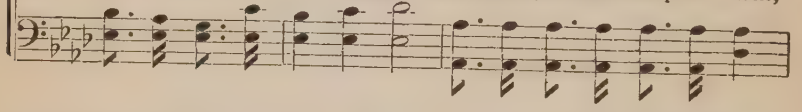
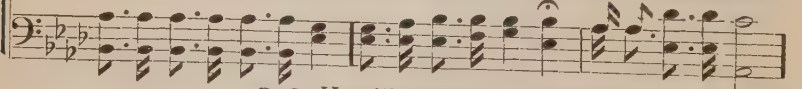
You May Have the Joy-Bells.

J. EDW. RUARK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its fullness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev - 'ry day, Own his right to

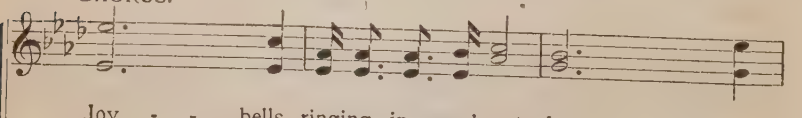


from you nev-er will de-part. Walk the straight and narrow way,
those a-round you sweet-ly show. Words of kind-ness al-ways say,
he will give to o - ver - come; Tho' un - seen by mor - tal eye,
ev - 'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to win,



Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
He is with you, ever nigh, And he'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.

D. S. *He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.*

CHORUS.



Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy-bells

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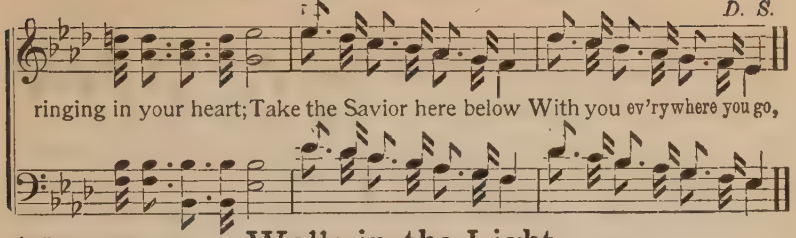
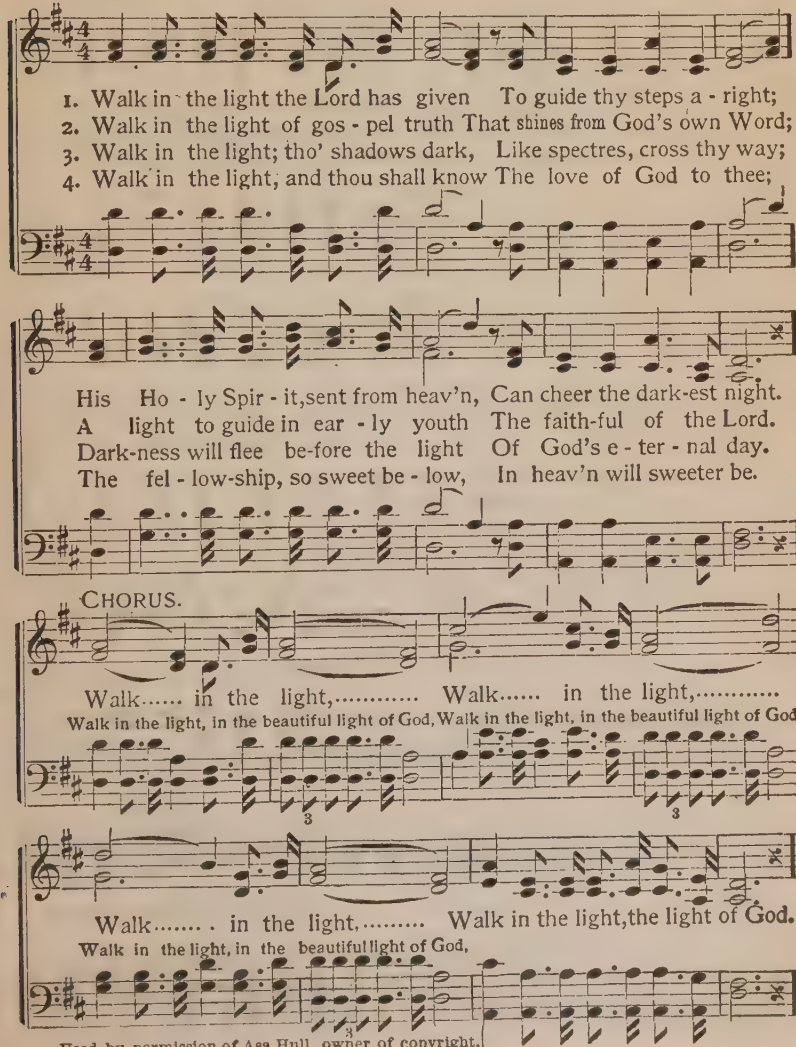
You May Have the Joy-Bells.

D. S.



71 Walk in the Light.

ASA HULL. GEO. C. HUGG.


1. Walk in the light the Lord has given To guide thy steps a - right;
2. Walk in the light of gos - pel truth That shines from God's own Word;
3. Walk in the light; tho' shadows dark, Like spectres, cross thy way;
4. Walk in the light, and thou shall know The love of God to thee;
His Ho - ly Spir - it, sent from heav'n, Can cheer the dark-est night.
A light to guide in ear - ly youth The faith-ful of the Lord.
Dark-ness will flee be-fore the light Of God's e - ter - nal day.
The fel - low-ship, so sweet be - low, In heav'n will sweeter be.
CHORUS.
Walk..... in the light,..... Walk..... in the light,.....
Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God,
Walk..... in the light,..... Walk in the light, the light of God.
Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God,

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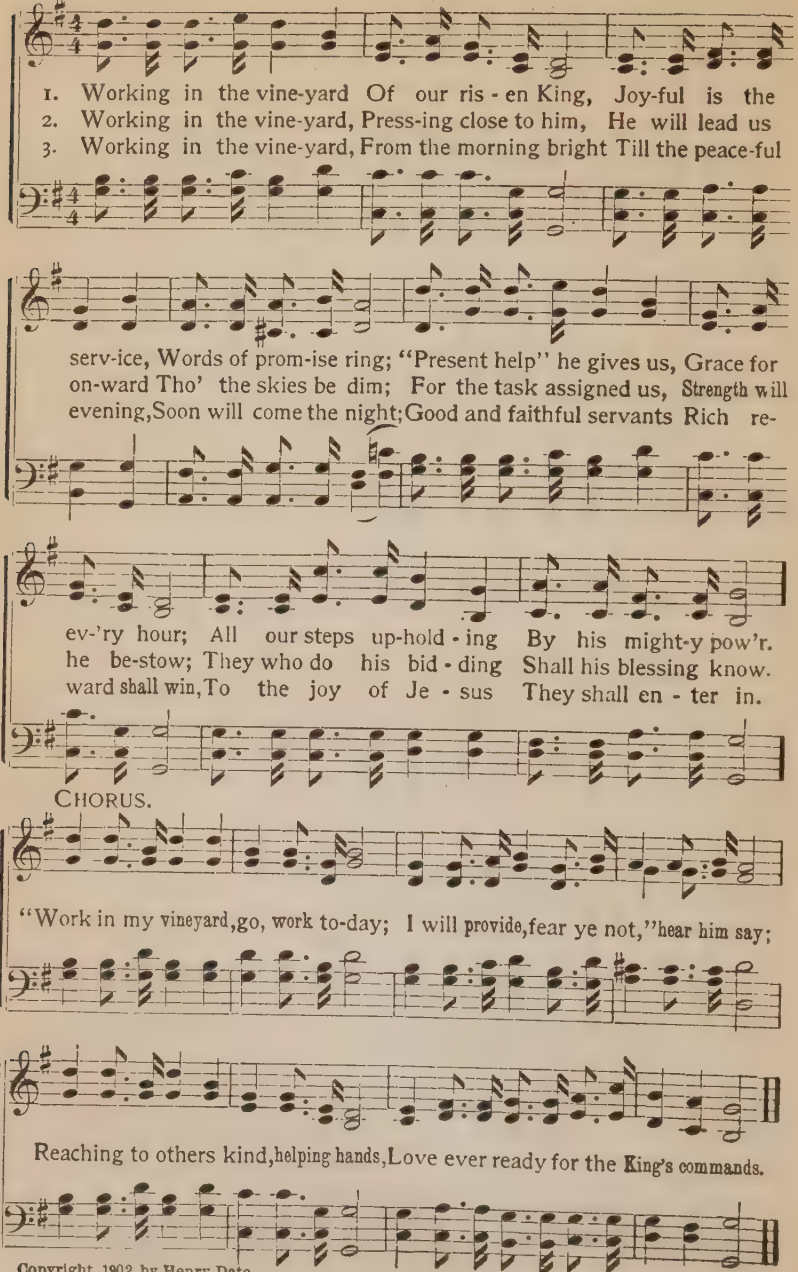
Working In the Vineyard.

E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Post.


1. Working in the vine-yard Of our ris - en King, Joy-ful is the
2. Working in the vine-yard, Press-ing close to him, He will lead us
3. Working in the vine-yard, From the morning bright Till the peace-ful
serv-ice, Words of prom-ise ring; "Present help" he gives us, Grace for
on-ward Tho' the skies be dim; For the task assigned us, Strength will
evening, Soon will come the night; Good and faithful servants Rich re-
ev-'ry hour; All our steps up-hold - ing By his might-y pow'r.
he be-stow; They who do his bid - ding Shall his blessing know.
ward shall win, To the joy of Je - sus They shall en - ter in.
Chorus.
"Work in my vineyard, go, work to-day; I will provide, fear ye not," hear him say;
Reaching to others kind, helping hands, Love ever ready for the King's commands.

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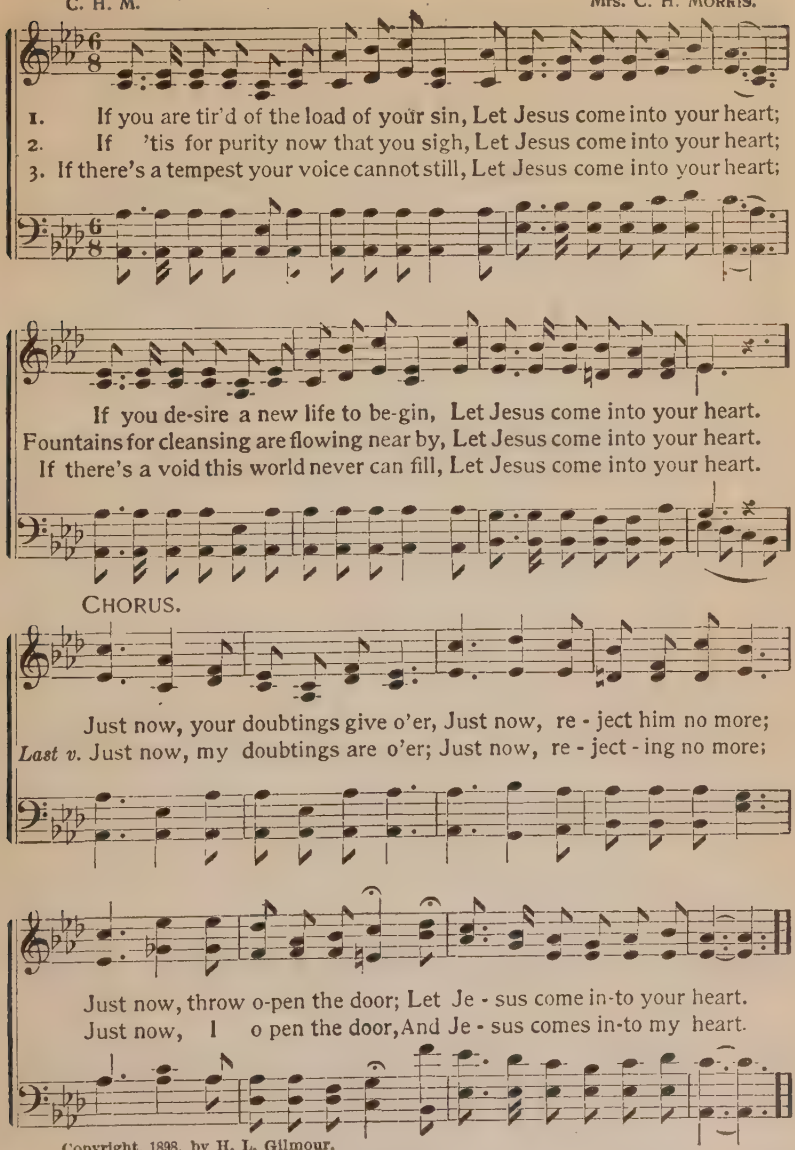
73 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. If you are tir'd of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come into your heart;
2. If 'tis for purity now that you sigh, Let Jesus come into your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Jesus come into your heart;
If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Jesus come into your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come into your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come into your heart.
CHORUS.
Just now, your doubtings give o'er, Just now, re - ject him no more;
Last v. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject - ing no more;
Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je - sus come in-to your heart.
Just now, I o pen the door, And Je - sus comes in-to my heart.

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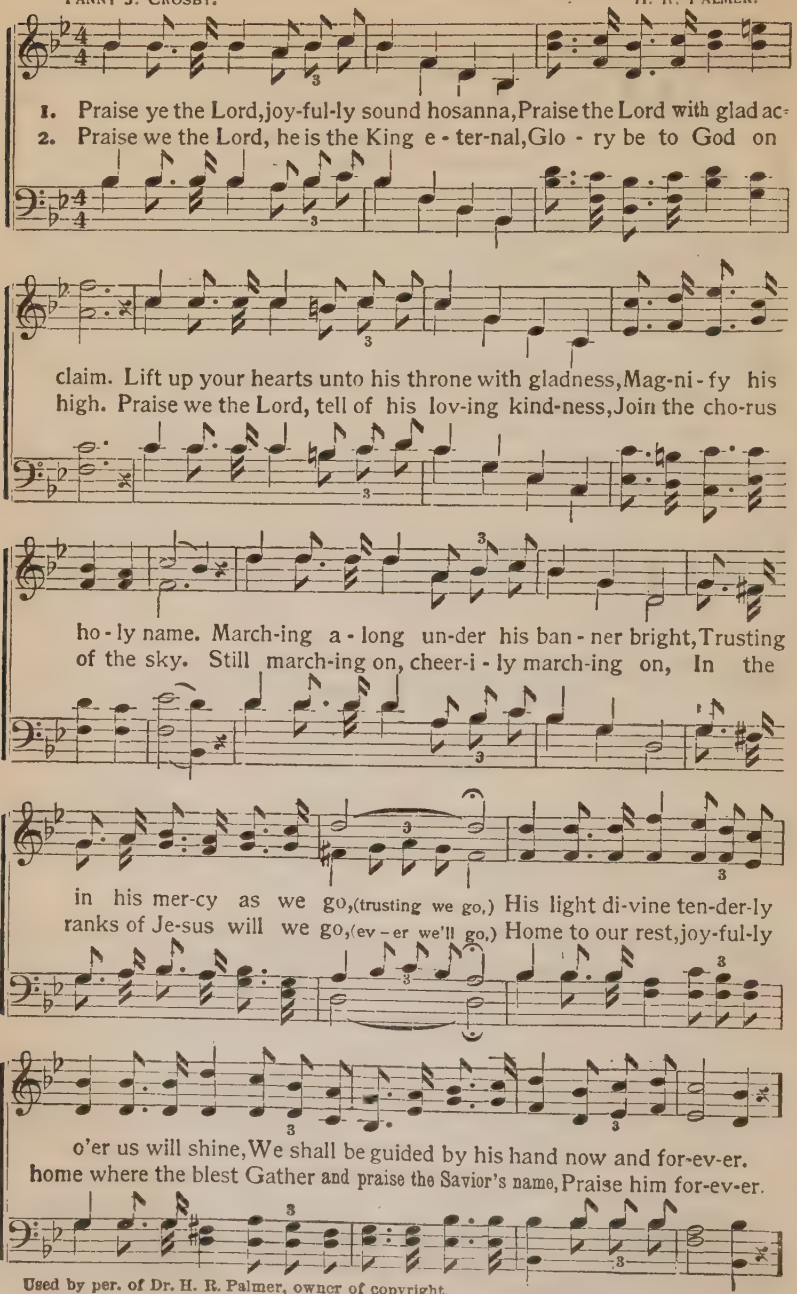
4 If friends, once trusted have proven untrue,
Let Jesus come into your heart;
Find what a Friend he will be unto you,
Let Jesus come into your heart.

5 If you would join the glad songs of the blest,
Let Jesus come into your heart;
If you would enter the mansions of rest,
Let Jesus come into your heart.

Steadily Marching On.

FANNY J. CROSBY. H. R. PALMER.


1. Praise ye the Lord, joy-ful-ly sound hosanna, Praise the Lord with glad ac-
2. Praise we the Lord, he is the King e-ter-nal, Glo-ry be to God on
claim. Lift up your hearts unto his throne with gladness, Mag-ni-fy his
high. Praise we the Lord, tell of his lov-ing kind-ness, Join the cho-rus
ho-ly name. March-ing a-long un-der his ban-ner bright, Trusting
of the sky. Still march-ing on, cheer-i-ly march-ing on, In the
in his mer-cy as we go, (trusting we go,) His light di-vine ten-der-ly
ranks of Je-sus will we go, (ev-er we'll go,) Home to our rest, joy-ful-ly
o'er us will shine, We shall be guided by his hand now and for-ev-er.
home where the blest Gather and praise the Savior's name, Praise him for-ev-er.

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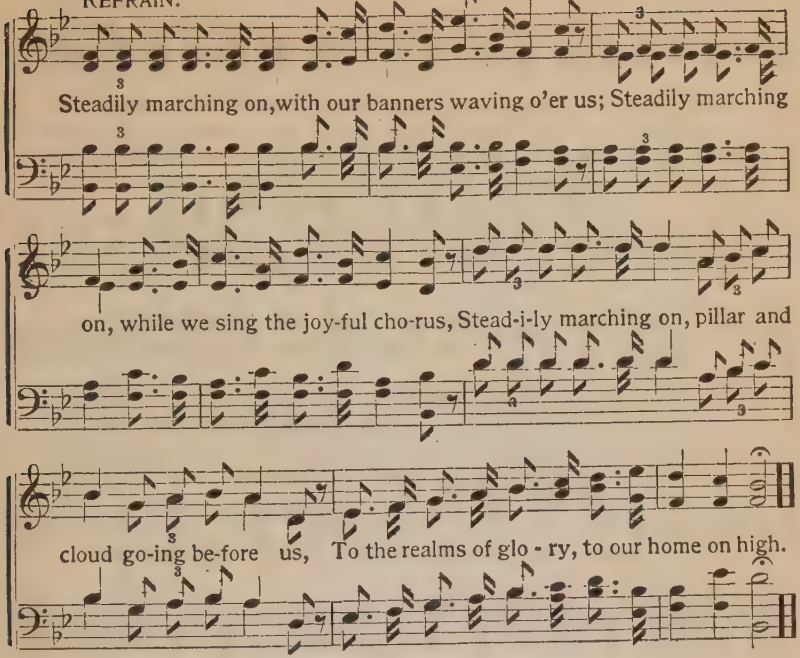
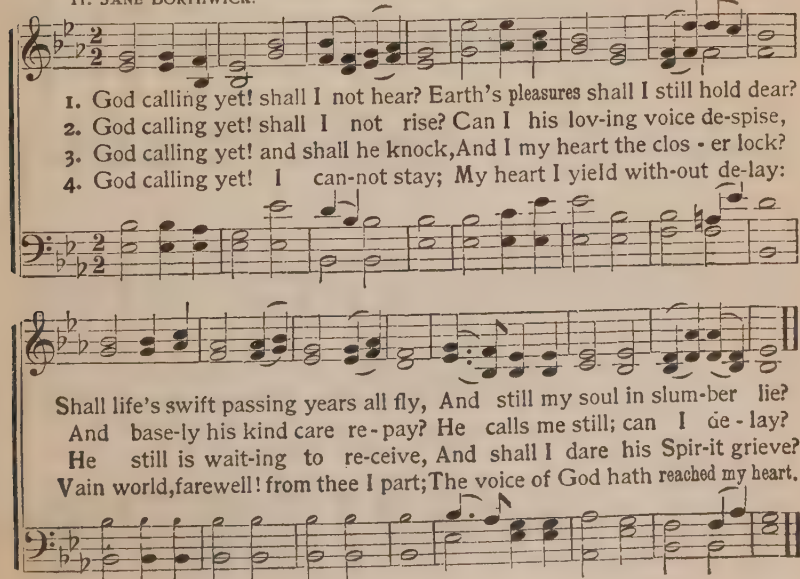
Steadily Marching On.

REFRAIN.


Steadily marching on, with our banners waving o'er us; Steadily marching
on, while we sing the joy-ful cho-rus, Stead-i-ly marching on, pillar and
cloud go-ing be-fore us, To the realms of glo - ry, to our home on high.

75 God Calling Yet.

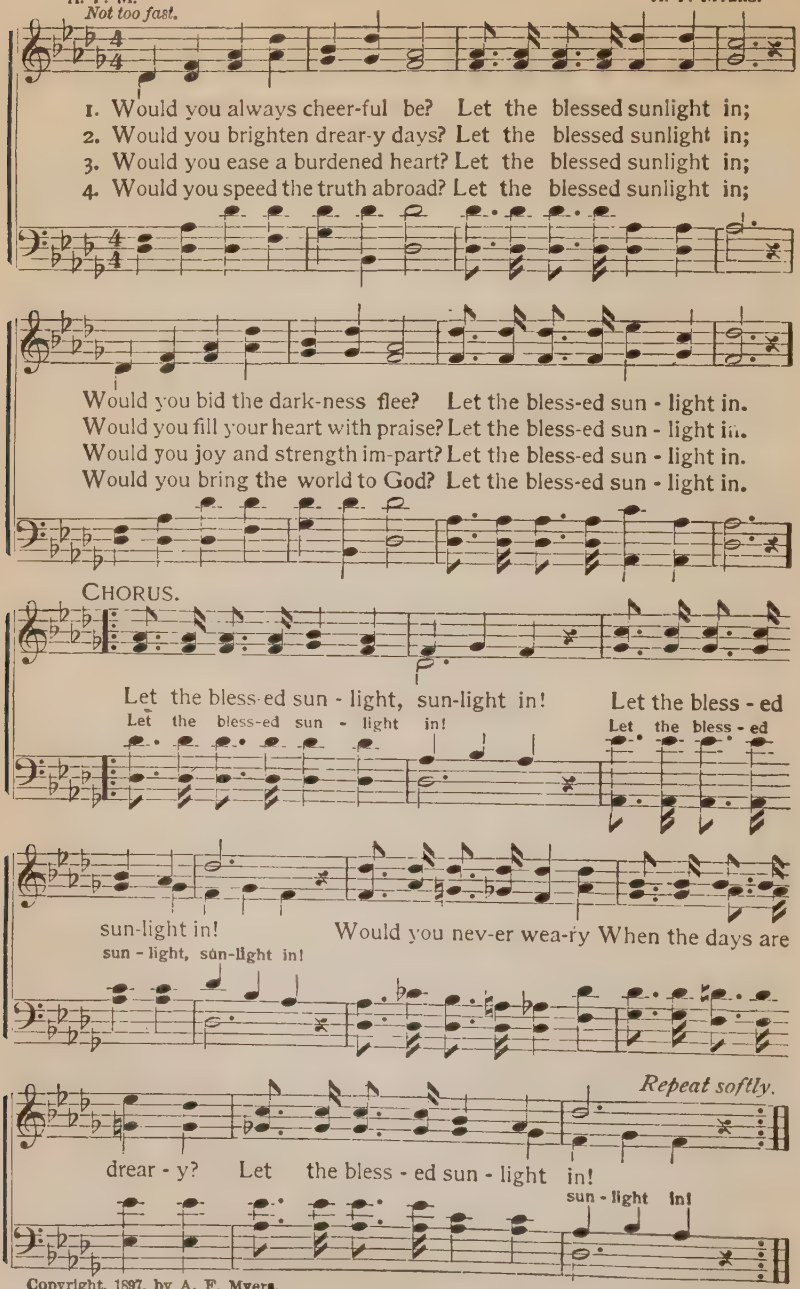
Tr. JANE BORTHWICK. *Tune:*—BERA L. M.


1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock?
4. God calling yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay:
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base-ly his kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare his Spir-it grieve?
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Let the Blessed Sunlight In.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.


1. Would you always cheer-ful be? Let the blessed sunlight in;
2. Would you brighten drear-y days? Let the blessed sunlight in;
3. Would you ease a burdened heart? Let the blessed sunlight in;
4. Would you speed the truth abroad? Let the blessed sunlight in;
Would you bid the dark-ness flee? Let the bless-ed sun - light in.
Would you fill your heart with praise? Let the bless-ed sun - light in.
Would you joy and strength im-part? Let the bless-ed sun - light in.
Would you bring the world to God? Let the bless-ed sun - light in.
CHORUS.
Let the bless-ed sun - light, sun-light in! Let the bless - ed
Let the bless-ed sun - light in!
Let the bless - ed
sun-light in! Would you nev-er wea-ry When the days are
sun - light, sun-light in!
Repeat softly.
drear - y? Let the bless - ed sun - light in!
sun - light in!

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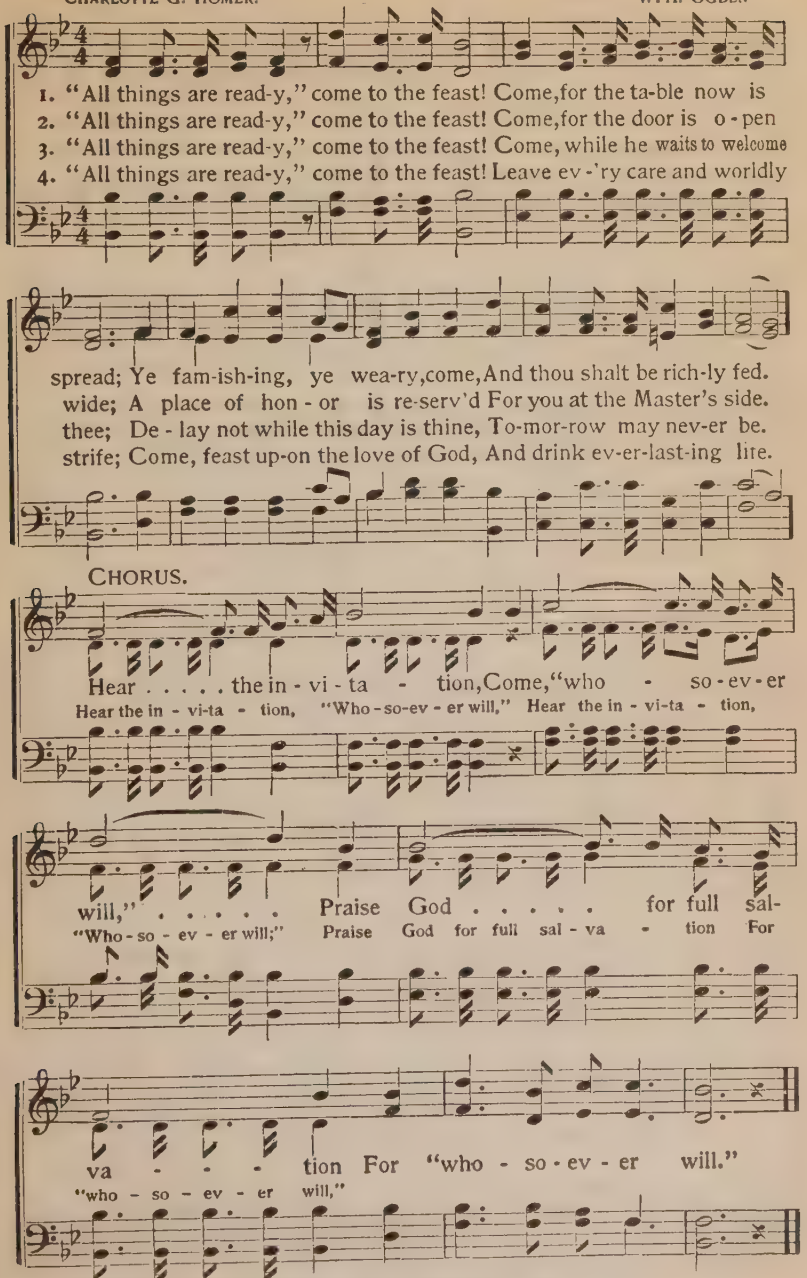
Come to the Feast.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. W. A. OGDEN

1. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the ta-ble now is
2. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o-pen
3. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, while he waits to welcome
4. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Leave ev-'ry care and worldly
spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.
wide; A place of hon-or is re-serv'd For you at the Master's side.
thee; De-lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev-er be.
strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev-er-last-ing life.
CHORUS.
Hear . . . . the in-vi-ta-tion, Come, "who-so-ev-er
Hear the in-vi-ta-tion, "Who-so-ev-er will," Hear the in-vi-ta-tion,
will," . . . . Praise God . . . . for full sal-
"Who-so-ev-er will;" Praise God for full sal-va-tion For
va-tion For "who-so-ev-er will."
"who-so-ev-er will,"

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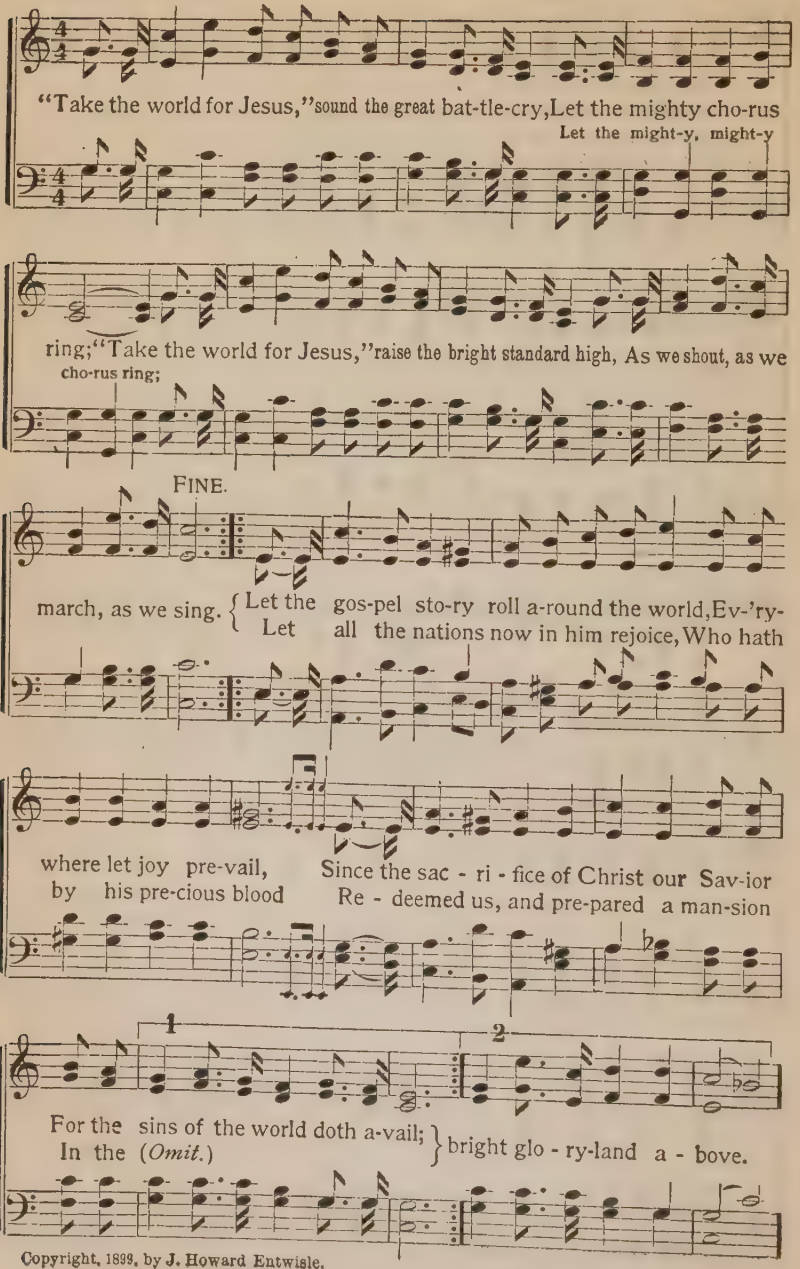
Take the World for Jesus.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

FULL CHORUS.


"Take the world for Jesus," sound the great bat-tle-cry, Let the mighty cho-rus
Let the might-y, might-y
ring; "Take the world for Jesus," raise the bright standard high, As we shout, as we
cho-rus ring;
FINE.
march, as we sing. { Let the gos-pel sto-ry roll a-round the world, Ev-'ry-
Let all the nations now in him rejoice, Who hath
where let joy pre-vail, Since the sac - ri - fice of Christ our Sav-ior
by his pre-cious blood Re - deemed us, and pre-pared a man-sion
1
2
For the sins of the world doth a-vail; } bright glo - ry-land a - bove.
In the (Omit.)

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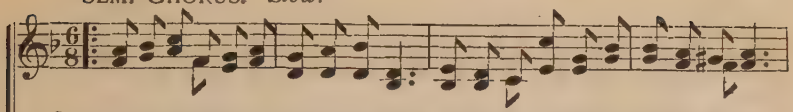
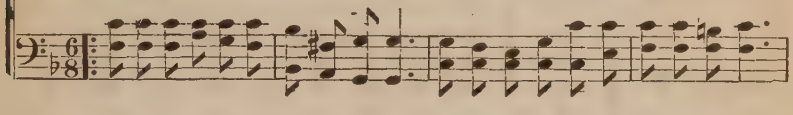
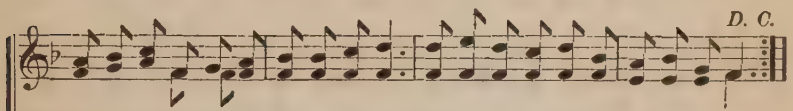
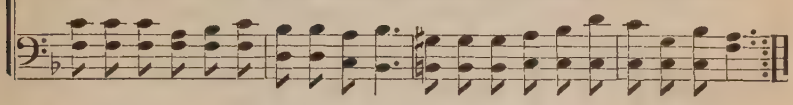
Take the World for Jesus.

SEMI-CHORUS. *Slow.*

Out on the mountains of sin and despair, Millions are perishing, needing our care;
Tell them of Jesus, who rose from the grave, Tell them of Je-sus, the Might-y to Save;

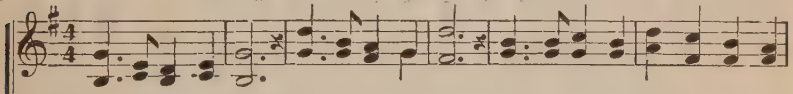


D. C.

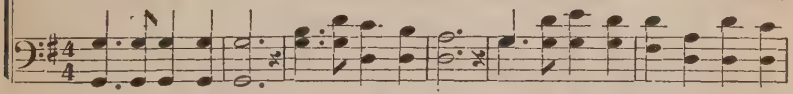


Shall we not send them the message to-day? Shall we not help without further delay?
Plenteous salvation in him doth a-bound, Cleansing and heal-ing in Je-sus are found.

79 Jesus Bids You Come.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Earnestly for you he's calling,
2. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Weary trav'ler, do not tarry,
3. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Voices may not always call you,
4. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Where 'tis love and joy for-ev-er,



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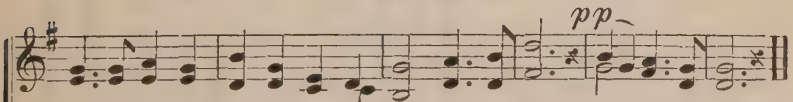
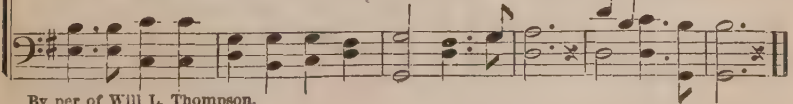


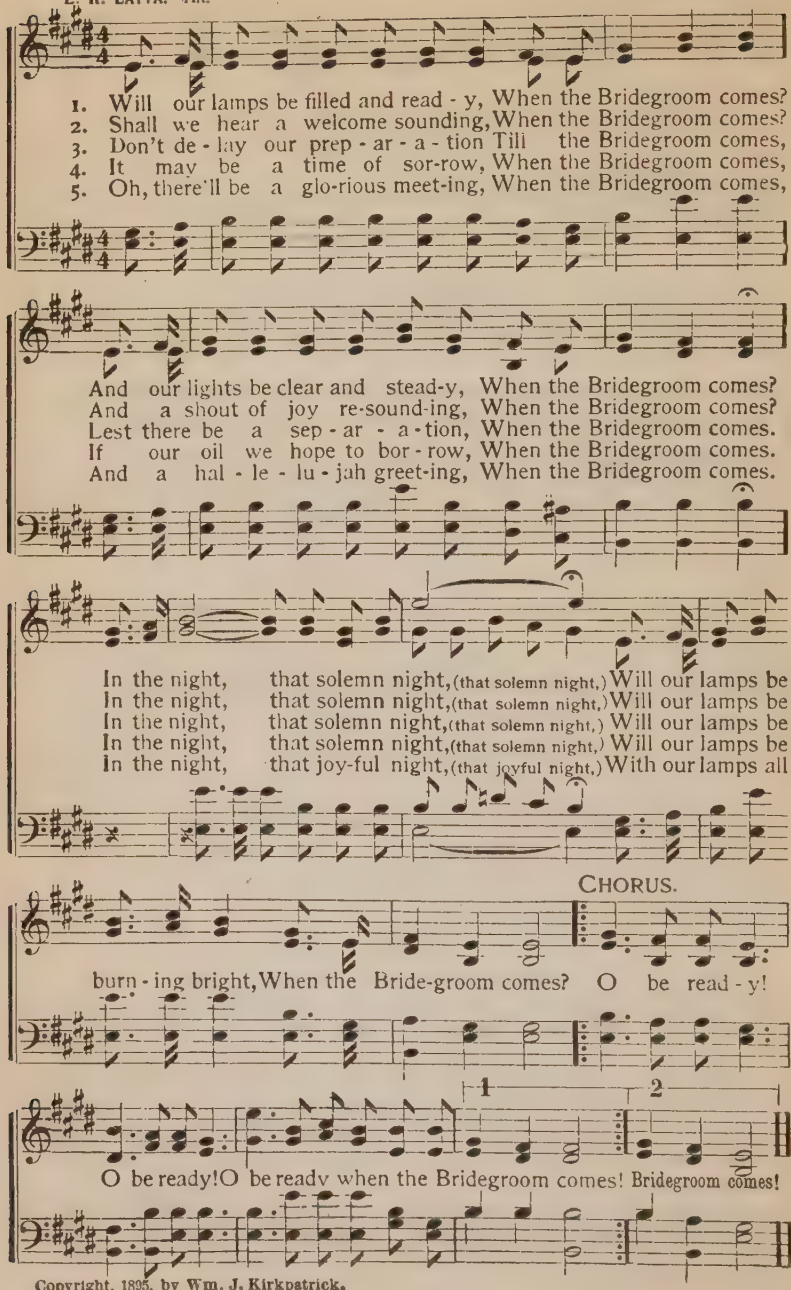
Gently at thy heart he's pleading, "Come unto Me, Come un-to Me."
Jesus will thy burden car-ry, Oh, will you come? Oh, will you come?
"Late, too late," may yet befall you, "Why will ye die? Why will ye die?"
Where we'll meet to part, no, never, Sinner, come home, Oh, come, come home.



By per of Will L. Thompson.

When the Bridegroom Comes.

E. R. LATTA. Alt. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Will our lamps be filled and read - y, When the Bridegroom comes?
2. Shall we hear a welcome sounding, When the Bridegroom comes?
3. Don't de - lay our prep - ar - a - tion Till the Bridegroom comes,
4. It may be a time of sor-row, When the Bridegroom comes,
5. Oh, there'll be a glo-rious meet-ing, When the Bridegroom comes,
And our lights be clear and stead-y, When the Bridegroom comes?
And a shout of joy re-sound-ing, When the Bridegroom comes?
Lest there be a sep - ar - a - tion, When the Bridegroom comes.
If our oil we hope to bor - row, When the Bridegroom comes.
And a hal - le - lu - jah greet-ing, When the Bridegroom comes.
In the night, that solemn night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be
In the night, that solemn night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be
In the night, that solemn night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be
In the night, that solemn night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be
In the night, that joy-ful night, (that joyful night,) With our lamps all
CHORUS.
burn - ing bright, When the Bride-groom comes? O be read - y!
1
2
O be ready! O be ready when the Bridegroom comes! Bridegroom comes!

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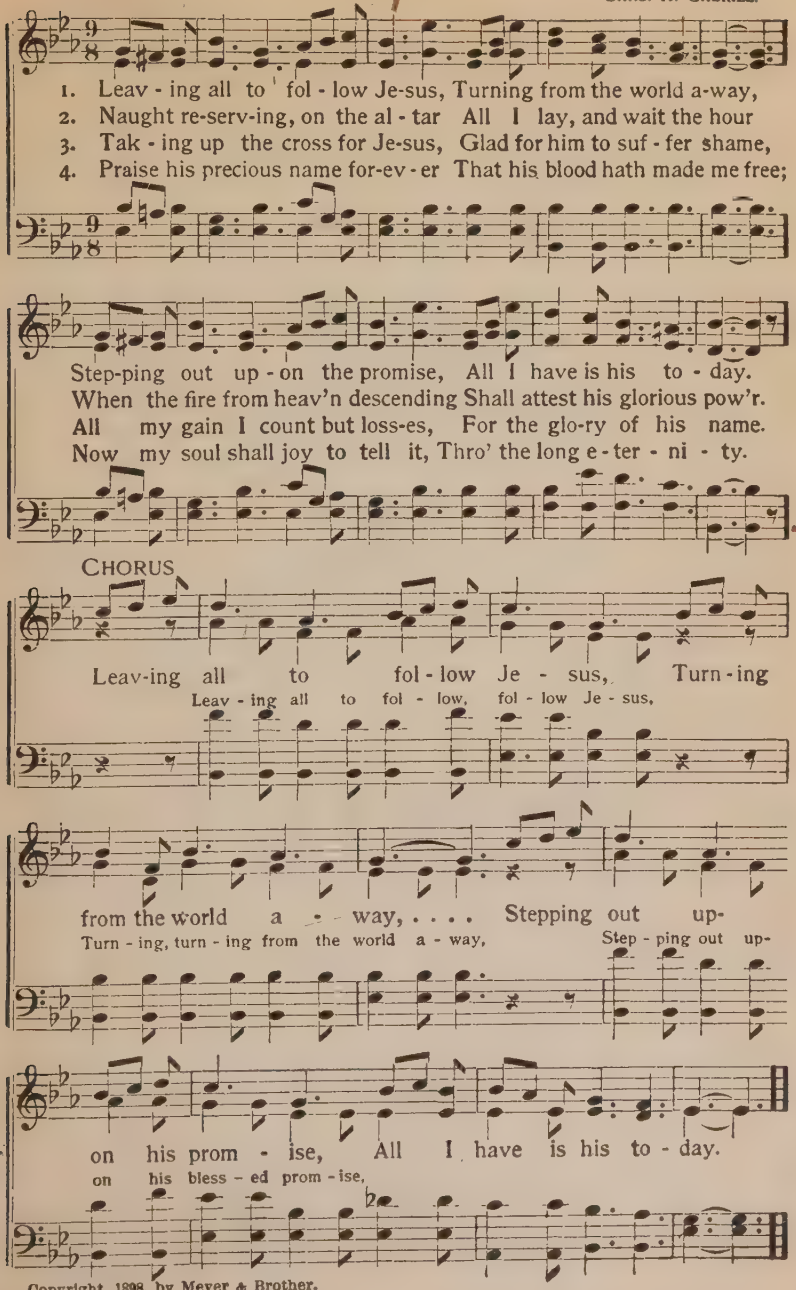
Leaving All to Follow Jesus.

IDA M. BUDD — CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Leav - ing all to fol - low Je-sus, Turning from the world a-way,
2. Naught re-serv-ing, on the al - tar All I lay, and wait the hour
3. Tak - ing up the cross for Je-sus, Glad for him to suf - fer shame,
4. Praise his precious name for-ev - er That his blood hath made me free;
Step-ping out up - on the promise, All I have is his to - day.
When the fire from heav'n descending Shall attest his glorious pow'r.
All my gain I count but loss-es, For the glo-ry of his name.
Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS
Leav-ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn - ing
Leav - ing all to fol - low, fol - low Je - sus,
from the world a - way, ... Stepping out up-
Turn - ing, turn - ing from the world a - way,
Step - ping out up-
on his prom - ise, All I have is his to - day.
on his bless - ed prom - ise,

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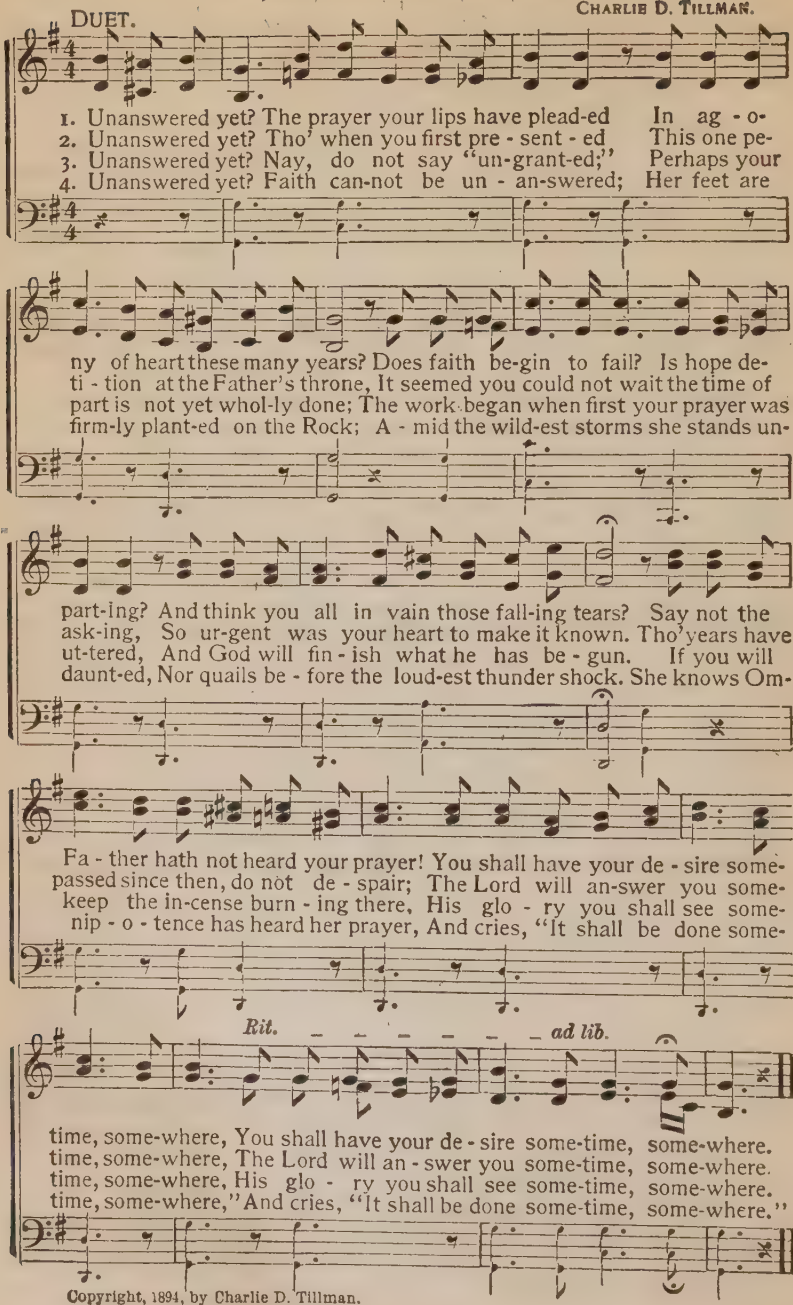
Sometime, Somewhere.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET.


1. Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have plead-ed In ag - o-
2. Unanswered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe-
3. Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say "un-grant-ed;" Perhaps your
4. Unanswered yet? Faith can-not be un - an-swered; Her feet are
ny of heart these many years? Does faith be-gin to fail? Is hope de-
ti - tion at the Father's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
part is not yet whol-ly done; The work began when first your prayer was
firm-ly plant-ed on the Rock; A - mid the wild-est storms she stands un-
part-ing? And think you all in vain those fall-ing tears? Say not the
ask-ing, So ur-gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
ut-tered, And God will fin - ish what he has be - gun. If you will
daunt-ed, Nor quails be - fore the loud-est thunder shock. She knows Om-
Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer! You shall have your de - sire some-
passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an-swer you some-
keep the in-cense burn - ing there, His glo - ry you shall see some-
nip - o - tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be done some-
Rit. ad lib.
time, some-where, You shall have your de - sire some-time, some-where.
time, some-where, The Lord will an - swer you some-time, some-where.
time, some-where, His glo - ry you shall see some-time, some-where.
time, some-where," And cries, "It shall be done some-time, some-where."

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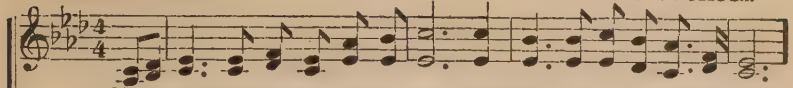
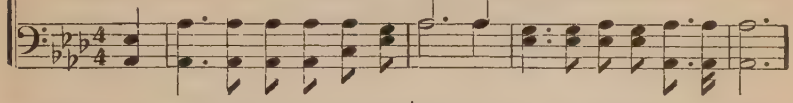
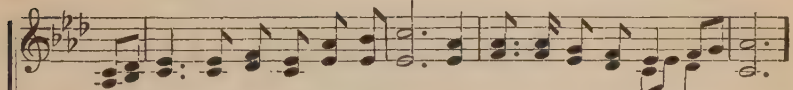
God's Way is Best.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

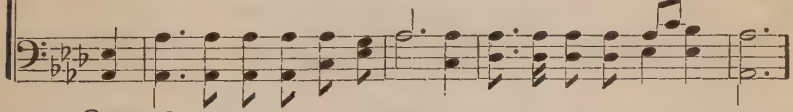


1. With my blind eyes I can-not see What lot is for my soul the best;
2. 'Mid per - ils ma-ny I shall go, In stony paths my feet shall run;
3. And if there is a darkened day When thro' great trials I must go,
4. No path I count too hard for me, No burden hold too great to bear;

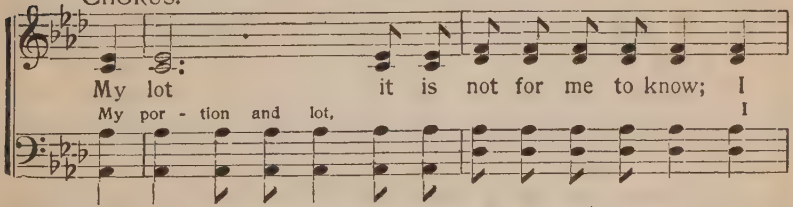




So, Lord, choose thou the path for me; In thy sweet will my heart shall rest.
One thing a - lone I seek to know, That my dear Lord is leading on.
Faith will not fal - ter in the way If my dear Lord has willed it so.
If he shall choose the path, then he Will all the way the burden share.

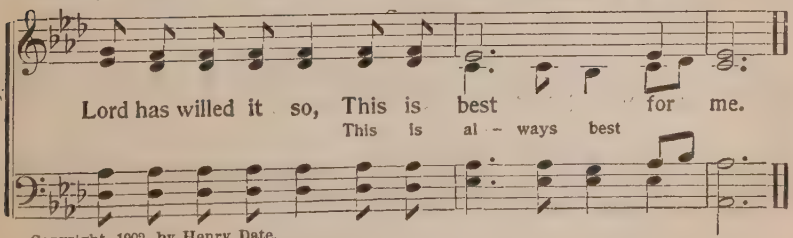


CHORUS.



My lot it is not for me to know; I
My por - tion and lot, I

wait, on-ly thy sweet will to know; E - nough that my
wait, hum-bly wait, E - nough, 'tis e - nough,



Lord has willed it so, This is best for me.
This is al - ways best

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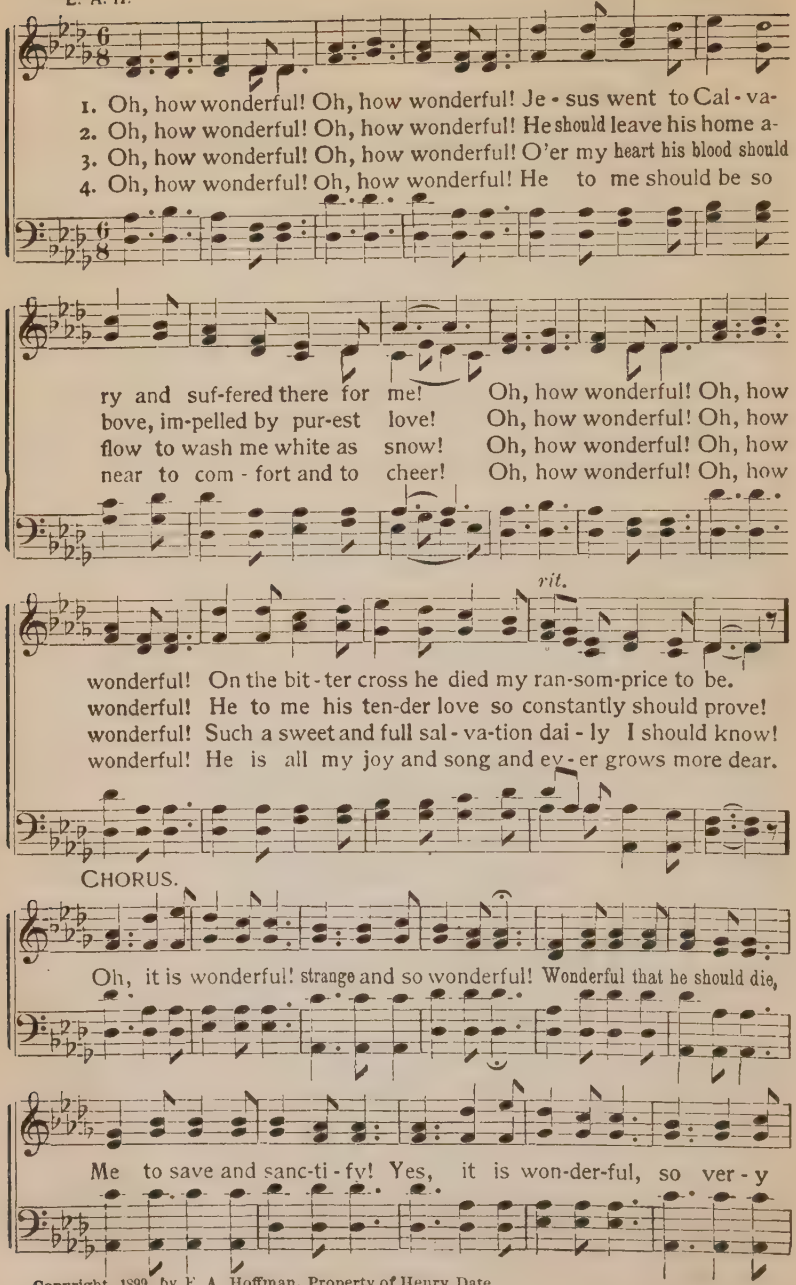
Oh, How Wonderful!

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! Je - sus went to Cal - va-
2. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! He should leave his home a-
3. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! O'er my heart his blood should
4. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! He to me should be so
ry and suf-fered there for me! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
bove, im-pelled by pur-est love! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
flow to wash me white as snow! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
near to com - fort and to cheer! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
rit.
wonderful! On the bit - ter cross he died my ran-som-price to be.
wonderful! He to me his ten-der love so constantly should prove!
wonderful! Such a sweet and full sal - va-tion dai - ly I should know!
wonderful! He is all my joy and song and ev - er grows more dear.
CHORUS.
Oh, it is wonderful! strange and so wonderful! Wonderful that he should die,
Me to save and sanc-ti - fy! Yes, it is won-der-ful, so ver - y

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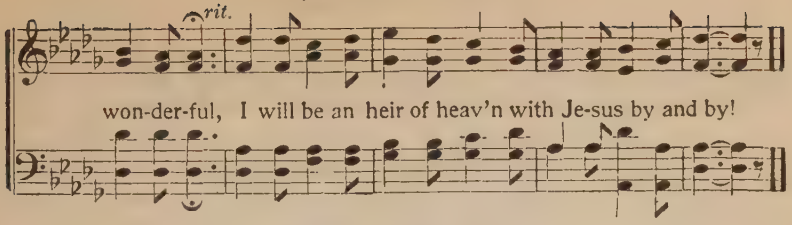
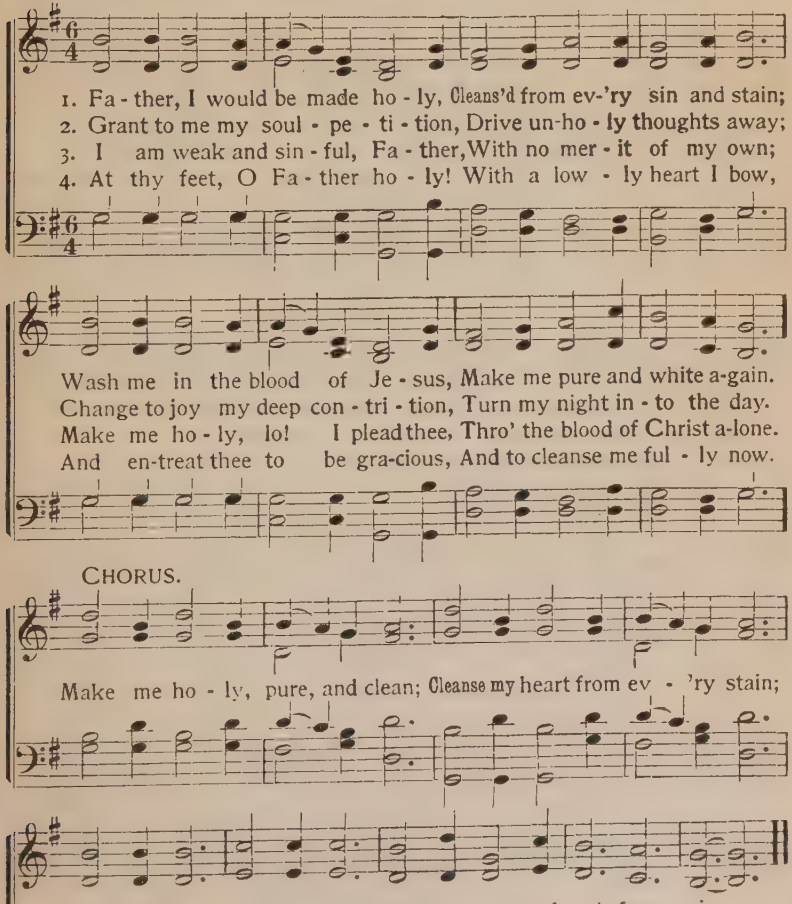
Oh, How Wonderful!



85 Make Me Holy.

S. and E. A. H. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Fa - ther, I would be made ho - ly, Cleans'd from ev-'ry sin and stain;
2. Grant to me my soul - pe - ti - tion, Drive un-ho - ly thoughts away;
3. I am weak and sin - ful, Fa - ther, With no mer - it of my own;
4. At thy feet, O Fa - ther ho - ly! With a low - ly heart I bow,
Wash me in the blood of Je - sus, Make me pure and white a-gain.
Change to joy my deep con - tri - tion, Turn my night in - to the day.
Make me ho - ly, lo! I plead thee, Thro' the blood of Christ a-lone.
And en-treat thee to be gra-cious, And to cleanse me ful - ly now.
CHORUS.
Make me ho - ly, pure, and clean; Cleanse my heart from ev - 'ry stain;
En - ter in, en - ter in, Pu - ri - fy my heart from sin.

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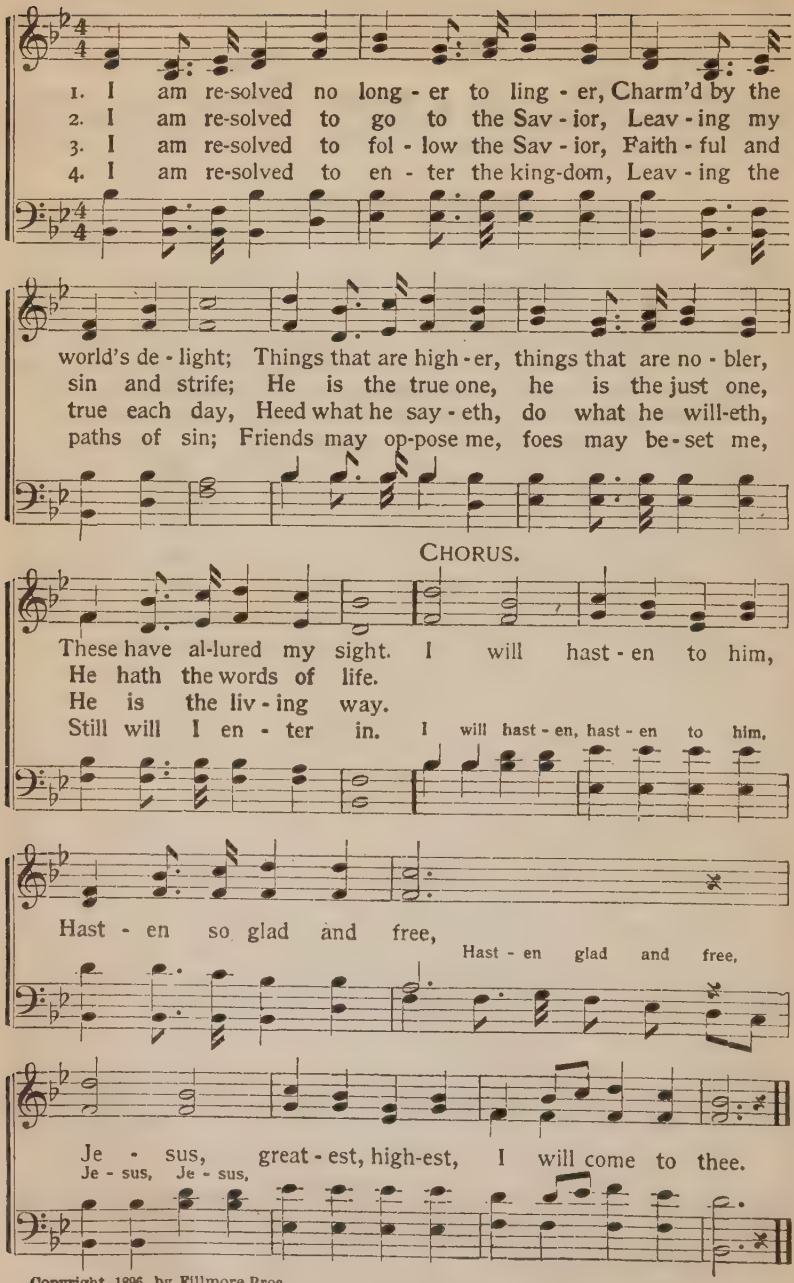
I am Resolved.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.


1. I am re-solved no long - er to ling - er, Charm'd by the world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - ior, Leav - ing my sin and strife; He is the true one, he is the just one,
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - ior, Faith - ful and true each day, Heed what he say - eth, do what he will-eth,
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the paths of sin; Friends may op-pose me, foes may be - set me,
CHORUS.
These have al-lured my sight. I will hast - en to him,
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
I will hast - en, hast - en to him,
Hast - en so glad and free,
Hast - en glad and free,
Je - sus, great - est, high-est, I will come to thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

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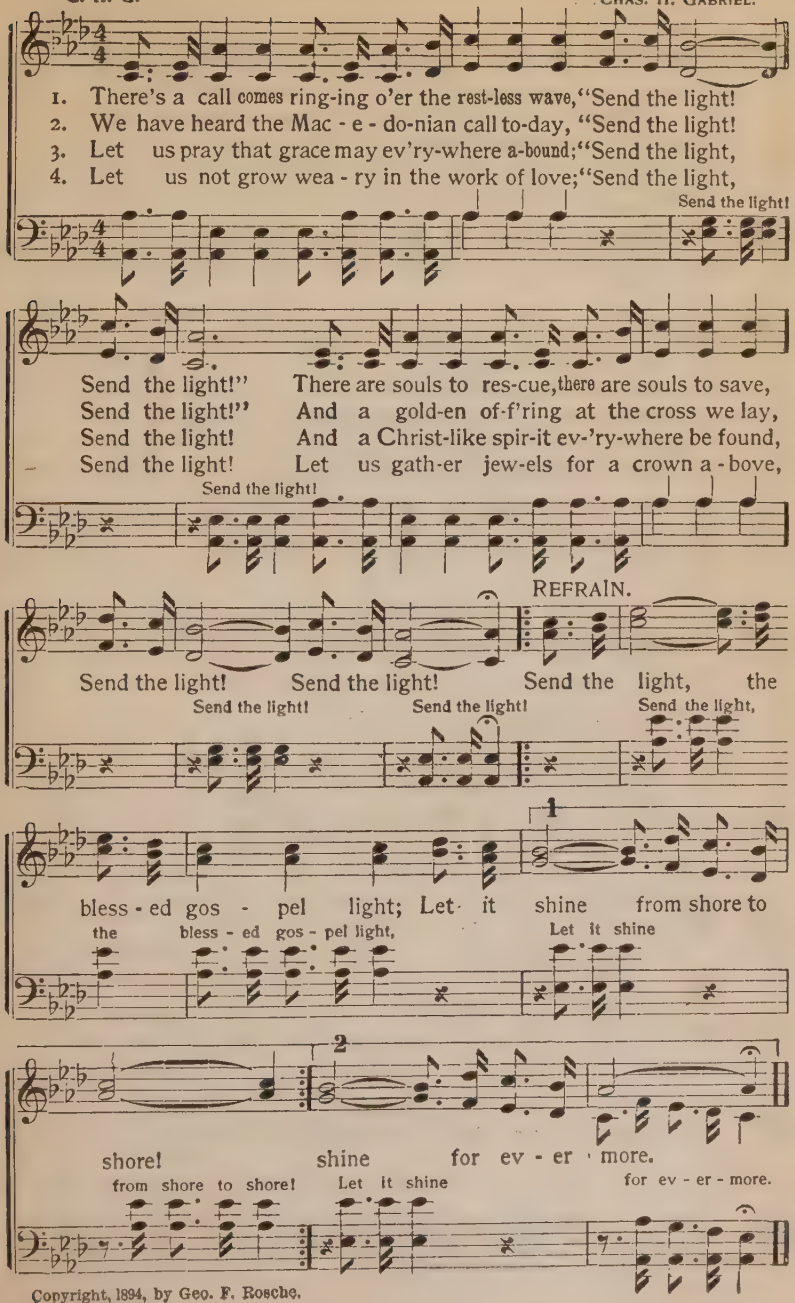
Send the Light.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Mac - e - do-nian call to-day, "Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'ry-where a-bound; "Send the light,
4. Let us not grow wea - ry in the work of love; "Send the light,
Send the light!
Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a - bove,
Send the light!
REFRAIN.
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light, the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light,
1
bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine from shore to
the bless - ed gos - pel light, Let it shine
2
shore! shine for ev - er more.
from shore to shore! Let it shine for ev - er - more.

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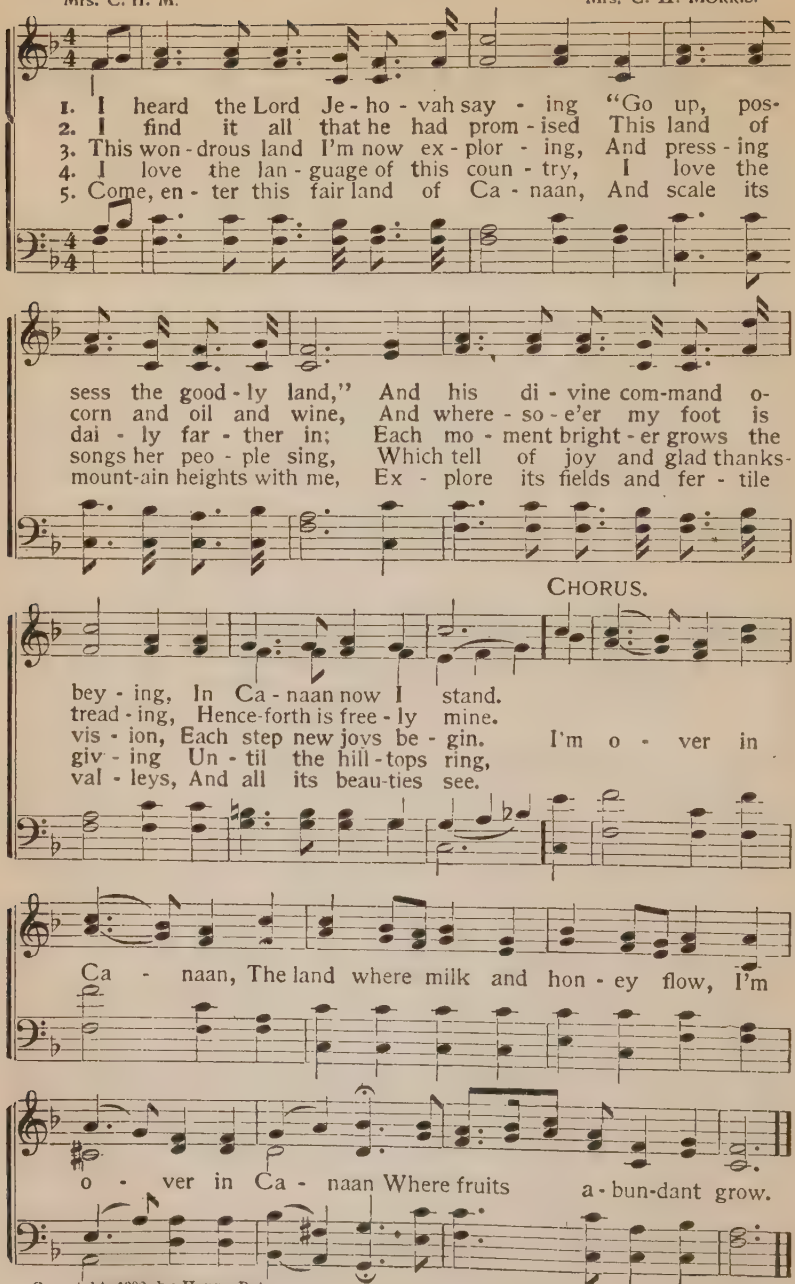
Over in Canaan.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. I heard the Lord Je - ho - vah say - ing "Go up, pos-
2. I find it all that he had prom - ised This land of
3. This won - drous land I'm now ex - plor - ing, And press - ing
4. I love the lan - guage of this coun - try, I love the
5. Come, en - ter this fair land of Ca - naan, And scale its
sess the good - ly land," And his di - vine com-mand o-
corn and oil and wine, And where - so - e'er my foot is
dai - ly far - ther in; Each mo - ment bright - er grows the
songs her peo - ple sing, Which tell of joy and glad thanks-
mount-ain heights with me, Ex - plore its fields and fer - tile
CHORUS.
bey - ing, In Ca - naan now I stand.
tread - ing, Hence-forth is free - ly mine.
vis - ion, Each step new joys be - gin.
giv - ing Un - til the hill - tops ring,
val - leys, And all its beau-ties see.
I'm o - ver in
Ca - naan, The land where milk and hon - ey flow, I'm
o - ver in Ca - naan Where fruits a - bun-dant grow.

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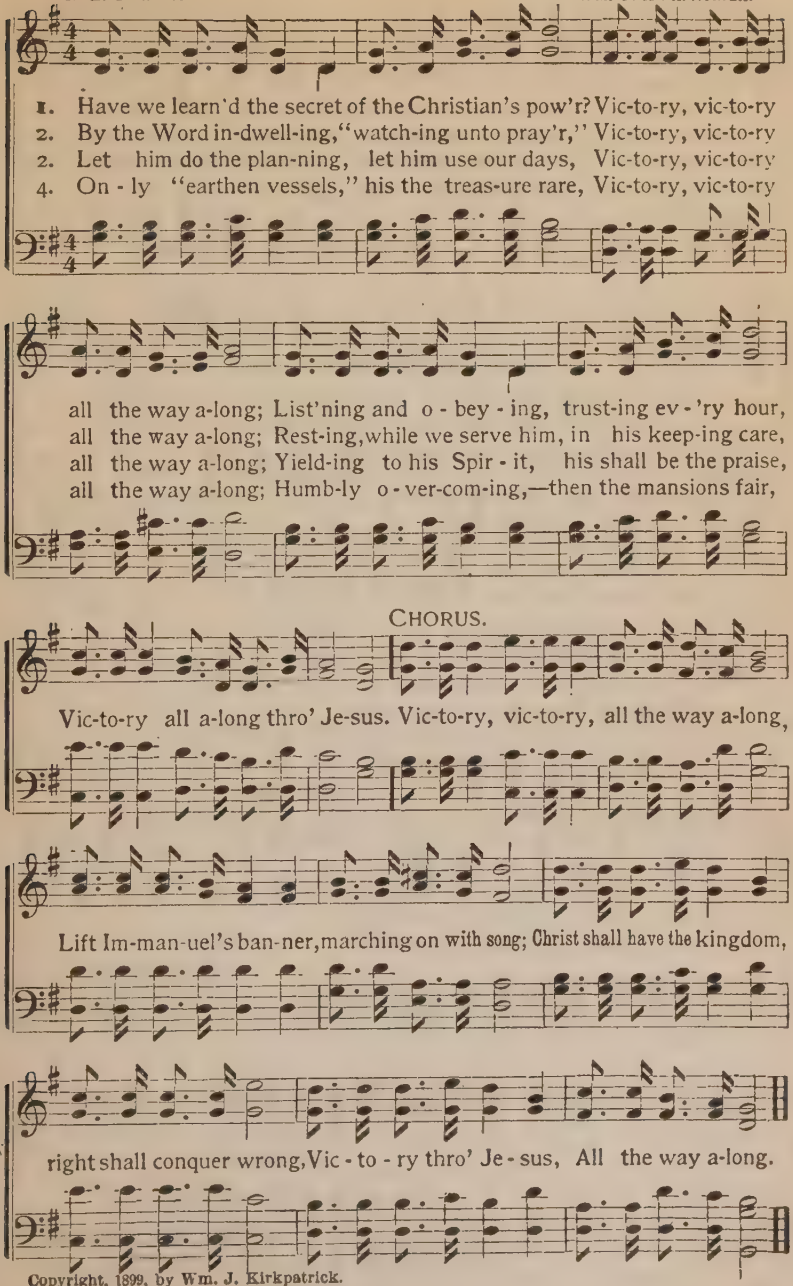
89 Victory All the Way Along.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Have we learn'd the secret of the Christian's pow'r? Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry
2. By the Word in-dwell-ing, "watch-ing unto pray'r," Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry
3. Let him do the plan-ning, let him use our days, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry
4. On - ly "earthen vessels," his the treas-ure rare, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry
all the way a-long; List'ning and o - bey - ing, trust-ing ev - 'ry hour,
all the way a-long; Rest-ing, while we serve him, in his keep-ing care,
all the way a-long; Yield-ing to his Spir - it, his shall be the praise,
all the way a-long; Humb-ly o - ver-com-ing,—then the mansions fair,
CHORUS.
Vic-to-ry all a-long thro' Je-sus. Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, all the way a-long,
Lift Im-man-uel's ban-ner, marching on with song; Christ shall have the kingdom,
right shall conquer wrong, Vic - to - ry thro' Je - sus, All the way a-long.

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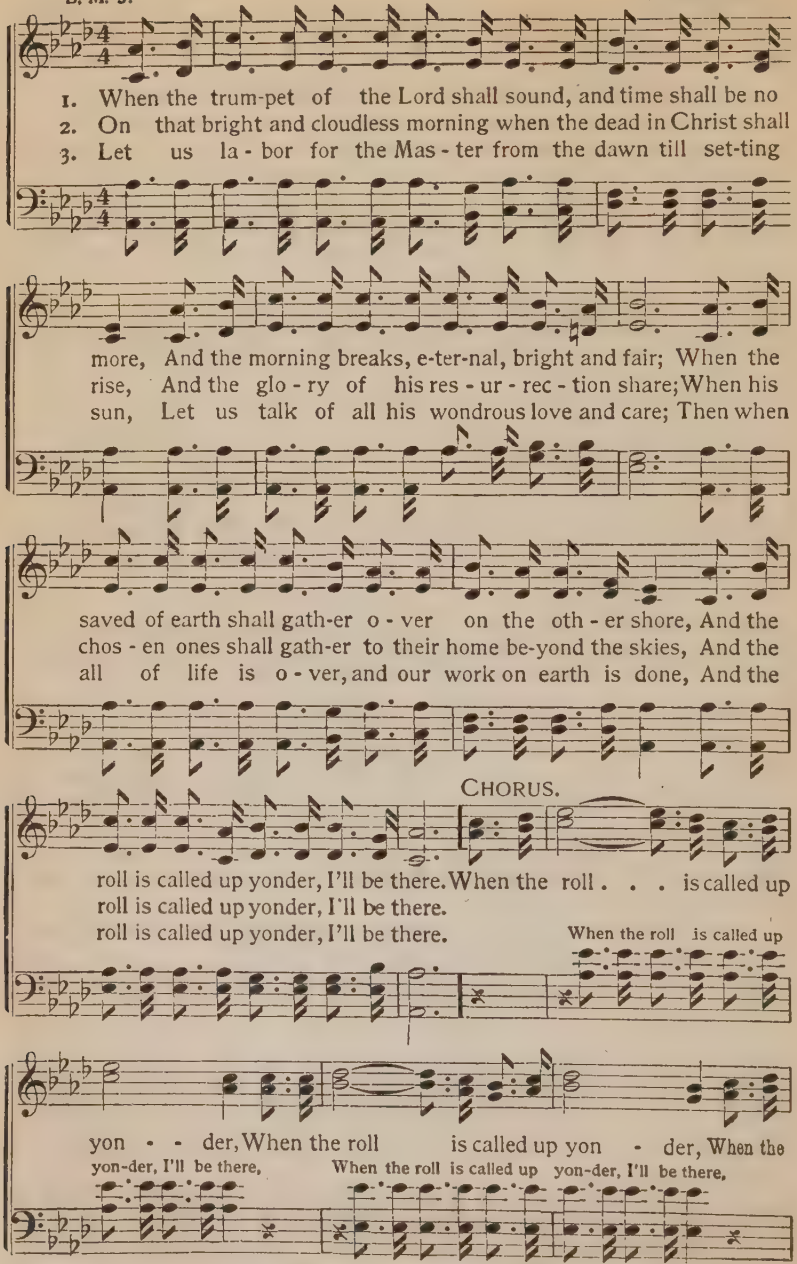
90 When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.


1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting
more, And the morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the
rise, And the glo - ry of his res - ur - rec - tion share; When his
sun, Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care; Then when
saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
chos - en ones shall gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the
CHORUS.
roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is called up
roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll is called up
yon - - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the
yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

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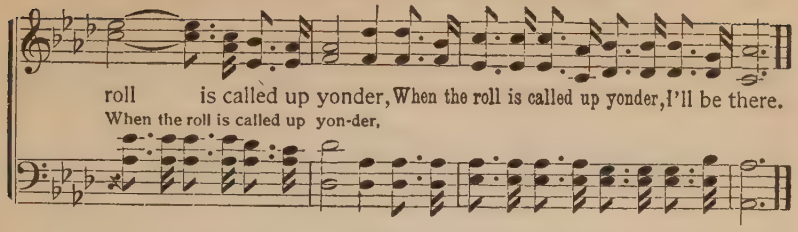
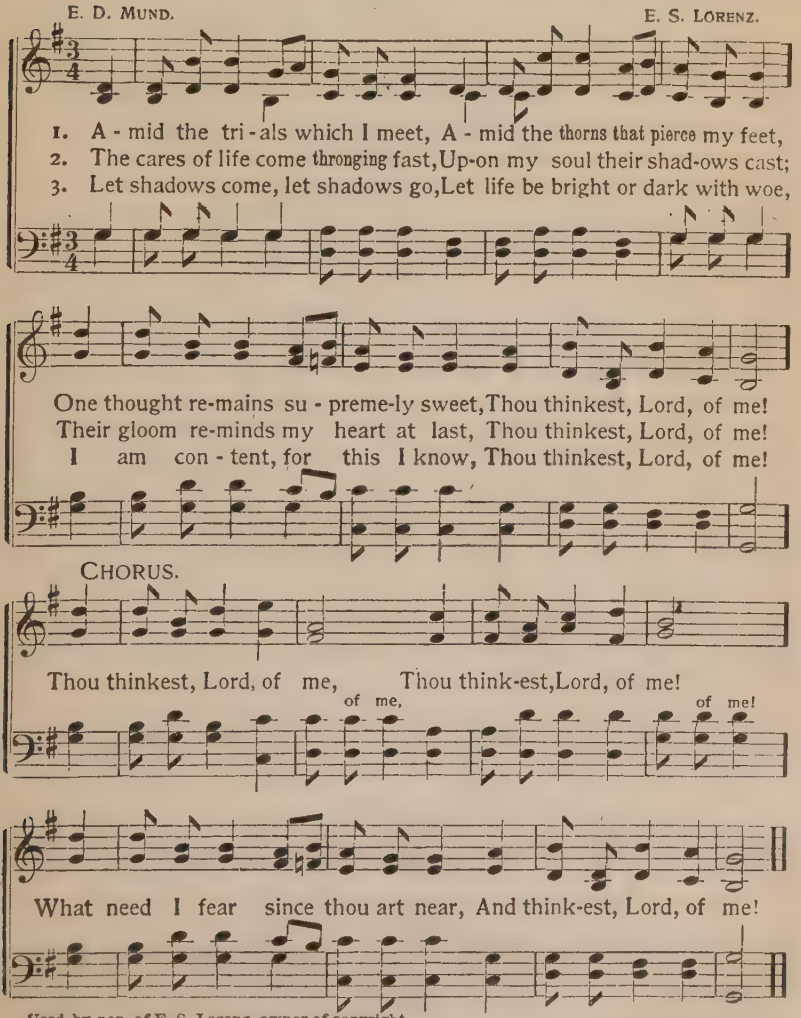
When the Roll is Called up Yonder.



91 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.


1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up-on my soul their shad-ows cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,
One thought re-mains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
CHORUS.
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!
of me, of me!
What need I fear since thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me!

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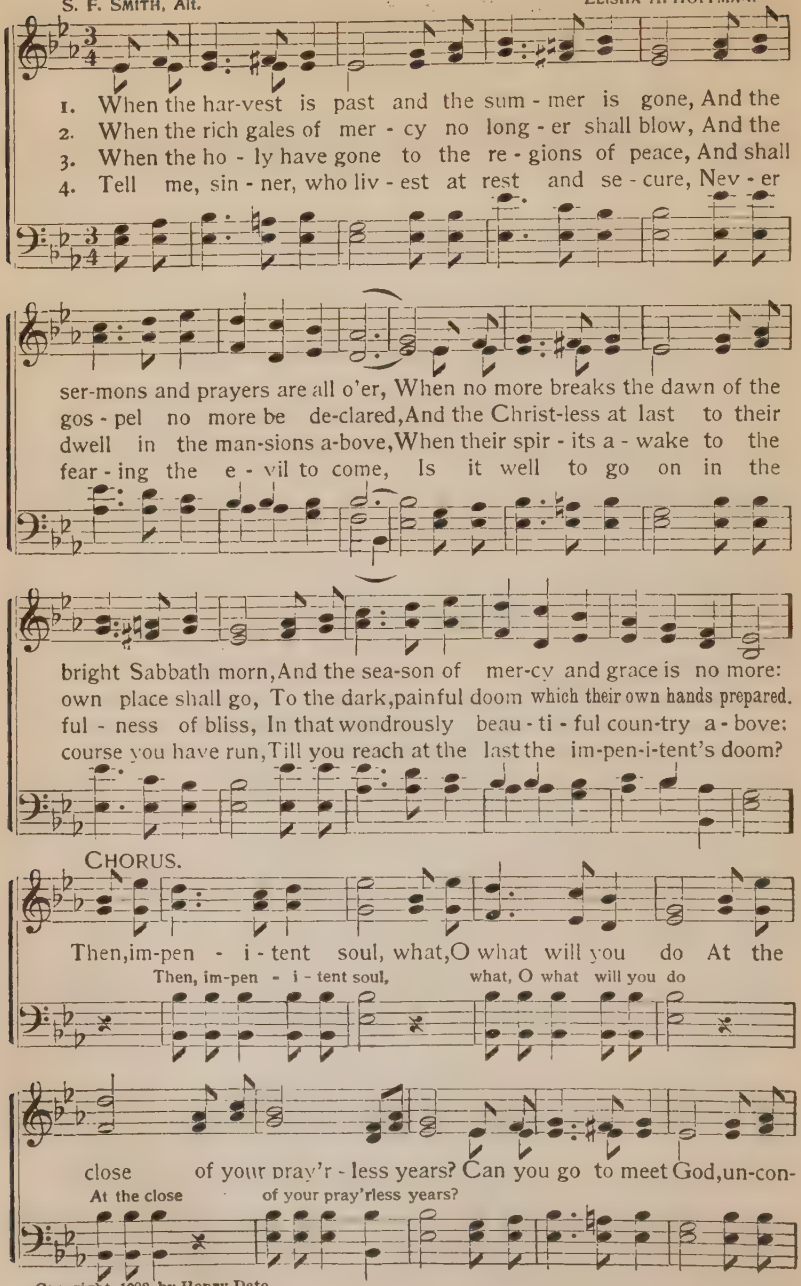
When the Harvest is Past.

S. F. SMITH, Alt. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. When the har-vest is past and the sum - mer is gone, And the
2. When the rich gales of mer - cy no long - er shall blow, And the
3. When the ho - ly have gone to the re - gions of peace, And shall
4. Tell me, sin - ner, who liv - est at rest and se - cure, Nev - er
ser-mons and prayers are all o'er, When no more breaks the dawn of the
gos - pel no more be de-clared, And the Christ-less at last to their
dwell in the man-sions a-bove, When their spir - its a - wake to the
fear - ing the e - vil to come, Is it well to go on in the
bright Sabbath morn, And the sea-son of mer-cy and grace is no more:
own place shall go, To the dark, painful doom which their own hands prepared.
ful - ness of bliss, In that wondrously beau - ti - ful coun-try a - bove:
course you have run, Till you reach at the last the im-pen-i-tent's doom?
CHORUS.
Then, im-pen - i - tent soul, what, O what will you do At the
Then, im-pen - i - tent soul, what, O what will you do
close of your pray'r - less years? Can you go to meet God, un-con-
At the close of your pray'rless years?

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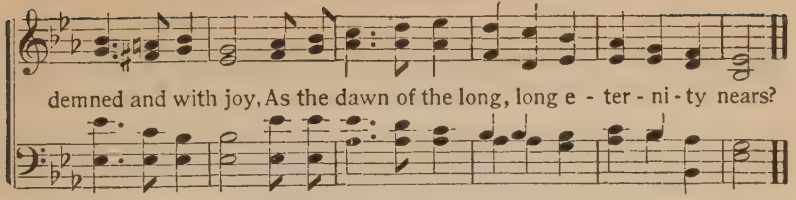
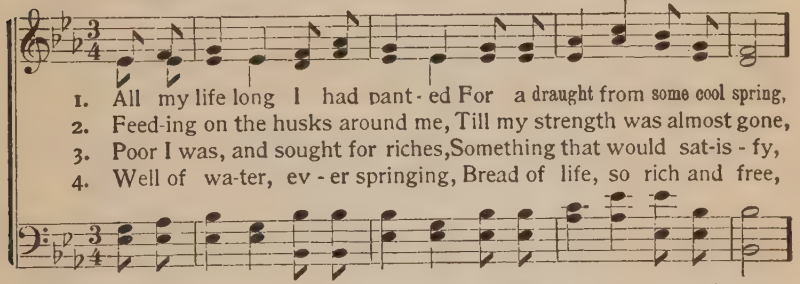
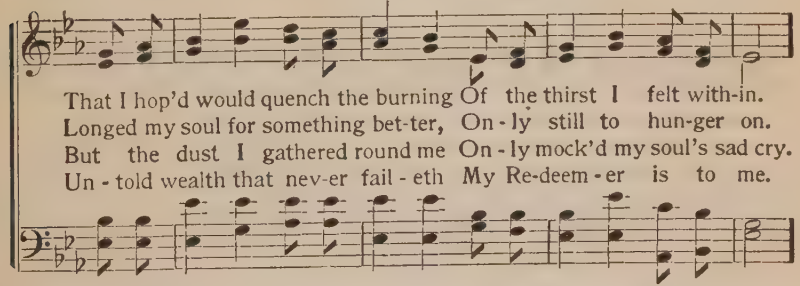
When the Harvest is Past.

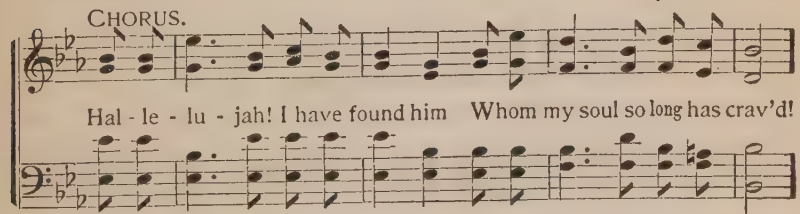


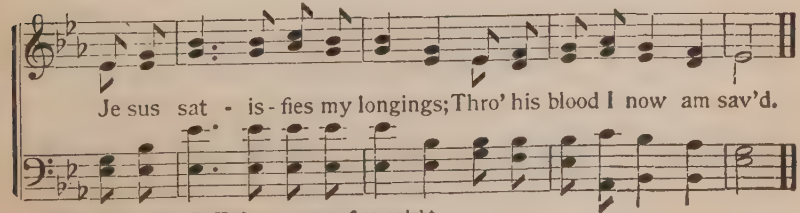
93 Satisfied.

CLARA TEARE. R. E. HUDSON.


1. All my life long I had pant - ed For a draught from some cool spring,
2. Feed-ing on the husks around me, Till my strength was almost gone,
3. Poor I was, and sought for riches, Something that would sat-is - fy,
4. Well of wa-ter, ev - er springing, Bread of life, so rich and free,


That I hop'd would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with-in.
Longed my soul for something bet-ter, On - ly still to hun-ger on.
But the dust I gathered round me On - ly mock'd my soul's sad cry.
Un - told wealth that nev-er fail - eth My Re-deem - er is to me.





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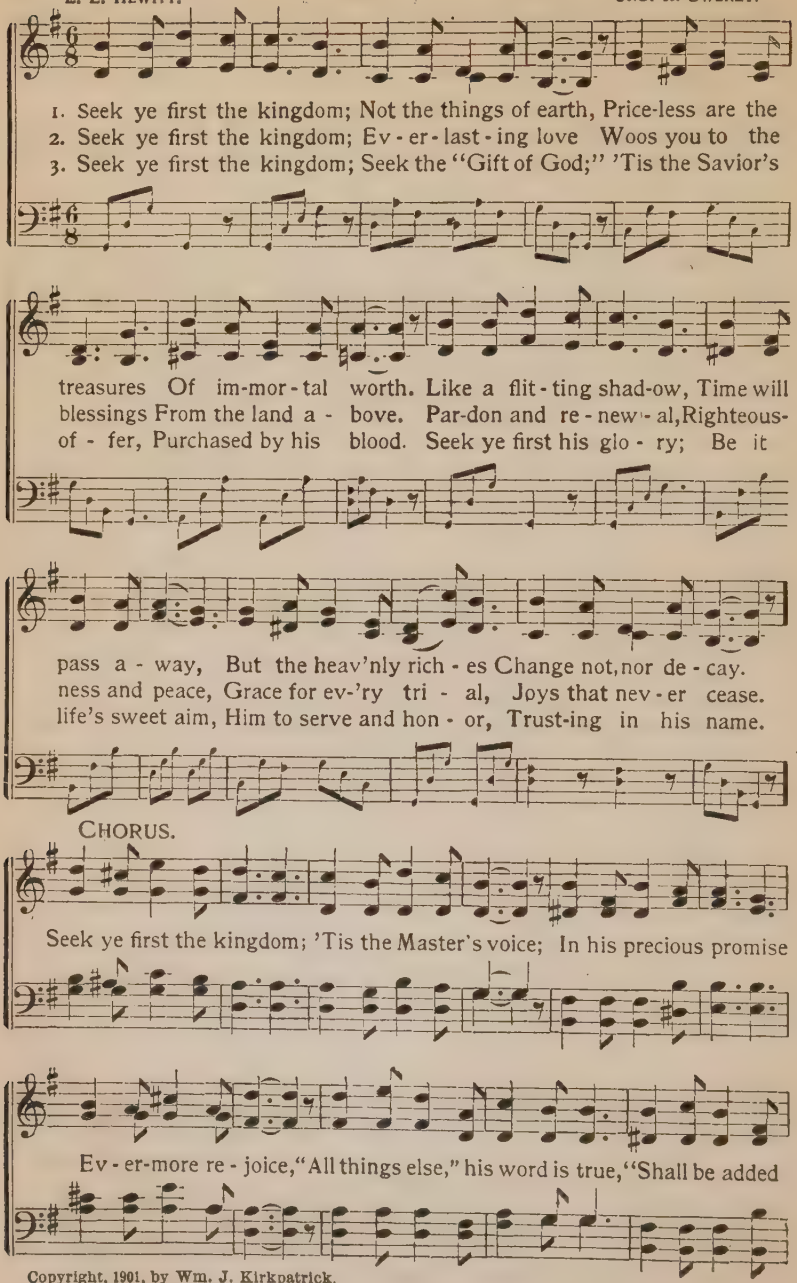
Seek Ye First the Kingdom.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Seek ye first the kingdom; Not the things of earth, Price-less are the
2. Seek ye first the kingdom; Ev - er - last - ing love Woos you to the
3. Seek ye first the kingdom; Seek the "Gift of God;" 'Tis the Savior's
treasures Of im-mor - tal worth. Like a flit - ting shad-ow, Time will
blessings From the land a - bove. Par-don and re - new - al, Righteous-
of - fer, Purchased by his blood. Seek ye first his glo - ry; Be it
pass a - way, But the heav'nly rich - es Change not, nor de - cay.
ness and peace, Grace for ev-'ry tri - al, Joys that nev - er cease.
life's sweet aim, Him to serve and hon - or, Trust-ing in his name.
CHORUS.
Seek ye first the kingdom; 'Tis the Master's voice; In his precious promise
Ev - er-more re - joice, "All things else," his word is true, "Shall be added

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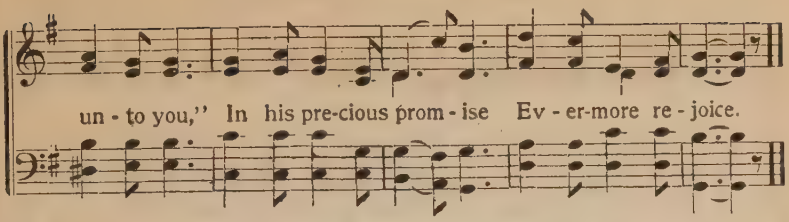
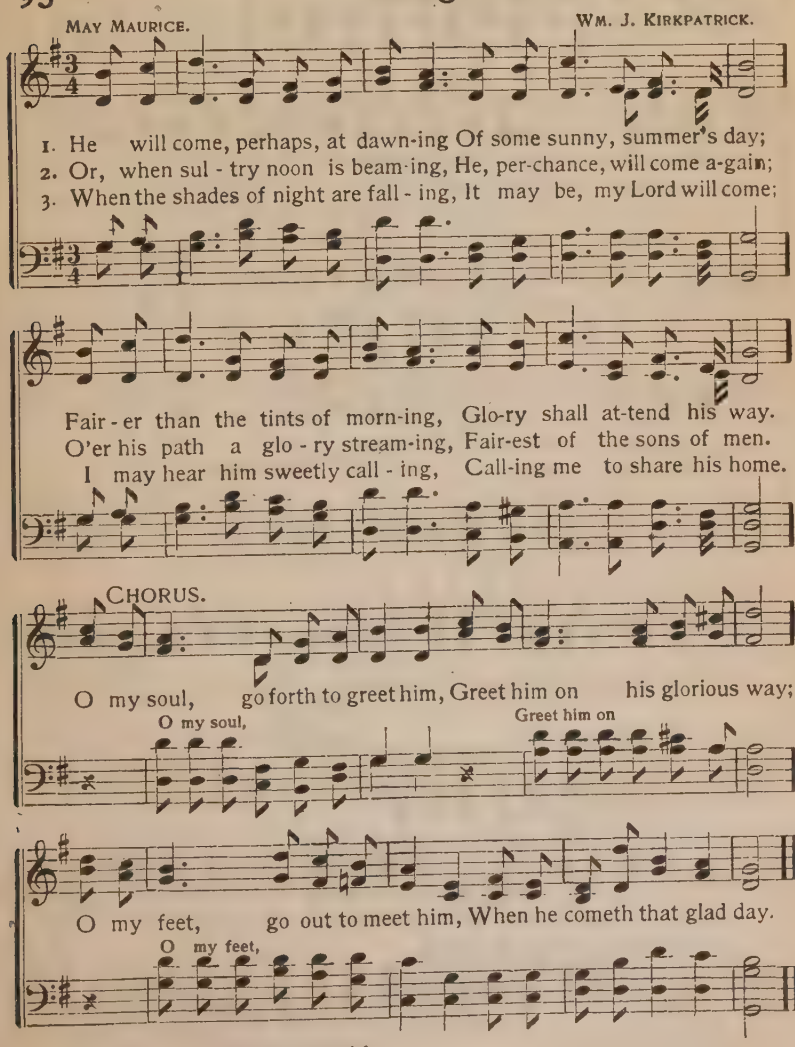
Seek Ye First the Kingdom.



95 Coming.

MAY MAURICE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. He will come, perhaps, at dawn-ing Of some sunny, summer's day;
2. Or, when sul - try noon is beam-ing, He, per-chance, will come a-gain;
3. When the shades of night are fall - ing, It may be, my Lord will come;
Fair - er than the tints of morn-ing, Glo-ry shall at-tend his way.
O'er his path a glo - ry stream-ing, Fair-est of the sons of men.
I may hear him sweetly call - ing, Call-ing me to share his home.
CHORUS.
O my soul, go forth to greet him, Greet him on his glorious way;
O my soul,
Greet him on
O my feet, go out to meet him, When he cometh that glad day.
O my feet,

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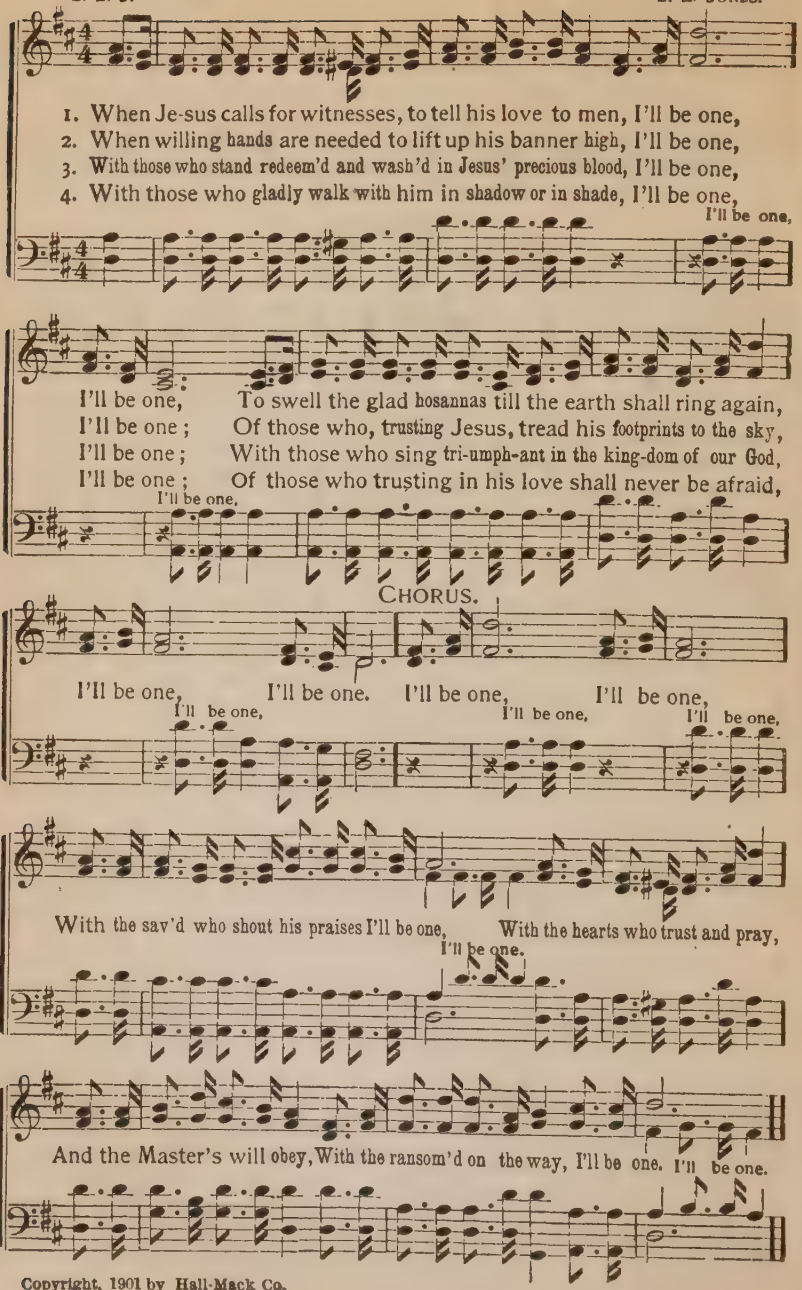
I'll Be One.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.


1. When Je-sus calls for witnesses, to tell his love to men, I'll be one,
2. When willing hands are needed to lift up his banner high, I'll be one,
3. With those who stand redeem'd and wash'd in Jesus' precious blood, I'll be one,
4. With those who gladly walk with him in shadow or in shade, I'll be one,
I'll be one,
I'll be one, To swell the glad hosannas till the earth shall ring again,
I'll be one; Of those who, trusting Jesus, tread his footprints to the sky,
I'll be one; With those who sing tri-umph-ant in the king-dom of our God,
I'll be one; Of those who trusting in his love shall never be afraid,
I'll be one.
CHORUS.
I'll be one, I'll be one. I'll be one, I'll be one,
I'll be one, I'll be one, I'll be one,
With the sav'd who shout his praises I'll be one, With the hearts who trust and pray,
I'll be one.
And the Master's will obey, With the ransom'd on the way, I'll be one. I'll be one.

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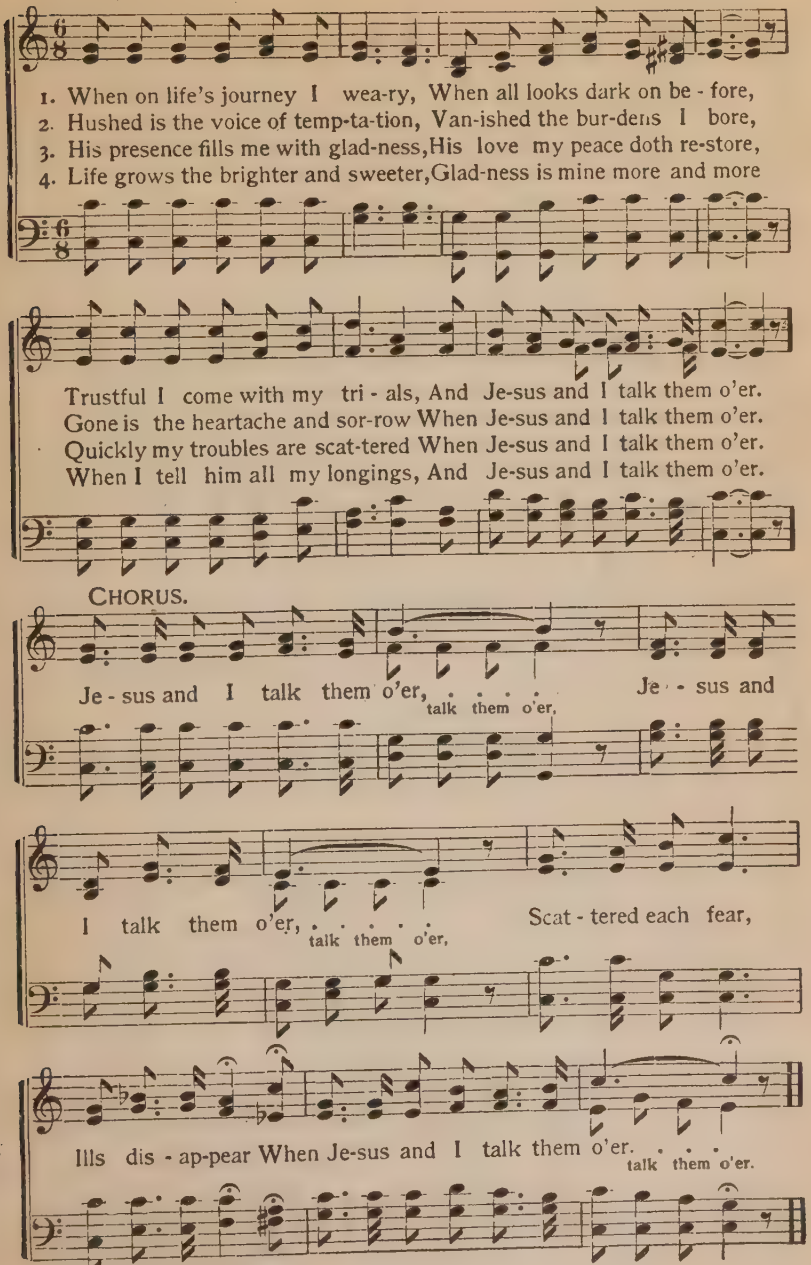
97 Jesus and I Talk Them O'er.

L. E. J. Alt. L. E. JONES.

1. When on life's journey I wea-ry, When all looks dark on be - fore,
2. Hushed is the voice of temp-ta-tion, Van-ished the bur-dens I bore,
3. His presence fills me with glad-ness, His love my peace doth re-store,
4. Life grows the brighter and sweeter, Glad-ness is mine more and more
Trustful I come with my tri - als, And Je-sus and I talk them o'er.
Gone is the heartache and sor-row When Je-sus and I talk them o'er.
Quickly my troubles are scat-tered When Je-sus and I talk them o'er.
When I tell him all my longings, And Je-sus and I talk them o'er.
CHORUS.
Je - sus and I talk them o'er, talk them o'er,
Je - sus and
I talk them o'er, talk them o'er,
Scat - tered each fear,
Ills dis - ap-pear When Je-sus and I talk them o'er. talk them o'er.

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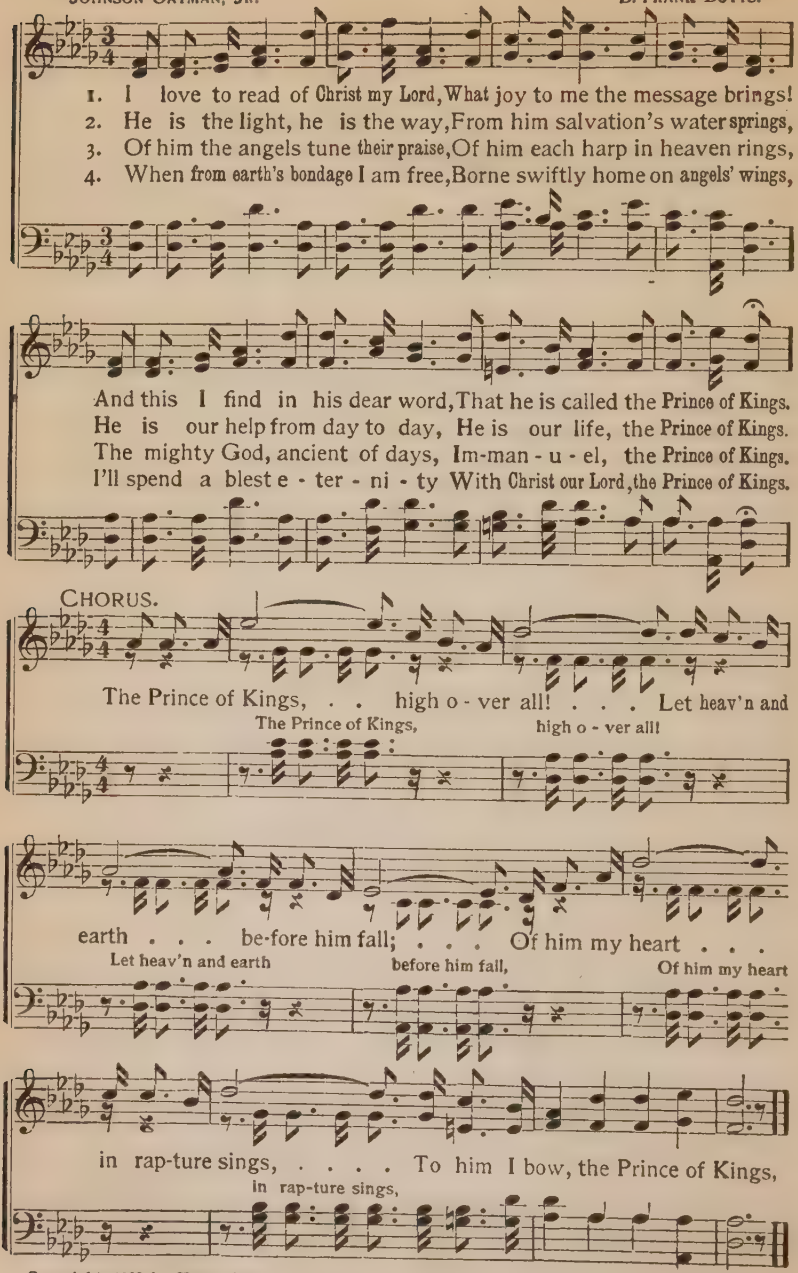
The Prince of Kings.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. FRANK BUTTS.


1. I love to read of Christ my Lord, What joy to me the message brings!
2. He is the light, he is the way, From him salvation's water springs,
3. Of him the angels tune their praise, Of him each harp in heaven rings,
4. When from earth's bondage I am free, Borne swiftly home on angels' wings,
And this I find in his dear word, That he is called the Prince of Kings.
He is our help from day to day, He is our life, the Prince of Kings.
The mighty God, ancient of days, Im-man-u-el, the Prince of Kings.
I'll spend a blest e-ter-ni-ty With Christ our Lord, the Prince of Kings.
CHORUS.
The Prince of Kings, . . high o-ver all! . . . Let heav'n and
The Prince of Kings, high o-ver all!
earth . . . be-fore him fall; . . . Of him my heart . . .
Let heav'n and earth before him fall, Of him my heart
in rap-ture sings, ... To him I bow, the Prince of Kings,
in rap-ture sings,

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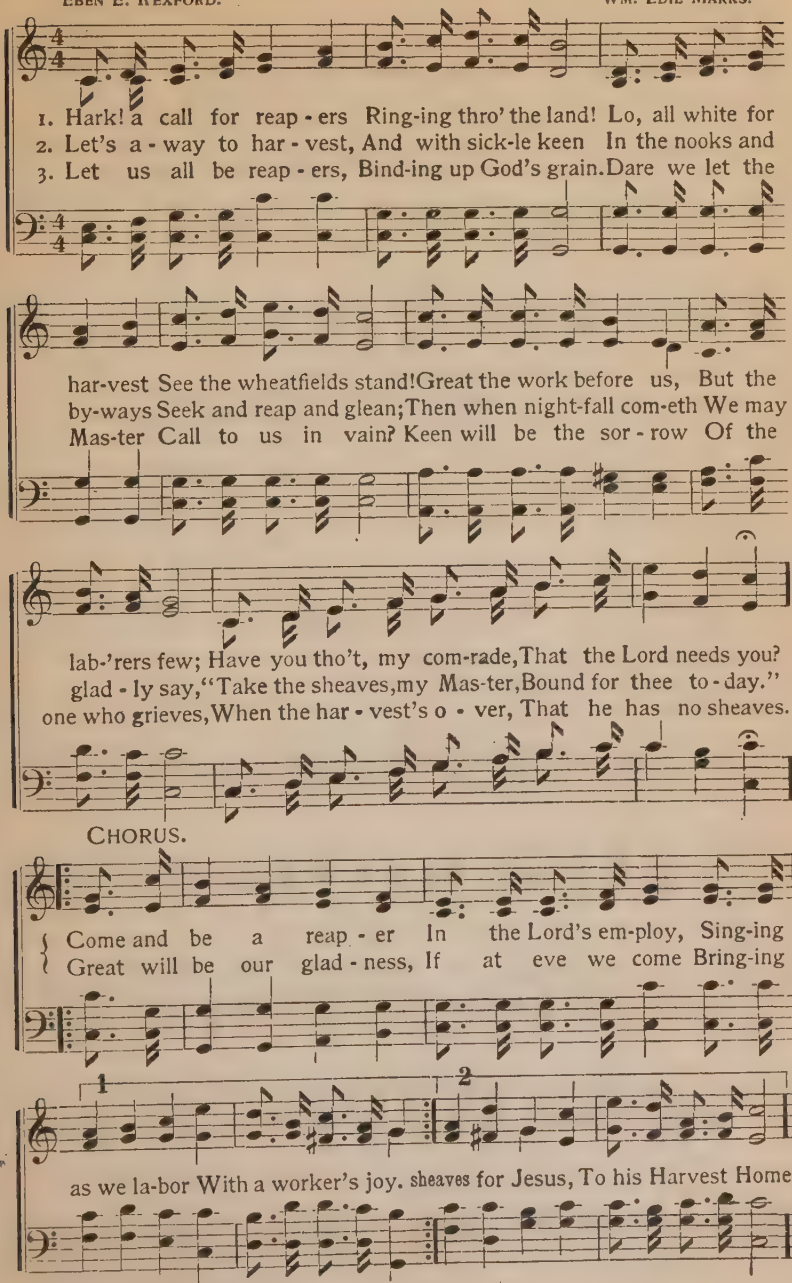
Reapers are Wanted.

EBEN E. REXFORD. WM. EDIE MARKS.


1. Hark! a call for reap - ers Ring-ing thro' the land! Lo, all white for
2. Let's a - way to har - vest, And with sick-le keen In the nooks and
3. Let us all be reap - ers, Bind-ing up God's grain. Dare we let the
har-vest See the wheatfields stand! Great the work before us, But the
by-ways Seek and reap and glean; Then when night-fall com-eth We may
Mas-ter Call to us in vain? Keen will be the sor - row Of the
lab-'rers few; Have you tho't, my com-rade, That the Lord needs you?
glad - ly say, "Take the sheaves, my Mas-ter, Bound for thee to - day."
one who grieves, When the har - vest's o - ver, That he has no sheaves.
CHORUS.
Come and be a reap - er In the Lord's em-ploy, Sing-ing
Great will be our glad - ness, If at eve we come Bring-ing
1
2
as we la-bor With a worker's joy. sheaves for Jesus, To his Harvest Home.

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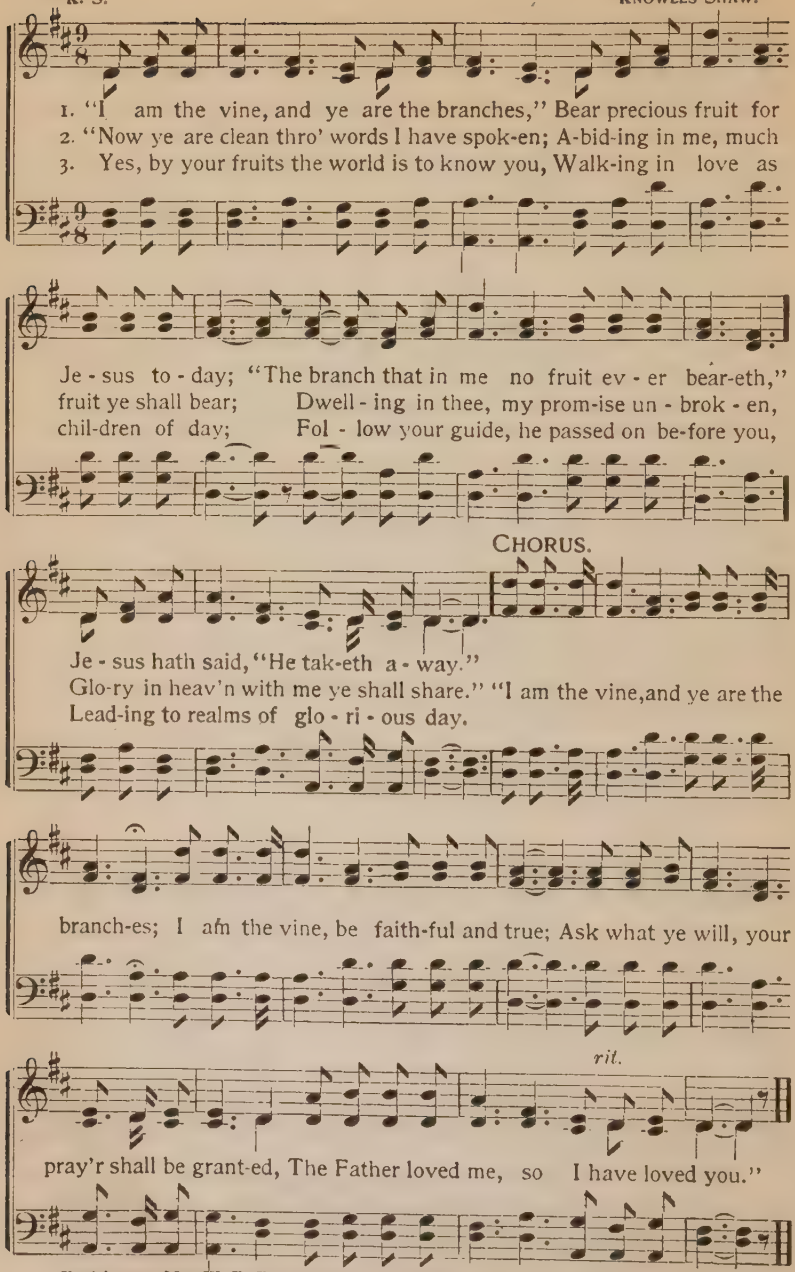
"I Am the Vine."

K. S. KNOWLES SHAW.


1. "I am the vine, and ye are the branches," Bear precious fruit for
2. "Now ye are clean thro' words I have spok-en; A-bid-ing in me, much
3. Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you, Walk-ing in love as
Je - sus to - day; "The branch that in me no fruit ev - er bear-eth,"
fruit ye shall bear; Dwell - ing in thee, my prom-ise un - brok - en,
chil-dren of day; Fol - low your guide, he passed on be-fore you,
CHORUS.
Je - sus hath said, "He tak-eth a - way."
Glo-ry in heav'n with me ye shall share." "I am the vine, and ye are the
Lead-ing to realms of glo - ri - ous day.
branch-es; I am the vine, be faith-ful and true; Ask what ye will, your
rit.
pray'r shall be grant-ed, The Father loved me, so I have loved you."

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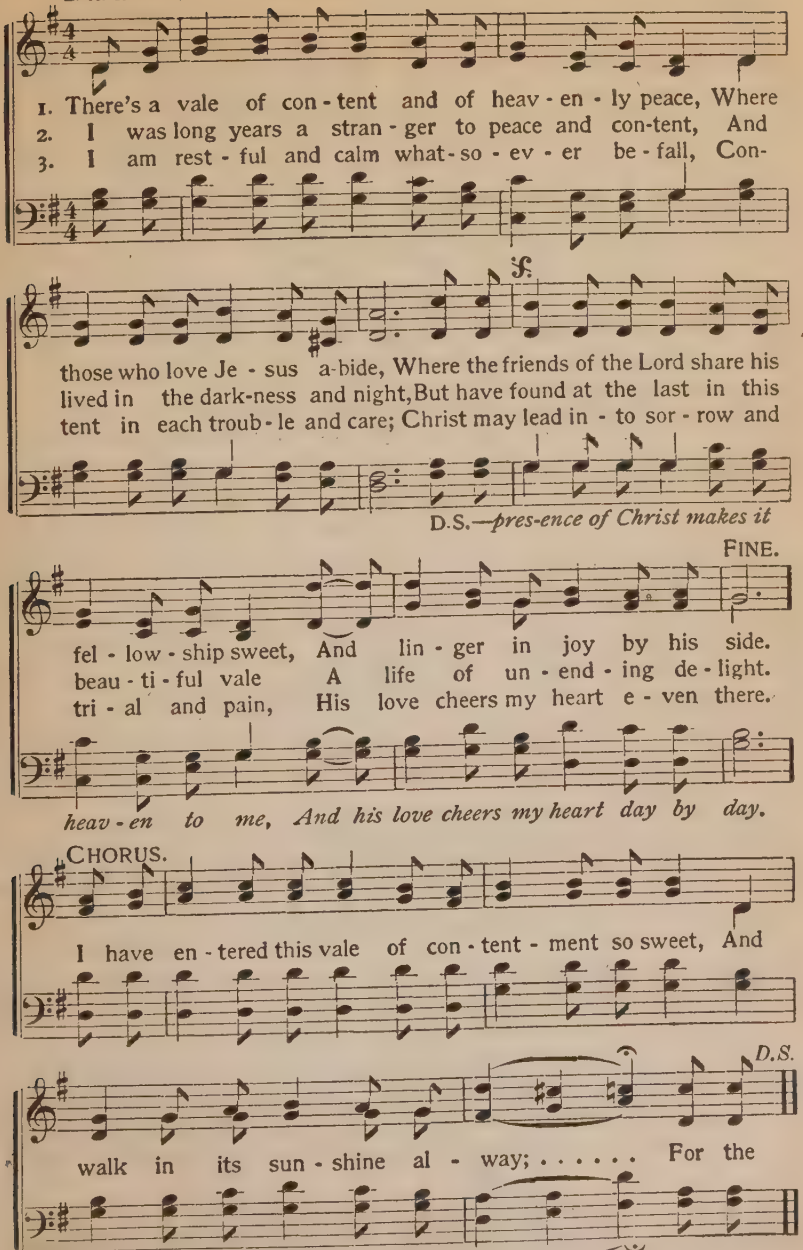
The Vale of Content.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. There's a vale of con - tent and of heav - en - ly peace, Where
2. I was long years a stran - ger to peace and con-tent, And
3. I am rest - ful and calm what-so - ev - er be - fall, Con-
those who love Je - sus a-bide, Where the friends of the Lord share his
lived in the dark-ness and night, But have found at the last in this
tent in each troub - le and care; Christ may lead in - to sor - row and
D.S.—pres-ence of Christ makes it
FINE.
fel - low - ship sweet, And lin - ger in joy by his side.
beau - ti - ful vale A life of un - end - ing de - light.
tri - al and pain, His love cheers my heart e - ven there.
heav - en to me, And his love cheers my heart day by day.
CHORUS.
I have en - tered this vale of con - tent - ment so sweet, And
D.S.
walk in its sun - shine al - way; . . . . . For the

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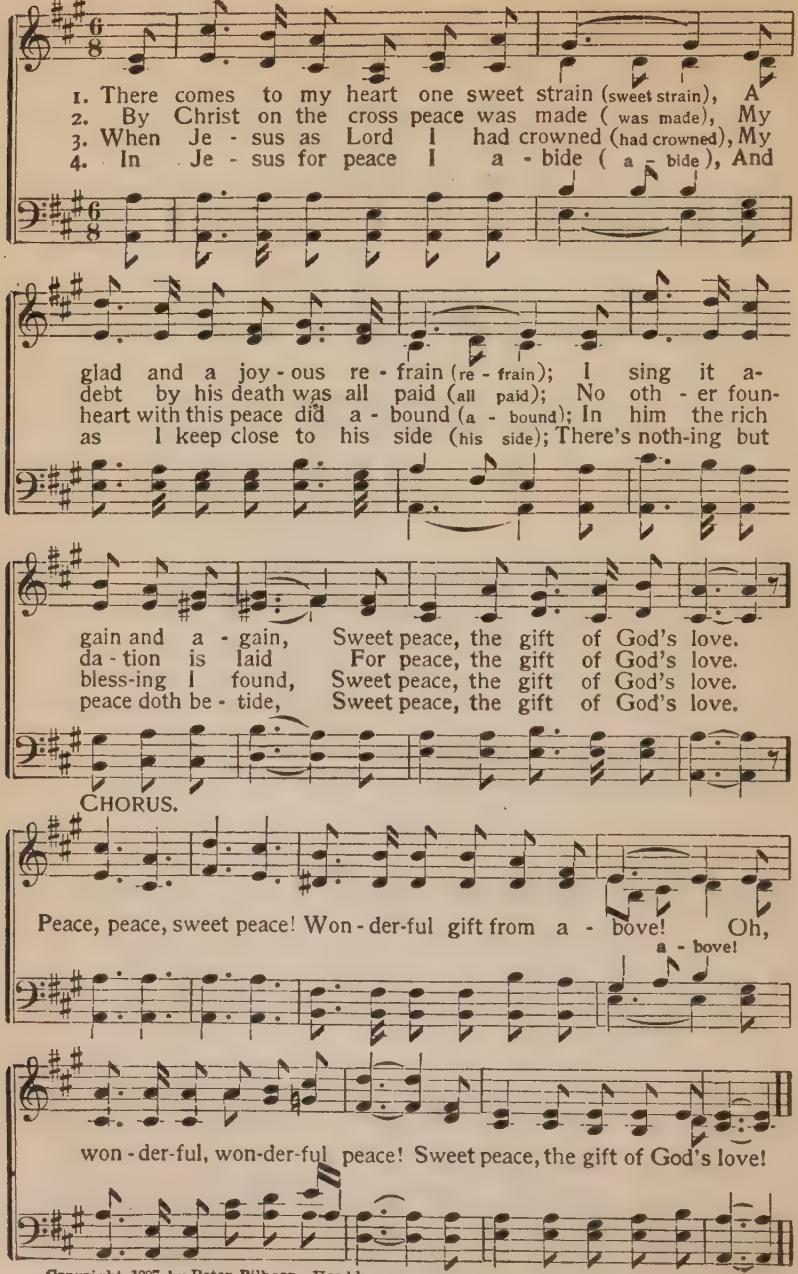
102 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain), A
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made (was made), My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned (had crowned), My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide (a - bide), And
glad and a joy - ous re - frain (re - frain); I sing it a-
debt by his death was all paid (all paid); No oth - er foun-
heart with this peace did a - bound (a - bound); In him the rich
as I keep close to his side (his side); There's noth-ing but
gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
bless-ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
CHORUS.
Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der-ful gift from a - bove! Oh,
a - bove!
won - der-ful, won-der-ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

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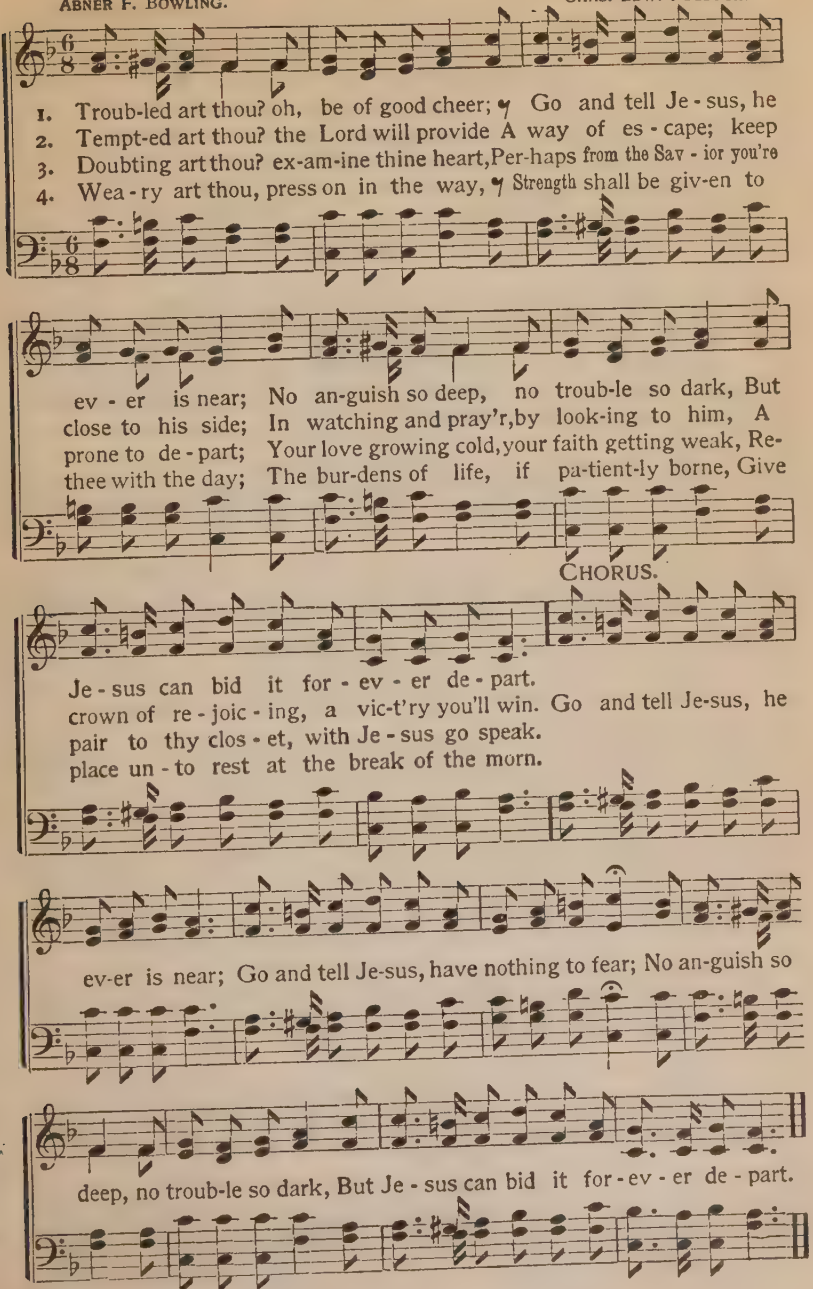
Go and Tell Jesus.

ABNER F. BOWLING. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


1. Troub-led art thou? oh, be of good cheer; Go and tell Je - sus, he
2. Tempt-ed art thou? the Lord will provide A way of es - cape; keep
3. Doubting art thou? ex-am-ine thine heart, Per-haps from the Sav - ior you're
4. Wea - ry art thou, press on in the way, Strength shall be giv-en to
ev - er is near; No an-guish so deep, no troub-le so dark, But
close to his side; In watching and pray'r, by look-ing to him, A
prone to de - part; Your love growing cold, your faith getting weak, Re-
thee with the day; The bur-dens of life, if pa-tient-ly borne, Give
CHORUS.
Je - sus can bid it for - ev - er de - part.
crown of re - joic - ing, a vic-t'ry you'll win. Go and tell Je-sus, he
pair to thy clos - et, with Je - sus go speak.
place un - to rest at the break of the morn.
ev-er is near; Go and tell Je-sus, have nothing to fear; No an-guish so
deep, no troub-le so dark, But Je - sus can bid it for - ev - er de - part.

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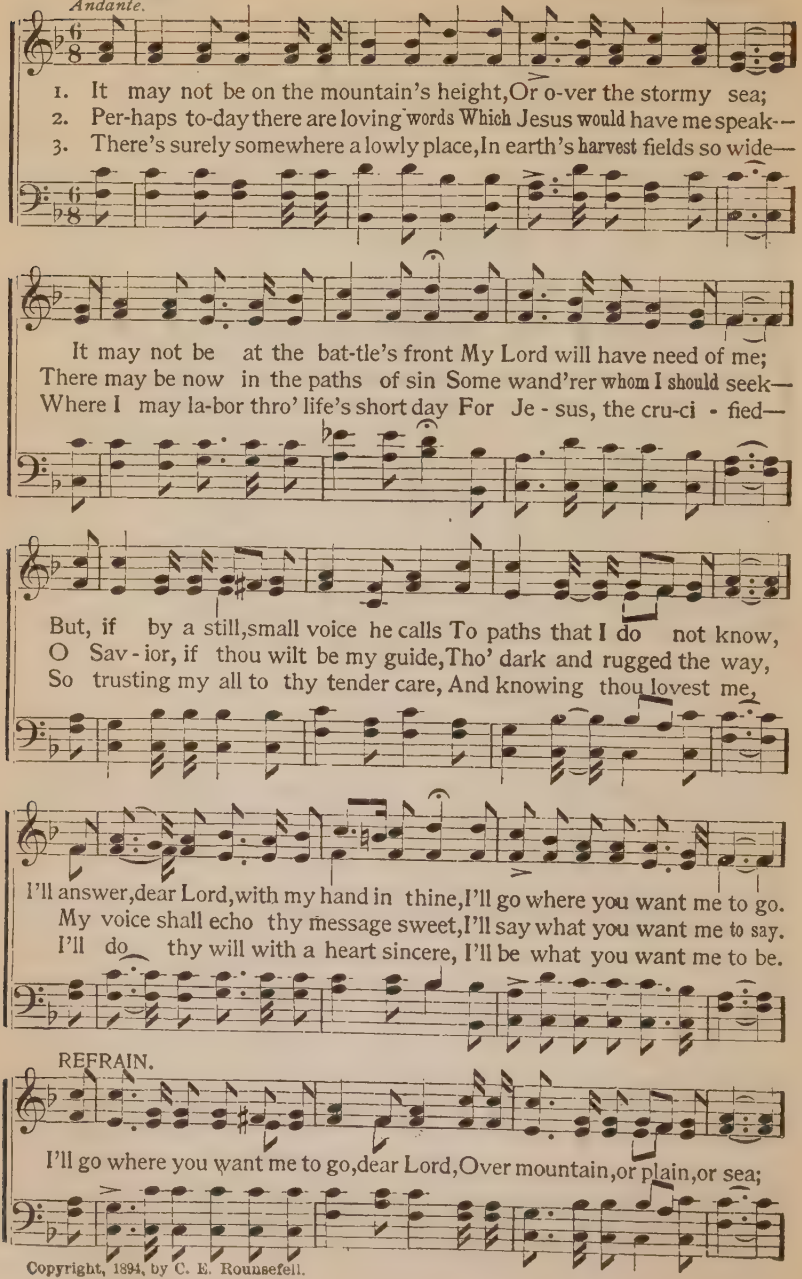
104 I'll Go where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the stormy sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak--
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—
It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the cru-ci - fied—
But, if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to thy tender care, And knowing thou lovest me,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.
REFRAIN.
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

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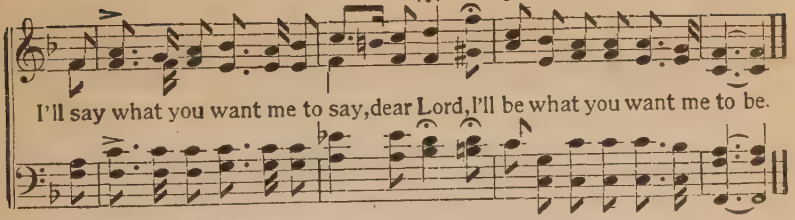
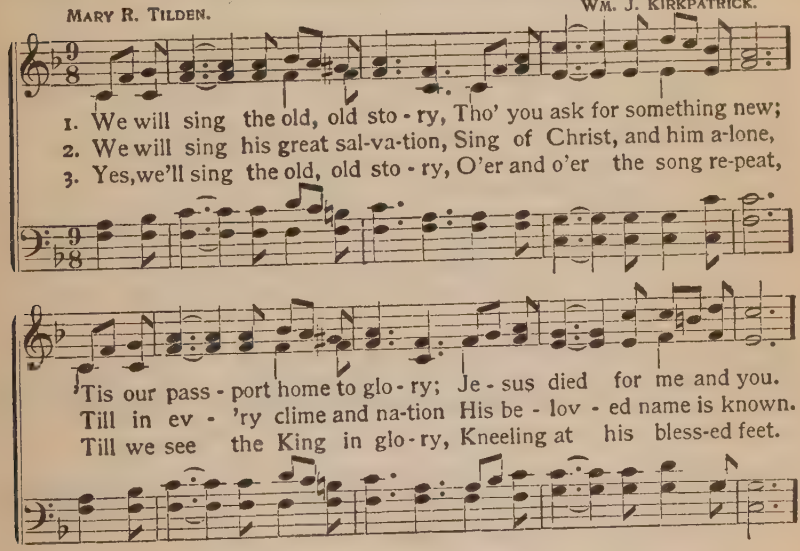
I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

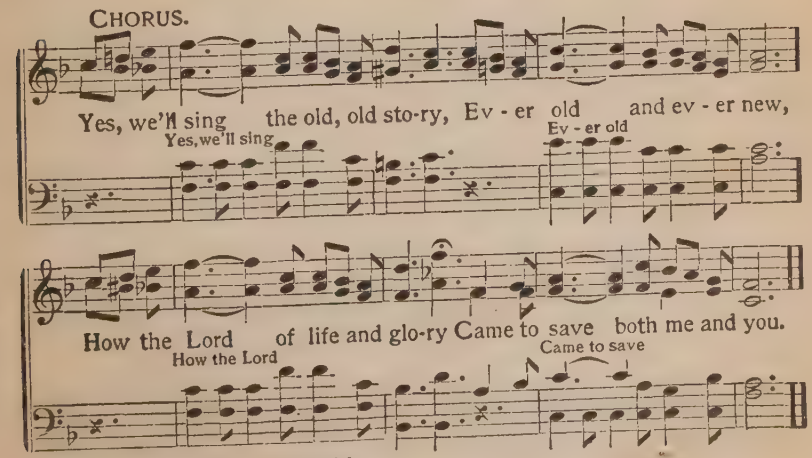


105 We Will Sing the Old, Old Story.

MARY R. TILDEN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. We will sing the old, old sto - ry, Tho' you ask for something new;
2. We will sing his great sal-va-tion, Sing of Christ, and him a-lone,
3. Yes, we'll sing the old, old sto - ry, O'er and o'er the song re-peat,
'Tis our pass - port home to glo - ry; Je - sus died for me and you.
Till in ev - 'ry clime and na-tion His be - lov - ed name is known.
Till we see the King in glo - ry, Kneeling at his bless-ed feet.

CHORUS.


Yes, we'll sing the old, old sto-ry, Ev - er old and ev - er new,
Yes, we'll sing
Ev - er old
How the Lord of life and glo-ry Came to save both me and you.
How the Lord
Came to save

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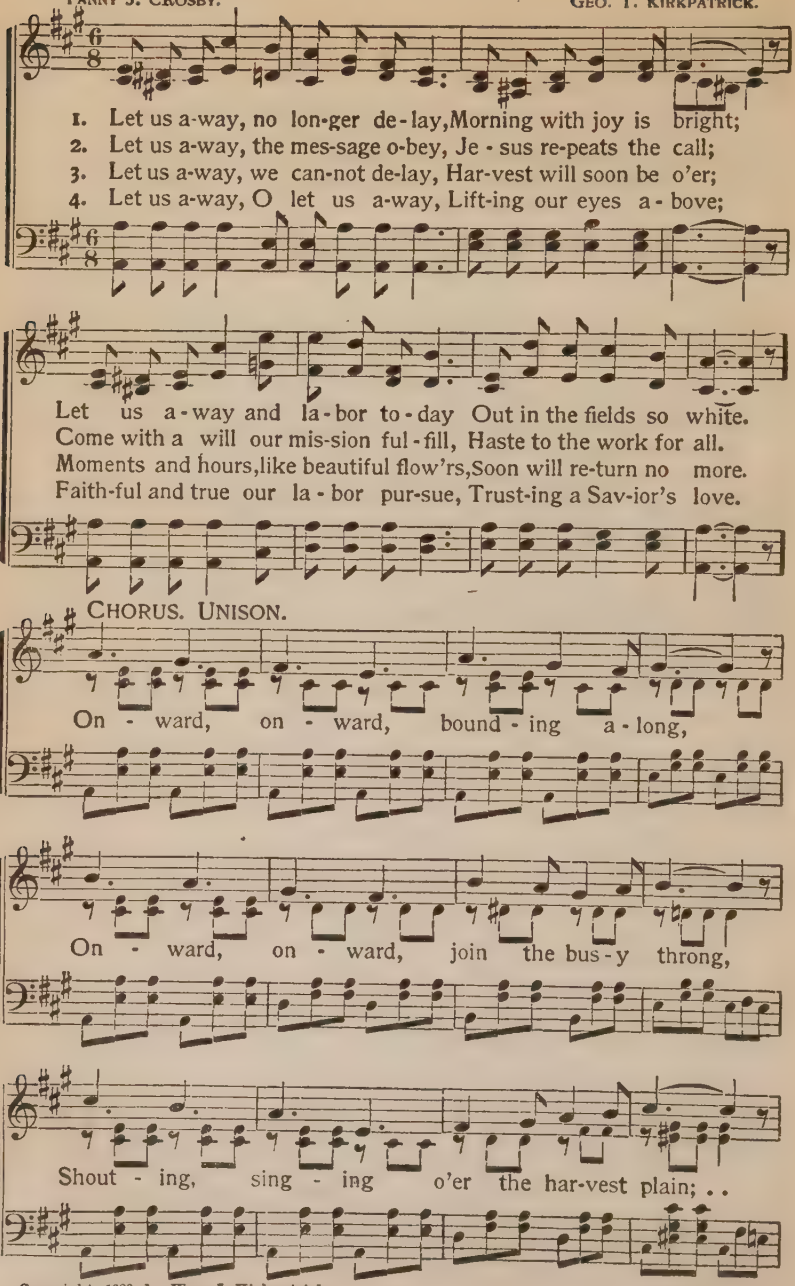
Let Us Away.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Let us a-way, no lon-ger de-lay, Morning with joy is bright;
2. Let us a-way, the mes-sage o-bey, Je-sus re-peats the call;
3. Let us a-way, we can-not de-lay, Har-vest will soon be o'er;
4. Let us a-way, O let us a-way, Lift-ing our eyes a-bove;
Let us a-way and la-bor to-day Out in the fields so white.
Come with a will our mis-sion ful-fill, Haste to the work for all.
Moments and hours, like beautiful flow'rs, Soon will re-turn no more.
Faith-ful and true our la-bor pur-sue, Trust-ing a Sav-ior's love.
CHORUS. UNISON.
On - ward, on - ward, bound - ing a - long,
On - ward, on - ward, join the bus-y throng,
Shout - ing, sing - ing o'er the har-vest plain; . .

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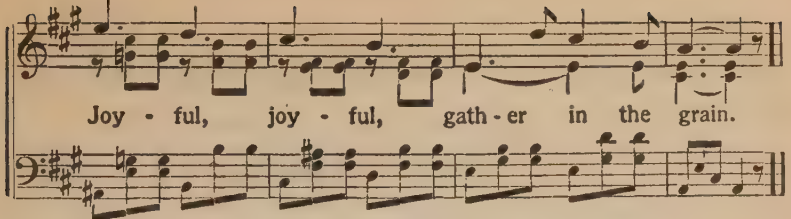
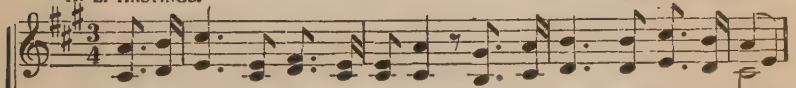
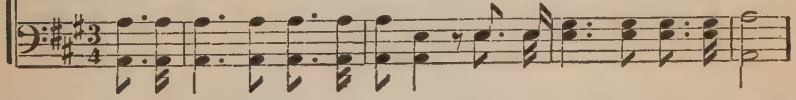
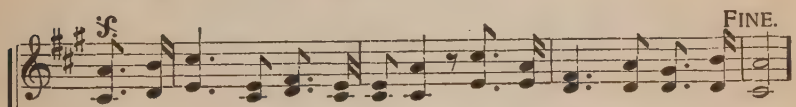
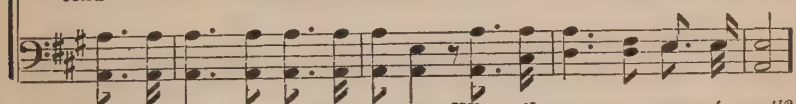
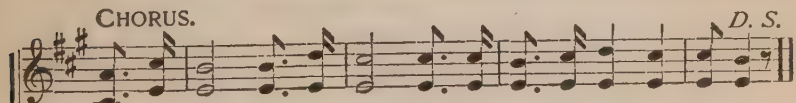
Let Us Away.

107 Shall We Meet.

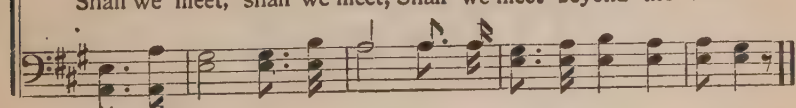
H. L. HASTINGS. ELISHA S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll,
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine,
4. Where the mu-sic of the ransom'd Rolls its har - mo - ny a-round,



Where, in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the bright ce - les-tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di - vine?
And cre - a - tion swells the chorus With its sweet mel-o-dious sound?

D.S.–*Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?*

CHORUS. *D. S.*



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv-er?

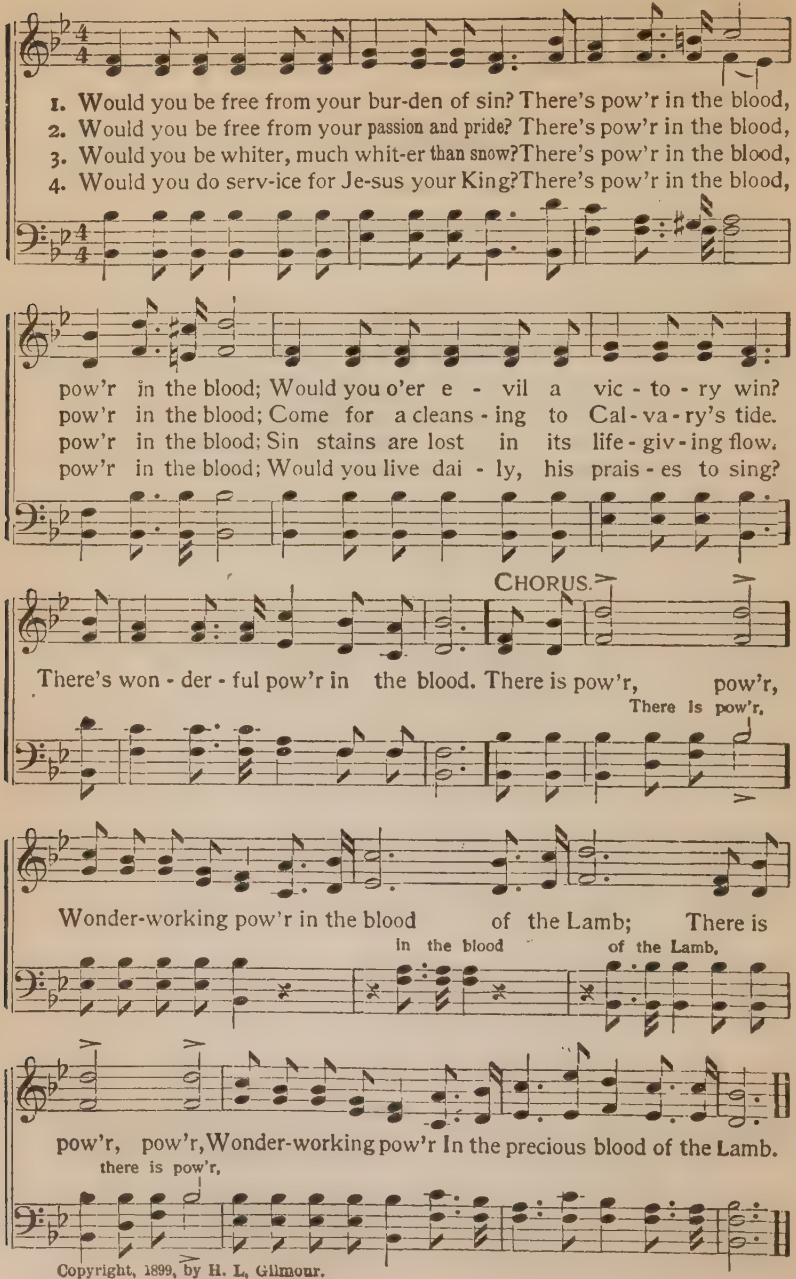


5 Shall we meet there many lov'd ones
Who were torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Savior,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

Used by per.

There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide.
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow.
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, his prais - es to sing?
CHORUS.
There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,
Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood of the Lamb,
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

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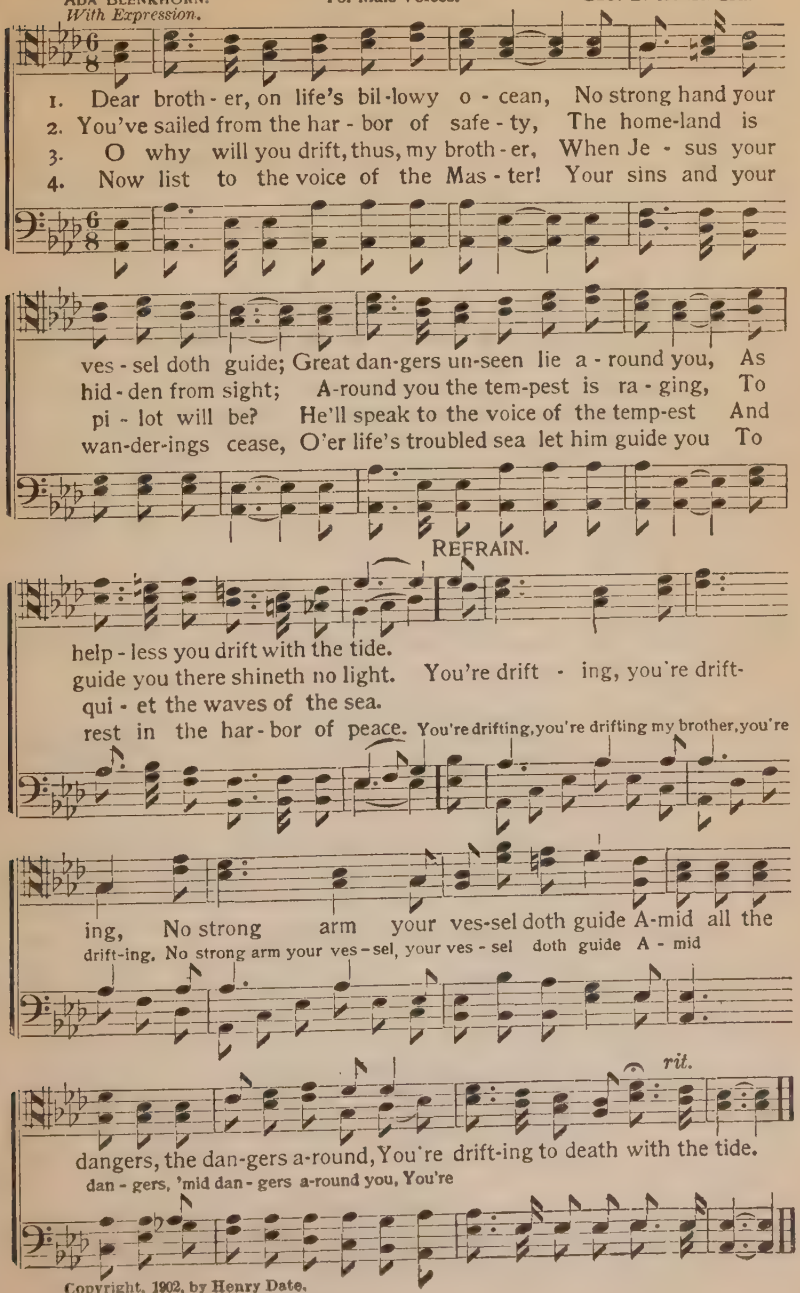
Drifting With the Tide.

ADA BLENKHORN. *With Expression.* For Male Voices. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.


1. Dear broth - er, on life's bil - lowy o - cean, No strong hand your
2. You've sailed from the har - bor of safe - ty, The home-land is
3. O why will you drift, thus, my broth - er, When Je - sus your
4. Now list to the voice of the Mas - ter! Your sins and your
ves - sel doth guide; Great dan-gers un-seen lie a - round you, As
hid - den from sight; A-round you the tem-pest is ra - ging, To
pi - lot will be? He'll speak to the voice of the temp-est And
wan-der-ings cease, O'er life's troubled sea let him guide you To
REFRAIN.
help - less you drift with the tide.
guide you there shineth no light. You're drift - ing, you're drift-
qui - et the waves of the sea.
rest in the har - bor of peace. You're drifting, you're drifting my brother, you're
ing, No strong arm your ves-sel doth guide A-mid all the
drift-ing. No strong arm your ves - sel, your ves - sel doth guide A - mid
rit.
dangers, the dan-gers a-round, You're drift-ing to death with the tide.
dan - gers, 'mid dan - gers a-round you, You're

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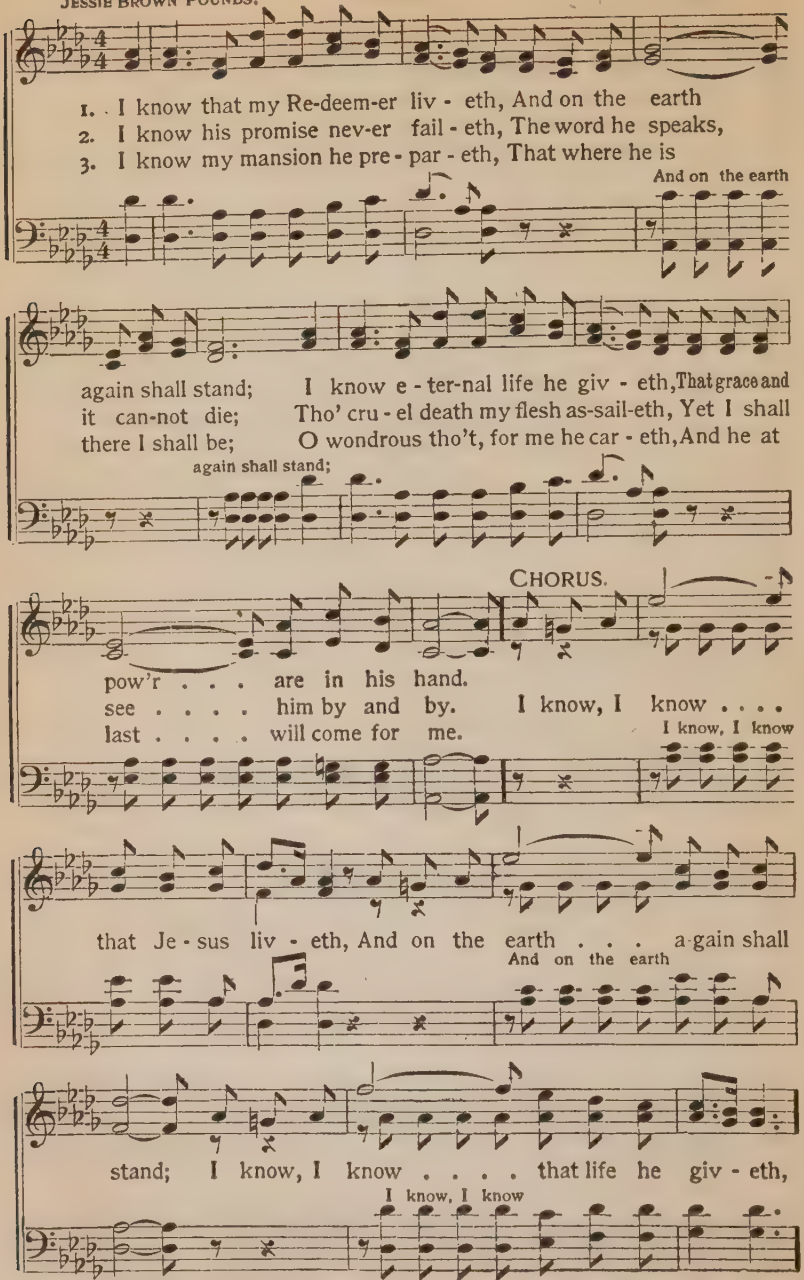
I Know that My Redeemer.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.


1. I know that my Re-deem-er liv - eth, And on the earth
2. I know his promise nev-er fail - eth, The word he speaks,
3. I know my mansion he pre - par - eth, That where he is
And on the earth
again shall stand; I know e - ter-nal life he giv - eth, That grace and
it can-not die; Tho' cru - el death my flesh as-sail-eth, Yet I shall
there I shall be; O wondrous tho't, for me he car - eth, And he at
again shall stand;
CHORUS.
pow'r . . . are in his hand.
see . . . . him by and by. I know, I know . . . .
last . . . . will come for me.
I know, I know
that Je - sus liv - eth, And on the earth . . . a-gain shall
And on the earth
stand; I know, I know . . . . that life he giv - eth,
I know, I know

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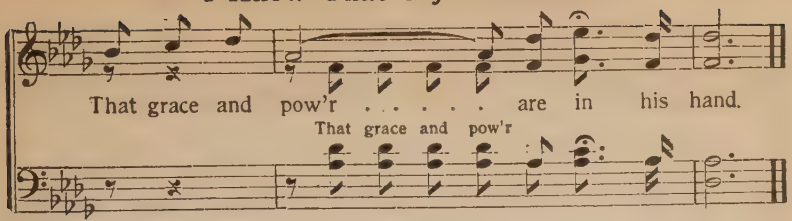
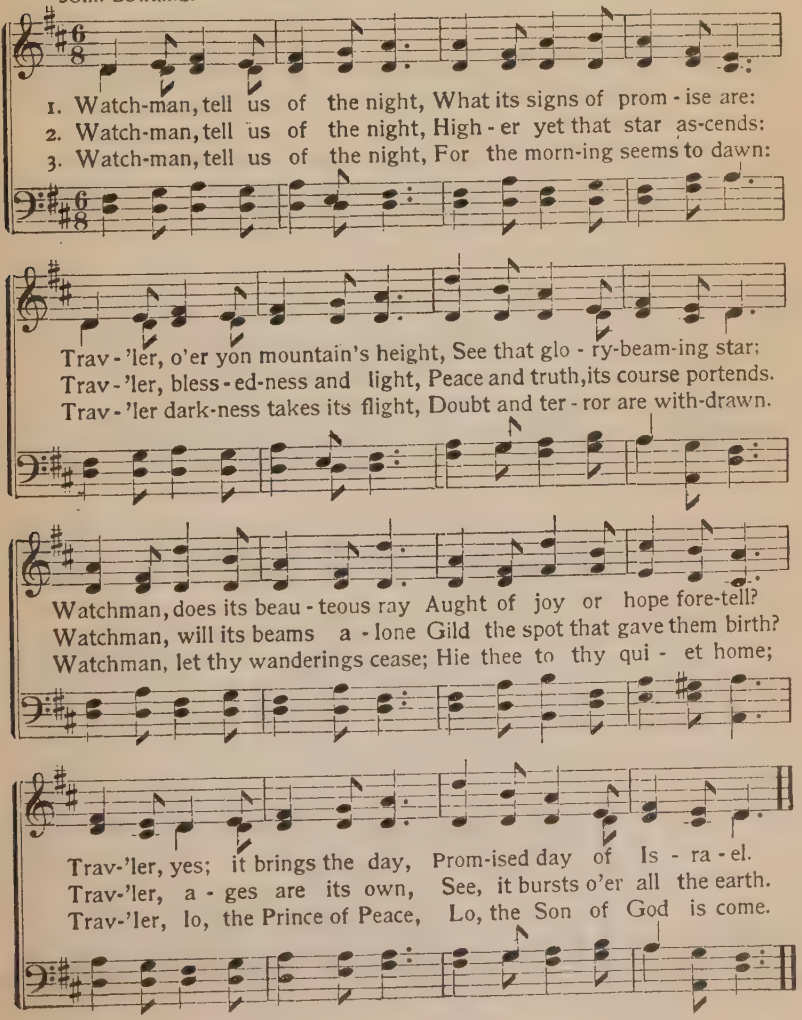
I Know That My Redeemer.



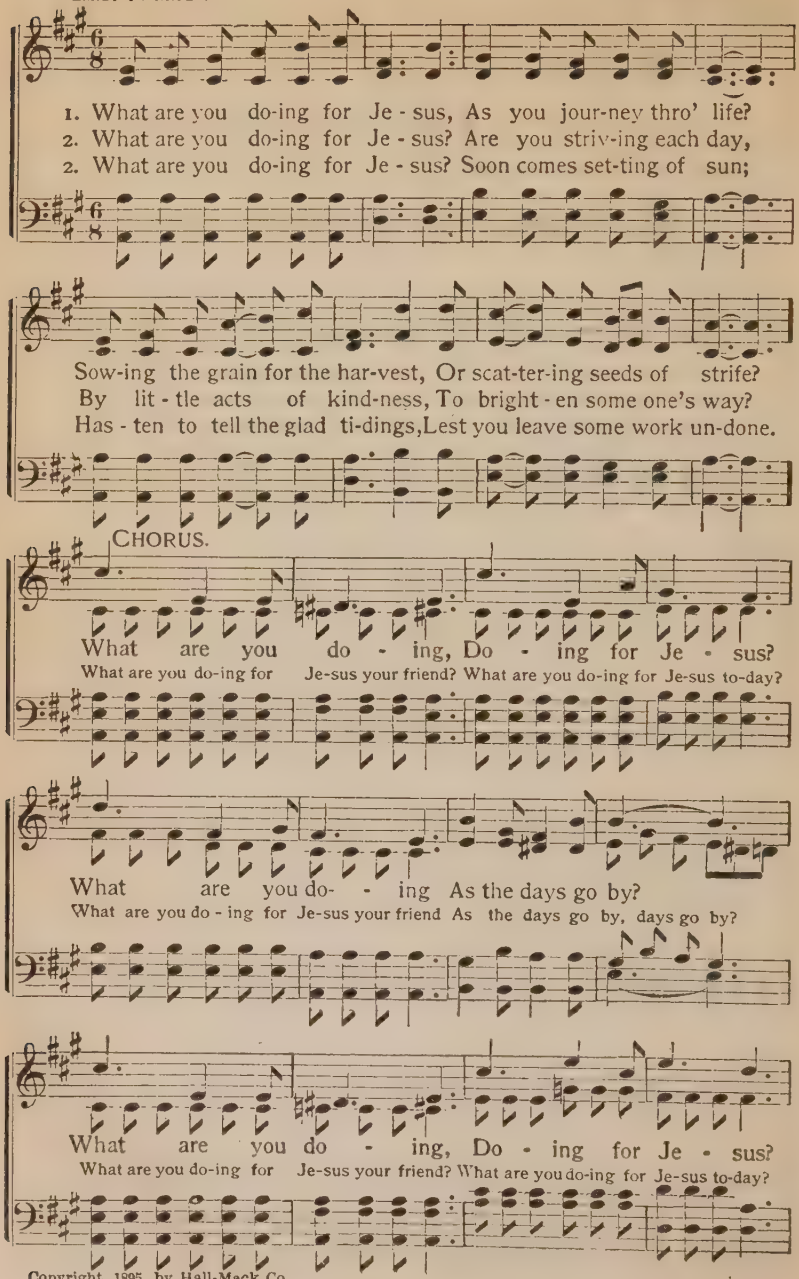
111 Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

JOHN BOWRING. LOWELL MASON.


1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are:
2. Watch-man, tell us of the night, High - er yet that star as-cends:
3. Watch-man, tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn:
Trav - 'ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry-beam-ing star;
Trav - 'ler, bless - ed-ness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends.
Trav - 'ler dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are with-drawn.
Watchman, does its beau - teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?
Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home;
Trav-'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.
Trav-'ler, a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav-'ler, lo, the Prince of Peace, Lo, the Son of God is come.

112 What are You Doing for Jesus?

EMILY P. MILLER. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. What are you do-ing for Je - sus, As you jour-ney thro' life?
2. What are you do-ing for Je - sus? Are you striv-ing each day,
2. What are you do-ing for Je - sus? Soon comes set-ting of sun;
Sow-ing the grain for the har-vest, Or scat-ter-ing seeds of strife?
By lit - tle acts of kind-ness, To bright - en some one's way?
Has - ten to tell the glad ti-dings, Lest you leave some work un-done.
CHORUS.
What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - sus?
What are you do-ing for Je-sus your friend? What are you do-ing for Je-sus to-day?
What are you do- - ing As the days go by?
What are you do - ing for Je-sus your friend As the days go by, days go by?
What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - sus?
What are you do-ing for Je-sus your friend? What are you do-ing for Je-sus to-day?

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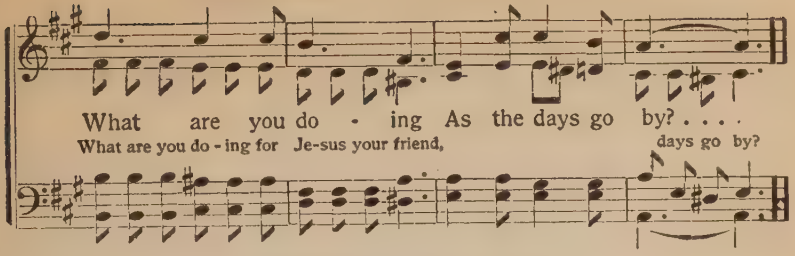
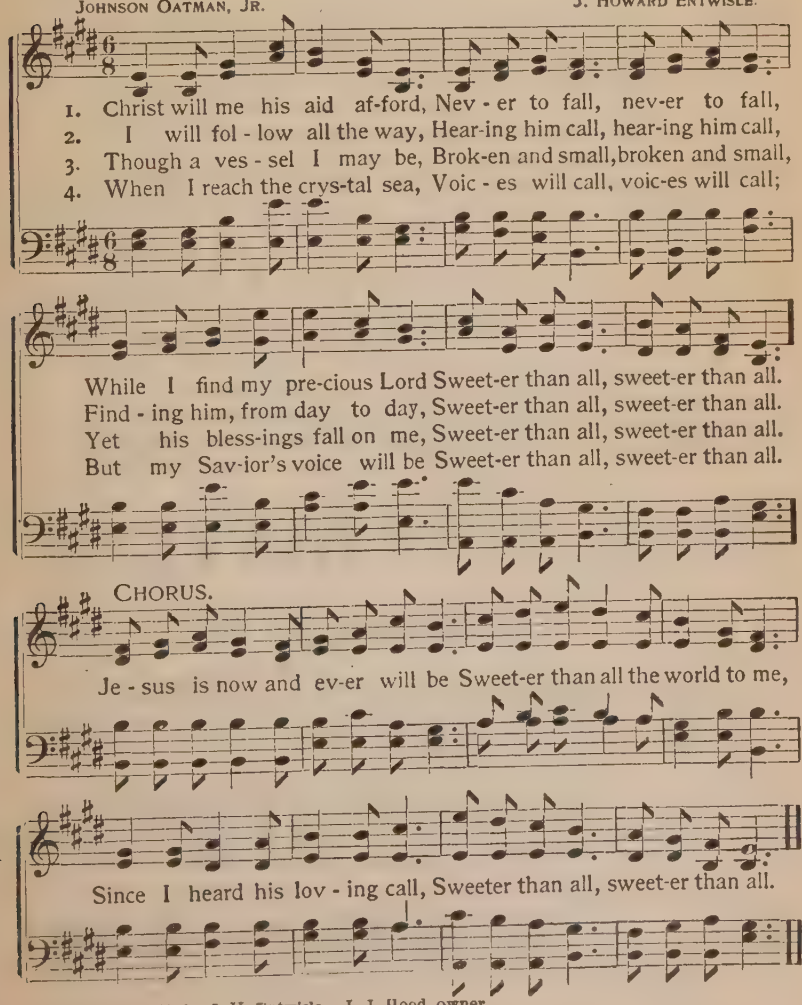
What are You Doing for Jesus?



113 Sweeter Than All.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.


1. Christ will me his aid af-ford, Nev - er to fall, nev-er to fall,
2. I will fol - low all the way, Hear-ing him call, hear-ing him call,
3. Though a ves - sel I may be, Brok-en and small, broken and small,
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voic - es will call, voic-es will call;
While I find my pre-cious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Find - ing him, from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Yet his bless-ings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
But my Sav-ior's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
CHORUS.
Je - sus is now and ev-er will be Sweet-er than all the world to me,
Since I heard his lov - ing call, Sweeter than all, sweet-er than all.

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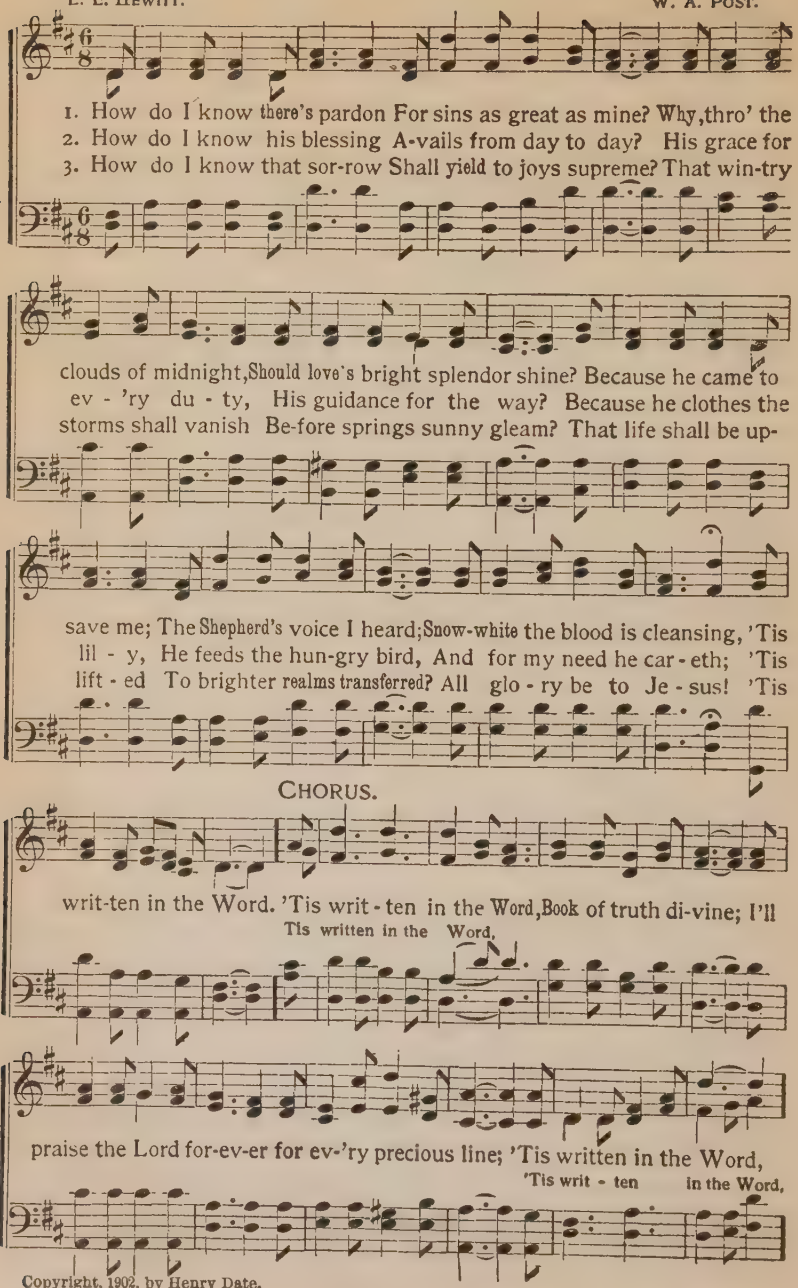
'Tis Written in the Word.

E. E. HEWITT. W. A. POST.


1. How do I know there's pardon For sins as great as mine? Why, thro' the
2. How do I know his blessing A-vails from day to day? His grace for
3. How do I know that sor-row Shall yield to joys supreme? That win-try
clouds of midnight, Should love's bright splendor shine? Because he came to
ev - 'ry du - ty, His guidance for the way? Because he clothes the
storms shall vanish Be-fore springs sunny gleam? That life shall be up-
save me; The Shepherd's voice I heard; Snow-white the blood is cleansing, 'Tis
lil - y, He feeds the hun-gry bird, And for my need he car - eth; 'Tis
lift - ed To brighter realms transferred? All glo - ry be to Je - sus! 'Tis
CHORUS.
writ-ten in the Word. 'Tis writ - ten in the Word, Book of truth di-vine; I'll
'Tis written in the Word.
praise the Lord for-ev-er for ev-'ry precious line; 'Tis written in the Word,
'Tis writ - ten in the Word.

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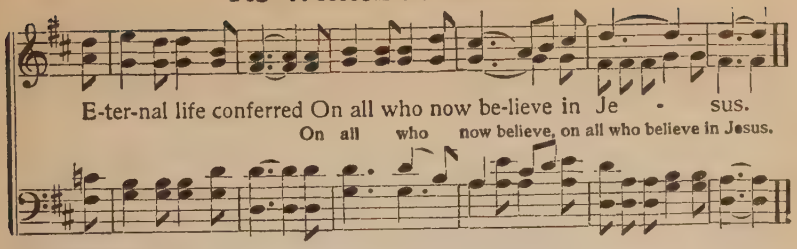
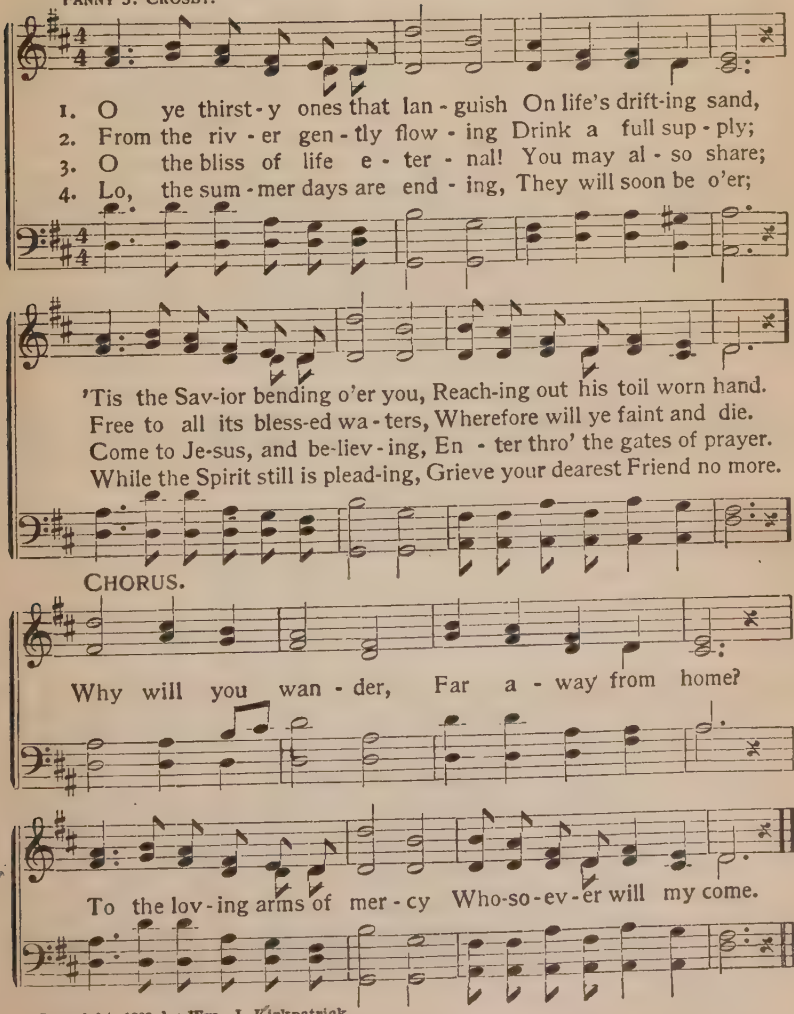
'Tis Written in the Word



115 Whosoever Will May Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.


1. O ye thirst-y ones that lan-guish On life's drift-ing sand,
2. From the riv-er gen-tly flow-ing Drink a full sup-ply;
3. O the bliss of life e-ter-nal! You may al-so share;
4. Lo, the sum-mer days are end-ing, They will soon be o'er;
'Tis the Sav-ior bending o'er you, Reach-ing out his toil worn hand.
Free to all its bless-ed wa-ters, Wherefore will ye faint and die.
Come to Je-sus, and be-liev-ing, En-ter thro' the gates of prayer.
While the Spirit still is plead-ing, Grieve your dearest Friend no more.
CHORUS.
Why will you wan-der, Far a-way from home?
To the lov-ing arms of mer-cy Who-so-ev-er will my come.

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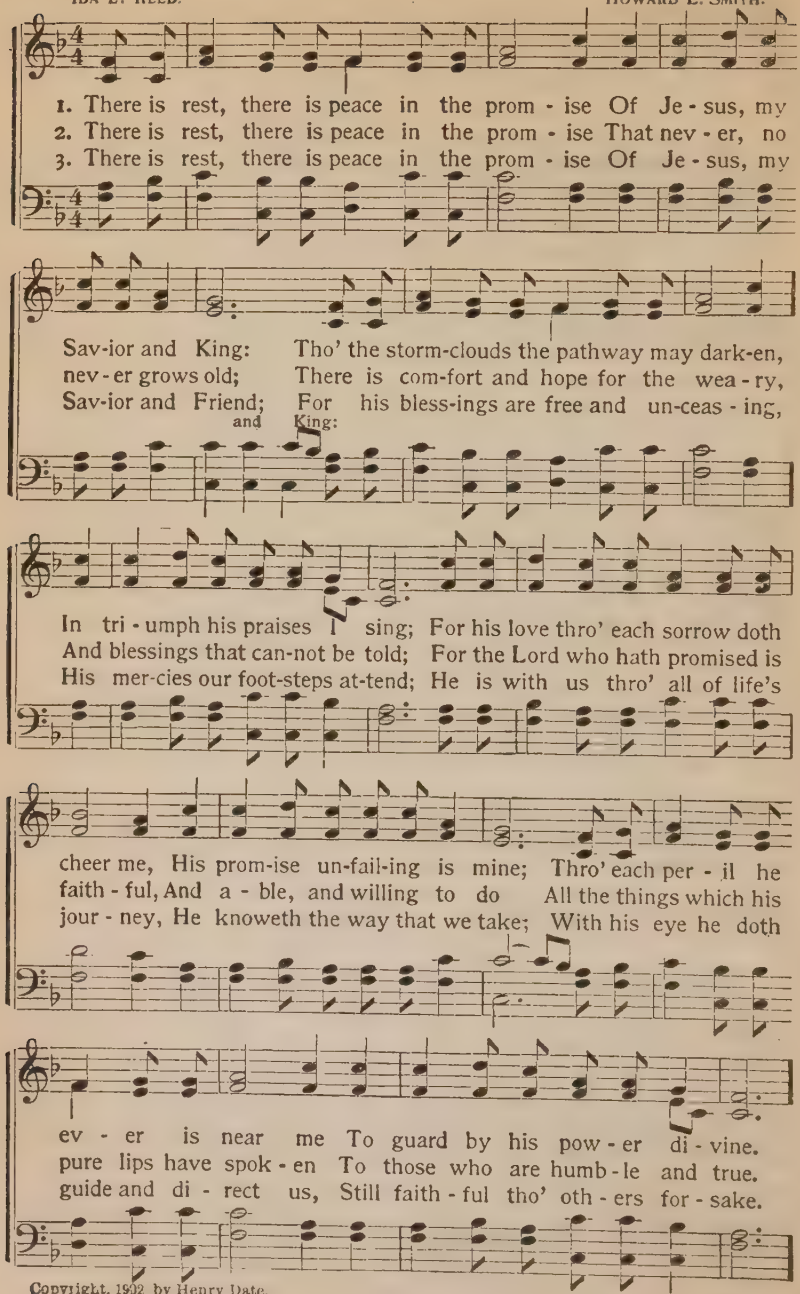
Rest in the Promise.

IDA L. REED. HOWARD E. SMITH.


1. There is rest, there is peace in the prom - ise Of Je - sus, my
2. There is rest, there is peace in the prom - ise That nev - er, no
3. There is rest, there is peace in the prom - ise Of Je - sus, my
Sav-ior and King: Tho' the storm-clouds the pathway may dark-en,
nev - er grows old; There is com-fort and hope for the wea - ry,
Sav-ior and Friend; For his bless-ings are free and un-ceas - ing,
and King:
In tri - umph his praises I sing; For his love thro' each sorrow doth
And blessings that can-not be told; For the Lord who hath promised is
His mer-cies our foot-steps at-tend; He is with us thro' all of life's
cheer me, His prom-ise un-fail-ing is mine; Thro' each per - il he
faith - ful, And a - ble, and willing to do All the things which his
jour - ney, He knoweth the way that we take; With his eye he doth
ev - er is near me To guard by his pow - er di - vine.
pure lips have spok - en To those who are humb - le and true.
guide and di - rect us, Still faith - ful tho' oth - ers for - sake.

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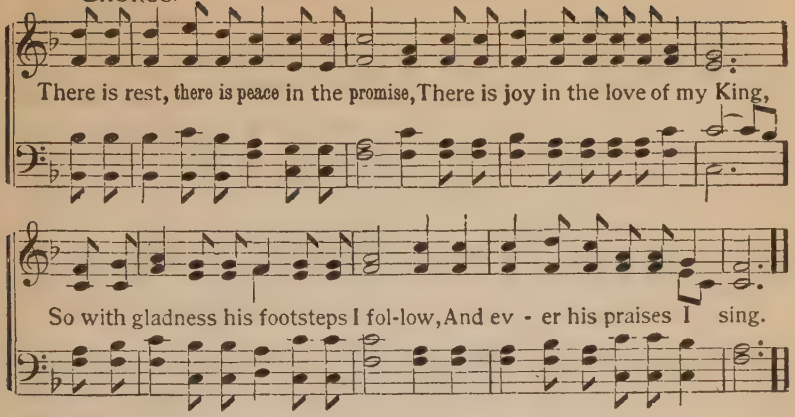
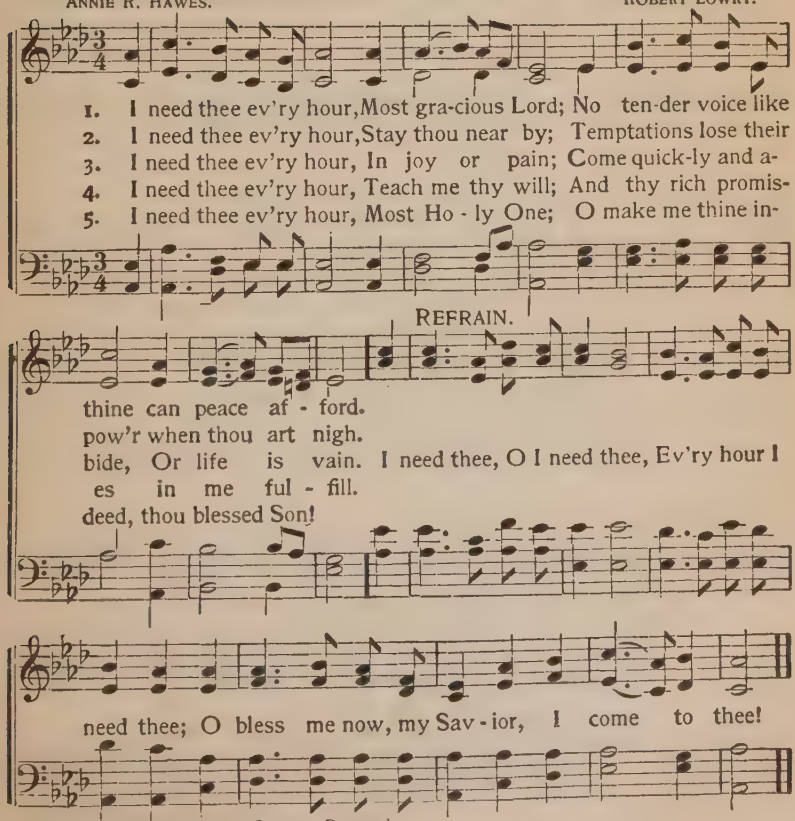
Rest in the Promise.

CHORUS.


There is rest, there is peace in the promise, There is joy in the love of my King,
So with gladness his footsteps I fol-low, And ev - er his praises I sing.

117 I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE R. HAWES. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. I need thee ev'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like thine can peace af - ford.
2. I need thee ev'ry hour, Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r when thou art nigh.
3. I need thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a- bide, Or life is vain.
4. I need thee ev'ry hour, Teach me thy will; And thy rich promis- es in me ful - fill.
5. I need thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me thine in- deed, thou blessed Son!
REFRAIN.
I need thee, O I need thee, Ev'ry hour I need thee; O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to thee!

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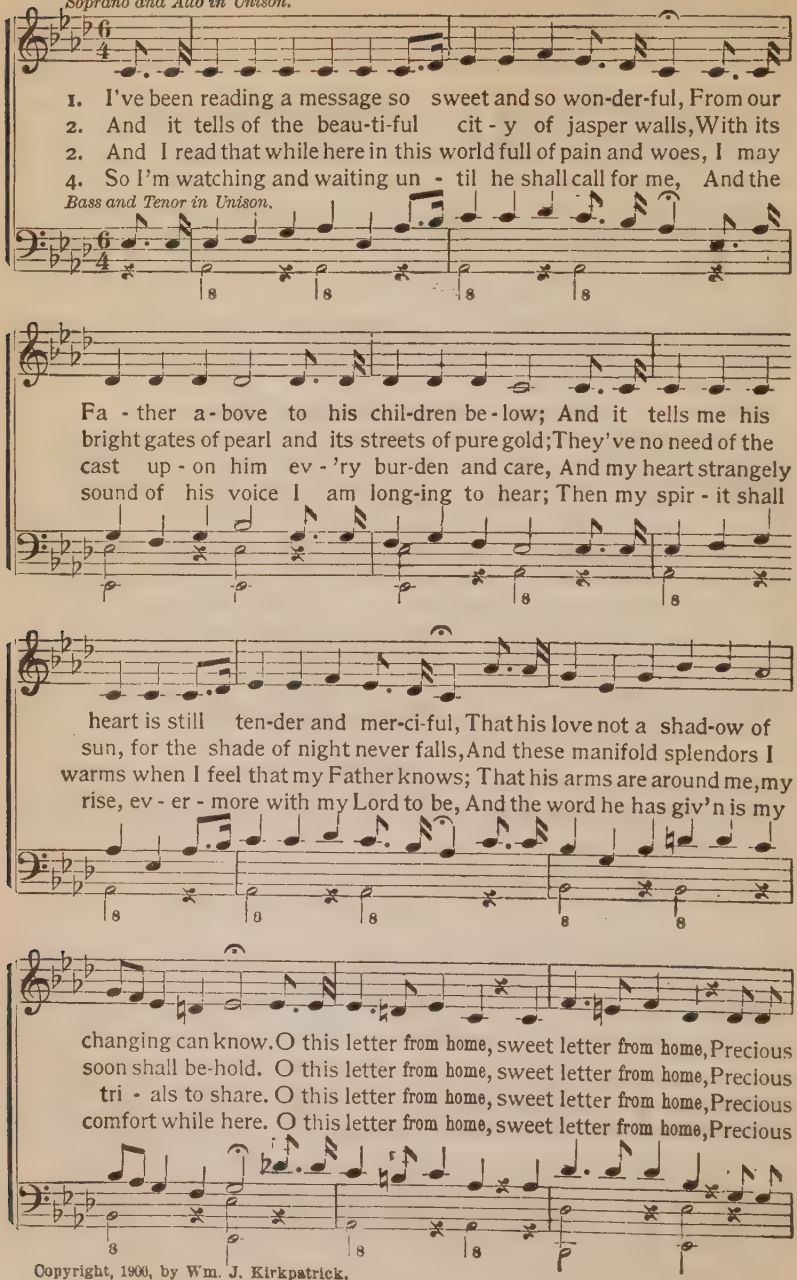
A Letter From Home.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

Soprano and Alto in Unison.


1. I've been reading a message so sweet and so won-der-ful, From our
2. And it tells of the beau-ti-ful cit - y of jasper walls, With its
3. And I read that while here in this world full of pain and woes, I may
4. So I'm watching and waiting un - til he shall call for me, And the
Bass and Tenor in Unison.
Fa - ther a - bove to his chil-dren be - low; And it tells me his
bright gates of pearl and its streets of pure gold; They've no need of the
cast up - on him ev - 'ry bur-den and care, And my heart strangely
sound of his voice I am long-ing to hear; Then my spir - it shall
heart is still ten-der and mer-ci-ful, That his love not a shad-ow of
sun, for the shade of night never falls, And these manifold splendors I
warms when I feel that my Father knows; That his arms are around me, my
rise, ev - er - more with my Lord to be, And the word he has giv'n is my
changing can know. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
soon shall be-hold. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
tri - als to share. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
comfort while here. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious

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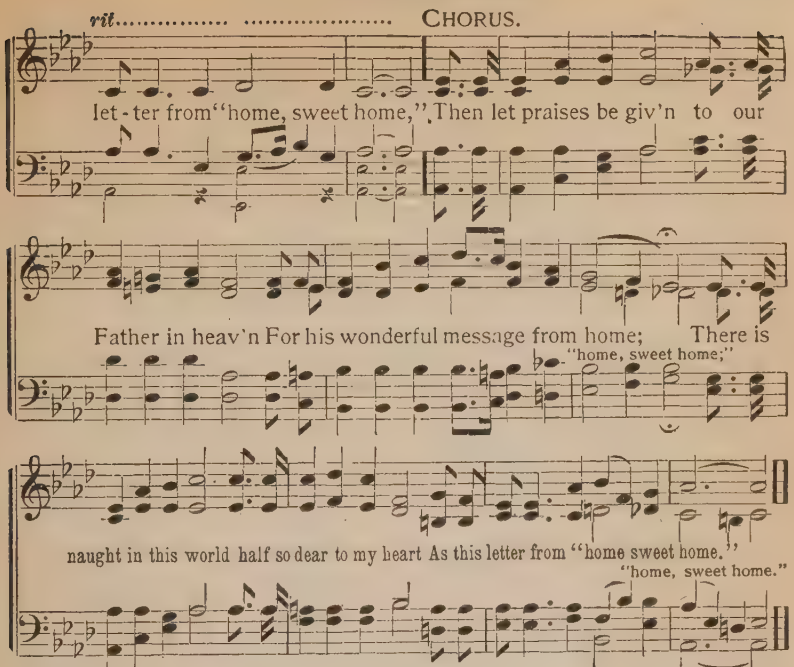
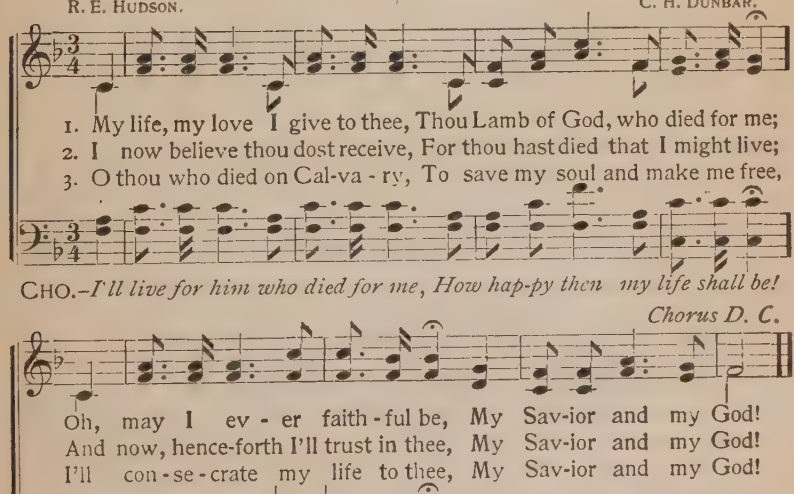
A Letter From Home.


rit.
CHORUS.
let - ter from "home, sweet home," Then let praises be giv'n to our
Father in heav'n For his wonderful message from home; There is
"home, sweet home;"
naught in this world half so dear to my heart As this letter from "home sweet home."
"home, sweet home."

119 I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON. C. H. DUNBAR.


1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. O thou who died on Cal-va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,
CHO.–I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!
Chorus D. C.
Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now, hence-forth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

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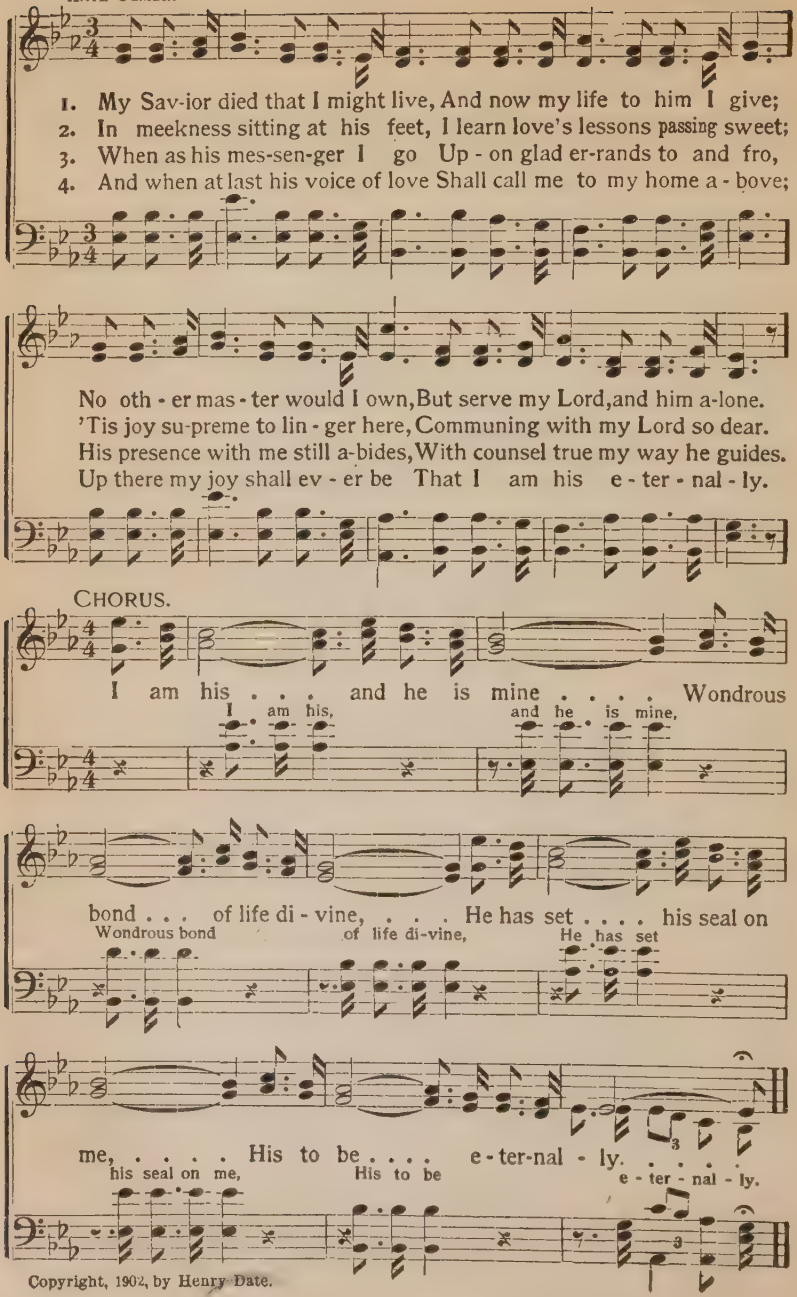
I am His.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.


1. My Sav-ior died that I might live, And now my life to him I give;
2. In meekness sitting at his feet, I learn love's lessons passing sweet;
3. When as his mes-sen-ger I go Up - on glad er-rands to and fro,
4. And when at last his voice of love Shall call me to my home a - bove;
No oth - er mas - ter would I own, But serve my Lord, and him a-lone.
'Tis joy su-preme to lin - ger here, Communing with my Lord so dear.
His presence with me still a-bides, With counsel true my way he guides.
Up there my joy shall ev - er be That I am his e - ter - nal - ly.
CHORUS.
I am his . . . and he is mine . . . . Wondrous
I am his, and he is mine,
bond . . . of life di - vine, . . . He has set . . . . his seal on
Wondrous bond of life di-vine, He has set
me, ... His to be . . . . e-ter-nal - ly. . . . .
his seal on me, His to be e - ter - nal - ly.

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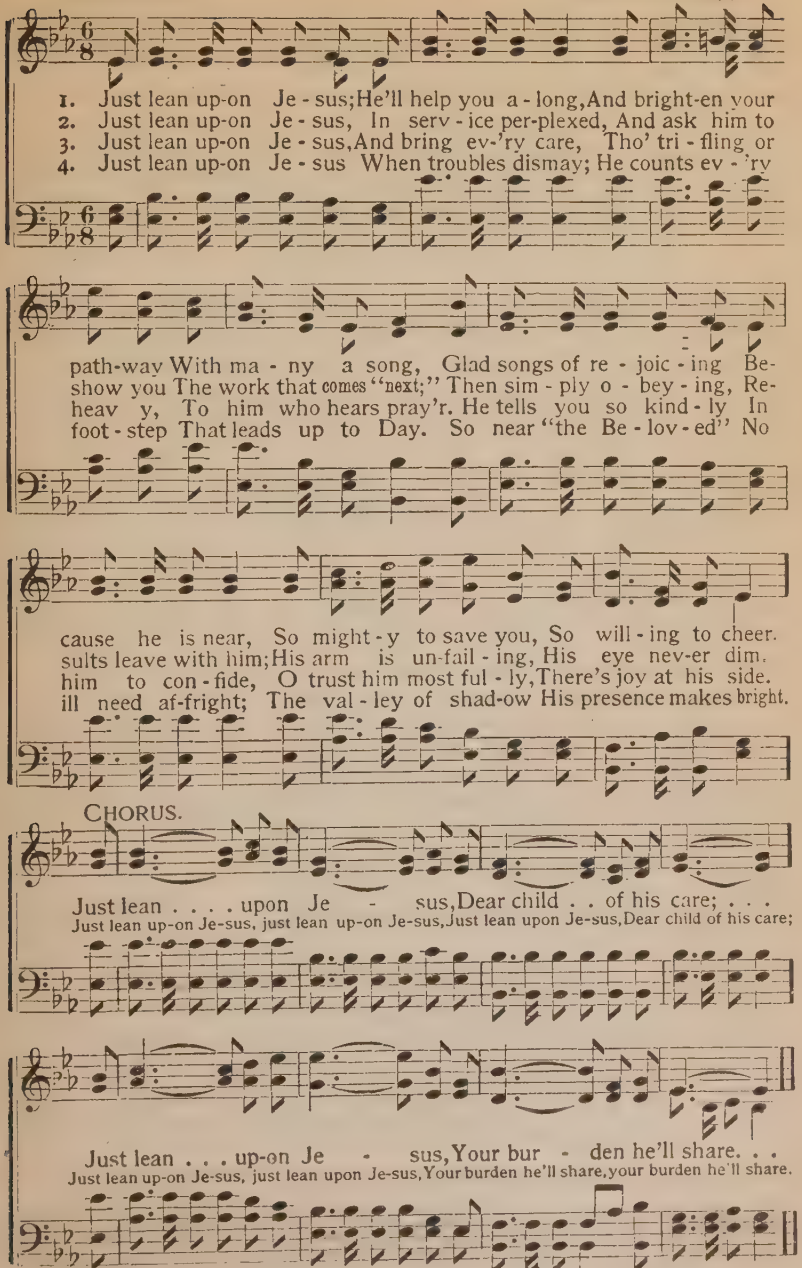
Just Lean Upon Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Just lean up-on Je - sus; He'll help you a - long, And bright-en your
2. Just lean up-on Je - sus, In serv - ice per-plexed, And ask him to
3. Just lean up-on Je - sus, And bring ev-'ry care, Tho' tri - fling or
4. Just lean up-on Je - sus When troubles dismay; He counts ev - 'ry
path-way With ma - ny a song, Glad songs of re - joic - ing Be-
show you The work that comes "next;" Then sim - ply o - bey - ing, Re-
heav y, To him who hears pray'r. He tells you so kind - ly In
foot - step That leads up to Day. So near "the Be - lov - ed" No
cause he is near, So might - y to save you, So will - ing to cheer.
sults leave with him; His arm is un-fail - ing, His eye nev-er dim.
him to con - fide, O trust him most ful - ly, There's joy at his side.
ill need af-fright; The val - ley of shad-ow His presence makes bright.
CHORUS.
Just lean . . . . upon Je - sus, Dear child . . of his care; . . .
Just lean up-on Je-sus, just lean up-on Je-sus, Just lean upon Je-sus, Dear child of his care;
Just lean . . . up-on Je - sus, Your bur - den he'll share. . .
Just lean up-on Je-sus, just lean upon Je-sus, Your burden he'll share, your burden he'll share.

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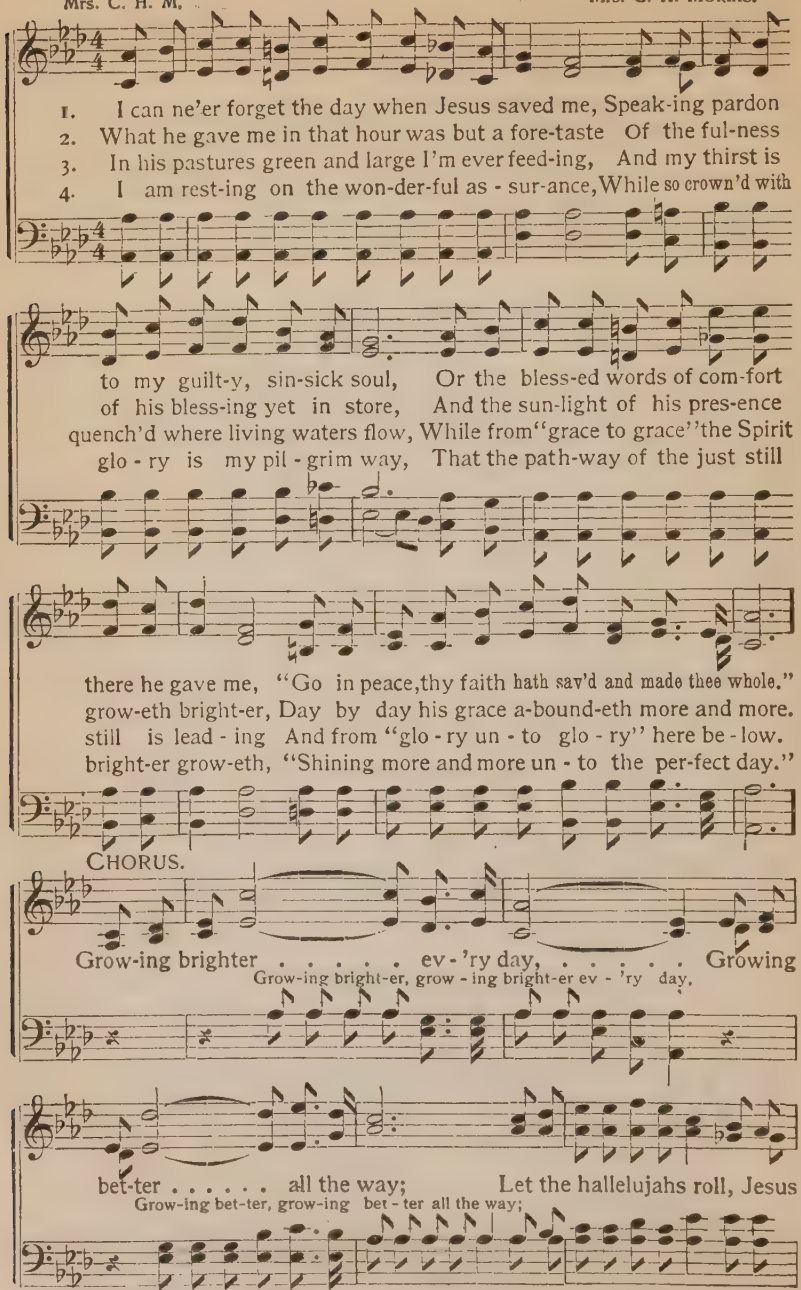
Growing Brighter Every Day.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. I can ne'er forget the day when Jesus saved me, Speak-ing pardon
2. What he gave me in that hour was but a fore-taste Of the ful-ness
3. In his pastures green and large I'm ever feed-ing, And my thirst is
4. I am rest-ing on the won-der-ful as - sur-ance, While so crown'd with
to my guilt-y, sin-sick soul, Or the bless-ed words of com-fort
of his bless-ing yet in store, And the sun-light of his pres-ence
quench'd where living waters flow, While from "grace to grace" the Spirit
glo - ry is my pil - grim way, That the path-way of the just still
there he gave me, "Go in peace, thy faith hath sav'd and made thee whole."
grow-eth bright-er, Day by day his grace a-bound-eth more and more.
still is lead - ing And from "glo - ry un - to glo - ry" here be - low.
bright-er grow-eth, "Shining more and more un - to the per-fect day."
CHORUS.
Grow-ing brighter . . . . . ev - 'ry day, ... Growing
Grow-ing bright-er, grow - ing bright-er ev - 'ry day,
bet-ter . . . . . all the way; Let the hallelujahs roll, Jesus
Grow-ing bet-ter, grow-ing bet - ter all the way;

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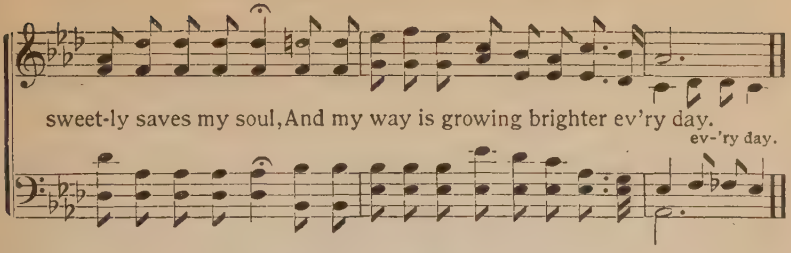
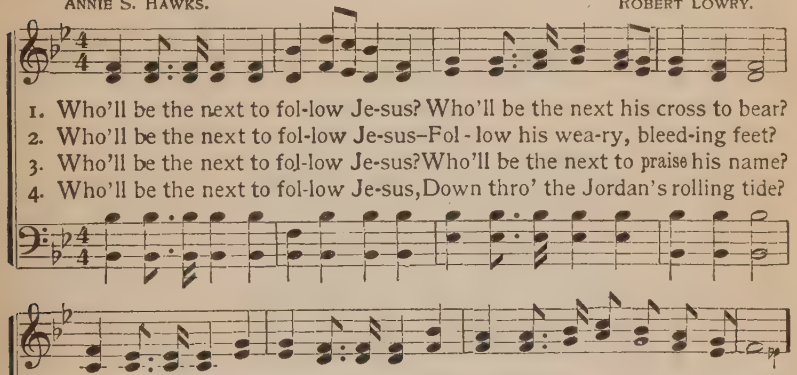
Growing Brighter Every Day.

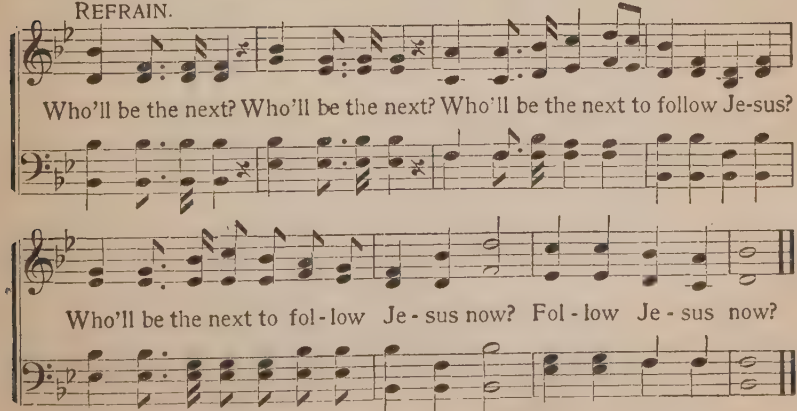


123 Who'll be the Next?

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus? Who'll be the next his cross to bear?
2. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus–Fol - low his wea-ry, bleed-ing feet?
3. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus? Who'll be the next to praise his name?
4. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus, Down thro' the Jordan's rolling tide?
Some one is ready, some one is waiting; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Who'll be the next to lay ev'ry burden Down at the Father's mer-cy seat?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption–Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransom'd, Sing-ing up-on the oth-er side?

REFRAIN.



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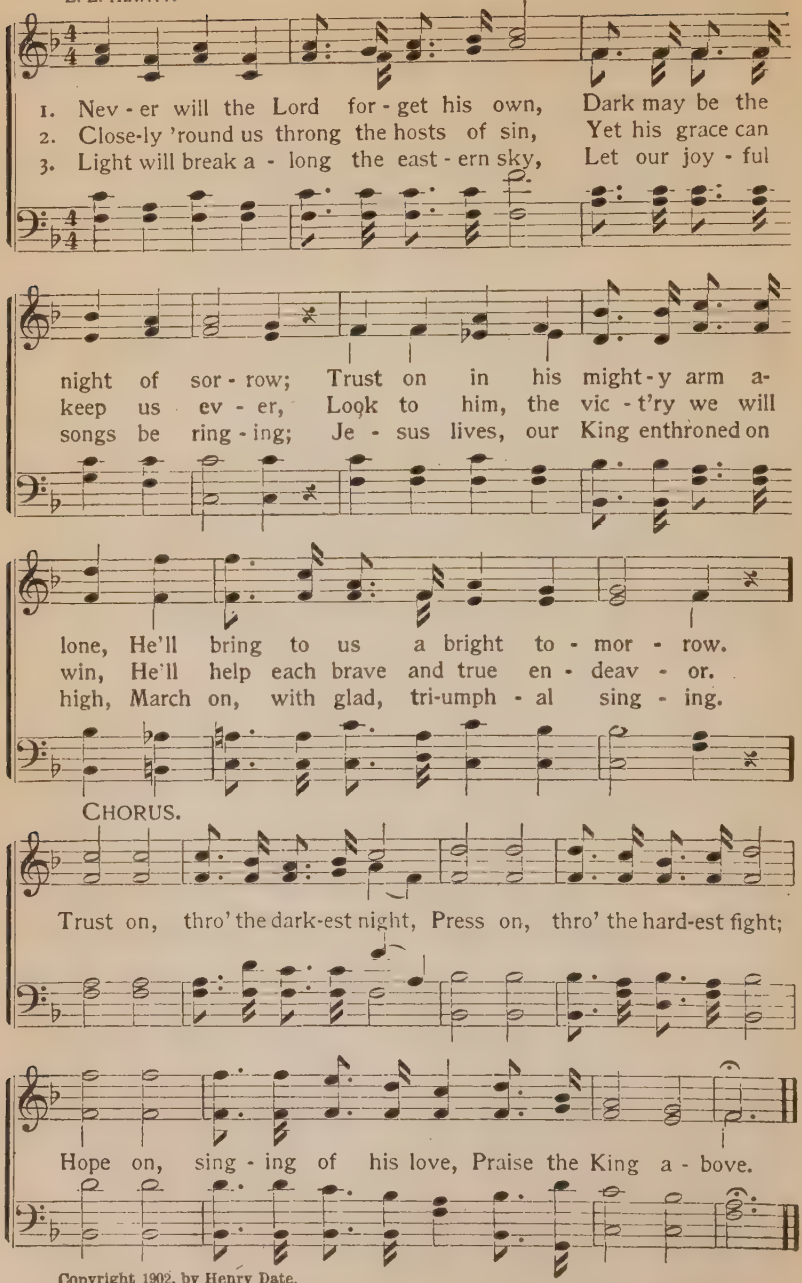
Trust On, Press On.

E. E. HEWITT. W. A. POST.

1. Nev - er will the Lord for - get his own, Dark may be the night of sor - row; Trust on in his might - y arm a - lone, He'll bring to us a bright to - mor - row.
2. Close-ly 'round us throng the hosts of sin, Yet his grace can keep us ev - er, Look to him, the vic - t'ry we will win, He'll help each brave and true en - deav - or.
3. Light will break a - long the east - ern sky, Let our joy - ful songs be ring - ing; Je - sus lives, our King enthroned on high, March on, with glad, tri-umph - al sing - ing.
CHORUS.
Trust on, thro' the dark-est night, Press on, thro' the hard-est fight;
Hope on, sing - ing of his love, Praise the King a - bove.

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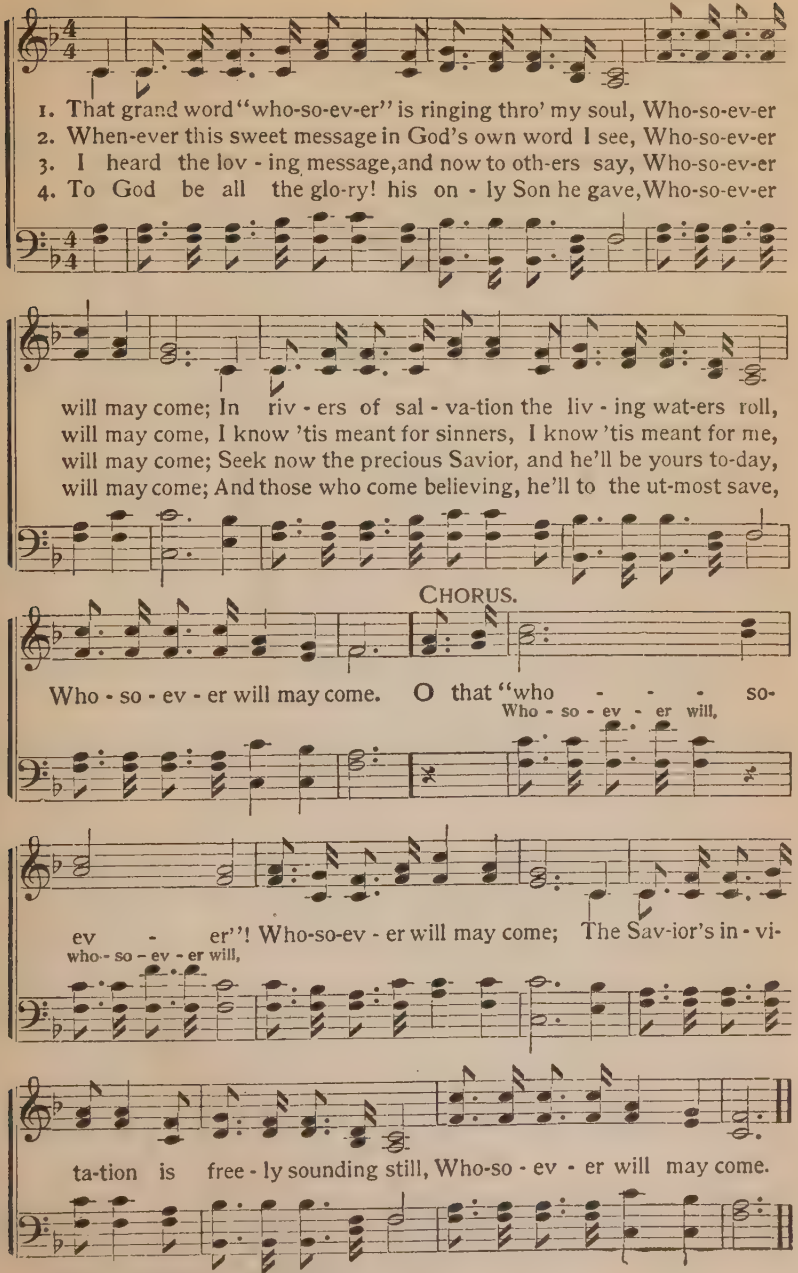
125 That Grand Word, Whosoever.

E. E. H. E. E. HEWITT.


1. That grand word "who-so-ev-er" is ringing thro' my soul, Who-so-ev-er
2. When-ever this sweet message in God's own word I see, Who-so-ev-er
3. I heard the lov - ing message, and now to oth-ers say, Who-so-ev-er
4. To God be all the glo-ry! his on - ly Son he gave, Who-so-ev-er
will may come; In riv - ers of sal - va-tion the liv - ing wat-ers roll,
will may come, I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the precious Savior, and he'll be yours to-day,
will may come; And those who come believing, he'll to the ut-most save,
CHORUS.
Who - so - ev - er will may come. O that "who - - - so-
Who - so - ev - er will,
ev - er"! Who-so-ev - er will may come; The Sav-ior's in - vi-
who - so - ev - er will,
ta-tion is free - ly sounding still, Who-so - ev - er will may come.

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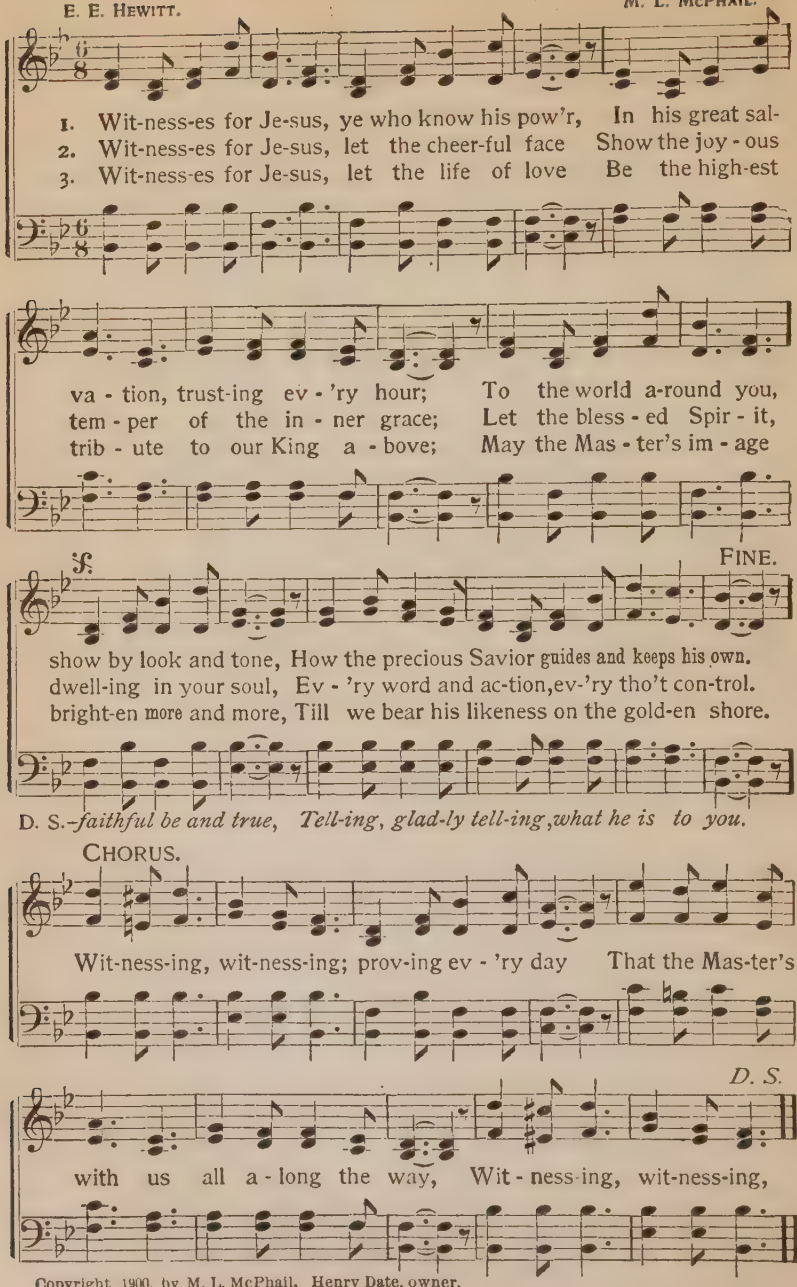
Witnessing for Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. M. L. McPhail.


1. Wit-ness-es for Je-sus, ye who know his pow'r, In his great sal-
2. Wit-ness-es for Je-sus, let the cheer-ful face Show the joy-ous
3. Wit-ness-es for Je-sus, let the life of love Be the high-est
va-tion, trust-ing ev-'ry hour; To the world a-round you,
tem-per of the in-ner grace; Let the bless-ed Spir-it,
trib-ute to our King a-bove; May the Mas-ter's im-age
FINE.
show by look and tone, How the precious Savior guides and keeps his own.
dwell-ing in your soul, Ev-'ry word and ac-tion, ev-'ry tho't con-trol.
bright-en more and more, Till we bear his likeness on the gold-en shore.
D. S.—*faithful be and true, Tell-ing, glad-ly tell-ing, what he is to you.*
CHORUS.
Wit-ness-ing, wit-ness-ing; prov-ing ev-'ry day That the Mas-ter's
D. S.
with us all a-long the way, Wit-ness-ing, wit-ness-ing,

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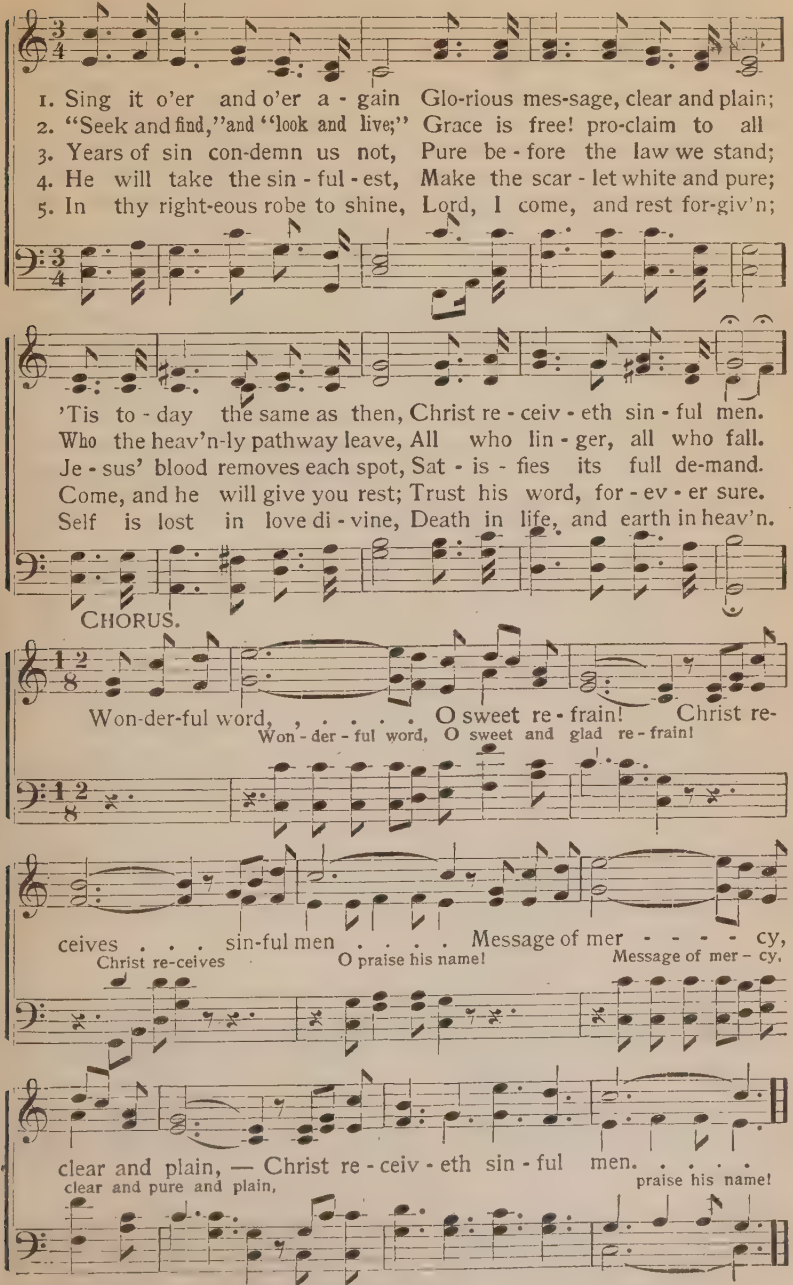
127 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from NEUMASTER. F. E. BELDEN.


1. Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain Glo-rious mes-sage, clear and plain;
2. "Seek and find," and "look and live;" Grace is free! pro-claim to all
3. Years of sin con-demn us not, Pure be - fore the law we stand;
4. He will take the sin - ful - est, Make the scar - let white and pure;
5. In thy right-eous robe to shine, Lord, I come, and rest for-giv'n;
'Tis to - day the same as then, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Who the heav'n-ly pathway leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
Je - sus' blood removes each spot, Sat - is - fies its full de-mand.
Come, and he will give you rest; Trust his word, for - ev - er sure.
Self is lost in love di - vine, Death in life, and earth in heav'n.
CHORUS.
Won-der-ful word, ... O sweet re - frain! Christ re-
Won - der - ful word, O sweet and glad re - frain!
ceives . . . sin-ful men . . . . Message of mer - - - - cy,
Christ re-ceives
O praise his name!
Message of mer - cy,
clear and plain, — Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men. . . . .
clear and pure and plain,
praise his name!

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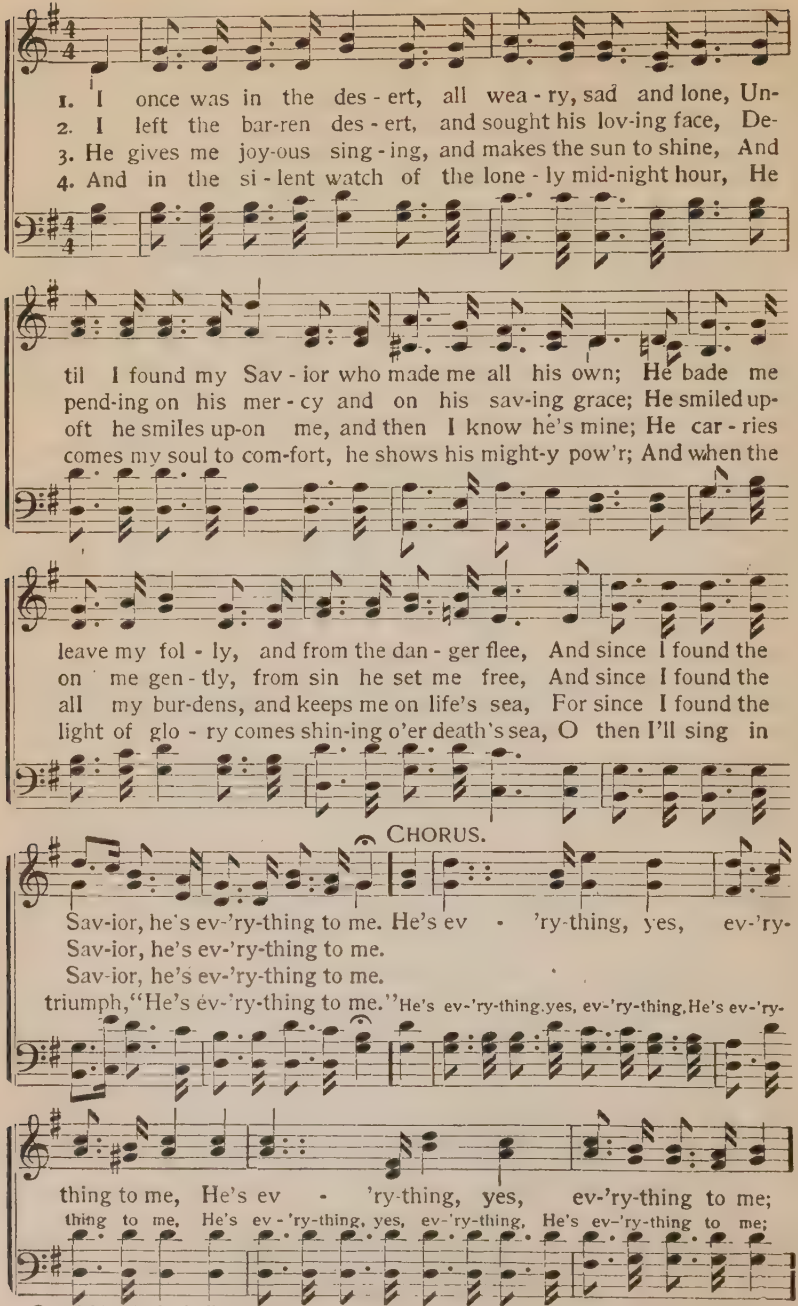
He's Everything to Me.

FRANK H. MASHAW. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. I once was in the des - ert, all wea - ry, sad and lone, Un-
2. I left the bar-ren des - ert, and sought his lov-ing face, De-
3. He gives me joy-ous sing - ing, and makes the sun to shine, And
4. And in the si - lent watch of the lone - ly mid-night hour, He
til I found my Sav - ior who made me all his own; He bade me
pend-ing on his mer - cy and on his sav-ing grace; He smiled up-
oft he smiles up-on me, and then I know he's mine; He car - ries
comes my soul to com-fort, he shows his might-y pow'r; And when the
leave my fol - ly, and from the dan - ger flee, And since I found the
on me gen - tly, from sin he set me free, And since I found the
all my bur-dens, and keeps me on life's sea, For since I found the
light of glo - ry comes shin-ing o'er death's sea, O then I'll sing in
CHORUS.
Sav-ior, he's ev-'ry-thing to me. He's ev - 'ry-thing, yes, ev-'ry-
Sav-ior, he's ev-'ry-thing to me.
Sav-ior, he's ev-'ry-thing to me.
triumph, "He's ev-'ry-thing to me." He's ev-'ry-thing, yes, ev-'ry-thing, He's ev-'ry-
thing to me, He's ev - 'ry-thing, yes, ev-'ry-thing to me;
thing to me, He's ev - 'ry-thing, yes, ev-'ry-thing, He's ev-'ry-thing to me;

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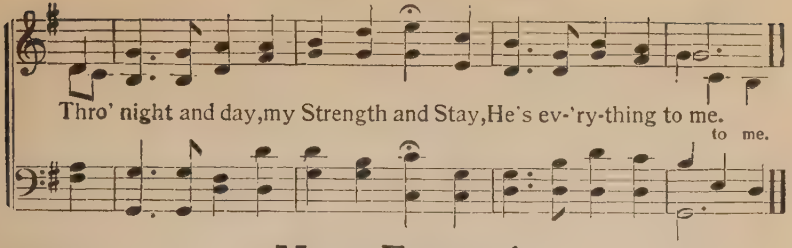
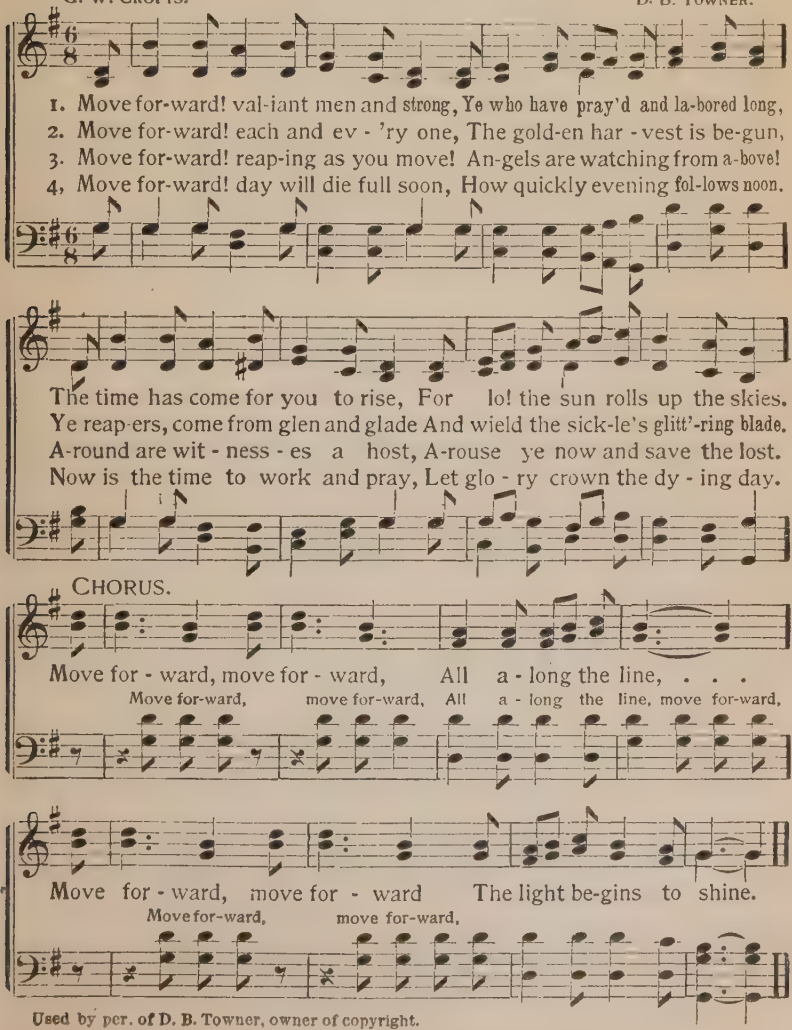
He's Everything to Me.



129 Move Forward.

G. W. CROFTS. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Move for-ward! val-iant men and strong, Ye who have pray'd and la-bored long,
2. Move for-ward! each and ev - 'ry one, The gold-en har - vest is be-gun,
3. Move for-ward! reap-ing as you move! An-gels are watching from a-bove!
4, Move for-ward! day will die full soon, How quickly evening fol-lows noon.
The time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.
Ye reap-ers, come from glen and glade And wield the sick-le's glitt'-ring blade.
A-round are wit - ness - es a host, A-rouse ye now and save the lost.
Now is the time to work and pray, Let glo - ry crown the dy - ing day.
CHORUS.
Move for - ward, move for - ward, All a - long the line, . . .
Move for-ward, move for-ward, All a - long the line, move for-ward,
Move for - ward, move for - ward The light be-gins to shine.
Move for-ward, move for-ward,

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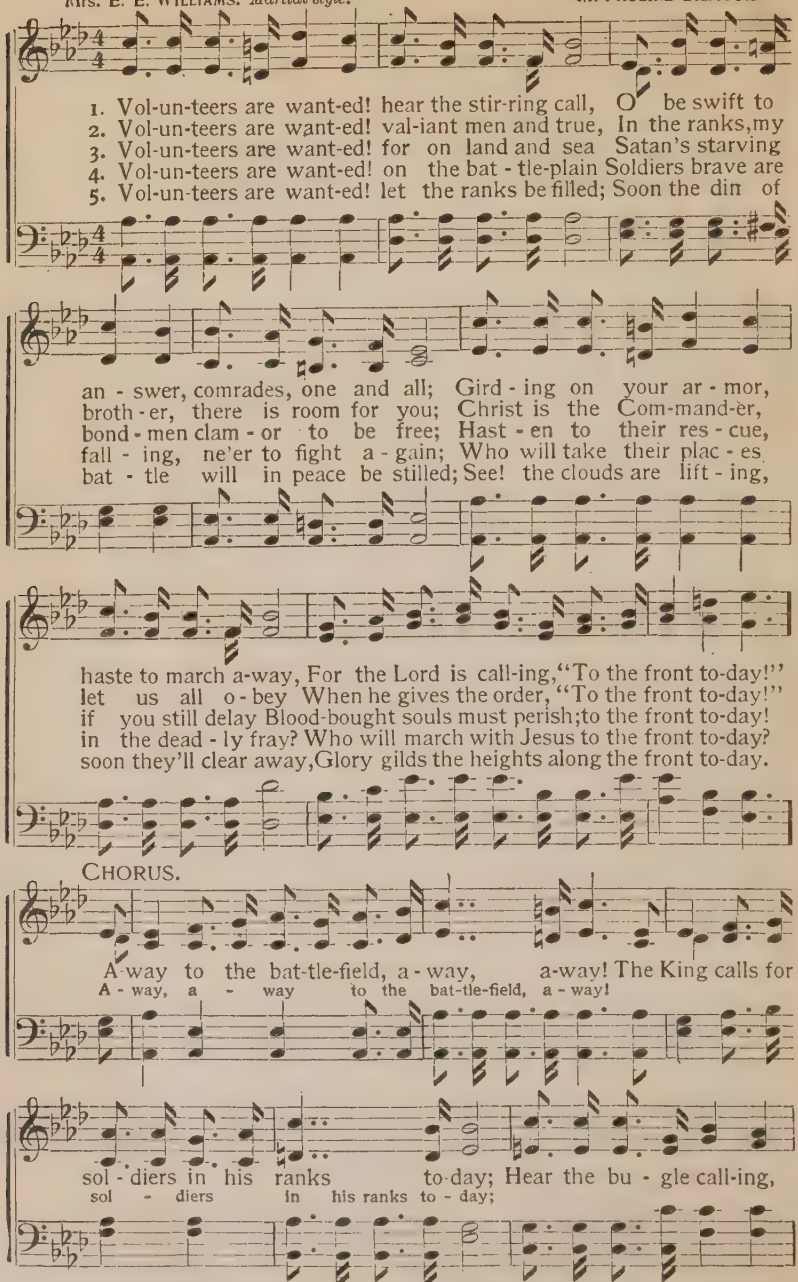
Volunteers, to the Front!

Mrs. E. E. Williams. *Martial style.* M. Pauline Gilmour.


1. Vol-un-teers are want-ed! hear the stir-ring call, O be swift to
2. Vol-un-teers are want-ed! val-iant men and true, In the ranks, my
3. Vol-un-teers are want-ed! for on land and sea Satan's starving
4. Vol-un-teers are want-ed! on the bat - tle-plain Soldiers brave are
5. Vol-un-teers are want-ed! let the ranks be filled; Soon the din of
an - swer, comrades, one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor,
broth - er, there is room for you; Christ is the Com-mand-er,
bond - men clam - or to be free; Hast - en to their res - cue,
fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac - es
bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift - ing,
haste to march a-way, For the Lord is call-ing, "To the front to-day!"
let us all o - bey When he gives the order, "To the front to-day!"
if you still delay Blood-bought souls must perish; to the front to-day!
in the dead - ly fray? Who will march with Jesus to the front to-day?
soon they'll clear away, Glory gilds the heights along the front to-day.
CHORUS.
A-way to the bat-tle-field, a - way, a-way! The King calls for
A - way, a - way to the bat-tle-field, a - way!
sol - diers in his ranks to-day; Hear the bu - gle call-ing,
sol - diers in his ranks to - day;

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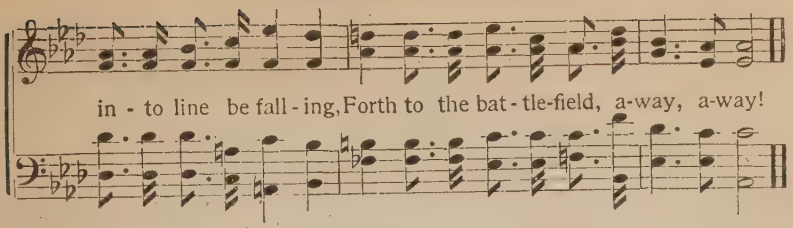
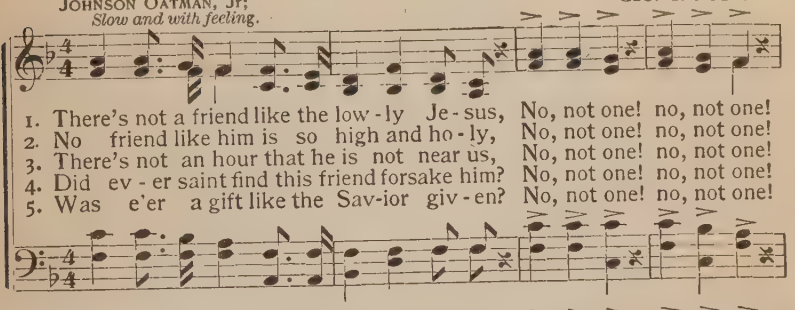
Volunteers, to the Front!

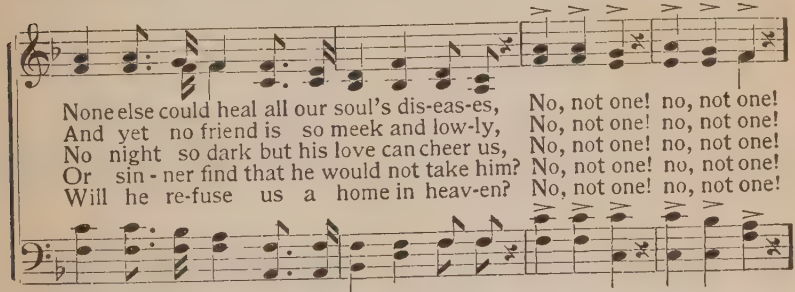


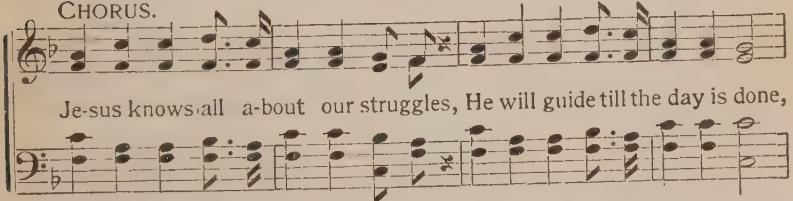
131 No, Not One.

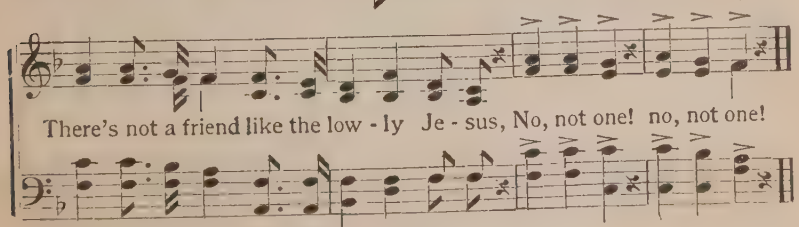
JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr;
Slow and with feeling.

GEO. C. HUGG.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!


None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will he re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!





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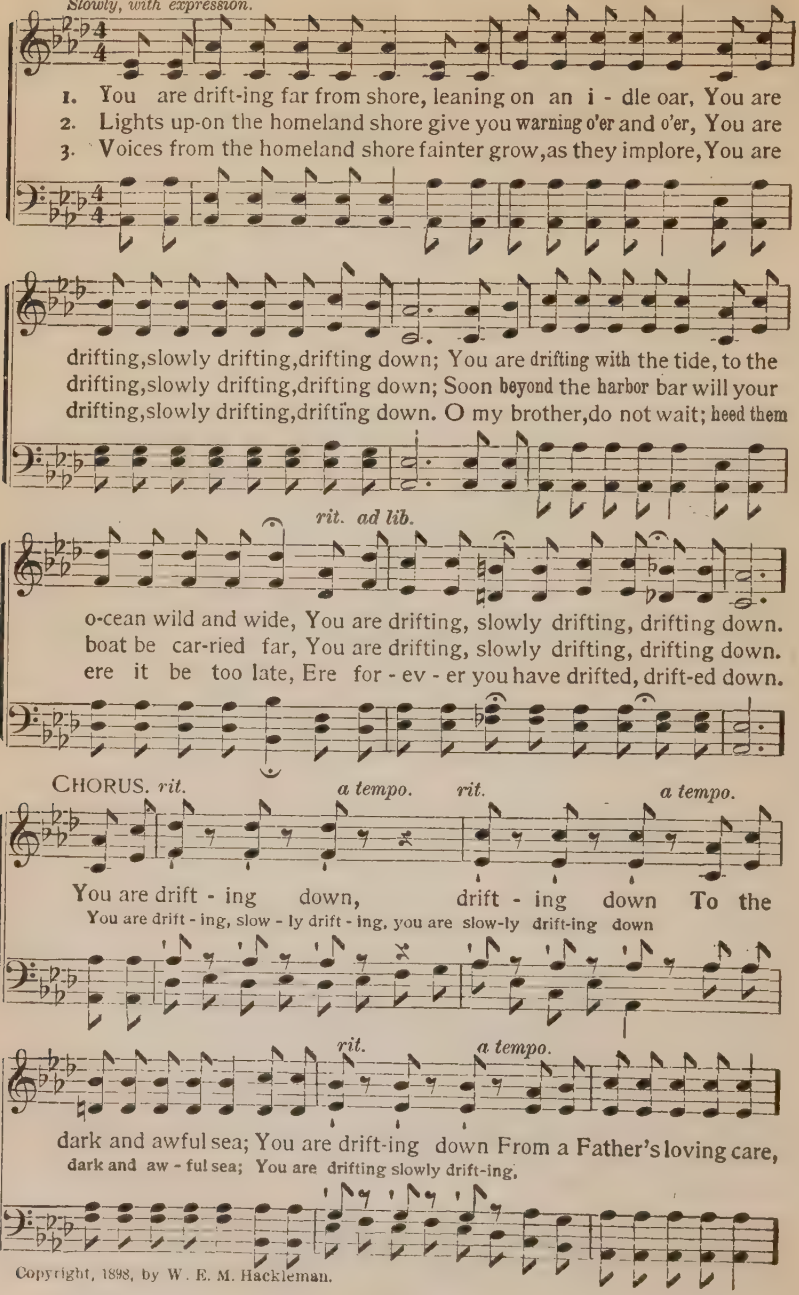
Drifting Down.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Slowly, with expression.


1. You are drift-ing far from shore, leaning on an i - dle oar, You are
2. Lights up-on the homeland shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voices from the homeland shore fainter grow, as they implore, You are
drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; You are drifting with the tide, to the
drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; Soon beyond the harbor bar will your
drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down. O my brother, do not wait; heed them
rit. ad lib.
o-cean wild and wide, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
boat be car-ried far, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drifted, drift-ed down.
CHORUS. rit.
a tempo.
rit.
a tempo.
You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down To the
You are drift - ing, slow - ly drift - ing, you are slow-ly drift-ing down
rit.
a tempo.
dark and awful sea; You are drift-ing down From a Father's loving care,
dark and aw - ful sea; You are drifting slowly drift-ing.

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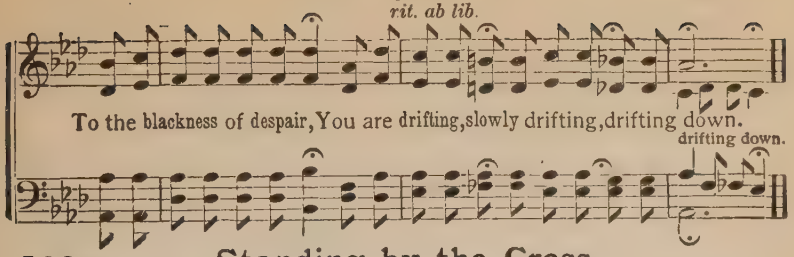
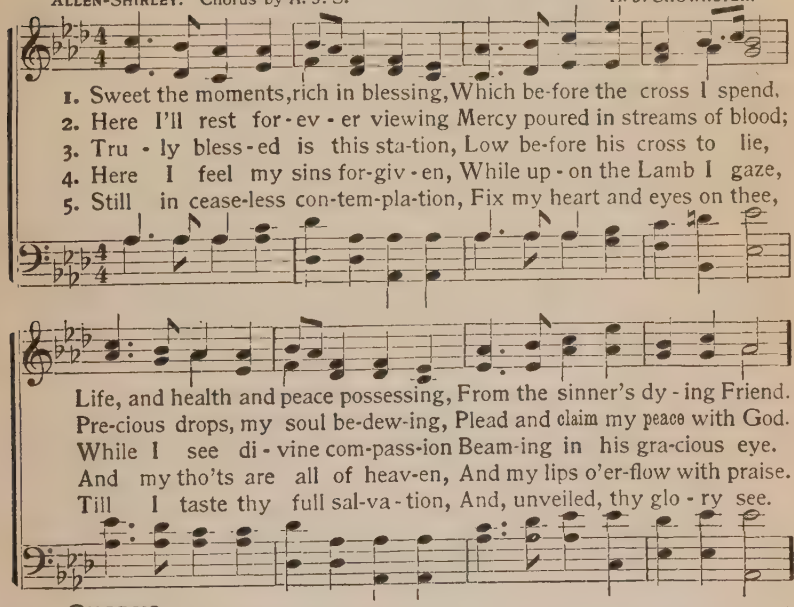
Drifting Down.

rit. ab lib.

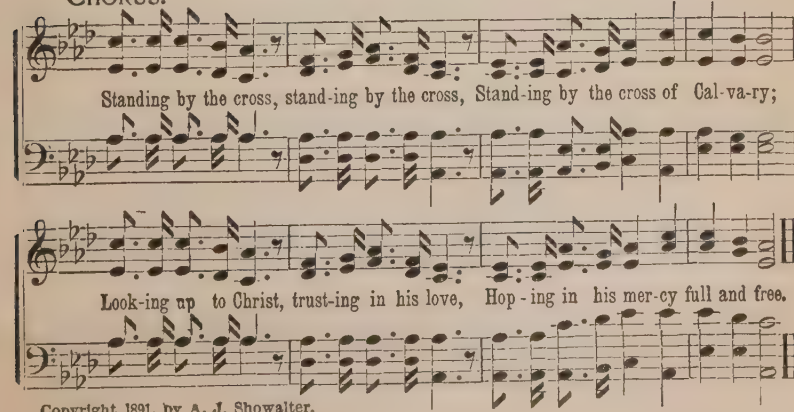


133 Standing by the Cross.

ALLEN-SHIRLEY. Chorus by A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.


1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend.
2. Here I'll rest for-ev-er viewing Mercy poured in streams of blood;
3. Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore his cross to lie,
4. Here I feel my sins for-giv-en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze,
5. Still in cease-less con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on thee,
Life, and health and peace possessing, From the sinner's dy-ing Friend.
Pre-cious drops, my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di-vine com-pass-ion Beam-ing in his gra-cious eye.
And my tho'ts are all of heav-en, And my lips o'er-flow with praise.
Till I taste thy full sal-va-tion, And, unveiled, thy glo-ry see.

CHORUS.


Standing by the cross, stand-ing by the cross, Stand-ing by the cross of Cal-va-ry;
Look-ing up to Christ, trust-ing in his love, Hop-ing in his mer-cy full and free.

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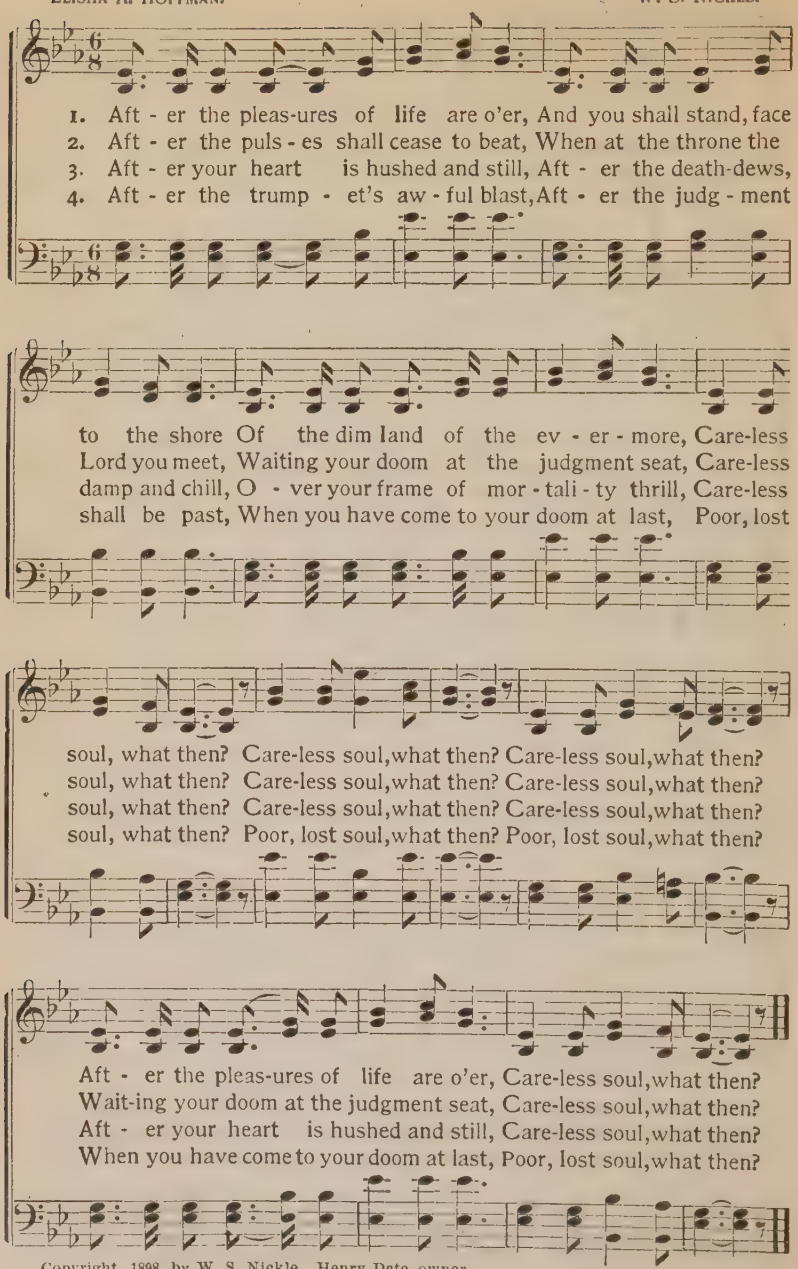
What Then?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. S. NICKLE.


1. Aft - er the pleas-ures of life are o'er, And you shall stand, face
2. Aft - er the puls - es shall cease to beat, When at the throne the
3. Aft - er your heart is hushed and still, Aft - er the death-dews,
4. Aft - er the trump - et's aw - ful blast, Aft - er the judg - ment
to the shore Of the dim land of the ev - er - more, Care-less
Lord you meet, Waiting your doom at the judgment seat, Care-less
damp and chill, O - ver your frame of mor - tali - ty thrill, Care-less
shall be past, When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost
soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
soul, what then? Poor, lost soul, what then? Poor, lost soul, what then?
Aft - er the pleas-ures of life are o'er, Care-less soul, what then?
Wait-ing your doom at the judgment seat, Care-less soul, what then?
Aft - er your heart is hushed and still, Care-less soul, what then?
When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost soul, what then?

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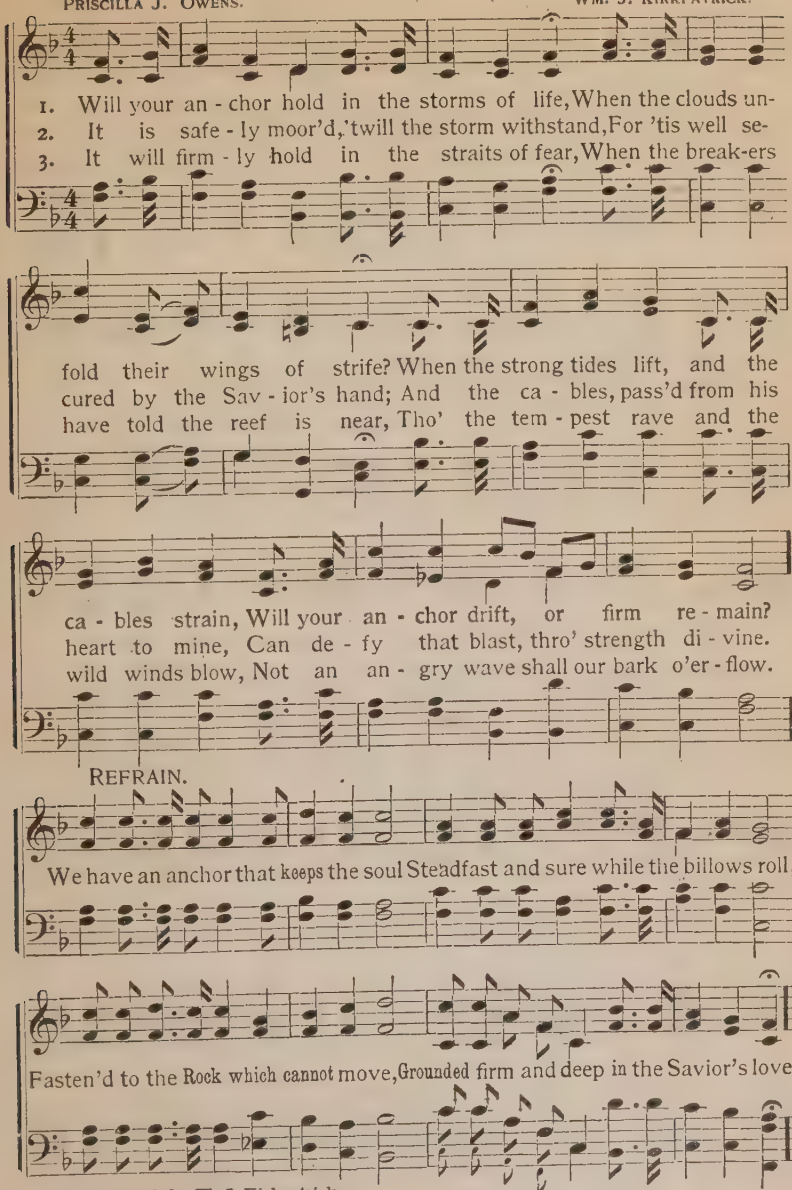
We Have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-
2. It is safe - ly moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break-ers
fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the
cured by the Sav - ior's hand; And the ca - bles, pass'd from his
have told the reef is near, Tho' the tem - pest rave and the
ca - bles strain, Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
heart to mine, Can de - fy that blast, thro' strength di - vine.
wild winds blow, Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er - flow.
REFRAIN.
We have an anchor that keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fasten'd to the Rock which cannot move, Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.

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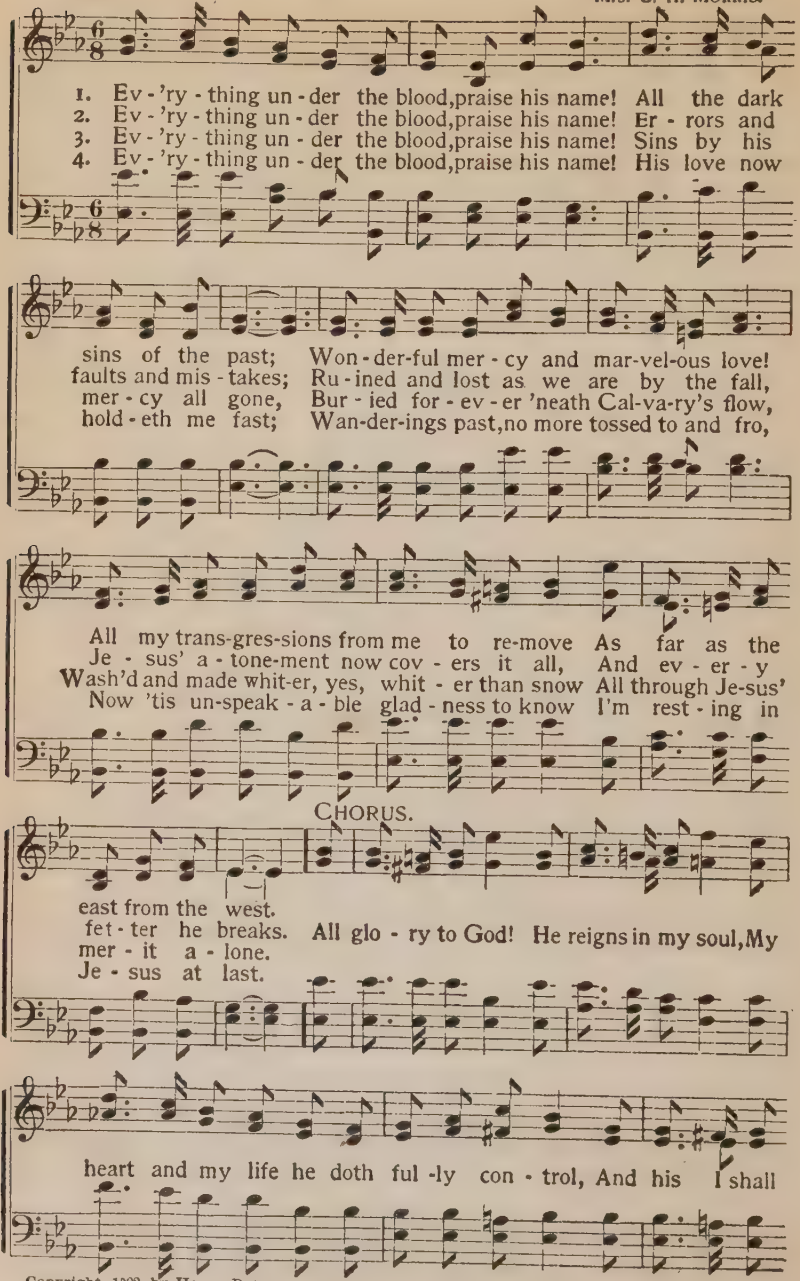
4 It will surely hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill our latest breath,
On the rising tide it can never fail,
While our hopes abide within the veil.

5 When our eyes behold thro' the gath'ring night
The city of gold, our harbor bright,
We shall anchor fast by the heavn'ly shore,
With the storms all past forevermore.

136 Everything Under the Blood.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Ev - 'ry - thing un - der the blood, praise his name! All the dark
2. Ev - 'ry - thing un - der the blood, praise his name! Er - rors and
3. Ev - 'ry - thing un - der the blood, praise his name! Sins by his
4. Ev - 'ry - thing un - der the blood, praise his name! His love now
sins of the past; Won - der-ful mer - cy and mar-vel-ous love!
faults and mis - takes; Ru - ined and lost as we are by the fall,
mer - cy all gone, Bur - ied for - ev - er 'neath Cal-va-ry's flow,
hold - eth me fast; Wan-der-ings past, no more tossed to and fro,
All my trans-gres-sions from me to re-move As far as the
Je - sus' a - tone-ment now cov - ers it all, And ev - er - y
Wash'd and made whit-er, yes, whit - er than snow All through Je-sus'
Now 'tis un-speak - a - ble glad - ness to know I'm rest - ing in
CHORUS.
east from the west.
fet - ter he breaks. All glo - ry to God! He reigns in my soul, My
mer - it a - lone.
Je - sus at last.
heart and my life he doth ful - ly con - trol, And his I shall

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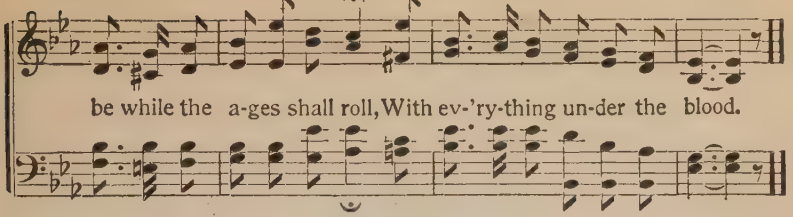
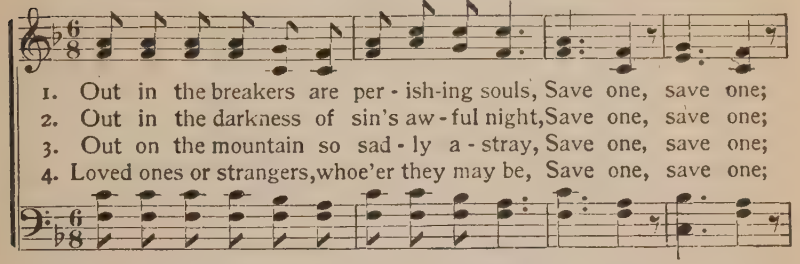
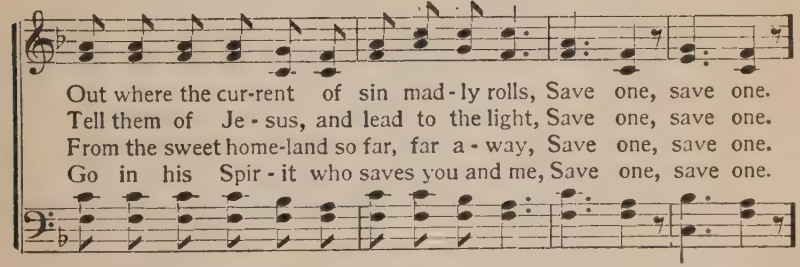
Everything Under the Blood.



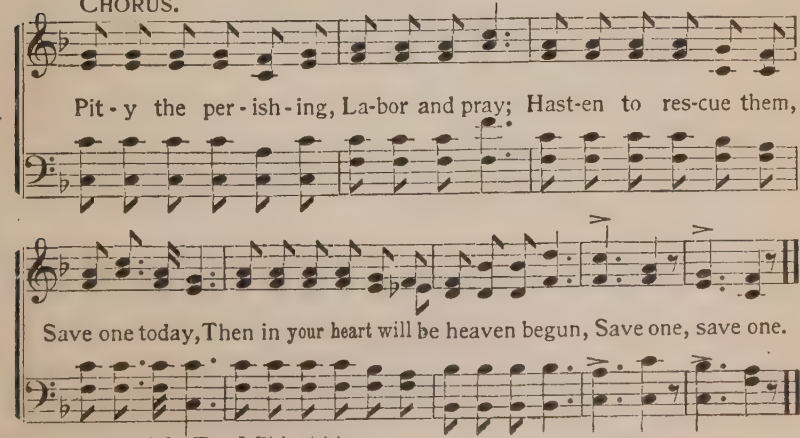
137 Save One.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Out in the breakers are per-ish-ing souls, Save one, save one;
2. Out in the darkness of sin's aw-ful night, Save one, save one;
3. Out on the mountain so sad-ly a-stray, Save one, save one;
4. Loved ones or strangers, whoe'er they may be, Save one, save one;


Out where the cur-rent of sin mad-ly rolls, Save one, save one.
Tell them of Je-sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one.
From the sweet home-land so far, far a-way, Save one, save one.
Go in his Spir-it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.

CHORUS.


Pit-y the per-ish-ing, La-bor and pray; Hast-en to res-cue them,
Save one today, Then in your heart will be heaven begun, Save one, save one.

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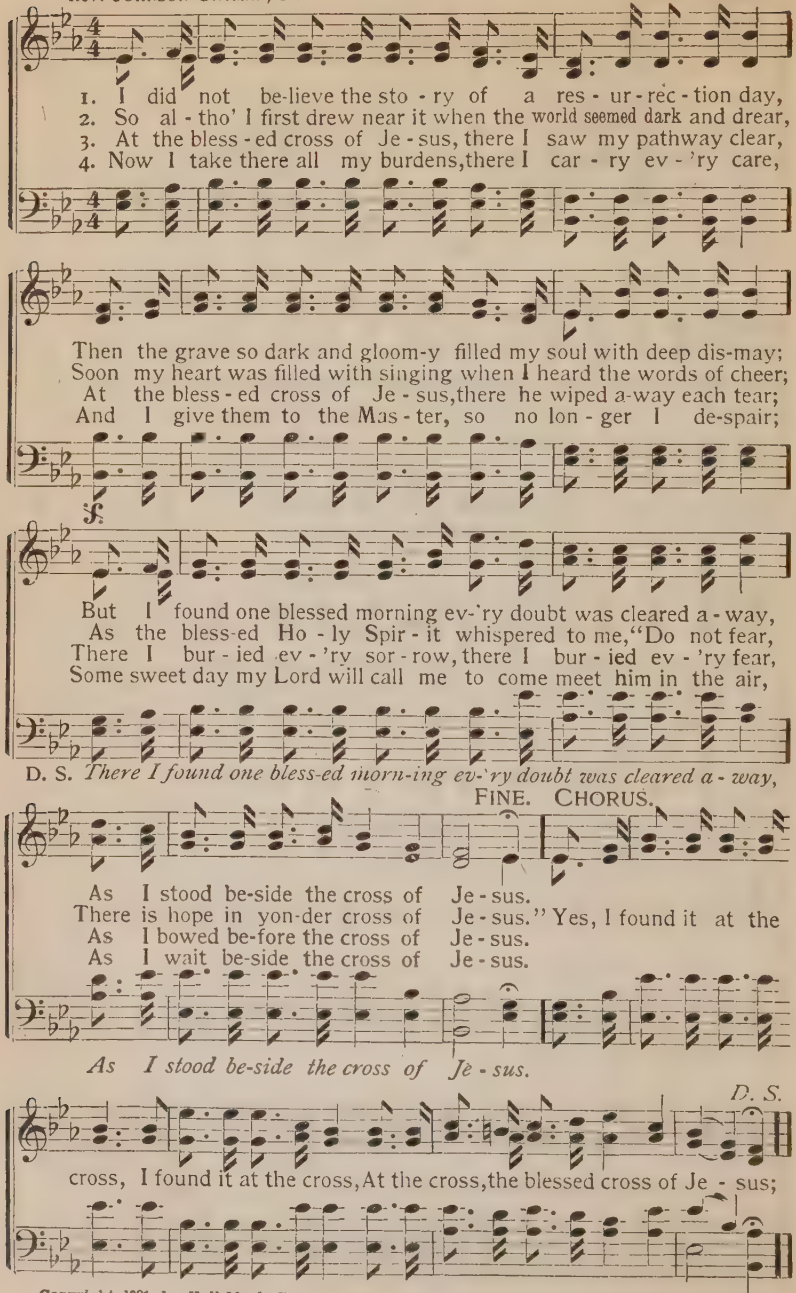
I Found It at the Cross.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. I did not be-lieve the sto - ry of a res - ur - rec - tion day,
2. So al - tho' I first drew near it when the world seemed dark and drear,
3. At the bless - ed cross of Je - sus, there I saw my pathway clear,
4. Now I take there all my burdens, there I car - ry ev - 'ry care,
Then the grave so dark and gloom-y filled my soul with deep dis-may;
Soon my heart was filled with singing when I heard the words of cheer;
At the bless - ed cross of Je - sus, there he wiped a-way each tear;
And I give them to the Mas - ter, so no lon - ger I de-spair;
f
But I found one blessed morning ev-'ry doubt was cleared a - way,
As the bless-ed Ho - ly Spir - it whispered to me, "Do not fear,
There I bur - ied ev - 'ry sor - row, there I bur - ied ev - 'ry fear,
Some sweet day my Lord will call me to come meet him in the air,
D. S. There I found one bless-ed morn-ing ev-'ry doubt was cleared a - way,
FINE. CHORUS.
As I stood be-side the cross of Je - sus.
There is hope in yon-der cross of Je - sus." Yes, I found it at the
As I bowed be-fore the cross of Je - sus.
As I wait be-side the cross of Je - sus.
As I stood be-side the cross of Je - sus.
D. S.
cross, I found it at the cross, At the cross, the blessed cross of Je - sus;

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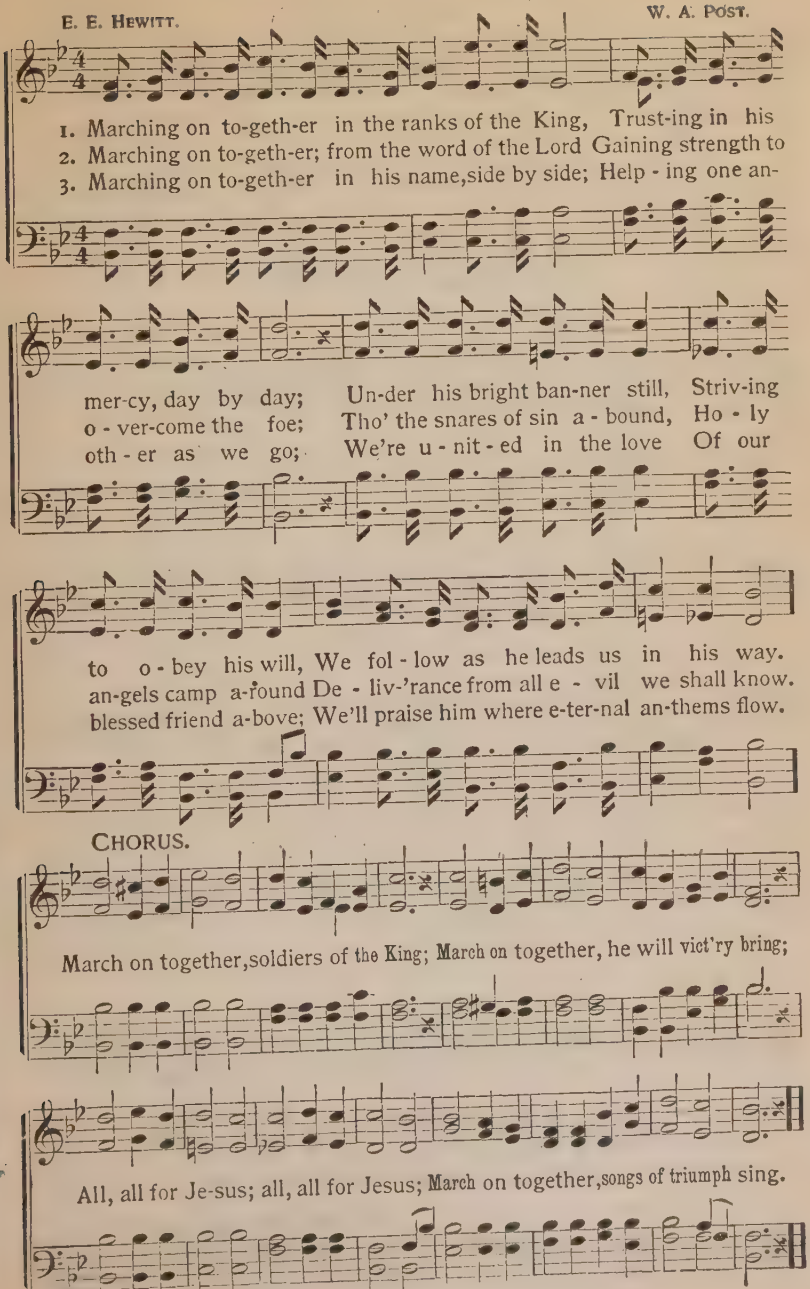
Soldiers of the King.

E. E. HEWITT. W. A. POST.


1. Marching on to-geth-er in the ranks of the King, Trust-ing in his
2. Marching on to-geth-er; from the word of the Lord Gaining strength to
3. Marching on to-geth-er in his name, side by side; Help - ing one an-
mer-cy, day by day; Un-der his bright ban-ner still, Striv-ing
o - ver-come the foe; Tho' the snares of sin a - bound, Ho - ly
oth - er as we go; We're u - nit - ed in the love Of our
to o - bey his will, We fol - low as he leads us in his way.
an-gels camp a-round De - liv-'rance from all e - vil we shall know.
blessed friend a-bove; We'll praise him where e-ter-nal an-thems flow.
CHORUS.
March on together, soldiers of the King; March on together, he will vict'ry bring;
All, all for Je-sus; all, all for Jesus; March on together, songs of triumph sing.

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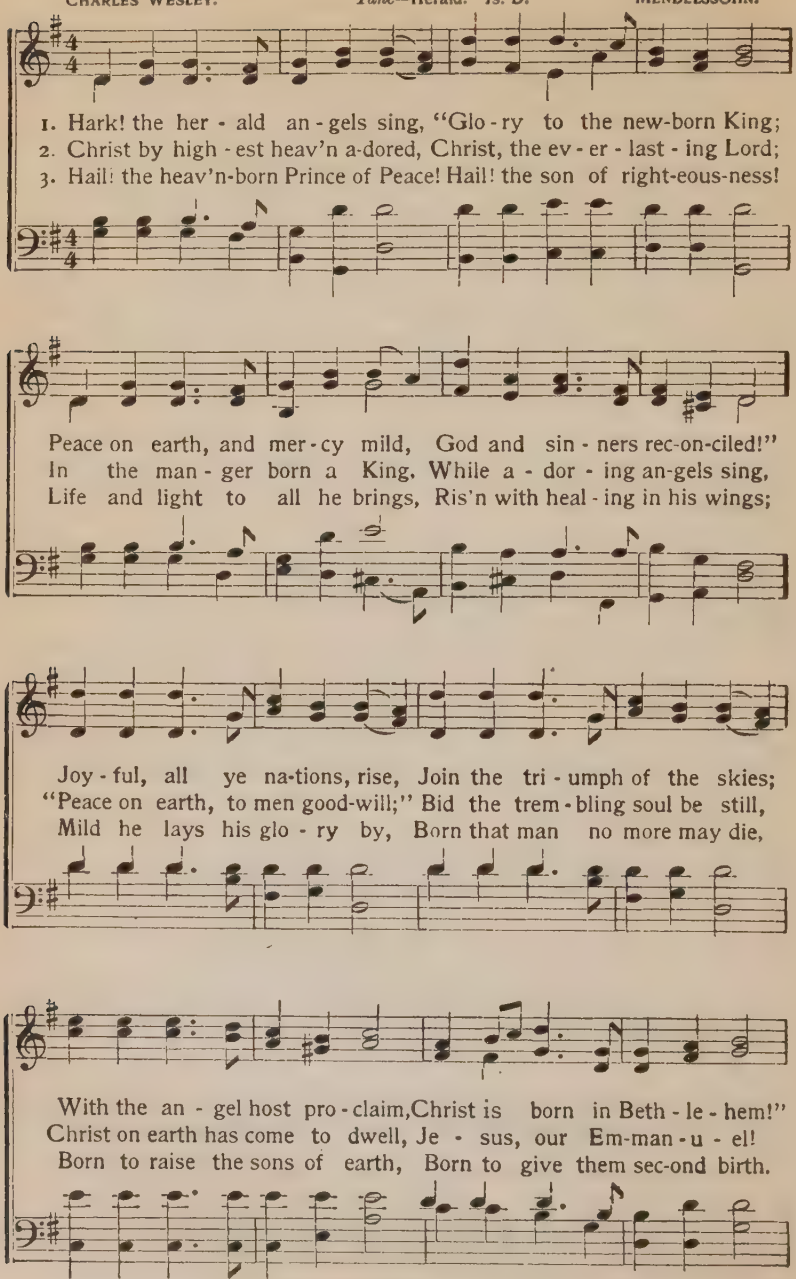
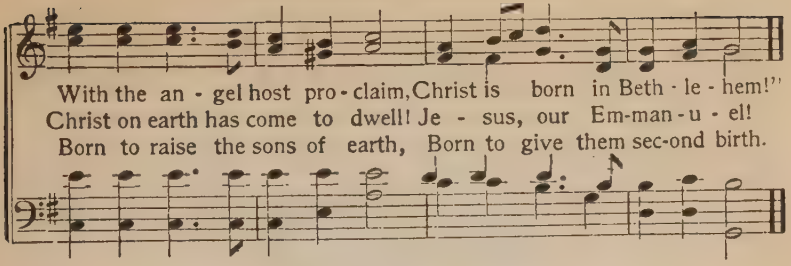
The Herald Angels Sing.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Tune*—Herald. 7s. D. MENDELSSOHN.

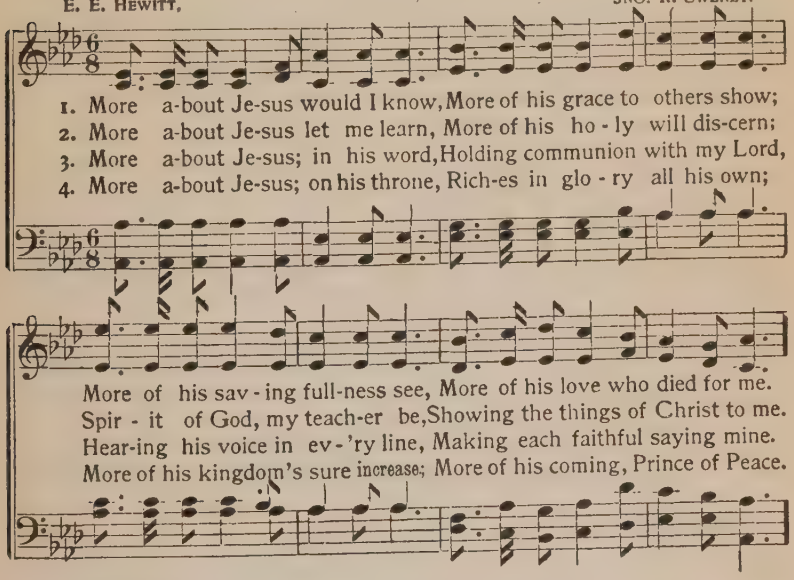

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ by high - est heav'n a-dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the son of right-eous-ness!
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec-on-ciled!"
In the man - ger born a King, While a - dor - ing an-gels sing,
Life and light to all he brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in his wings;
Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
"Peace on earth, to men good-will;" Bid the trem - bling soul be still,
Mild he lays his glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,
With the an - gel host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Christ on earth has come to dwell, Je - sus, our Em-man - u - el!
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.

The Herald Angels Sing.

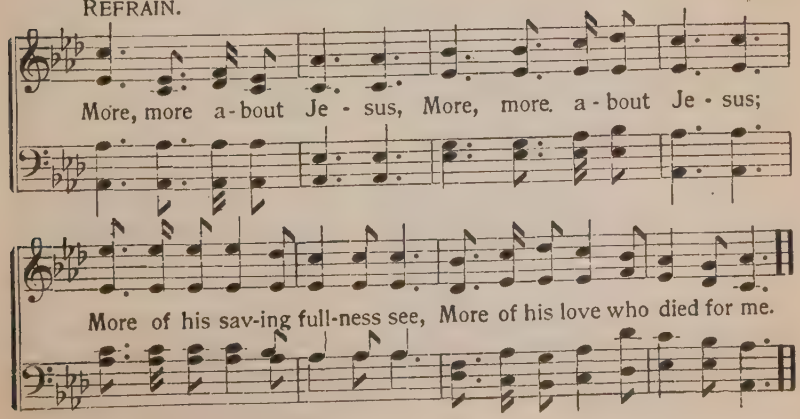

With the an - gel host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Christ on earth has come to dwell! Je - sus, our Em-man - u - el!
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.

141 More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to others show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord,
4. More a-bout Je-sus; on his throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all his own;
More of his sav - ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful saying mine.
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.



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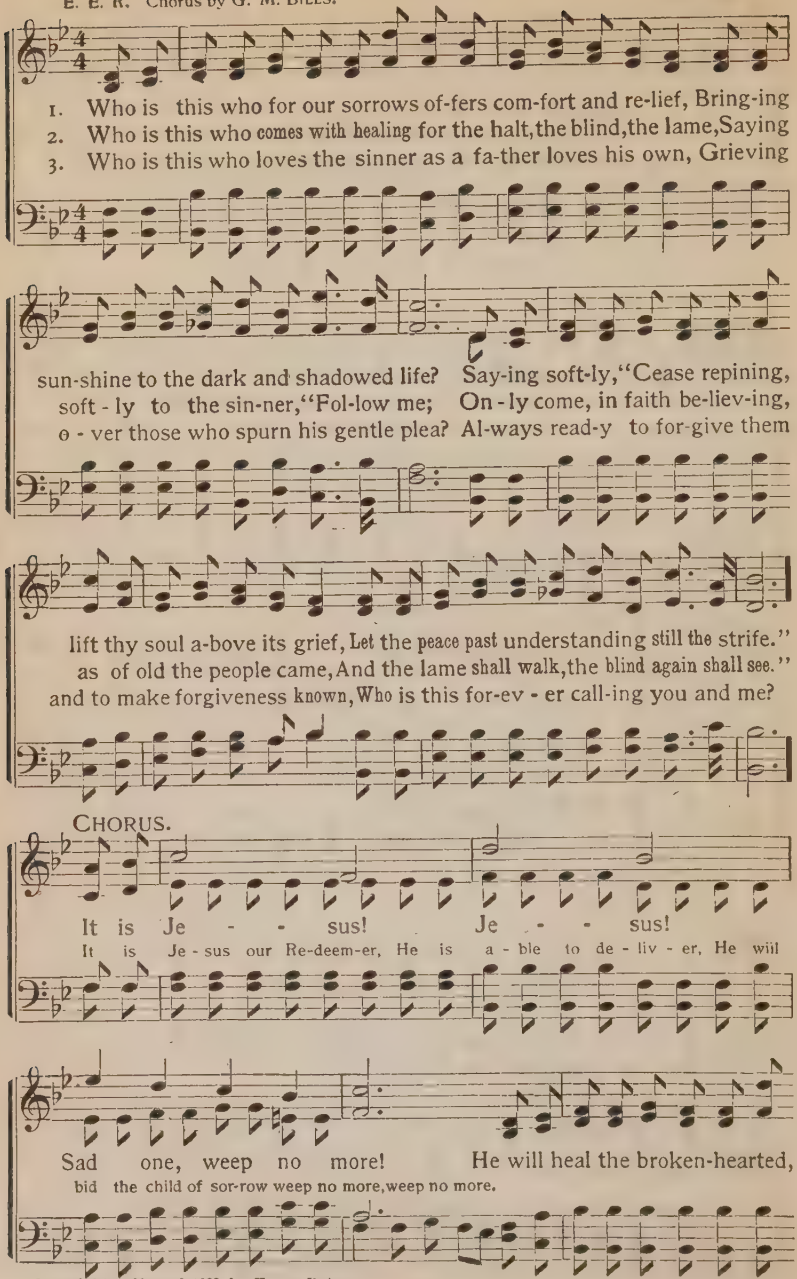
It is Jesus.

E. E. R. Chorus by G. M. BILLS. M. L. McPHAIL.


1. Who is this who for our sorrows of-fers com-fort and re-lief, Bring-ing
2. Who is this who comes with healing for the halt, the blind, the lame, Saying
3. Who is this who loves the sinner as a fa-ther loves his own, Grieving
sun-shine to the dark and shadowed life? Say-ing soft-ly, "Cease repining,
soft - ly to the sin-ner, "Fol-low me; On - ly come, in faith be-liev-ing,
o - ver those who spurn his gentle plea? Al-ways read-y to for-give them
lift thy soul a-bove its grief, Let the peace past understanding still the strife."
as of old the people came, And the lame shall walk, the blind again shall see."
and to make forgiveness known, Who is this for-ev - er call-ing you and me?
CHORUS.
It is Je - - sus! Je - - sus!
It is Je - sus our Re-deem-er, He is a - ble to de - liv - er, He will
Sad one, weep no more! He will heal the broken-hearted,
bid the child of sor-row weep no more, weep no more.

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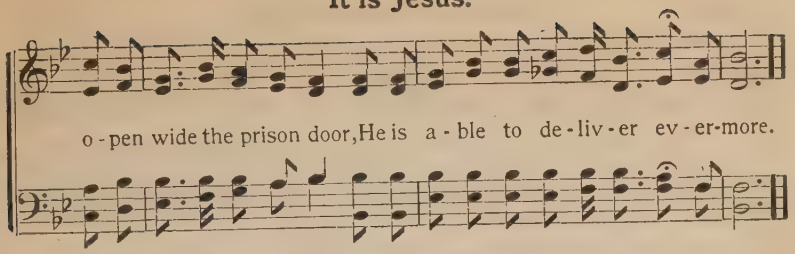
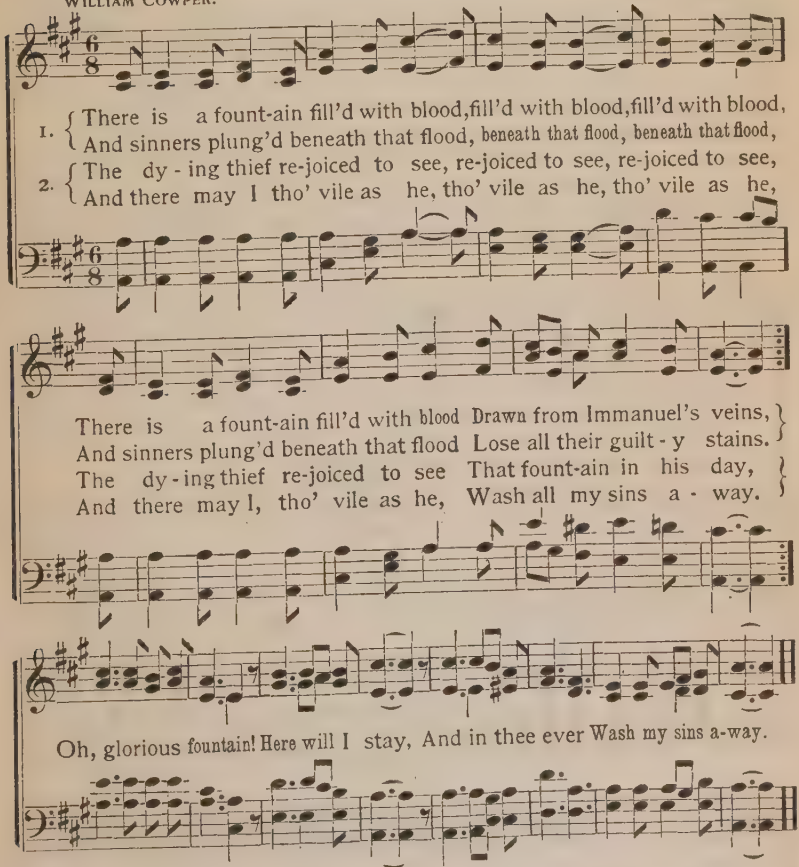


143 Glorious Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.


1. There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see,
And there may I tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,
There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ever Wash my sins a-way.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ‖: thy precious blood :‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd ‖: church of God :‖
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the stream :‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖: has been my theme :‖
And shall be till I die.

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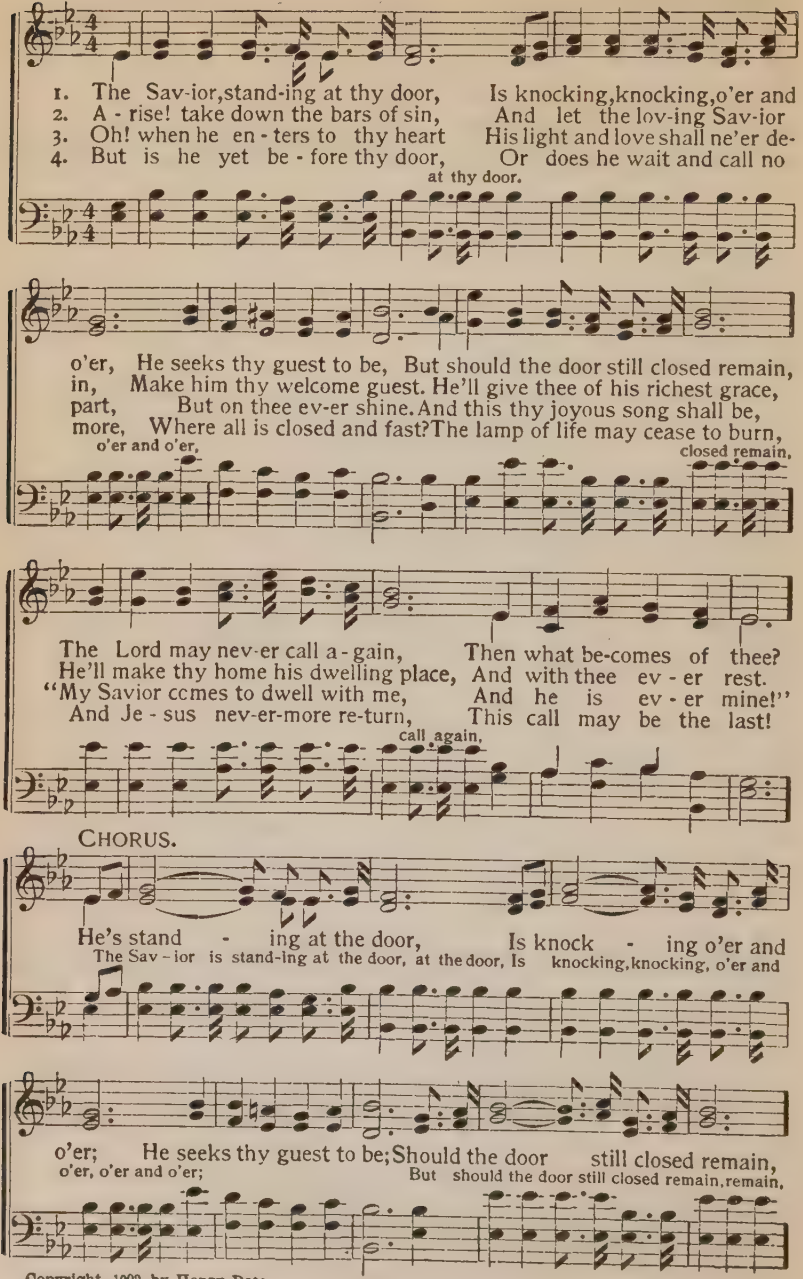
Jesus at the Door.

S. L. CUTHBERT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


1. The Sav-ior, stand-ing at thy door, Is knocking, knocking, o'er and
2. A - rise! take down the bars of sin, And let the lov-ing Sav-ior
3. Oh! when he en - ters to thy heart His light and love shall ne'er de-
4. But is he yet be - fore thy door, Or does he wait and call no
at thy door.
o'er, He seeks thy guest to be, But should the door still closed remain,
in, Make him thy welcome guest. He'll give thee of his richest grace,
part, But on thee ev-er shine. And this thy joyous song shall be,
more, Where all is closed and fast? The lamp of life may cease to burn,
o'er and o'er,
closed remain.
The Lord may nev-er call a - gain, Then what be-comes of thee?
He'll make thy home his dwelling place, And with thee ev - er rest.
"My Savior comes to dwell with me, And he is ev - er mine!"
And Je - sus nev-er-more re-turn, This call may be the last!
call again.
CHORUS.
He's stand - ing at the door, Is knock - ing o'er and
The Sav - ior is stand-ing at the door, at the door, Is knocking, knocking, o'er and
o'er; He seeks thy guest to be; Should the door still closed remain,
o'er, o'er and o'er;
But should the door still closed remain, remain,

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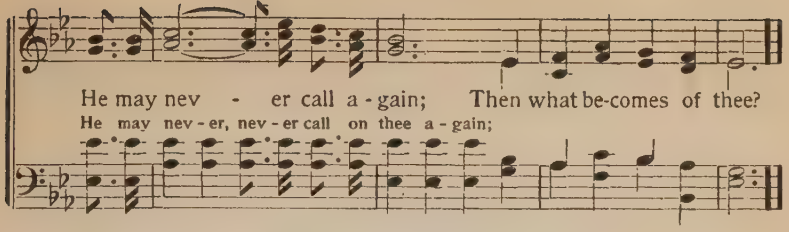
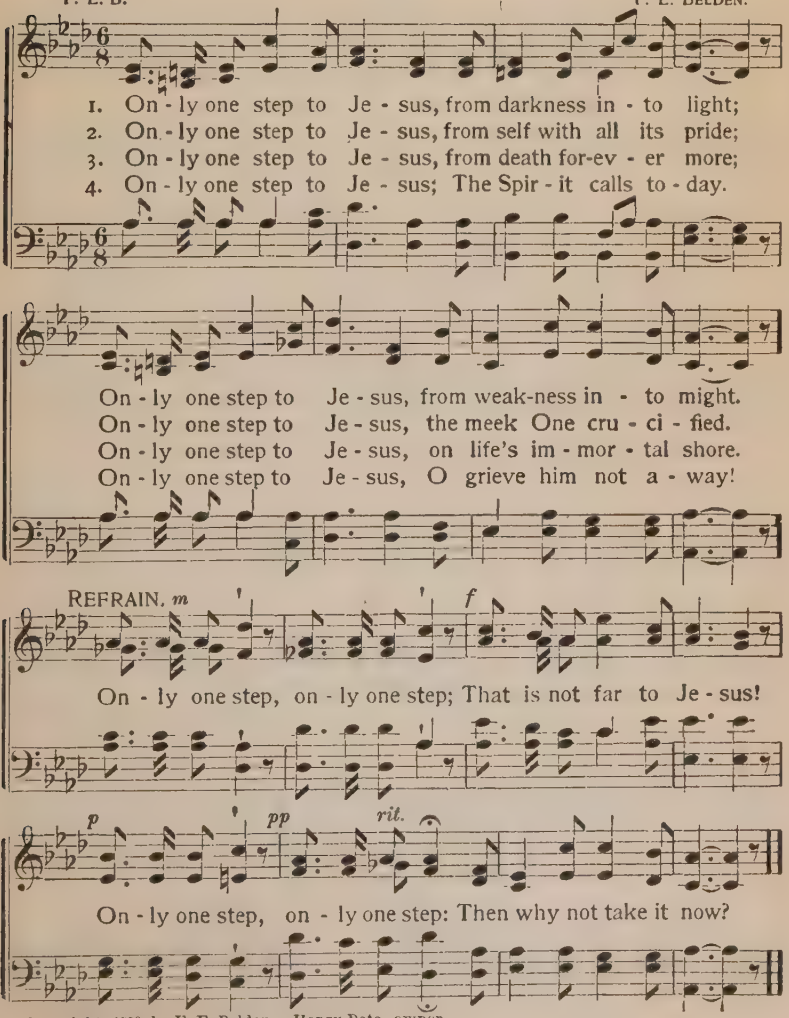
Jesus at the Door.



145 Only One Step.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.


1. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from darkness in - to light;
2. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from self with all its pride;
3. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from death for-ev - er more;
4. On - ly one step to Je - sus; The Spir - it calls to - day.
On - ly one step to Je - sus, from weak-ness in - to might.
On - ly one step to Je - sus, the meek One cru - ci - fied.
On - ly one step to Je - sus, on life's im - mor - tal shore.
On - ly one step to Je - sus, O grieve him not a - way!
REFRAIN. m
f
On - ly one step, on - ly one step; That is not far to Je - sus!
p
pp
rit.
On - ly one step, on - ly one step: Then why not take it now?

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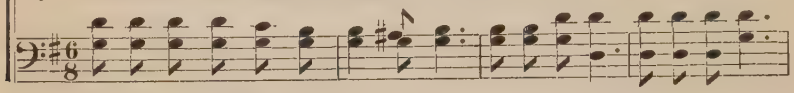
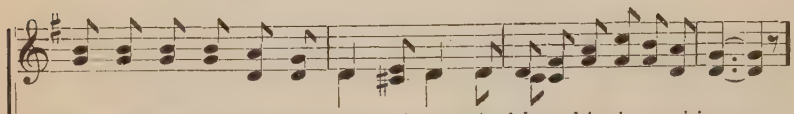
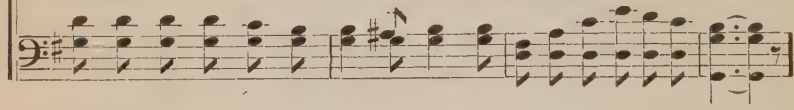
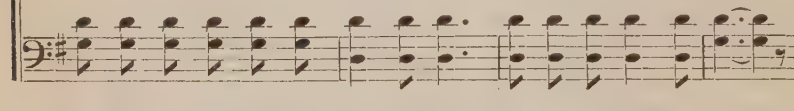
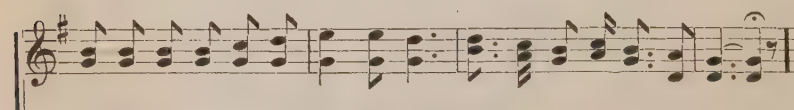
Clinging to Jesus, Alone.

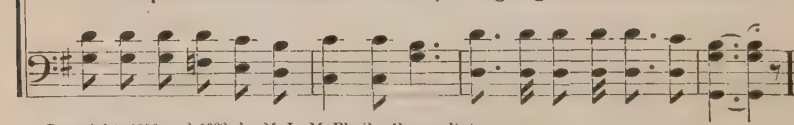
E. E. HEWITT, Alt. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. "Glo - ry to Je-sus!" my glad heart sings, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone;
2. He is my keep-er from day to day, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone;
3. He is my Star thro' the gloomy night, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone,
4. He is my Strength when temptations throng, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone;
5. All thro' the journey my song shall be, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone;



Grace and sal - va - tion to me he brings, And I am his chosen, his own.
Held by his hand I shall nev - er stray, I'm clinging to Jesus a-lone.
And my chief Joy when the skies are bright; I'm clinging to Jesus a-lone.
And though the con-flict be hard and long, I'm clinging to Jesus a-lone.
Chanting life's mu-sic to love's sweet key, And clinging to Jesus a-lone.

CHORUS.

I will sing prais-es to him I love; Is he not all my own?



I will press on to the home a-bove, Cling-ing to Je-sus a - lone.



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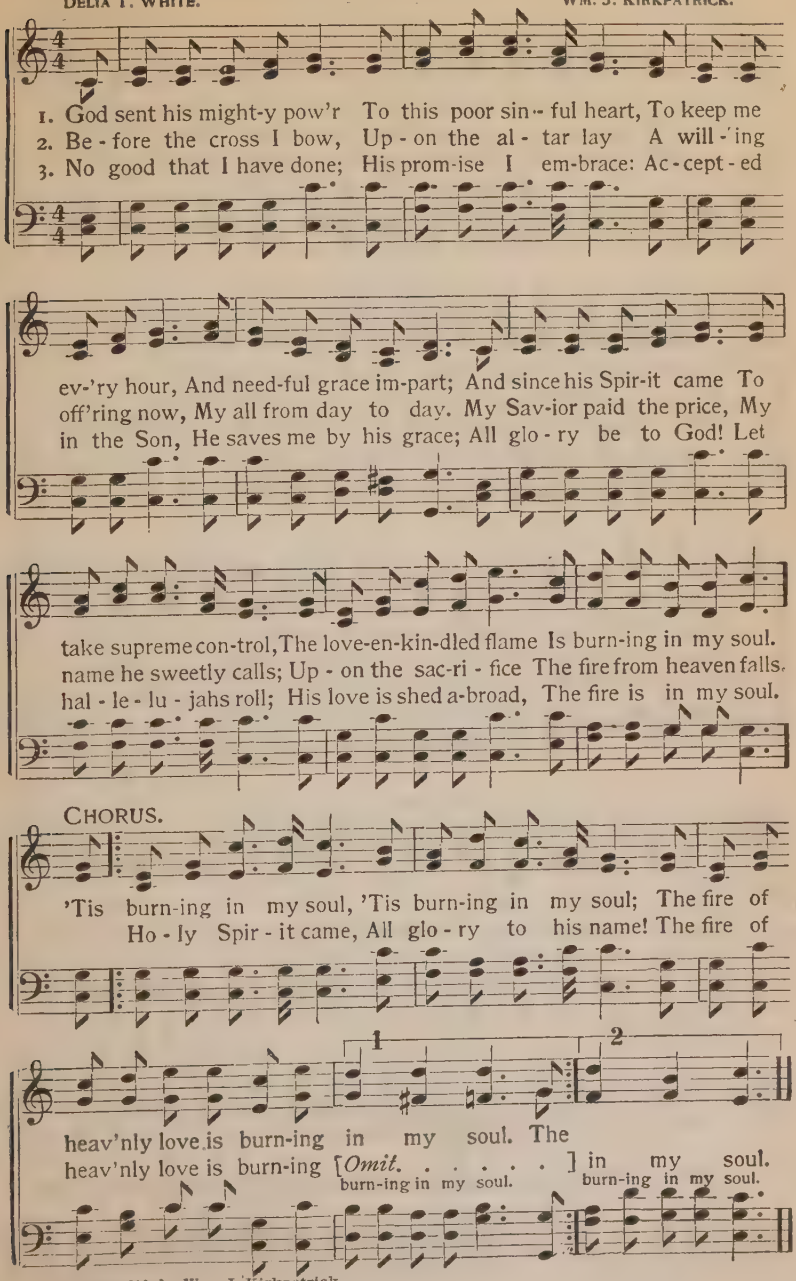
'Tis Burning in My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. God sent his might-y pow'r To this poor sin - ful heart, To keep me
2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A will - ing
3. No good that I have done; His prom-ise I em-brace: Ac - cept - ed
ev-'ry hour, And need-ful grace im-part; And since his Spir-it came To
off'ring now, My all from day to day. My Sav-ior paid the price, My
in the Son, He saves me by his grace; All glo - ry be to God! Let
take supreme con-trol, The love-en-kin-dled flame Is burn-ing in my soul.
name he sweetly calls; Up - on the sac-ri - fice The fire from heaven falls.
hal - le - lu - jahs roll; His love is shed a-broad, The fire is in my soul.
CHORUS.
'Tis burn-ing in my soul, 'Tis burn-ing in my soul; The fire of
Ho - ly Spir - it came, All glo - ry to his name! The fire of
1
2
heav'nly love is burn-ing in my soul. The
heav'nly love is burn-ing [Omit. . . . .] in my soul.
burn-ing in my soul.
burn-ing in my soul.

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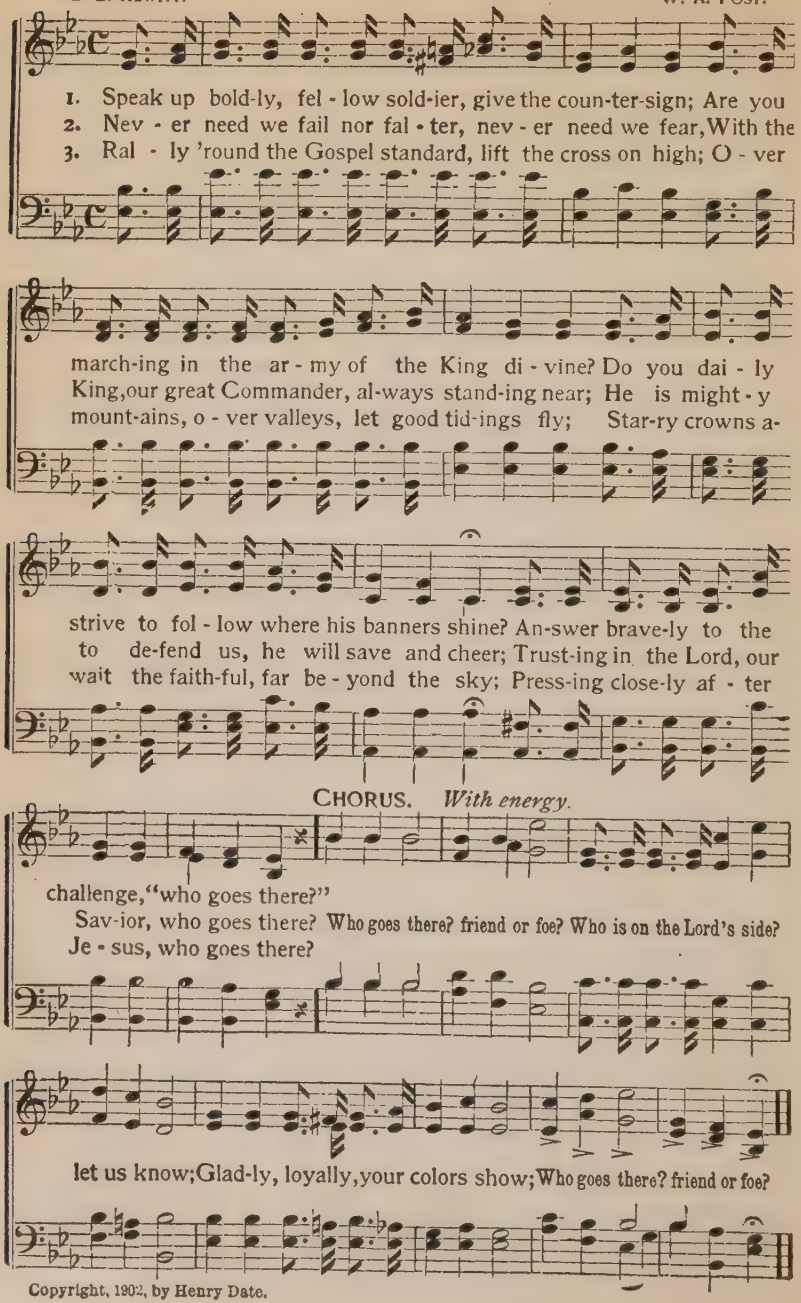
Who Goes There?

E. E. HEWITT. W. A. POST.


1. Speak up bold-ly, fel - low sold-ier, give the coun-ter-sign; Are you
2. Nev - er need we fail nor fal - ter, nev - er need we fear, With the
3. Ral - ly 'round the Gospel standard, lift the cross on high; O - ver
march-ing in the ar - my of the King di - vine? Do you dai - ly
King, our great Commander, al-ways stand-ing near; He is might - y
mount-ains, o - ver valleys, let good tid-ings fly; Star-ry crowns a-
strive to fol - low where his banners shine? An-swer brave-ly to the
to de-fend us, he will save and cheer; Trust-ing in the Lord, our
wait the faith-ful, far be - yond the sky; Press-ing close-ly af - ter
CHORUS. *With energy.*
challenge, "who goes there?"
Sav-ior, who goes there? Who goes there? friend or foe? Who is on the Lord's side?
Je - sus, who goes there?
let us know; Glad-ly, loyally, your colors show; Who goes there? friend or foe?

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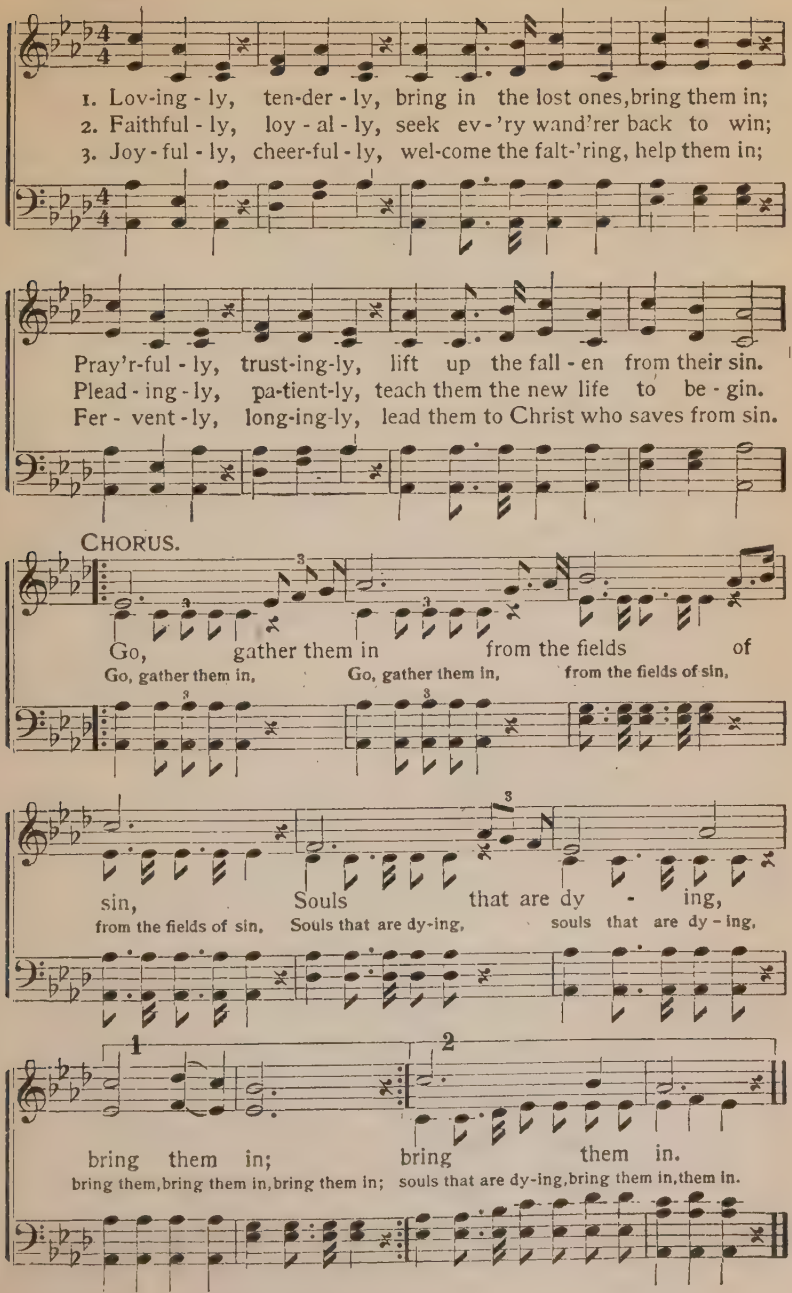
Go Gather Them In.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.


1. Lov-ing - ly, ten-der - ly, bring in the lost ones, bring them in;
2. Faithful - ly, loy - al - ly, seek ev - 'ry wand'rer back to win;
3. Joy - ful - ly, cheer-ful - ly, wel-come the falt-'ring, help them in;
Pray'r-ful - ly, trust-ing-ly, lift up the fall - en from their sin.
Plead - ing - ly, pa-tient-ly, teach them the new life to be - gin.
Fer - vent - ly, long-ing-ly, lead them to Christ who saves from sin.
CHORUS.
Go, gather them in from the fields of
Go, gather them in, Go, gather them in, from the fields of sin,
sin, Souls that are dy - ing,
from the fields of sin, Souls that are dy-ing, souls that are dy - ing,
1
bring them in;
bring them in, bring them in, bring them in;
2
bring them in.
souls that are dy-ing, bring them in, them in.

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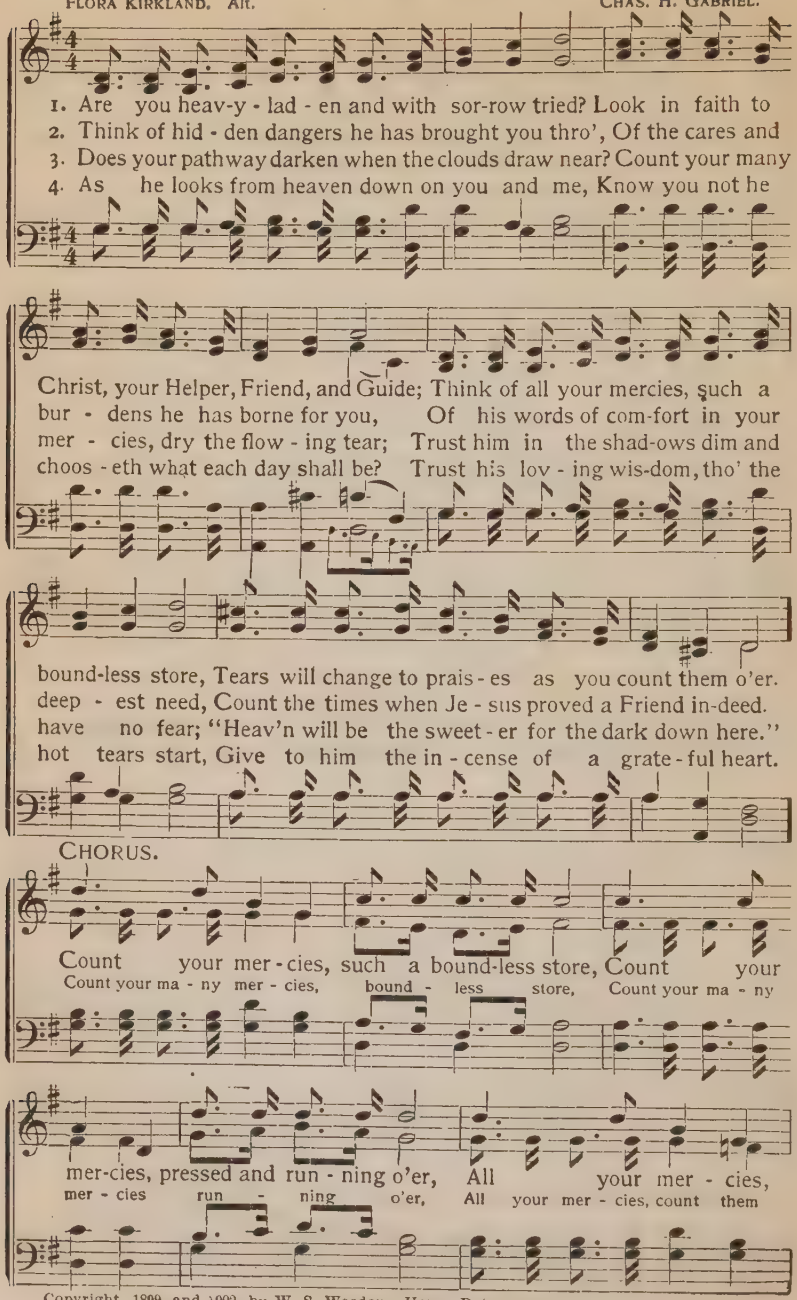
Count Your Mercies.

FLORA KIRKLAND. Alt. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Are you heav-y - lad - en and with sor-row tried? Look in faith to
2. Think of hid - den dangers he has brought you thro', Of the cares and
3. Does your pathway darken when the clouds draw near? Count your many
4. As he looks from heaven down on you and me, Know you not he
Christ, your Helper, Friend, and Guide; Think of all your mercies, such a
bur - dens he has borne for you, Of his words of com-fort in your
mer - cies, dry the flow - ing tear; Trust him in the shad-ows dim and
choos - eth what each day shall be? Trust his lov - ing wis-dom, tho' the
bound-less store, Tears will change to prais - es as you count them o'er.
deep - est need, Count the times when Je - sus proved a Friend in-deed.
have no fear; "Heav'n will be the sweet - er for the dark down here."
hot tears start, Give to him the in - cense of a grate - ful heart.
CHORUS.
Count your mer - cies, such a bound-less store, Count your
Count your ma - ny mer - cies, bound - less store, Count your ma - ny
mer-cies, pressed and run - ning o'er, All your mer - cies,
mer - cies run - ning o'er, All your mer - cies, count them

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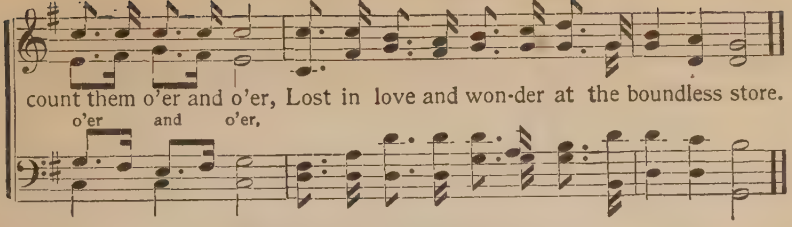
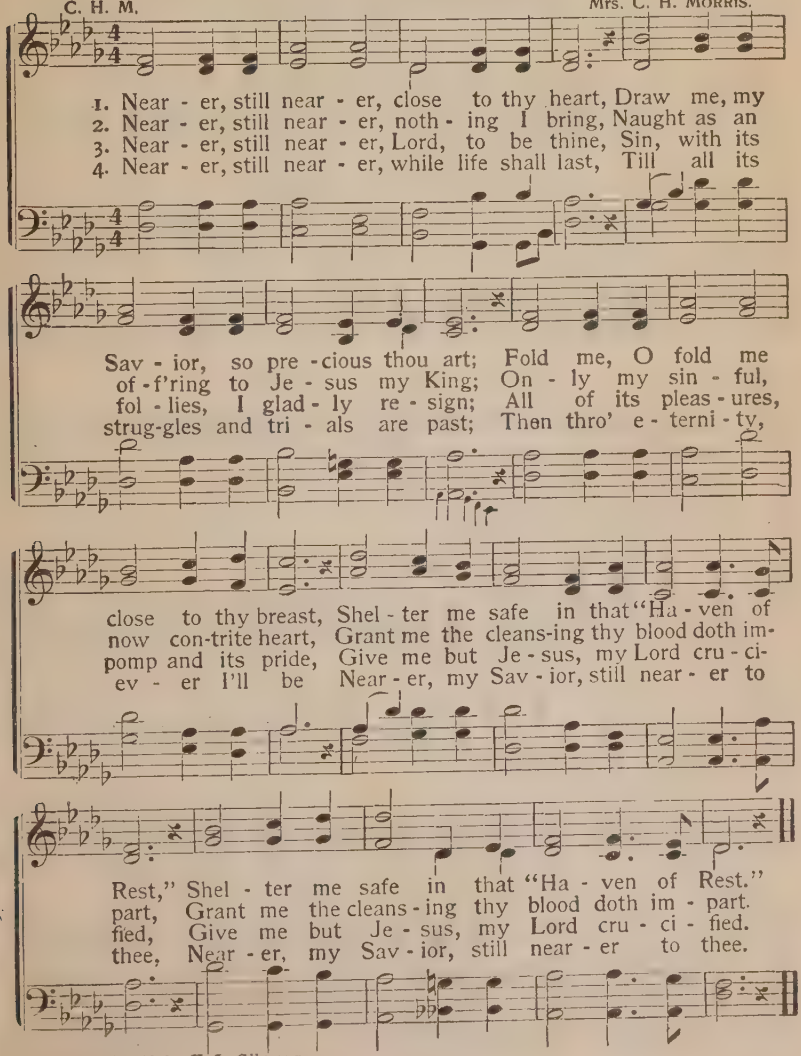
Count Your Mercies.



151 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Near - er, still near - er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till all its
Sav - ior, so pre - cious thou art; Fold me, O fold me
of - f'ring to Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful,
fol - lies, I glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleas - ures,
strug-gles and tri - als are past; Then thro' e - terni - ty,
close to thy breast, Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of
now con-trite heart, Grant me the cleans-ing thy blood doth im-
pomp and its pride, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci-
ev - er I'll be Near - er, my Sav - ior, still near - er to
Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest."
part, Grant me the cleans - ing thy blood doth im - part.
fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
thee, Near - er, my Sav - ior, still near - er to thee.

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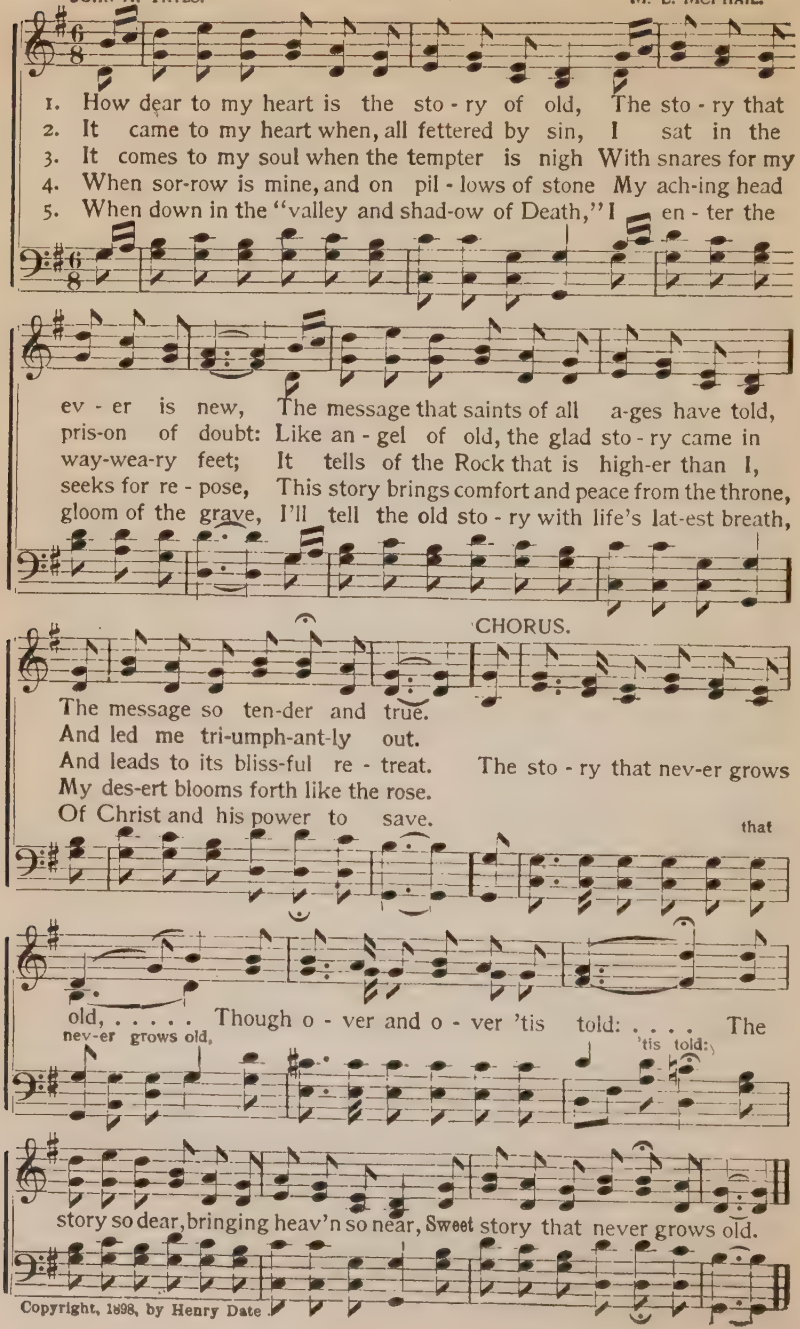
152 The Story That Never Grows Old.

JOHN H. YATES. M. L. McPHAIL.


1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that
2. It came to my heart when, all fettered by sin, I sat in the
3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh With snares for my
4. When sor-row is mine, and on pil - lows of stone My ach-ing head
5. When down in the "valley and shad-ow of Death," I en - ter the
ev - er is new, The message that saints of all a-ges have told,
pris-on of doubt: Like an - gel of old, the glad sto - ry came in
way-wea-ry feet; It tells of the Rock that is high-er than I,
seeks for re - pose, This story brings comfort and peace from the throne,
gloom of the grave, I'll tell the old sto - ry with life's lat-est breath,
CHORUS.
The message so ten-der and true.
And led me tri-umph-ant-ly out.
And leads to its bliss-ful re - treat. The sto - ry that nev-er grows
My des-ert blooms forth like the rose.
Of Christ and his power to save.
that
old, ... Though o - ver and o - ver 'tis told: . . . . The
nev-er grows old,
'tis told:
story so dear, bringing heav'n so near, Sweet story that never grows old.

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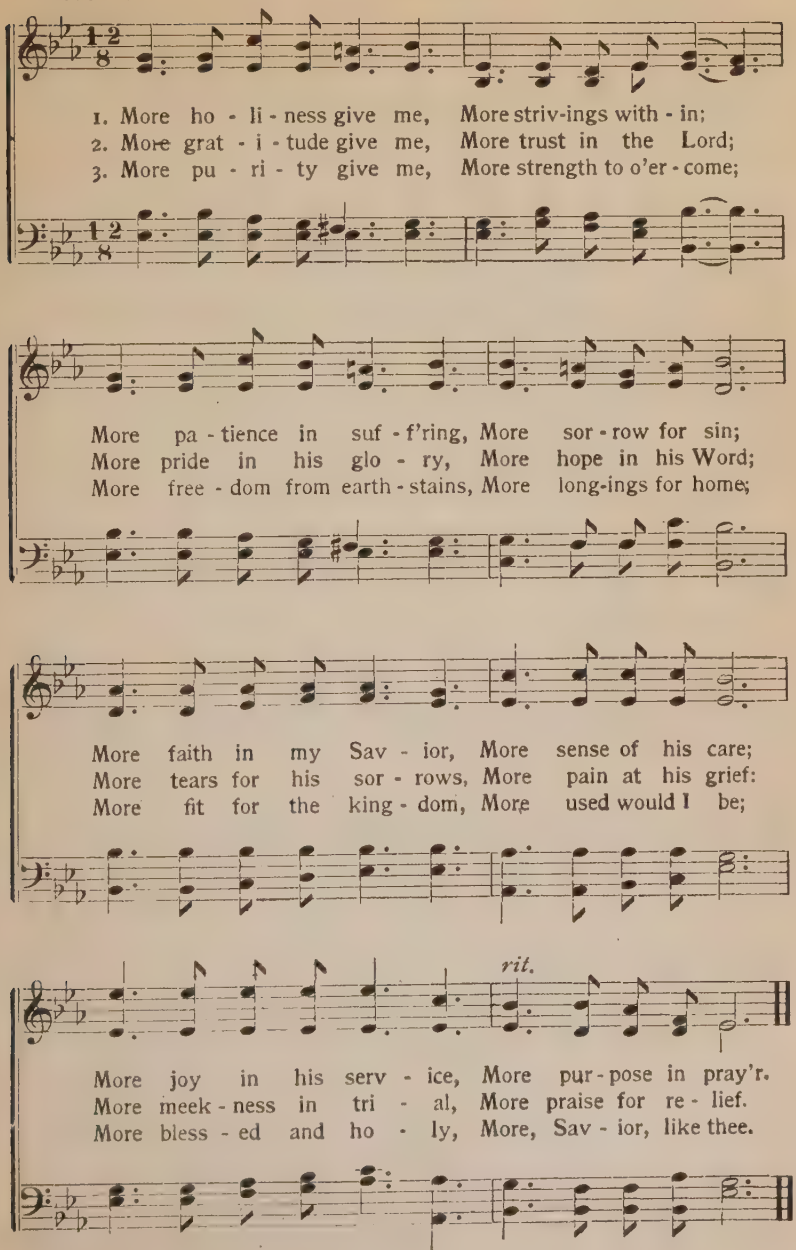
153 More Holiness Give Me.

P. P B. P.P.Bliss.

1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv-ings with - in;
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord;
3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come;
More pa - tience in suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin;
More pride in his glo - ry, More hope in his Word;
More free - dom from earth - stains, More long-ings for home;
More faith in my Sav - ior, More sense of his care;
More tears for his sor - rows, More pain at his grief:
More fit for the king - dom, More used would I be;
rit.
More joy in his serv - ice, More pur - pose in pray'r.
More meek - ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - ior, like thee.

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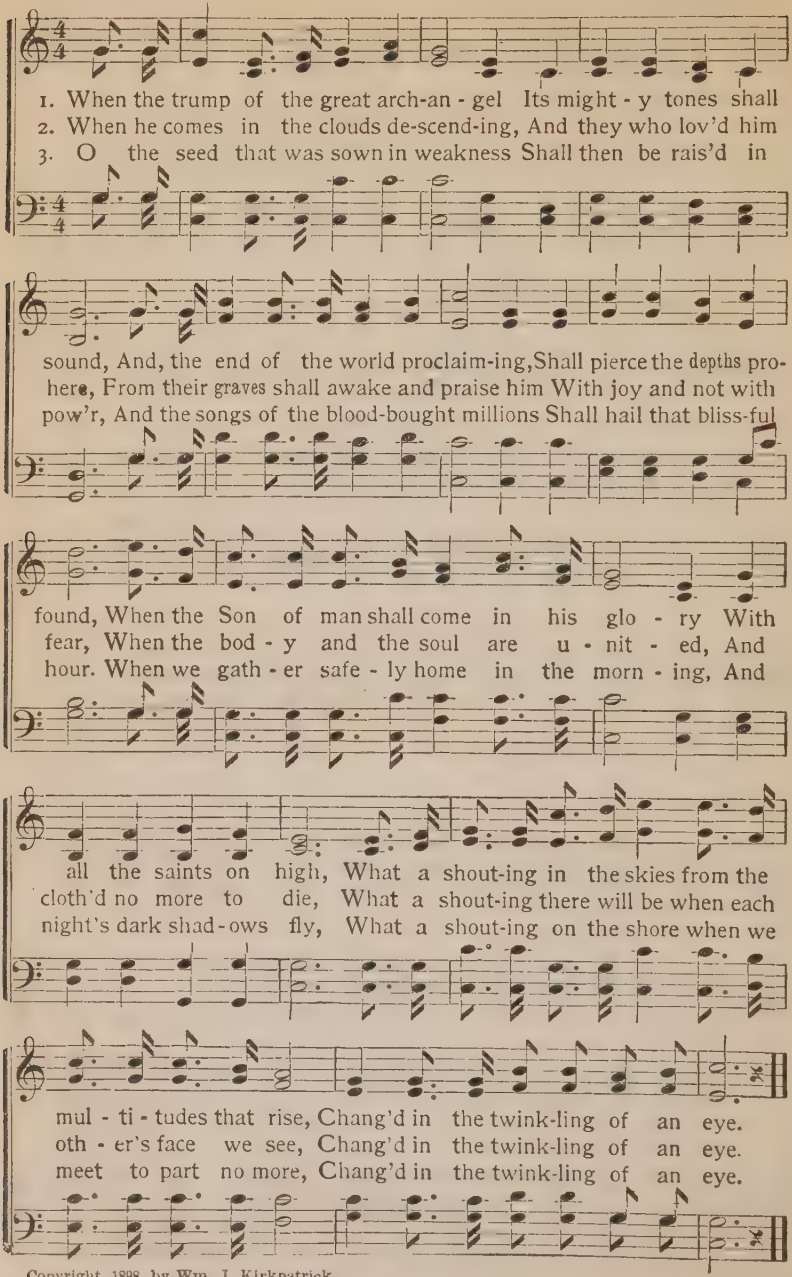
154 In the Twinkling of an Eye.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. When the trump of the great arch-an - gel Its might - y tones shall
2. When he comes in the clouds de-scend-ing, And they who lov'd him
3. O the seed that was sown in weakness Shall then be rais'd in
sound, And, the end of the world proclaim-ing, Shall pierce the depths pro-
here, From their graves shall awake and praise him With joy and not with
pow'r, And the songs of the blood-bought millions Shall hail that bliss-ful
found, When the Son of man shall come in his glo - ry With
fear, When the bod - y and the soul are u - nit - ed, And
hour. When we gath - er safe - ly home in the morn - ing, And
all the saints on high, What a shout-ing in the skies from the
cloth'd no more to die, What a shout-ing there will be when each
night's dark shad - ows fly, What a shout-ing on the shore when we
mul - ti - tudes that rise, Chang'd in the twink-ling of an eye.
oth - er's face we see, Chang'd in the twink-ling of an eye.
meet to part no more, Chang'd in the twink-ling of an eye.

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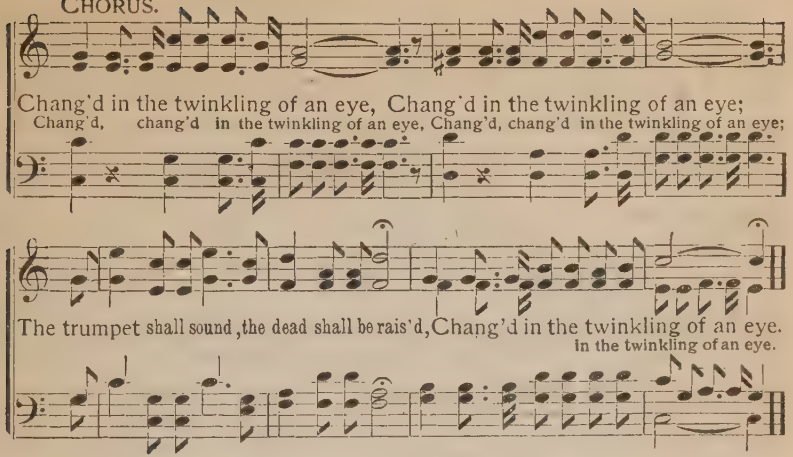
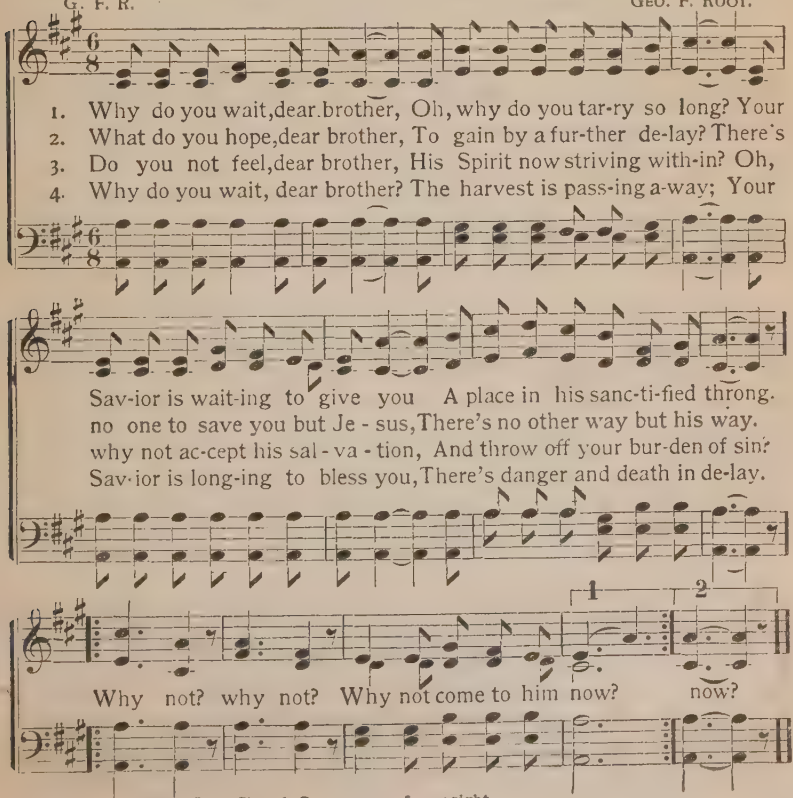
In the Twinkling of an Eye.

CHORUS.


Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye;
Chang'd, chang'd in the twinkling of an eye, Chang'd, chang'd in the twinkling of an eye;
The trumpet shall sound, the dead shall be rais'd, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.
in the twinkling of an eye.

155 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spirit now striving with-in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear brother? The harvest is pass-ing a-way; Your
Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no other way but his way.
why not ac-cept his sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.
1
2
Why not? why not? Why not come to him now? now?

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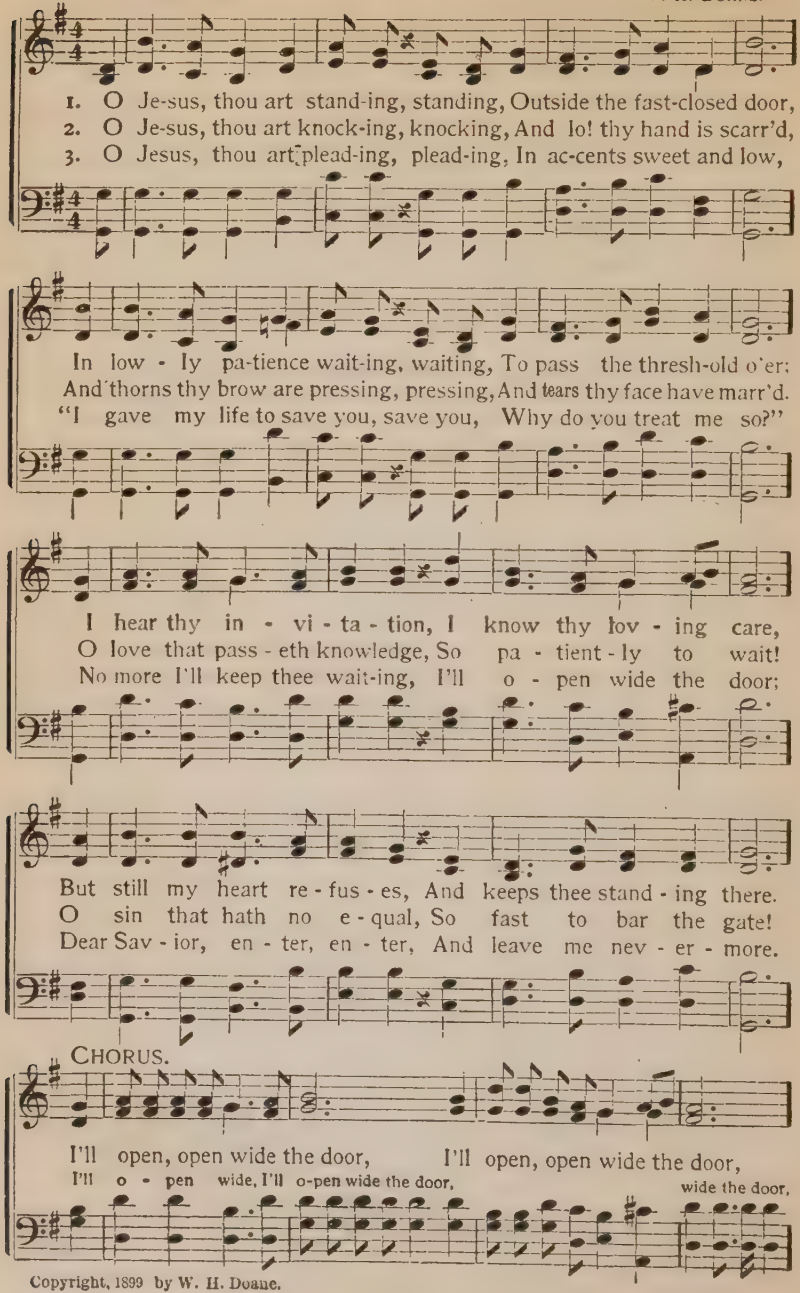
156 Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

W. W. Howe. Alt. W. H. Doane.


1. O Je-sus, thou art stand-ing, standing, Outside the fast-closed door,
2. O Je-sus, thou art knock-ing, knocking, And lo! thy hand is scarr'd,
3. O Jesus, thou art plead-ing, plead-ing, In ac-cents sweet and low,
In low - ly pa-tience wait-ing, waiting, To pass the thresh-old o'er;
And thorns thy brow are pressing, pressing, And tears thy face have marr'd.
"I gave my life to save you, save you, Why do you treat me so?"
I hear thy in - vi - ta - tion, I know thy lov - ing care,
O love that pass - eth knowledge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
No more I'll keep thee wait-ing, I'll o - pen wide the door;
But still my heart re - fus - es, And keeps thee stand - ing there.
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave me nev - er - more.
CHORUS.
I'll open, open wide the door, I'll open, open wide the door,
I'll o - pen wide, I'll o-pen wide the door, wide the door,

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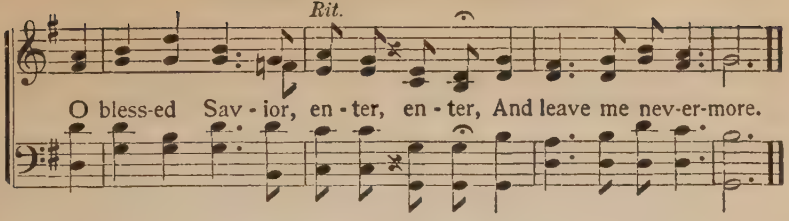
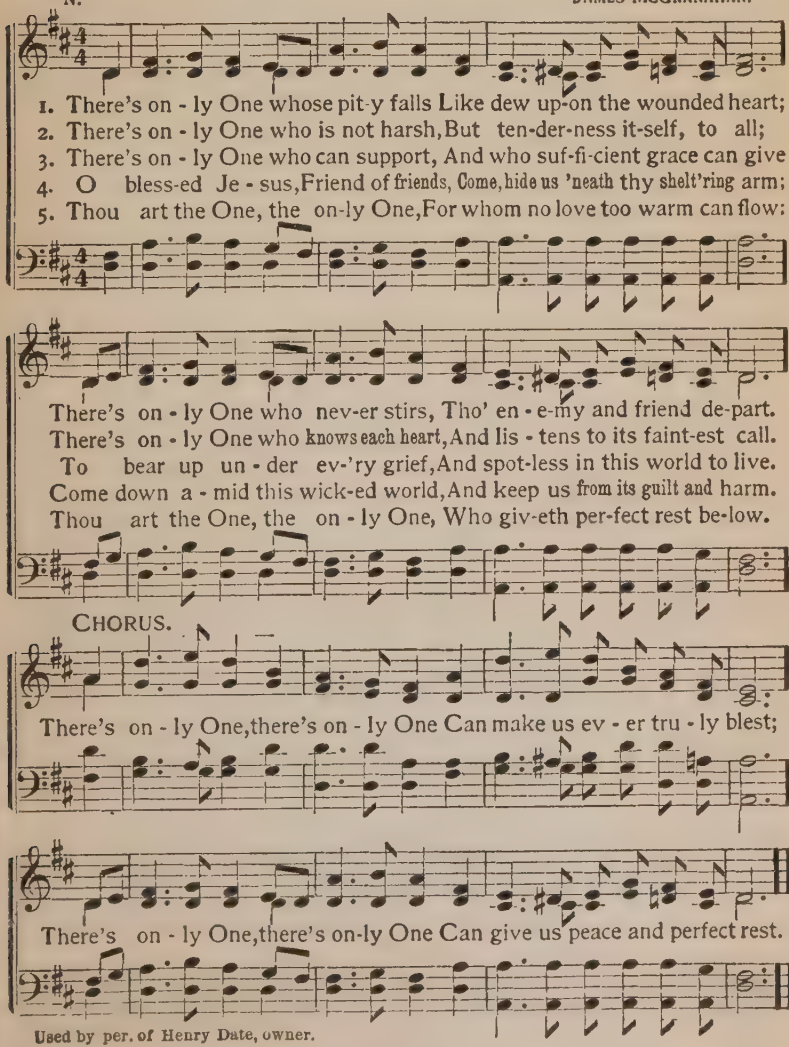
Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

157 There's Only One.

N. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. There's on - ly One whose pit-y falls Like dew up-on the wounded heart;
2. There's on - ly One who is not harsh, But ten-der-ness it-self, to all;
3. There's on - ly One who can support, And who suf-fi-cient grace can give
4. O bless-ed Je - sus, Friend of friends, Come, hide us 'neath thy shelt'ring arm;
5. Thou art the One, the on-ly One, For whom no love too warm can flow:
There's on - ly One who nev-er stirs, Tho' en - e-my and friend de-part.
There's on - ly One who knows each heart, And lis - tens to its faint-est call.
To bear up un - der ev-'ry grief, And spot-less in this world to live.
Come down a - mid this wick-ed world, And keep us from its guilt and harm.
Thou art the One, the on - ly One, Who giv-eth per-fect rest be-low.
CHORUS.
There's on - ly One, there's on - ly One Can make us ev - er tru - ly blest;
There's on - ly One, there's on-ly One Can give us peace and perfect rest.

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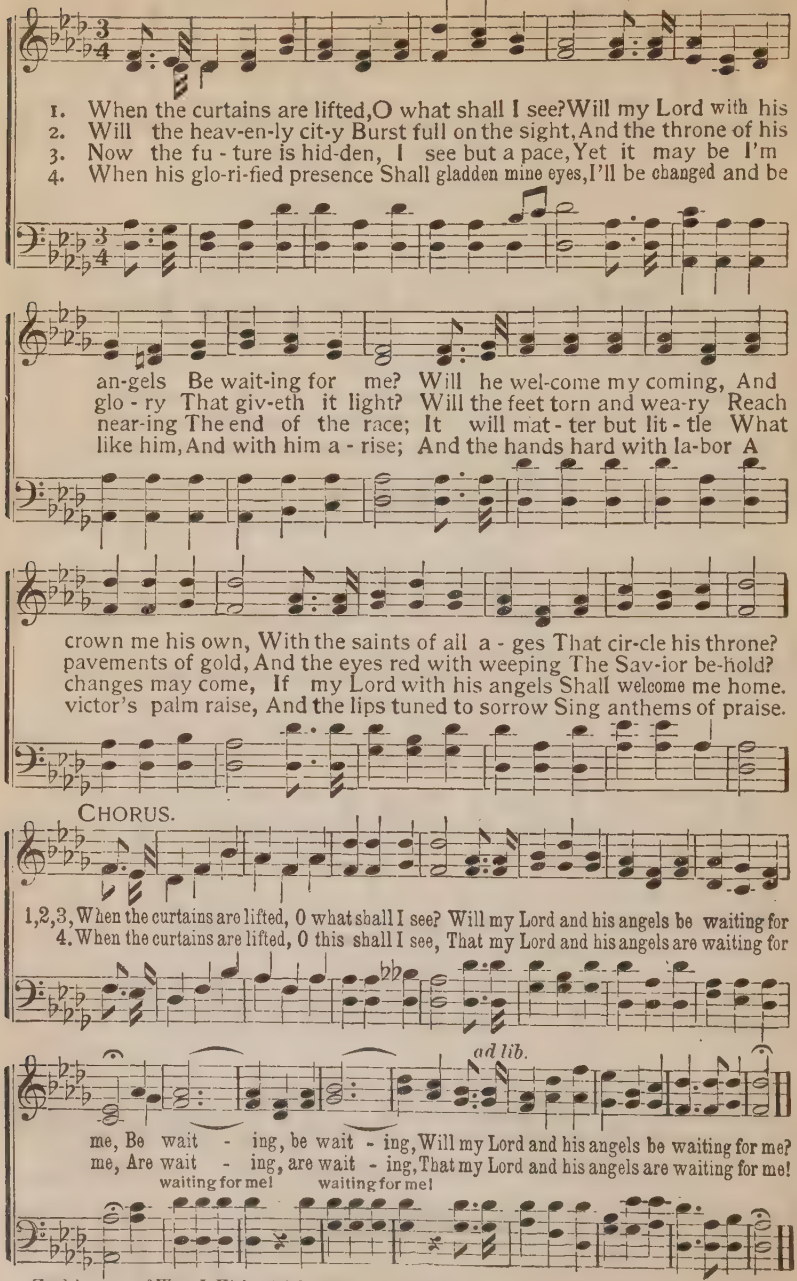
158 When the Curtains are Lifted.

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. When the curtains are lifted, O what shall I see? Will my Lord with his
2. Will the heav-en-ly cit-y Burst full on the sight, And the throne of his
3. Now the fu - ture is hid-den, I see but a pace, Yet it may be I'm
4. When his glo-ri-fied presence Shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be changed and be
an-gels Be wait-ing for me? Will he wel-come my coming, And
glo - ry That giv-eth it light? Will the feet torn and wea-ry Reach
near-ing The end of the race; It will mat - ter but lit - tle What
like him, And with him a - rise; And the hands hard with la-bor A
crown me his own, With the saints of all a - ges That cir-cle his throne?
pavements of gold, And the eyes red with weeping The Sav-ior be-hold?
changes may come, If my Lord with his angels Shall welcome me home.
victor's palm raise, And the lips tuned to sorrow Sing anthems of praise.
CHORUS.
1,2,3, When the curtains are lifted, O what shall I see? Will my Lord and his angels be waiting for
4. When the curtains are lifted, O this shall I see, That my Lord and his angels are waiting for
ad lib.
me, Be wait - ing, be wait - ing, Will my Lord and his angels be waiting for me?
me, Are wait - ing, are wait - ing, That my Lord and his angels are waiting for me!
waiting for me! waiting for me!

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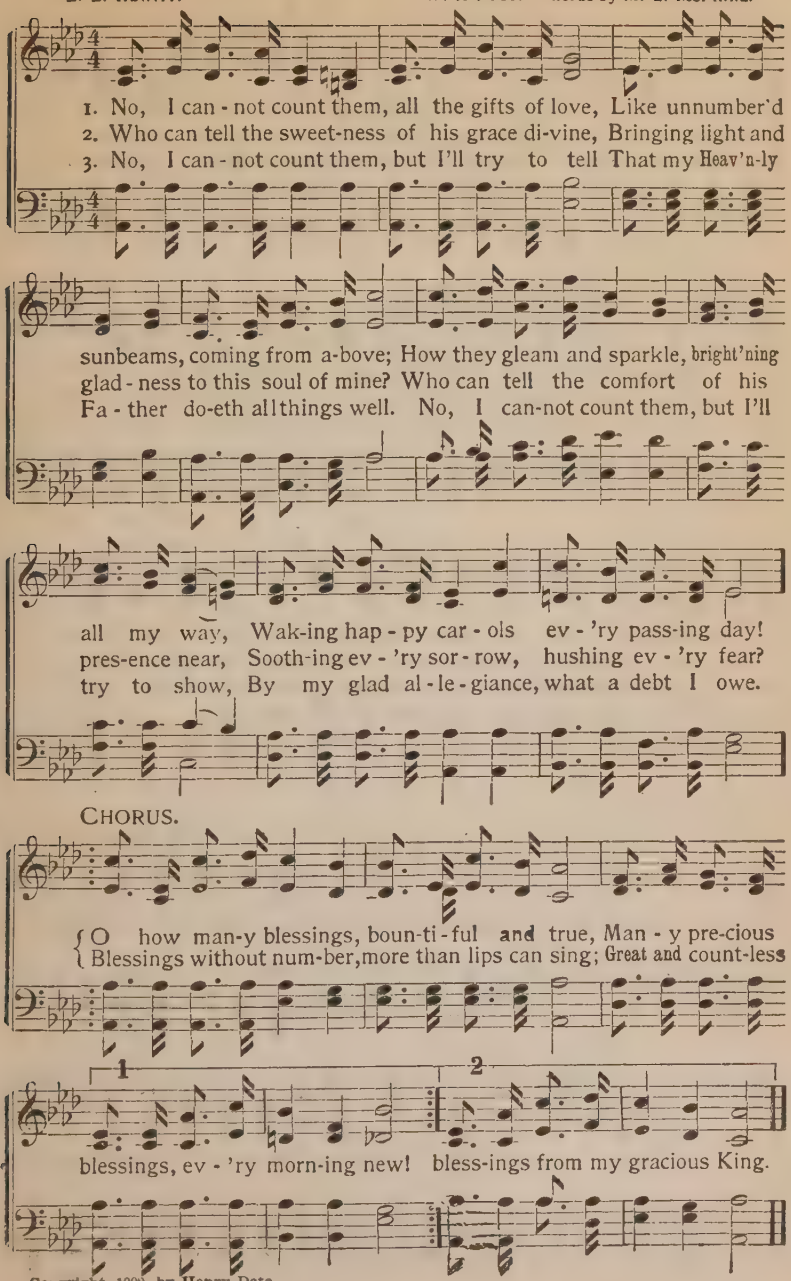
Countless Blessings.

E. E. HEWITT. W. A POST. Chorus by M. L. McPHAIL.


1. No, I can - not count them, all the gifts of love, Like unnumber'd
2. Who can tell the sweet-ness of his grace di-vine, Bringing light and
3. No, I can - not count them, but I'll try to tell That my Heav'n-ly
sunbeams, coming from a-bove; How they gleam and sparkle, bright'ning
glad - ness to this soul of mine? Who can tell the comfort of his
Fa - ther do-eth all things well. No, I can-not count them, but I'll
all my way, Wak-ing hap - py car - ols ev - 'ry pass-ing day!
pres-ence near, Sooth-ing ev - 'ry sor - row, hushing ev - 'ry fear?
try to show, By my glad al - le - giance, what a debt I owe.
CHORUS.
O how man-y blessings, boun-ti - ful and true, Man - y pre-cious
Blessings without num-ber, more than lips can sing; Great and count-less
1
2
blessings, ev - 'ry morn-ing new! bless-ings from my gracious King.

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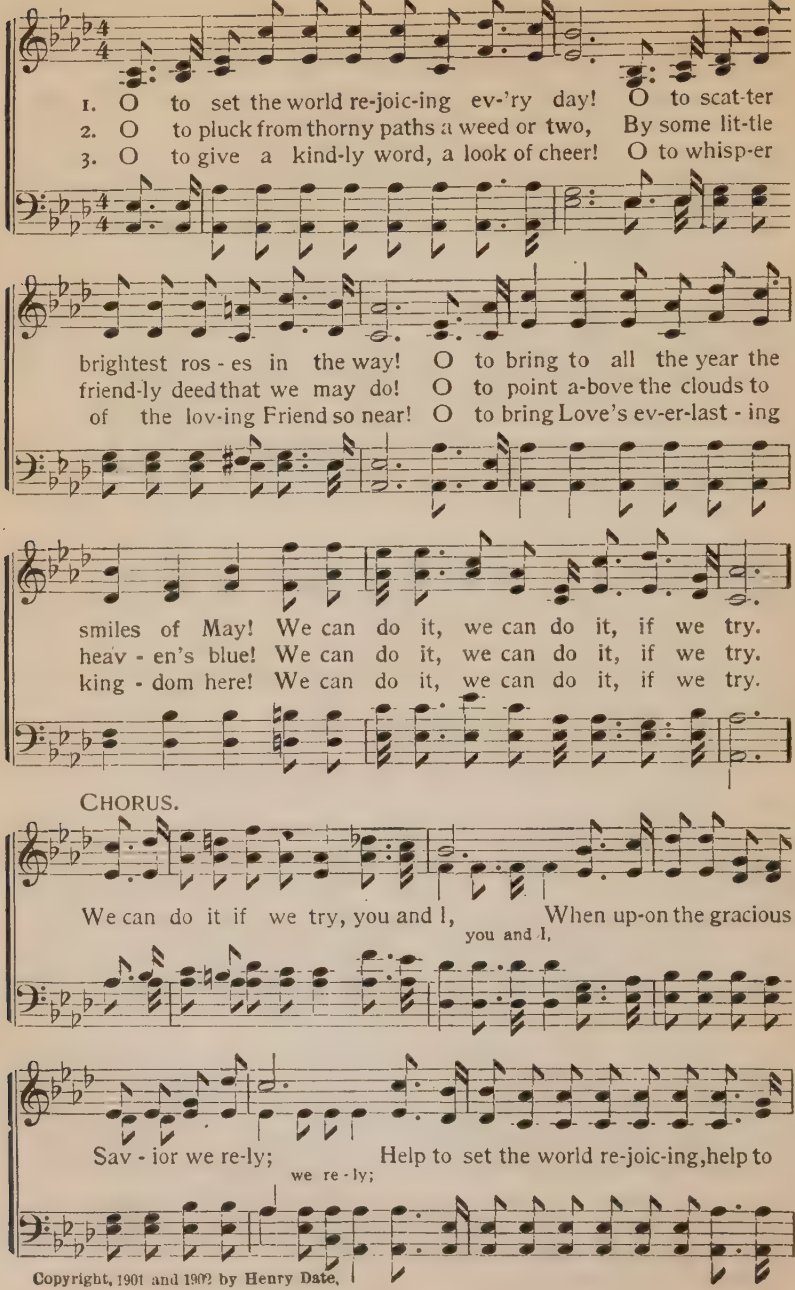
160 Help to Set the World Rejoicing.

E. E. HEWITT. W. A. POST.

1. O to set the world re-joic-ing ev-'ry day! O to scat-ter
2. O to pluck from thorny paths a weed or two, By some lit-tle
3. O to give a kind-ly word, a look of cheer! O to whisp-er
brightest ros - es in the way! O to bring to all the year the
friend-ly deed that we may do! O to point a-bove the clouds to
of the lov-ing Friend so near! O to bring Love's ev-er-last - ing
smiles of May! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.
heav - en's blue! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.
king - dom here! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.
CHORUS.
We can do it if we try, you and I, When up-on the gracious
you and I,
Sav - ior we re-ly; Help to set the world re-joic-ing, help to
we re - ly;

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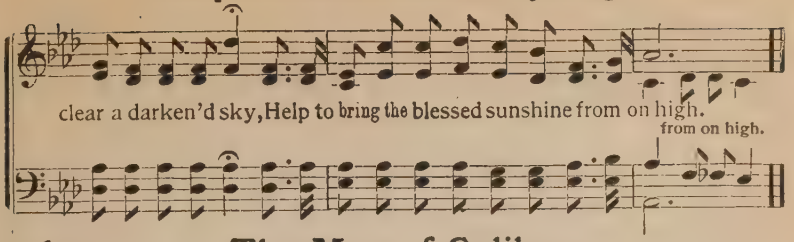
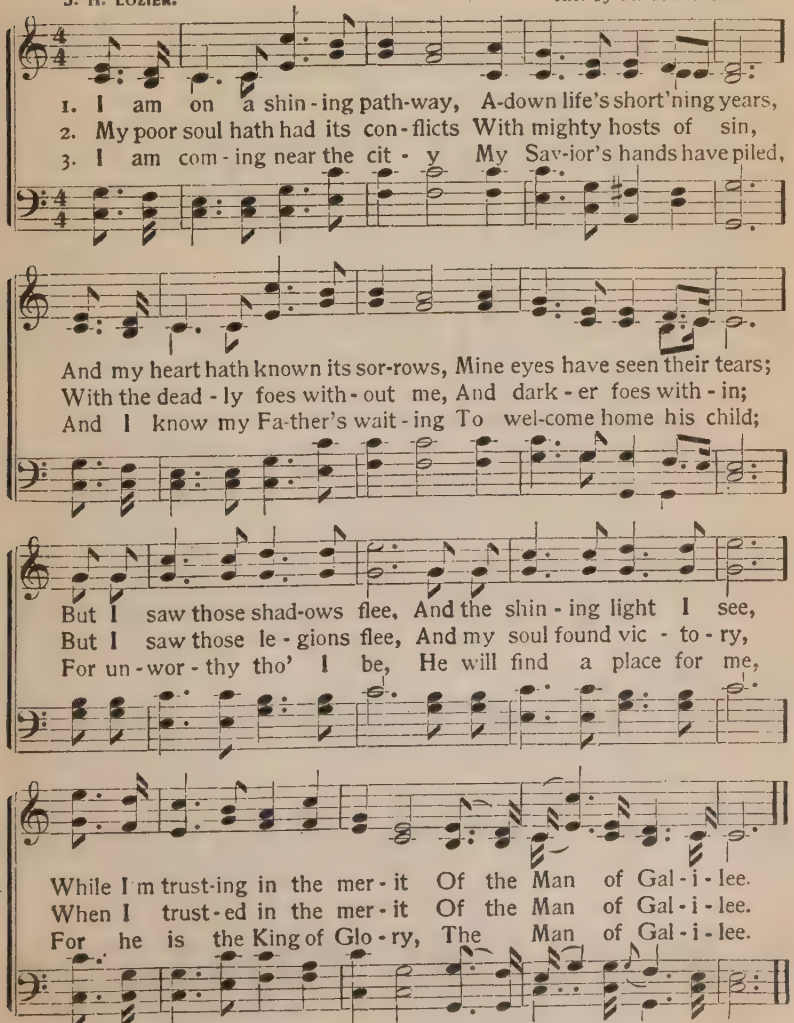
Help to Set the World Rejoicing.



161 The Man of Galilee.

J. H. LOZIER. Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.


1. I am on a shin - ing path-way, A-down life's short'ning years,
2. My poor soul hath had its con - flicts With mighty hosts of sin,
3. I am com - ing near the cit - y My Sav-ior's hands have piled,
And my heart hath known its sor-rows, Mine eyes have seen their tears;
With the dead - ly foes with - out me, And dark - er foes with - in;
And I know my Fa-ther's wait - ing To wel-come home his child;
But I saw those shad-ows flee, And the shin - ing light I see,
But I saw those le - gions flee, And my soul found vic - to - ry,
For un - wor - thy tho' I be, He will find a place for me,
While I'm trust-ing in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
When I trust - ed in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
For he is the King of Glo - ry, The Man of Gal - i - lee.

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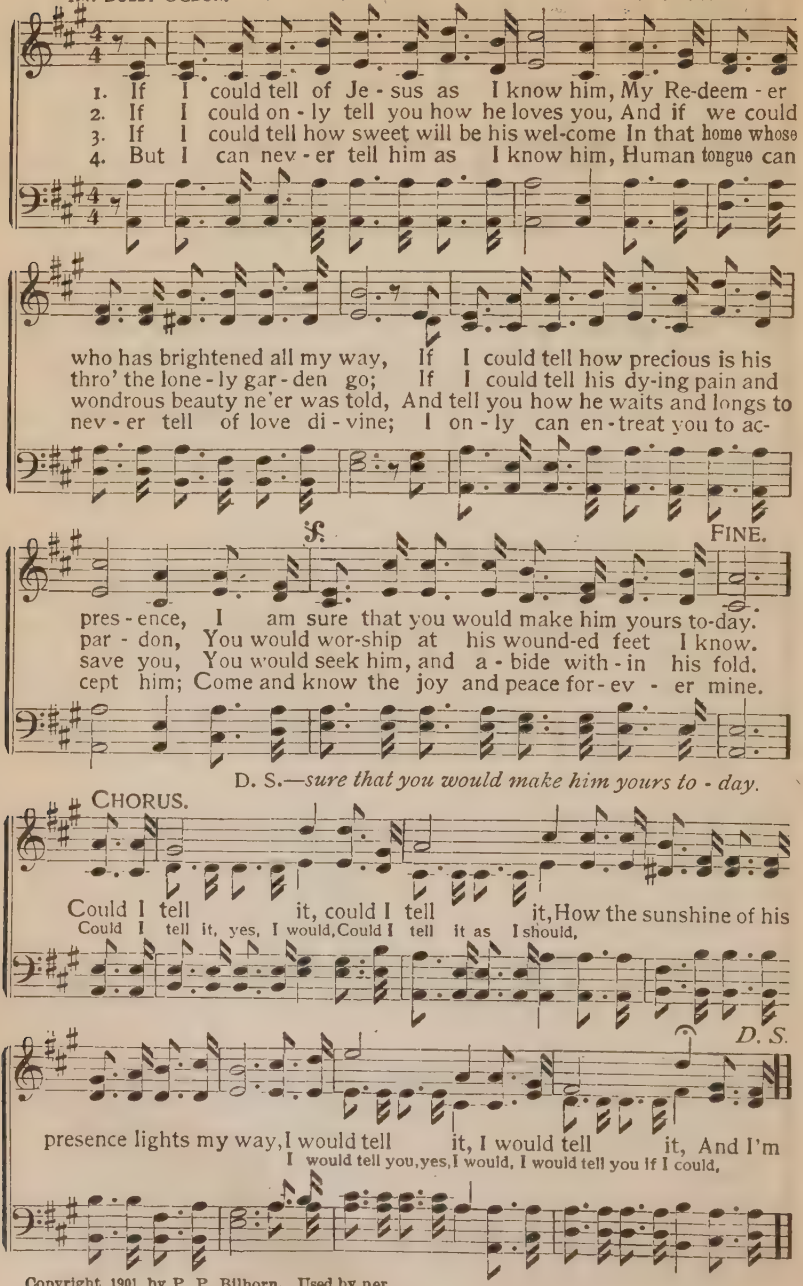
Could I Tell It.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.


1. If I could tell of Je - sus as I know him, My Re-deem - er
2. If I could on - ly tell you how he loves you, And if we could
3. If I could tell how sweet will be his wel-come In that home whose
4. But I can nev - er tell him as I know him, Human tongue can
who has brightened all my way, If I could tell how precious is his
thro' the lone - ly gar - den go; If I could tell his dy-ing pain and
wondrous beauty ne'er was told, And tell you how he waits and longs to
nev - er tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can en - treat you to ac-
pres - ence, I am sure that you would make him yours to-day.
par - don, You would wor-ship at his wound-ed feet I know.
save you, You would seek him, and a - bide with - in his fold.
cept him; Come and know the joy and peace for - ev - er mine.
FINE.
D. S.—sure that you would make him yours to - day.
CHORUS.
Could I tell it, could I tell it, How the sunshine of his
Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I tell it as I should,
D. S.
presence lights my way, I would tell it, I would tell it, And I'm
I would tell you, yes, I would, I would tell you if I could,

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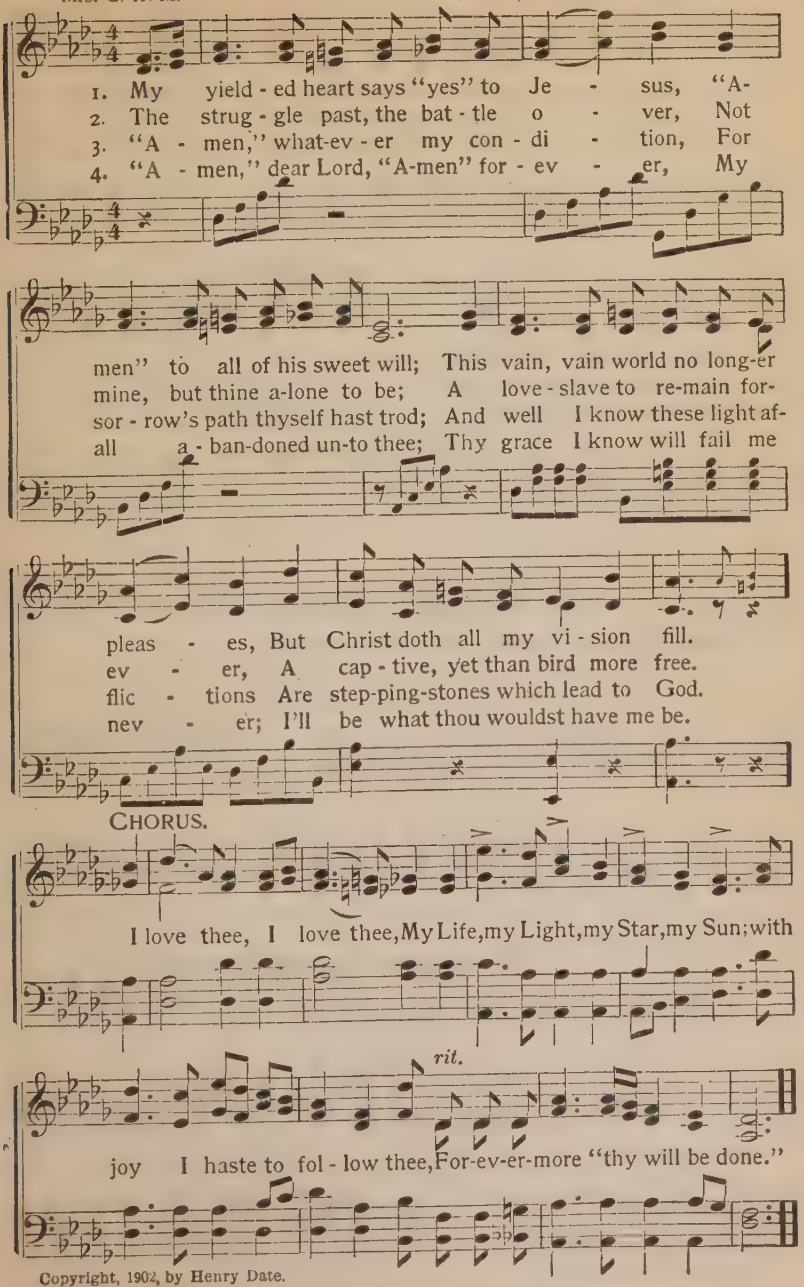
"Amen" to Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. My yield - ed heart says "yes" to Je - sus, "A-
2. The strug - gle past, the bat - tle o - ver, Not
3. "A - men," what-ev - er my con - di - tion, For
4. "A - men," dear Lord, "A-men" for - ev - er, My
men" to all of his sweet will; This vain, vain world no long-er
mine, but thine a-lone to be; A love - slave to re-main for-
sor - row's path thyself hast trod; And well I know these light af-
all a - ban-doned un-to thee; Thy grace I know will fail me
pleas - es, But Christ doth all my vi - sion fill.
ev - er, A cap - tive, yet than bird more free.
flic - tions Are step-ping-stones which lead to God.
nev - er; I'll be what thou wouldst have me be.
CHORUS.
I love thee, I love thee, My Life, my Light, my Star, my Sun; with
rit.
joy I haste to fol - low thee, For-ev-er-more "thy will be done."

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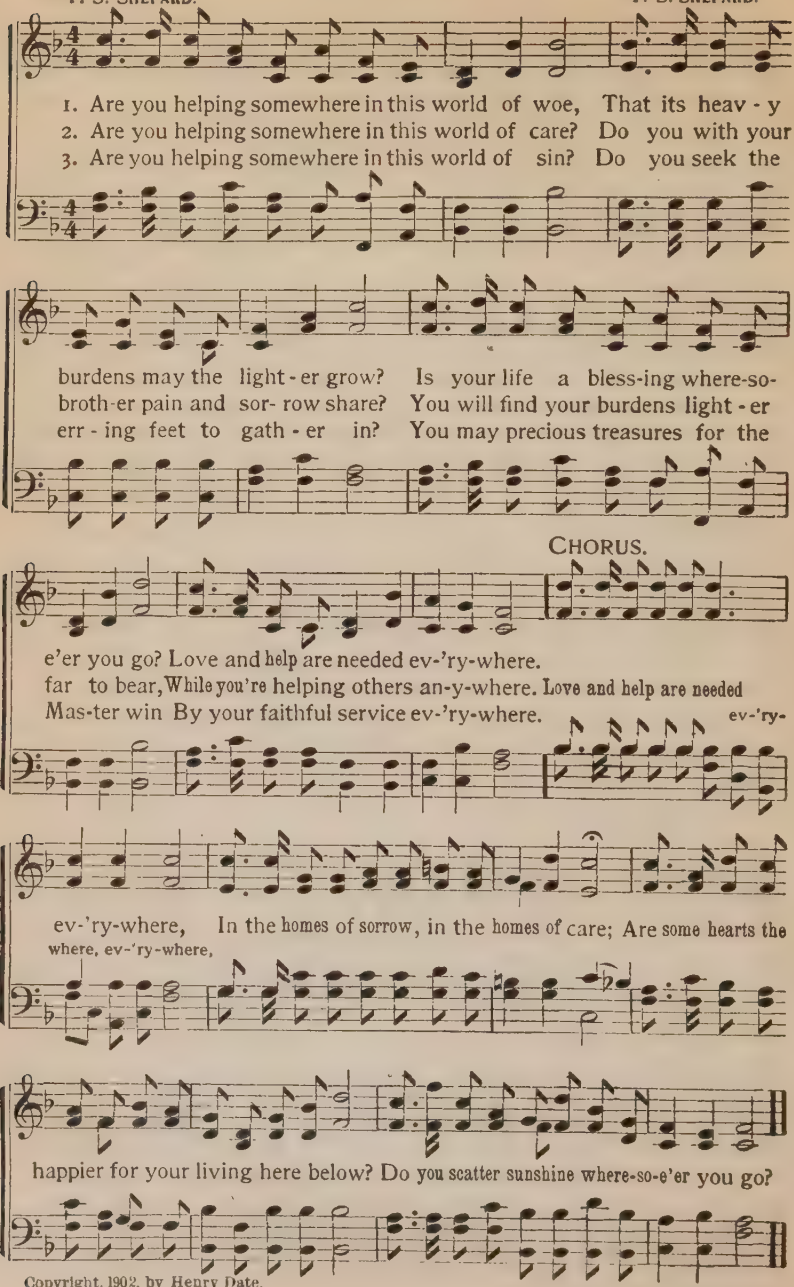
164 Are You Helping Somewhere?

F. S. SHEPARD. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. Are you helping somewhere in this world of woe, That its heav - y
2. Are you helping somewhere in this world of care? Do you with your
3. Are you helping somewhere in this world of sin? Do you seek the
burdens may the light - er grow? Is your life a bless-ing where-so-
broth-er pain and sor- row share? You will find your burdens light - er
err - ing feet to gath - er in? You may precious treasures for the
CHORUS.
e'er you go? Love and help are needed ev-'ry-where.
far to bear, While you're helping others an-y-where. Love and help are needed
Mas-ter win By your faithful service ev-'ry-where.
ev-'ry-
ev-'ry-where, In the homes of sorrow, in the homes of care; Are some hearts the
where, ev-'ry-where,
happier for your living here below? Do you scatter sunshine where-so-e'er you go?

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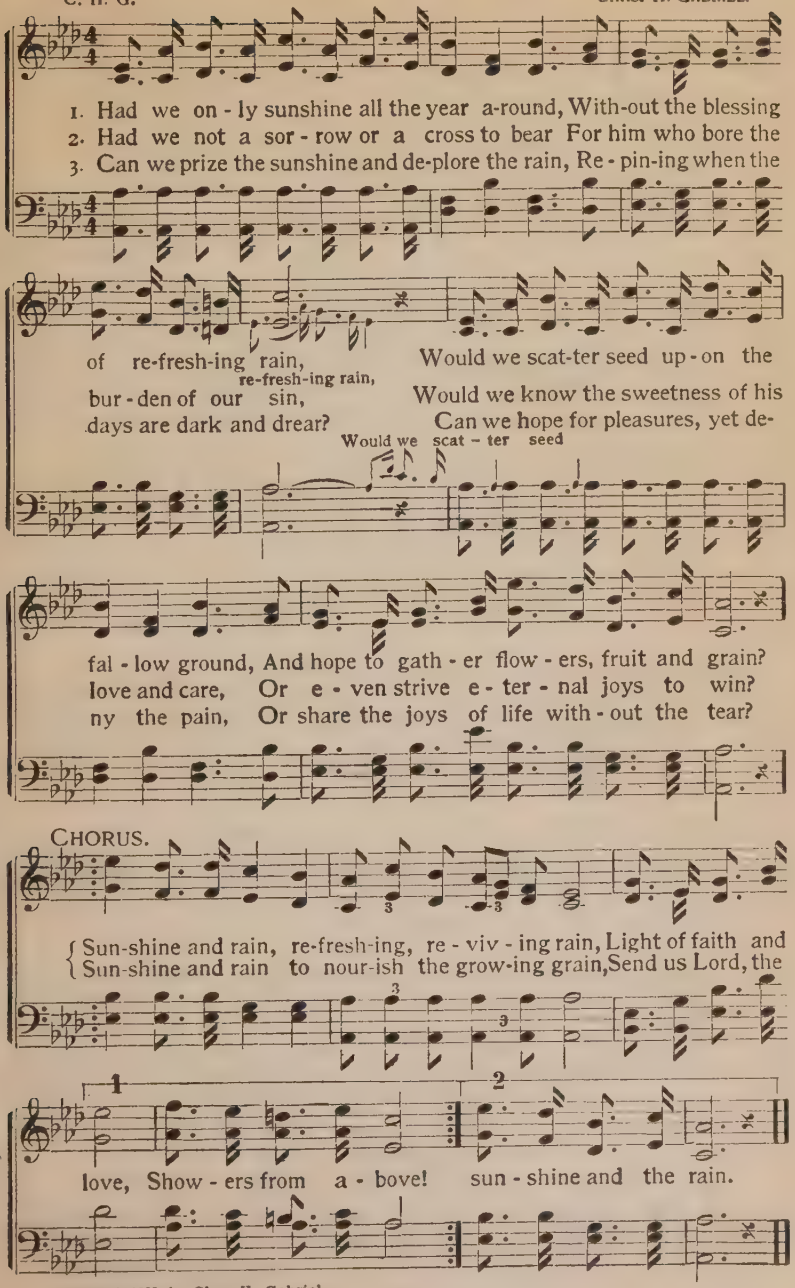
Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Had we on - ly sunshine all the year a-round, With-out the blessing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear For him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sunshine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin-ing when the
of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up - on the
re-fresh-ing rain,
bur - den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of his
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-
Would we scat - ter seed
fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?
CHORUS.
Sun-shine and rain, re-fresh-ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
Sun-shine and rain to nour-ish the grow-ing grain, Send us Lord, the
1
2
love, Show - ers from a - bove! sun - shine and the rain.

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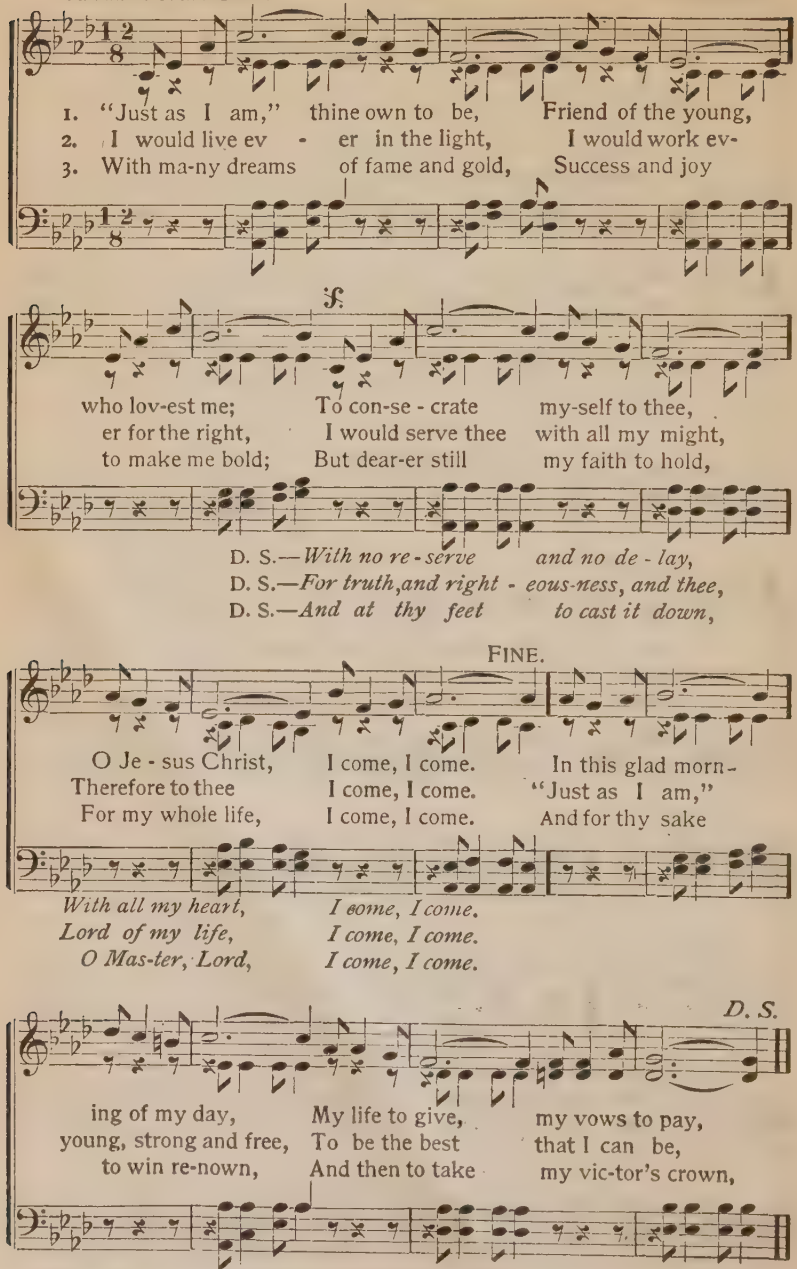
In the Days of Thy Youth.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. A. F. MYERS.


1. "Just as I am," thine own to be, Friend of the young,
2. I would live ev - er in the light, I would work ev-
3. With ma-ny dreams of fame and gold, Success and joy
f.
who lov-est me; To con-se - crate my-self to thee,
er for the right, I would serve thee with all my might,
to make me bold; But dear-er still my faith to hold,
D. S.—With no re - serve and no de - lay,
D. S.—For truth, and right - eous-ness, and thee,
D. S.—And at thy feet to cast it down,
FINE.
O Je - sus Christ, I come, I come. In this glad morn-
Therefore to thee I come, I come. "Just as I am,"
For my whole life, I come, I come. And for thy sake
With all my heart, I come, I come.
Lord of my life, I come, I come.
O Mas-ter, Lord, I come, I come.
D. S.
ing of my day, My life to give, my vows to pay,
young, strong and free, To be the best that I can be,
to win re-nown, And then to take my vic-tor's crown,

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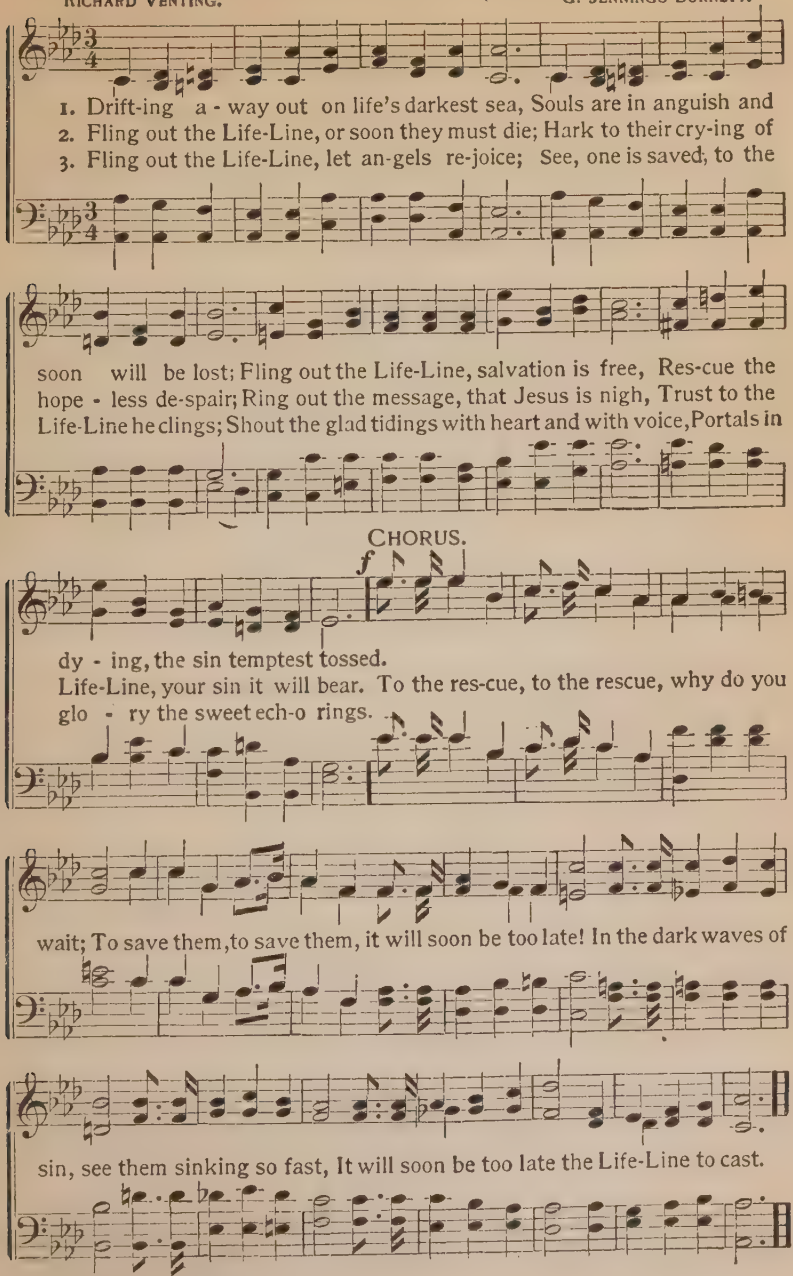
167 Fling Out the Life-line.

RICHARD VENTING. G. JENNINGS BURNETT.


1. Drift-ing a - way out on life's darkest sea, Souls are in anguish and
2. Fling out the Life-Line, or soon they must die; Hark to their cry-ing of
3. Fling out the Life-Line, let an-gels re-joice; See, one is saved, to the
soon will be lost; Fling out the Life-Line, salvation is free, Res-cue the
hope - less de-spair; Ring out the message, that Jesus is nigh, Trust to the
Life-Line he clings; Shout the glad tidings with heart and with voice, Portals in
CHORUS.
f
dy - ing, the sin temptest tossed.
Life-Line, your sin it will bear. To the res-cue, to the rescue, why do you
glo - ry the sweet ech-o rings.
wait; To save them, to save them, it will soon be too late! In the dark waves of
sin, see them sinking so fast, It will soon be too late the Life-Line to cast.

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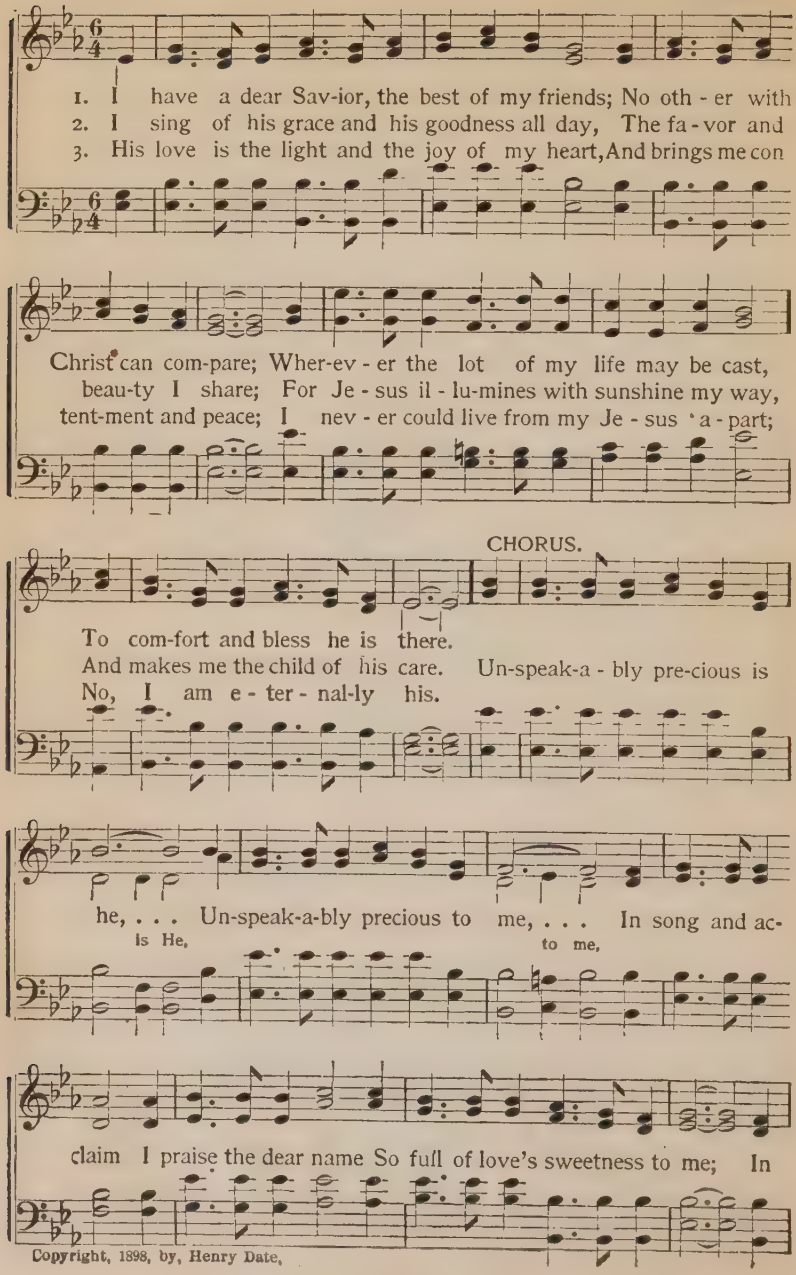
Unspeakably Precious is He.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. I have a dear Sav-ior, the best of my friends; No oth - er with
2. I sing of his grace and his goodness all day, The fa - vor and
3. His love is the light and the joy of my heart, And brings me con
Christ can com-pare; Wher-ev - er the lot of my life may be cast,
beau-ty I share; For Je - sus il - lu-mines with sunshine my way,
tent-ment and peace; I nev - er could live from my Je - sus a - part;
CHORUS.
To com-fort and bless he is there.
And makes me the child of his care. Un-speak-a - bly pre-cious is
No, I am e - ter - nal-ly his.
he, . . . Un-speak-a-bly precious to me, . . . In song and ac-
is He,
to me,
claim I praise the dear name So full of love's sweetness to me; In

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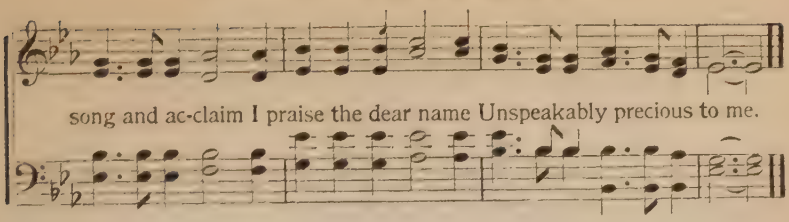
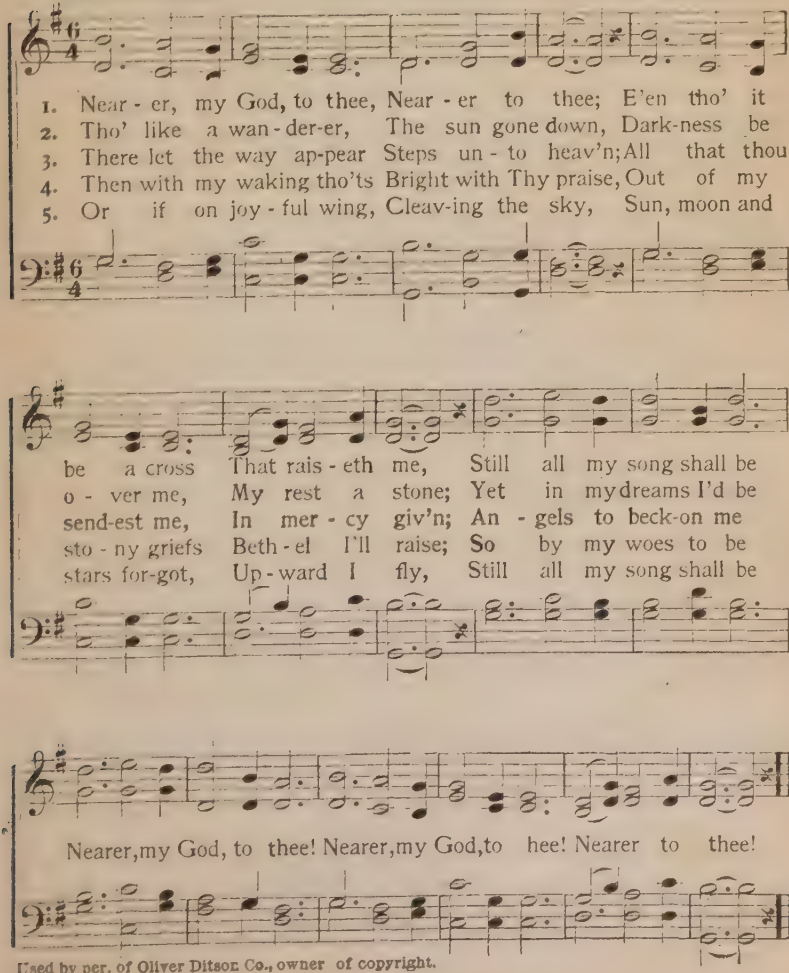
Unspeakably Precious is He.



169 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. *Tune:* BETHANY. 6, 4, 6.


1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like a wan - der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou
4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and
be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck-on me
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for-got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer, my God, to hee! Nearer to thee!

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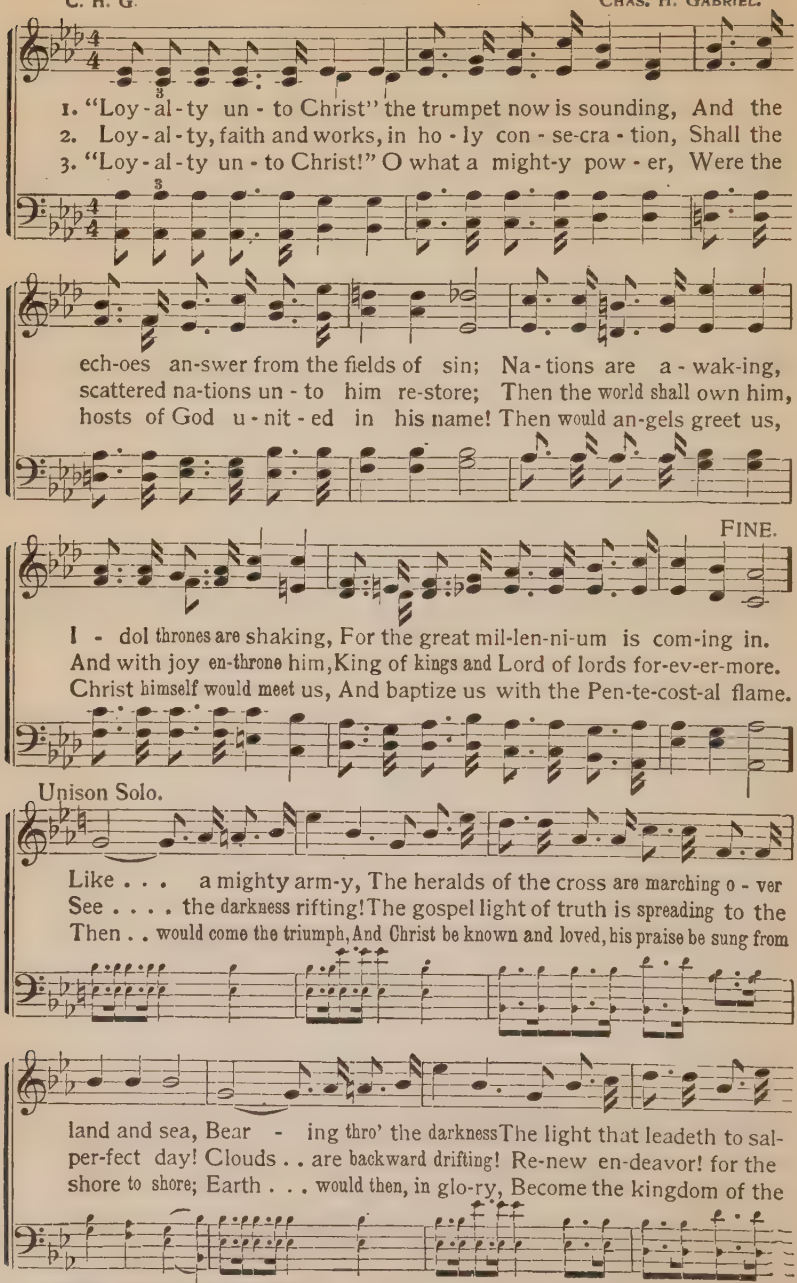
Loyalty unto Christ.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ" the trumpet now is sounding, And the
2. Loy - al - ty, faith and works, in ho - ly con - se-cra - tion, Shall the
3. "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ!" O what a might-y pow - er, Were the
ech-oes an-swer from the fields of sin; Na - tions are a - wak-ing,
scattered na-tions un - to him re-store; Then the world shall own him,
hosts of God u - nit - ed in his name! Then would an-gels greet us,
FINE.
I - dol thrones are shaking, For the great mil-len-ni-um is com-ing in.
And with joy en-throne him, King of kings and Lord of lords for-ev-er-more.
Christ himself would meet us, And baptize us with the Pen-te-cost-al flame.
Unison Solo.
Like . . . a mighty arm-y, The heralds of the cross are marching o - ver
See . . . . the darkness rifting! The gospel light of truth is spreading to the
Then . . would come the triumph, And Christ be known and loved, his praise be sung from
land and sea, Bear - ing thro' the darkness The light that leadeth to sal-
per-fect day! Clouds . . are backward drifting! Re-new en-deavor! for the
shore to shore; Earth . . . would then, in glo-ry, Become the kingdom of the

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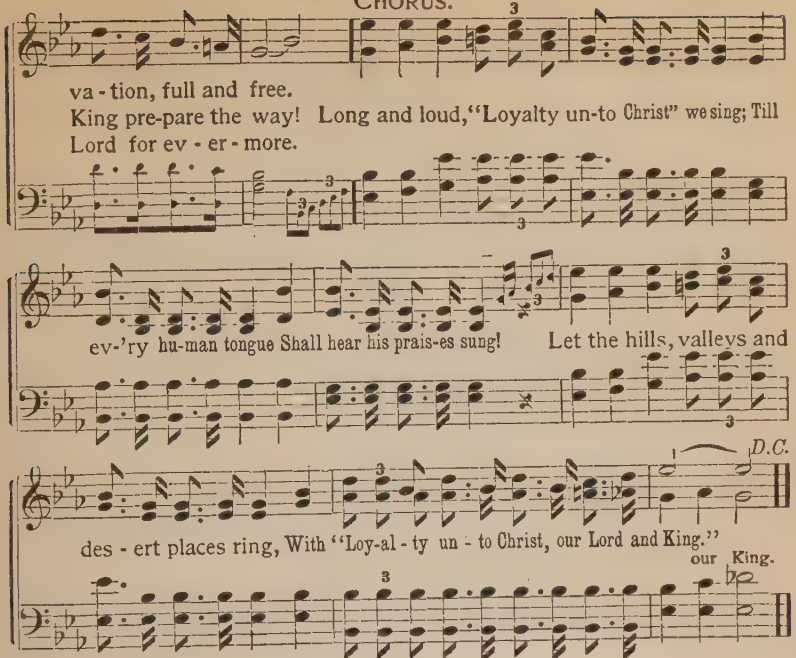
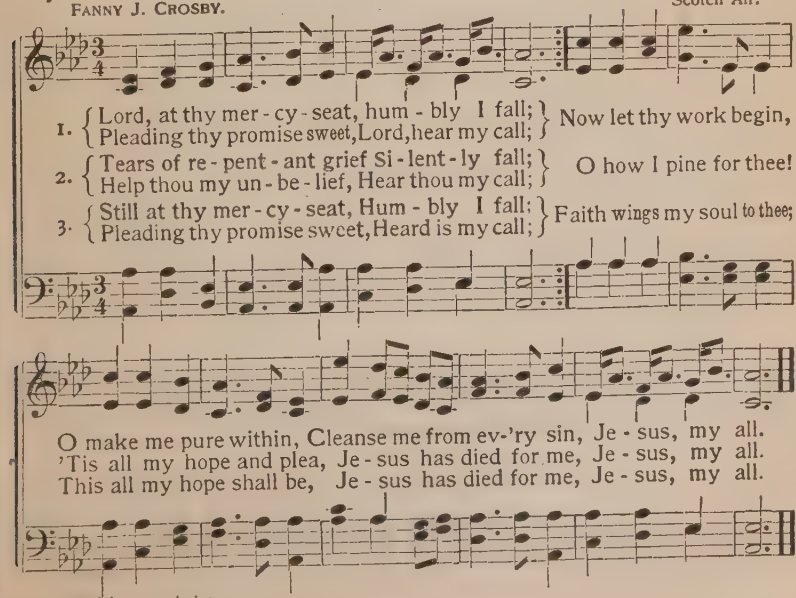
Loyalty unto Christ.

CHORUS.


va - tion, full and free.
King pre-pare the way! Long and loud, "Loyalty un-to Christ" we sing; Till
Lord for ev - er - more.
ev-'ry hu-man tongue Shall hear his prais-es sung! Let the hills, valleys and
D.C.
des - ert places ring, With "Loy-al - ty un - to Christ, our Lord and King."
our King.

171 Jesus, My All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Scotch Air.


1. Lord, at thy mer - cy - seat, hum - bly I fall; Pleading thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let thy work begin,
2. Tears of re - pent - ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help thou my un - be - lief, Hear thou my call; O how I pine for thee!
3. Still at thy mer - cy - seat, Hum - bly I fall; Pleading thy promise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to thee;
O make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev-'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
This all my hope shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

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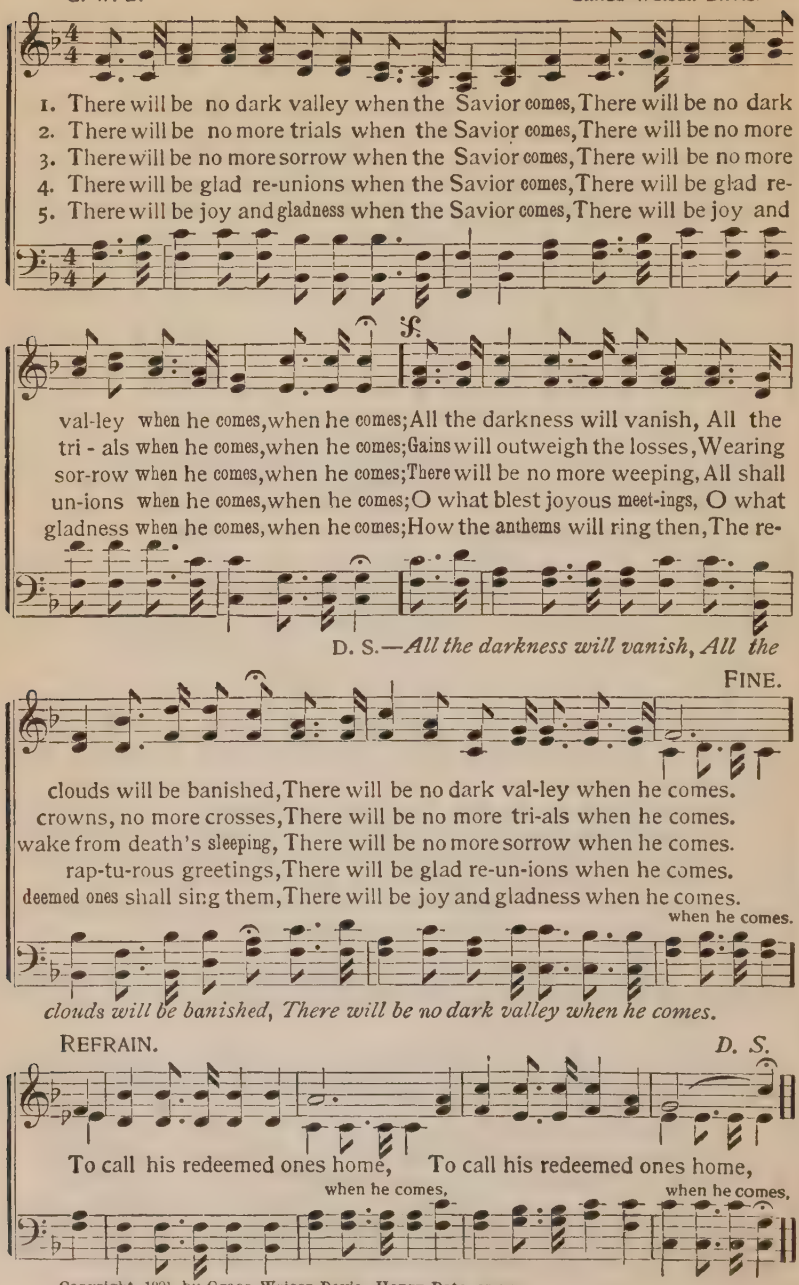
172 There Will Be No Dark Valley.

G. W. D. GRACE WEISER DAVIS.


1. There will be no dark valley when the Savior comes, There will be no dark
2. There will be no more trials when the Savior comes, There will be no more
3. There will be no more sorrow when the Savior comes, There will be no more
4. There will be glad re-unions when the Savior comes, There will be glad re-
5. There will be joy and gladness when the Savior comes, There will be joy and
f
val-ley when he comes, when he comes; All the darkness will vanish, All the
tri - als when he comes, when he comes; Gains will outweigh the losses, Wearing
sor-row when he comes, when he comes; There will be no more weeping, All shall
un-ions when he comes, when he comes; O what blest joyous meet-ings, O what
gladness when he comes, when he comes; How the anthems will ring then, The re-
D. S.—All the darkness will vanish, All the
FINE.
clouds will be banished, There will be no dark val-ley when he comes.
crowns, no more crosses, There will be no more tri-als when he comes.
wake from death's sleeping, There will be no more sorrow when he comes.
rap-tu-rous greetings, There will be glad re-un-ions when he comes.
deemed ones shall sing them, There will be joy and gladness when he comes.
when he comes.
clouds will be banished, There will be no dark valley when he comes.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
To call his redeemed ones home, To call his redeemed ones home,
when he comes, when he comes,

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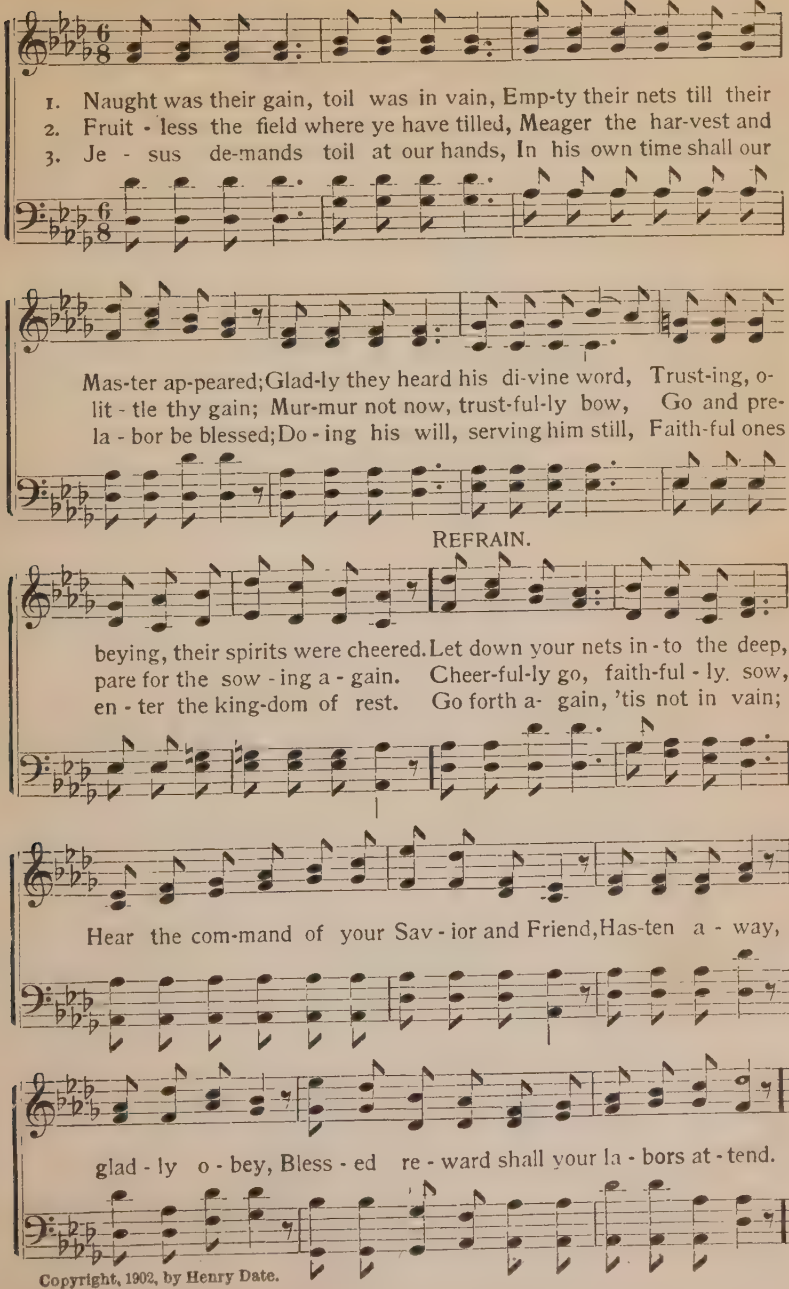
173 Let Down Your Nets.

R. L. LEWIS. W. B. JUDEFIND.


1. Naught was their gain, toil was in vain, Emp-ty their nets till their
2. Fruit - less the field where ye have tilled, Meager the har-vest and
3. Je - sus de-mands toil at our hands, In his own time shall our
Mas-ter ap-peared; Glad-ly they heard his di-vine word, Trust-ing, o-
lit - tle thy gain; Mur-mur not now, trust-ful-ly bow, Go and pre-
la - bor be blessed; Do - ing his will, serving him still, Faith-ful ones
REFRAIN.
beying, their spirits were cheered. Let down your nets in - to the deep,
pare for the sow - ing a - gain. Cheer-ful-ly go, faith-ful - ly sow,
en - ter the king-dom of rest. Go forth a- gain, 'tis not in vain;
Hear the com-mand of your Sav - ior and Friend, Has-ten a - way,
glad - ly o - bey, Bless - ed re - ward shall your la - bors at - tend.

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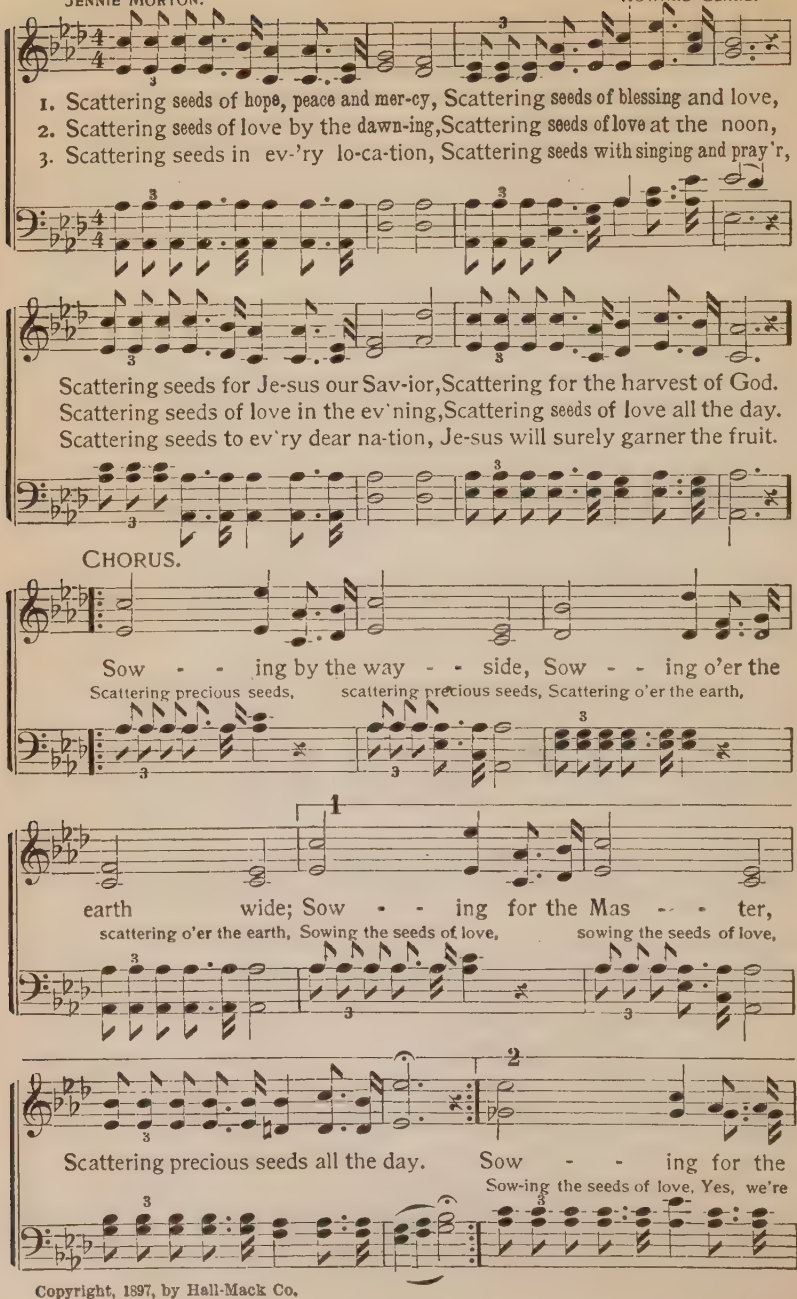
Sowing the Seed.

JENNIE MORTON. HOWARD CLARE.


1. Scattering seeds of hope, peace and mer-cy, Scattering seeds of blessing and love,
2. Scattering seeds of love by the dawn-ing, Scattering seeds of love at the noon,
3. Scattering seeds in ev-'ry lo-ca-tion, Scattering seeds with singing and pray'r,
Scattering seeds for Je-sus our Sav-ior, Scattering for the harvest of God.
Scattering seeds of love in the ev'ning, Scattering seeds of love all the day.
Scattering seeds to ev'ry dear na-tion, Je-sus will surely garner the fruit.
CHORUS.
Sow - - ing by the way - - side, Sow - - ing o'er the
Scattering precious seeds, scattering precious seeds, Scattering o'er the earth,
1
earth wide; Sow - - ing for the Mas - - ter,
scattering o'er the earth, Sowing the seeds of love, sowing the seeds of love,
2
Scattering precious seeds all the day. Sow - - ing for the
Sow-ing the seeds of love, Yes, we're

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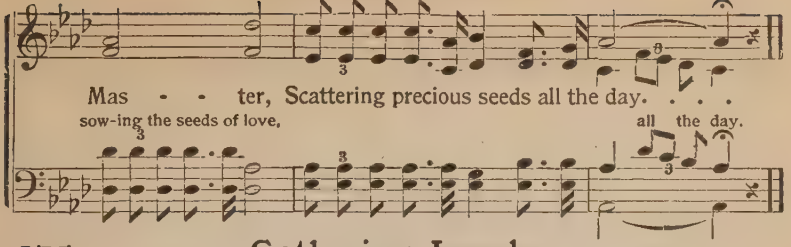
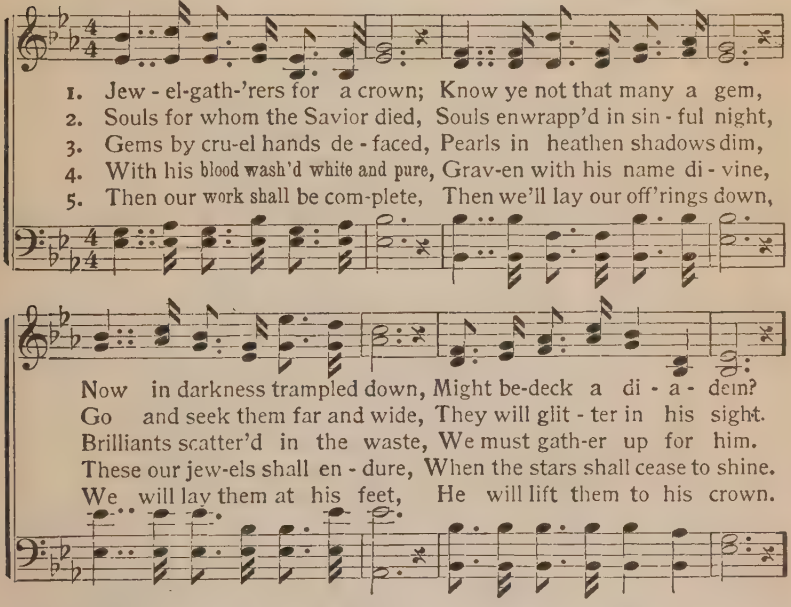
Sowing the Seed.

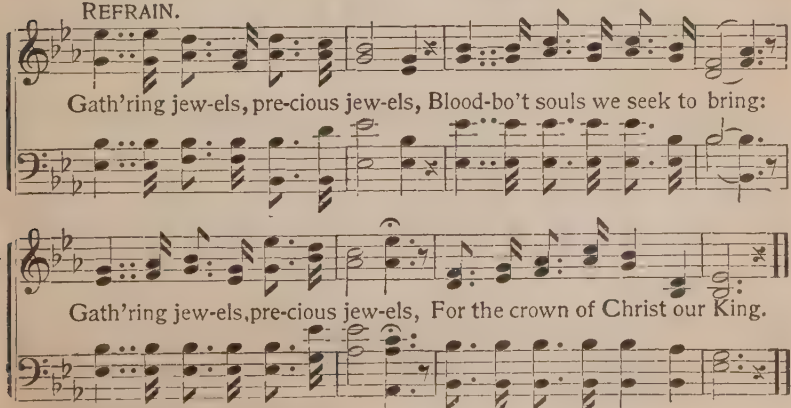


175 Gathering Jewels.

Miss P. J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Jew - el-gath-'rers for a crown; Know ye not that many a gem,
2. Souls for whom the Savior died, Souls enwrapp'd in sin - ful night,
3. Gems by cru-el hands de - faced, Pearls in heathen shadows dim,
4. With his blood wash'd white and pure, Grav-en with his name di - vine,
5. Then our work shall be com-plete, Then we'll lay our off'rings down,
Now in darkness trampled down, Might be-deck a di - a - dem?
Go and seek them far and wide, They will glit - ter in his sight.
Brilliants scatter'd in the waste, We must gath-er up for him.
These our jew-els shall en - dure, When the stars shall cease to shine.
We will lay them at his feet, He will lift them to his crown.

REFRAIN.


Gath'ring jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, Blood-bo't souls we seek to bring:
Gath'ring jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, For the crown of Christ our King.

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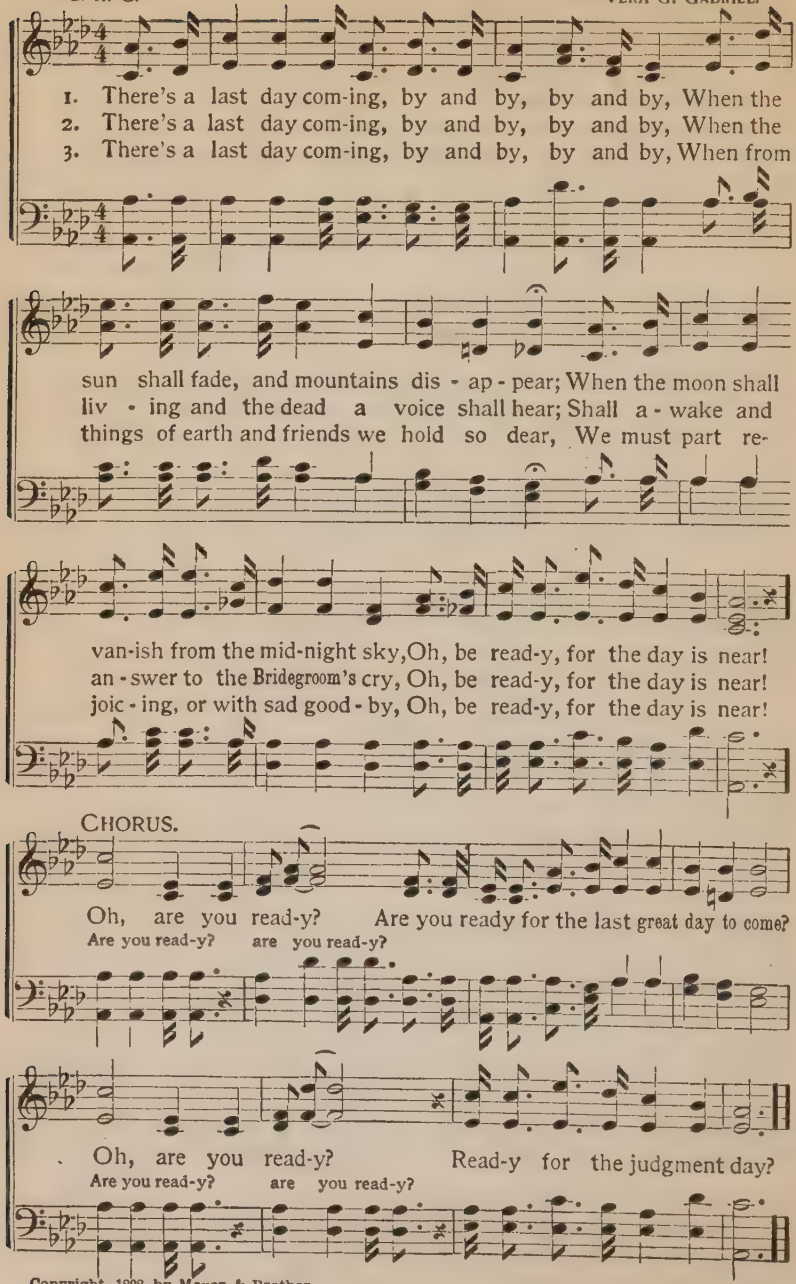
Are You Ready?

C. H. G. VERA G. GABRIEL.


1. There's a last day com-ing, by and by, by and by, When the
2. There's a last day com-ing, by and by, by and by, When the
3. There's a last day com-ing, by and by, by and by, When from
sun shall fade, and mountains dis - ap - pear; When the moon shall
liv - ing and the dead a voice shall hear; Shall a - wake and
things of earth and friends we hold so dear, We must part re-
van-ish from the mid-night sky, Oh, be read-y, for the day is near!
an - swer to the Bridegroom's cry, Oh, be read-y, for the day is near!
joic - ing, or with sad good - by, Oh, be read-y, for the day is near!
CHORUS.
Oh, are you read-y? Are you ready for the last great day to come?
Are you read-y? are you read-y?
Oh, are you read-y? Read-y for the judgment day?
Are you read-y? are you read-y?

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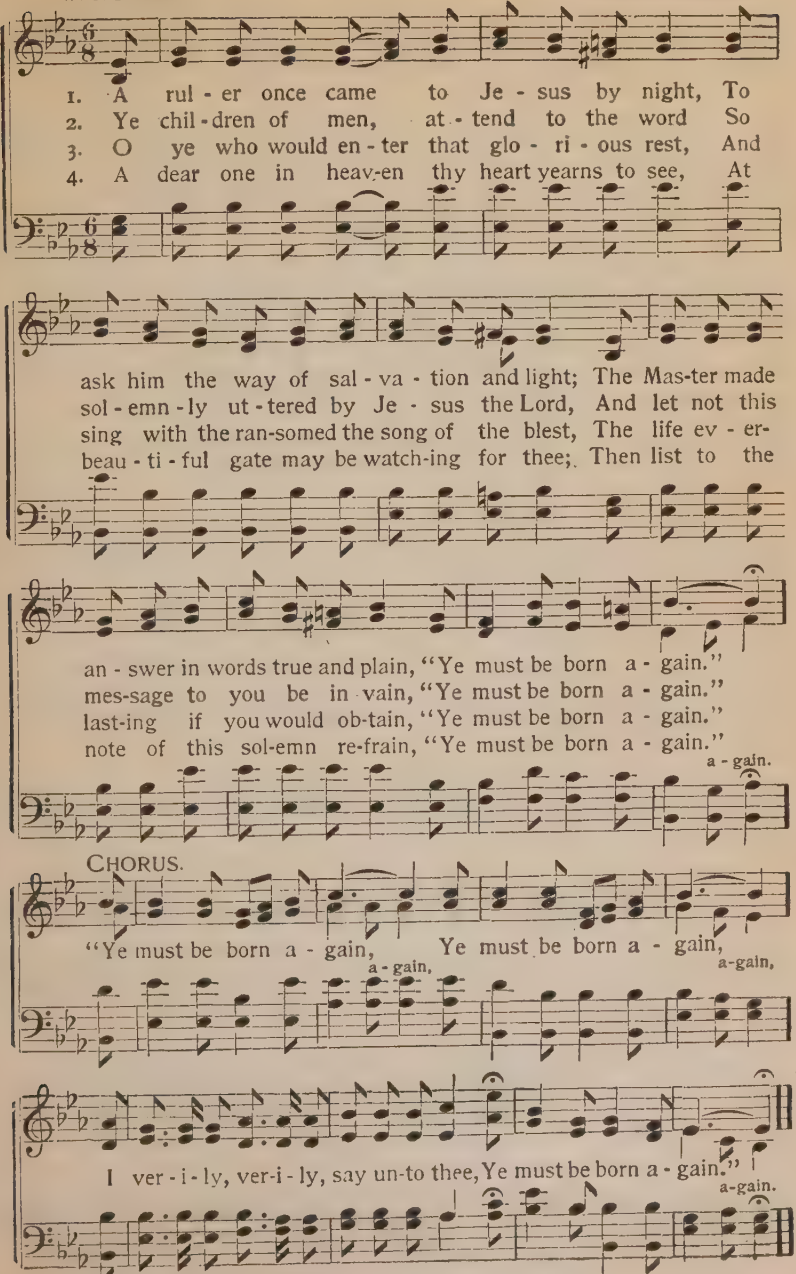
Ye Must Be Born Again.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To
2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So
3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And
4. A dear one in heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At
ask him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas-ter made
sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus the Lord, And let not this
sing with the ran-somed the song of the blest, The life ev - er-
beau - ti - ful gate may be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the
an - swer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
mes-sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
last-ing if you would ob-tain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
note of this sol-emn re-frain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
a - gain.
CHORUS.
"Ye must be born a - gain, Ye must be born a - gain,
a - gain, a - gain,
I ver - i - ly, ver-i - ly, say un-to thee, Ye must be born a - gain."
a-gain.

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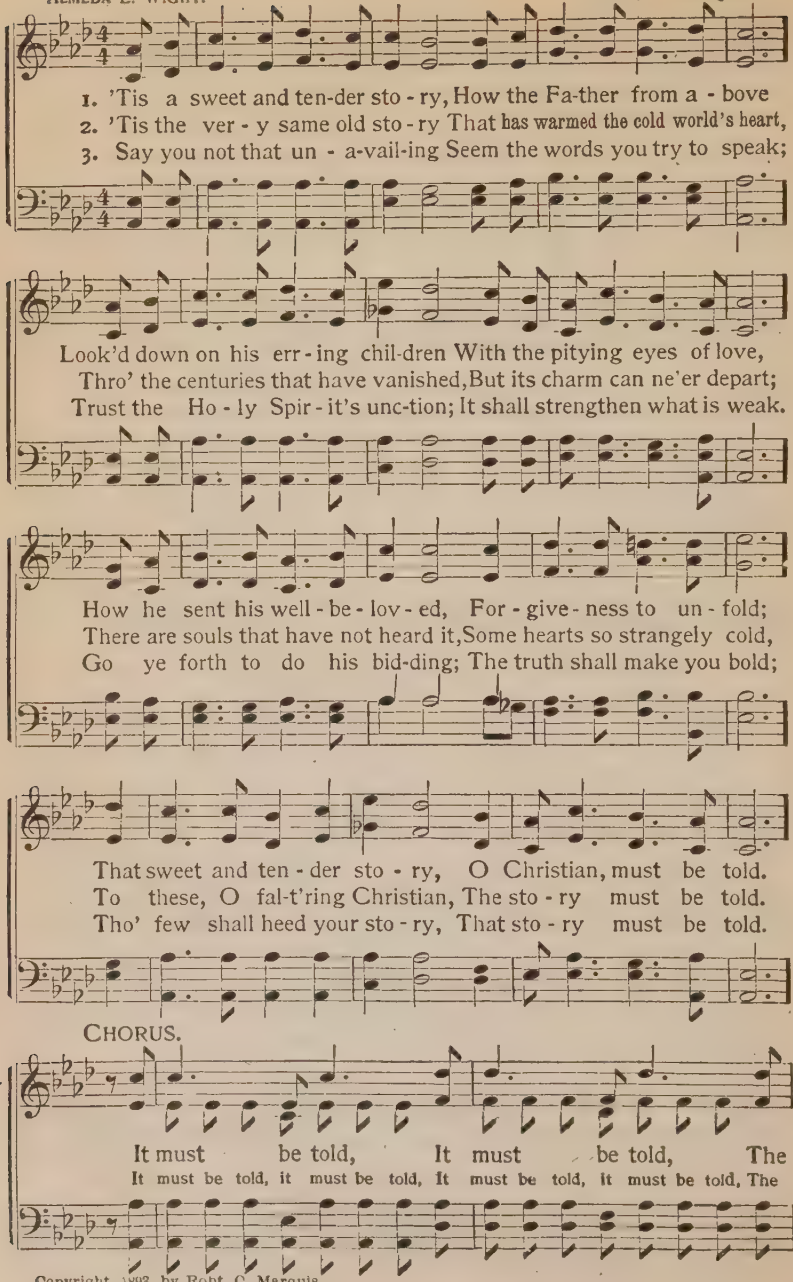
It Must be Told.

ALMEDA E. WIGHT. ROBT. C. MARQUIS.

1. 'Tis a sweet and ten-der sto - ry, How the Fa-ther from a - bove
2. 'Tis the ver - y same old sto - ry That has warmed the cold world's heart,
3. Say you not that un - a-vail-ing Seem the words you try to speak;
Look'd down on his err - ing chil-dren With the pitying eyes of love,
Thro' the centuries that have vanished, But its charm can ne'er depart;
Trust the Ho - ly Spir - it's unc-tion; It shall strengthen what is weak.
How he sent his well - be - lov - ed, For - give - ness to un - fold;
There are souls that have not heard it, Some hearts so strangely cold,
Go ye forth to do his bid-ding; The truth shall make you bold;
That sweet and ten - der sto - ry, O Christian, must be told.
To these, O fal-t'ring Christian, The sto - ry must be told.
Tho' few shall heed your sto - ry, That sto - ry must be told.
CHORUS.
It must be told, It must be told, The
It must be told, it must be told, It must be told, it must be told, The

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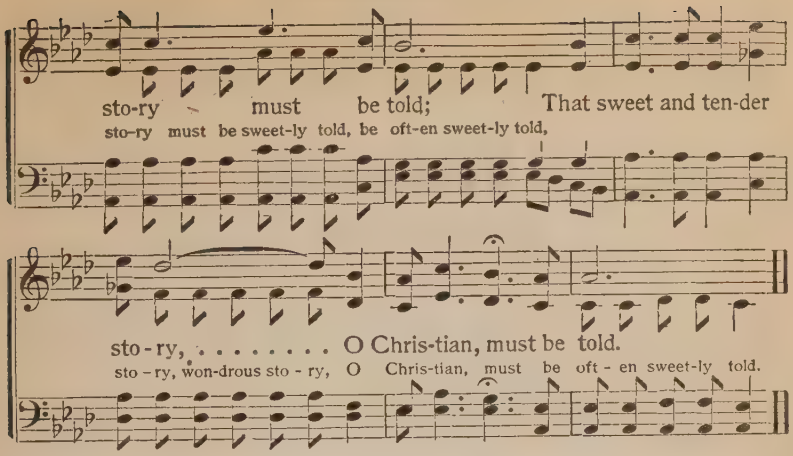
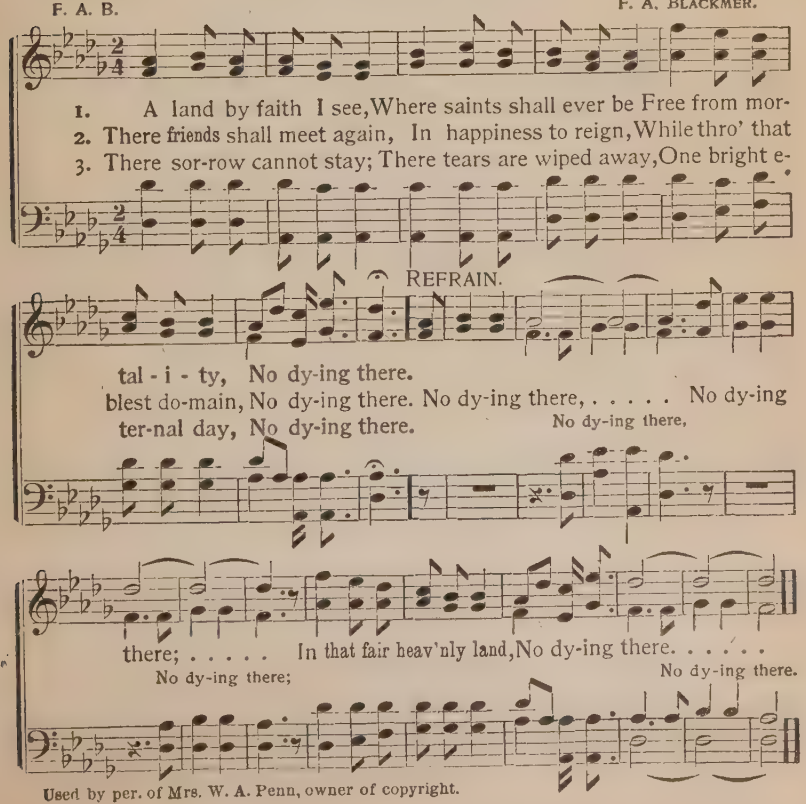
It Must be Told.


sto-ry must be told; That sweet and ten-der
sto-ry must be sweet-ly told, be oft-en sweet-ly told,
sto-ry, ... O Chris-tian, must be told.
sto-ry, won-drous sto-ry, O Chris-tian, must be oft-en sweet-ly told.

179 No Dying There.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.


1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ever be Free from mor-
2. There friends shall meet again, In happiness to reign, While thro' that
3. There sor-row cannot stay; There tears are wiped away, One bright e-
REFRAIN.
tal-i-ty, No dy-ing there.
blest do-main, No dy-ing there. No dy-ing there, ... No dy-ing
ter-nal day, No dy-ing there.
No dy-ing there,
there; . . . . . In that fair heav'nly land, No dy-ing there. . . . . .
No dy-ing there;
No dy-ing there.

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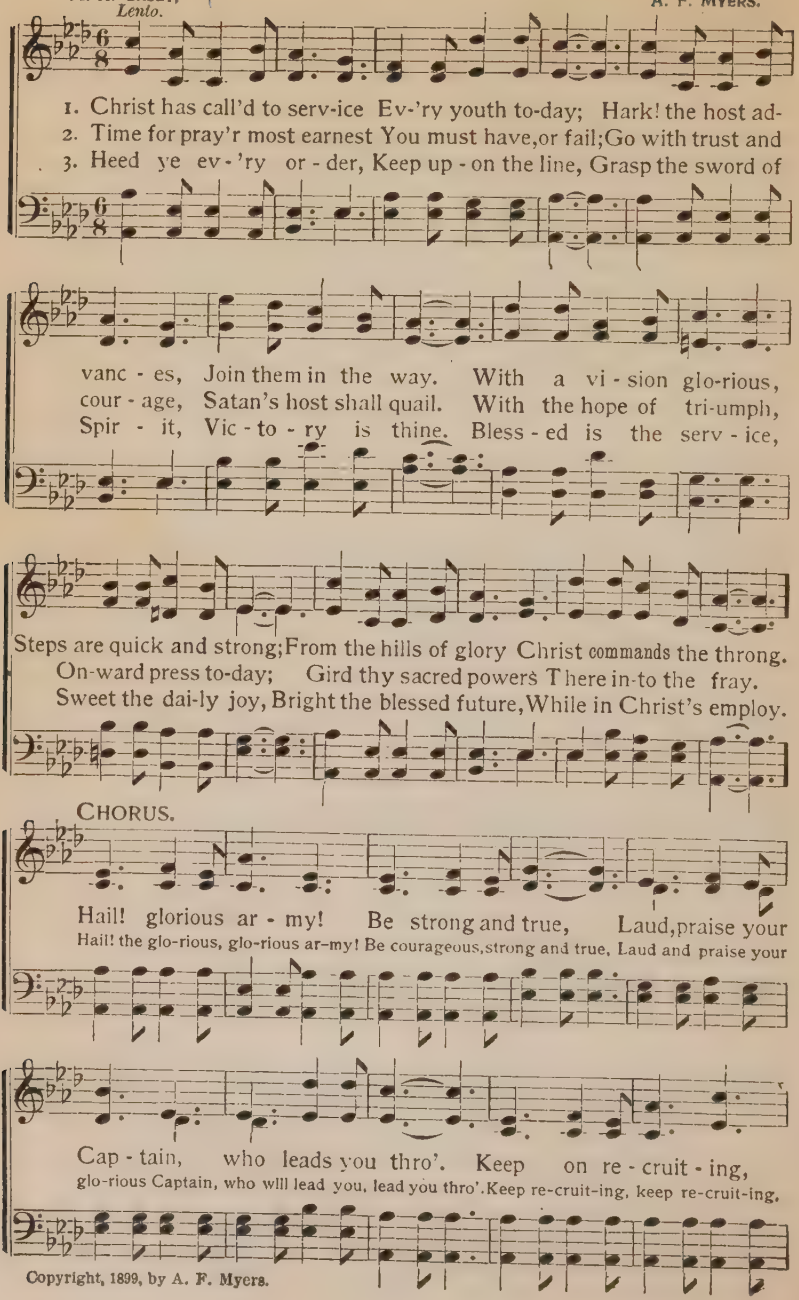
Hail! Glorious Army.

M. A. CASEY, *Lento.*

A. F. MYERS.


1. Christ has call'd to serv-ice Ev-'ry youth to-day; Hark! the host ad-
2. Time for pray'r most earnest You must have, or fail; Go with trust and
3. Heed ye ev-'ry or-der, Keep up-on the line, Grasp the sword of
vanc-es, Join them in the way. With a vi-sion glo-rious,
cour-age, Satan's host shall quail. With the hope of tri-umph,
Spir-it, Vic-to-ry is thine. Bless-ed is the serv-ice,
Steps are quick and strong; From the hills of glory Christ commands the throng.
On-ward press to-day; Gird thy sacred powers There in-to the fray.
Sweet the dai-ly joy, Bright the blessed future, While in Christ's employ.
CHORUS.
Hail! glorious ar-my! Be strong and true, Laud, praise your
Hail! the glo-rious, glo-rious ar-my! Be courageous, strong and true, Laud and praise your
Cap-tain, who leads you thro'. Keep on re-cruit-ing,
glo-rious Captain, who will lead you, lead you thro'. Keep re-cruit-ing, keep re-cruit-ing.

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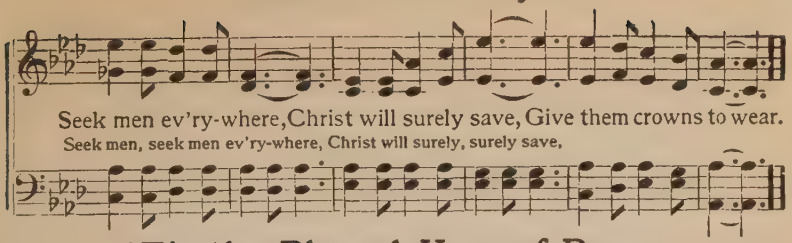
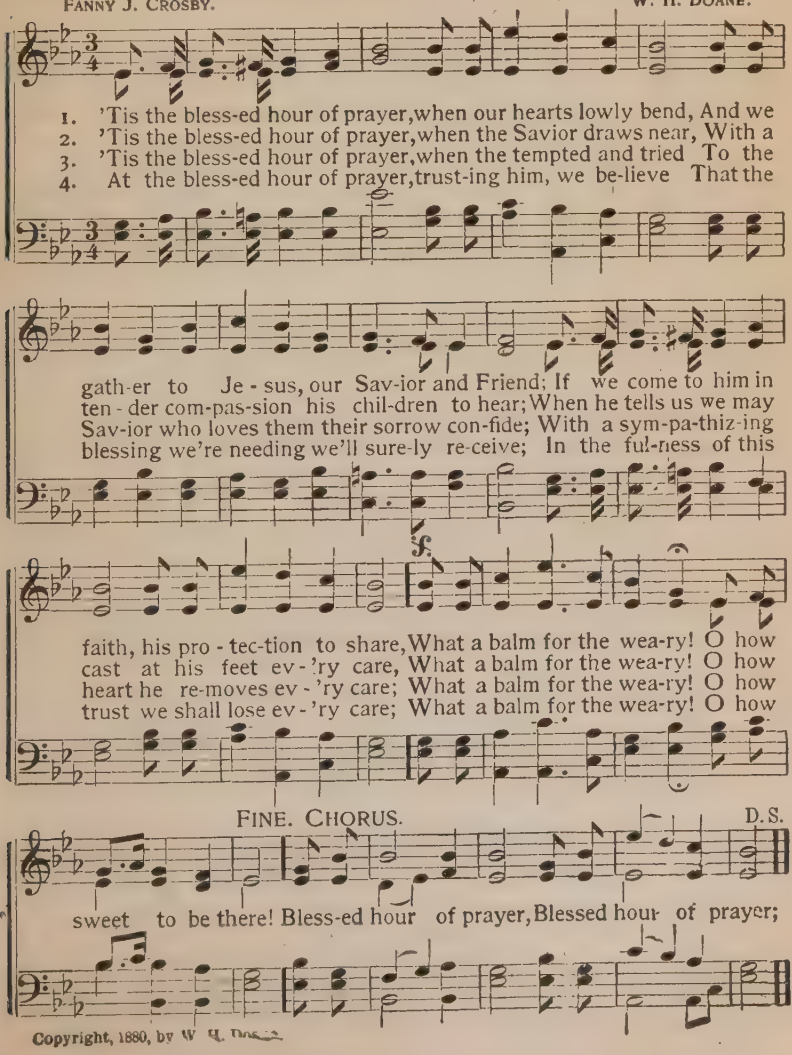

Seek men ev'ry-where, Christ will surely save, Give them crowns to wear.
Seek men, seek men ev'ry-where, Christ will surely, surely save,

181 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Savior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing him, we be-lieve That the
gath-er to Je - sus, our Sav-ior and Friend; If we come to him in
ten - der com-pas-sion his chil-dren to hear; When he tells us we may
Sav-ior who loves them their sorrow con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
blessing we're needing we'll sure-ly re-ceive; In the ful-ness of this
f.
faith, his pro - tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
cast at his feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
heart he re-moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
FINE. CHORUS.
D.S.
sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, Blessed hour of prayer;

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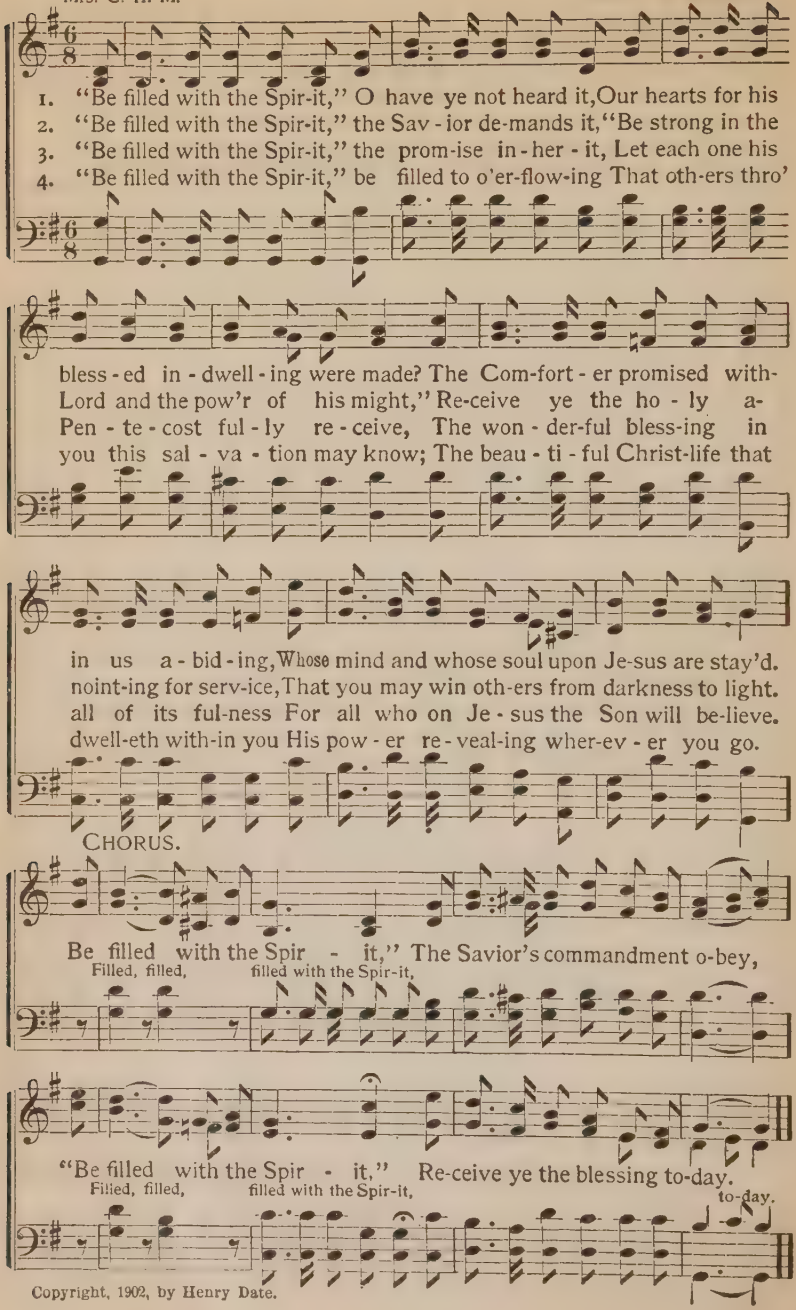
182 Be Filled with the Spirit.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. "Be filled with the Spir-it," O have ye not heard it, Our hearts for his
2. "Be filled with the Spir-it," the Sav - ior de-mands it, "Be strong in the
3. "Be filled with the Spir-it," the prom-ise in-her - it, Let each one his
4. "Be filled with the Spir-it," be filled to o'er-flow-ing That oth-ers thro'
bless - ed in - dwell - ing were made? The Com-fort - er promised with-
Lord and the pow'r of his might," Re-ceive ye the ho - ly a-
Pen - te - cost ful - ly re - ceive, The won - der-ful bless-ing in
you this sal - va - tion may know; The beau - ti - ful Christ-life that
in us a - bid - ing, Whose mind and whose soul upon Je-sus are stay'd.
noint-ing for serv-ice, That you may win oth-ers from darkness to light.
all of its ful-ness For all who on Je - sus the Son will be-lieve.
dwell-eth with-in you His pow - er re - veal-ing wher-ev - er you go.
CHORUS.
Be filled with the Spir - it," The Savior's commandment o-bey,
Filled, filled, filled with the Spir-it,
"Be filled with the Spir - it," Re-ceive ye the blessing to-day.
Filled, filled, filled with the Spir-it, to-day.

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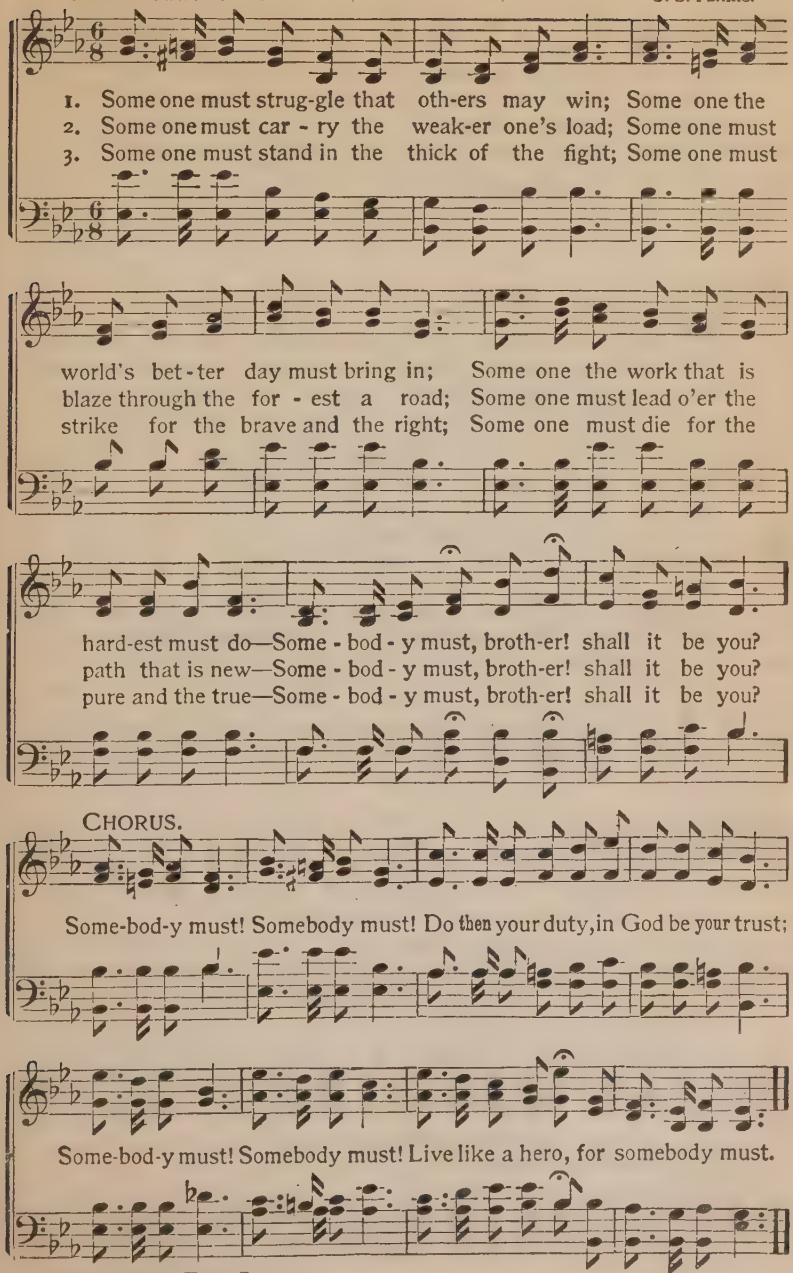
Somebody Must.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. S. FEARIS.


1. Some one must strug-gle that oth-ers may win; Some one the
2. Some one must car - ry the weak-er one's load; Some one must
3. Some one must stand in the thick of the fight; Some one must
world's bet-ter day must bring in; Some one the work that is
blaze through the for - est a road; Some one must lead o'er the
strike for the brave and the right; Some one must die for the
hard-est must do—Some - bod - y must, broth-er! shall it be you?
path that is new—Some - bod - y must, broth-er! shall it be you?
pure and the true—Some - bod - y must, broth-er! shall it be you?
CHORUS.
Some-bod-y must! Somebody must! Do then your duty, in God be your trust;
Some-bod-y must! Somebody must! Live like a hero, for somebody must.

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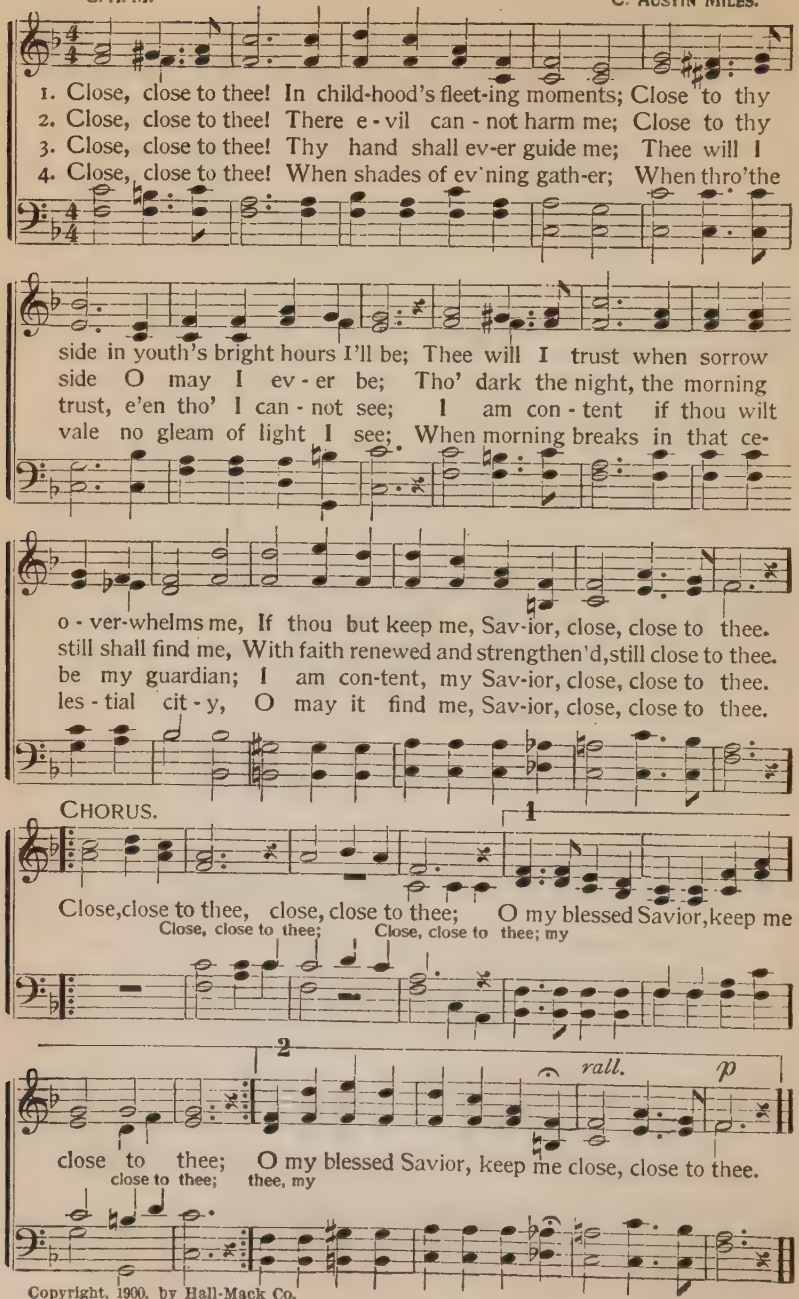
Close, Close to Thee!

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. Close, close to thee! In child-hood's fleet-ing moments; Close to thy side in youth's bright hours I'll be; Thee will I trust when sorrow o - ver-whelms me, If thou but keep me, Sav-ior, close, close to thee.
2. Close, close to thee! There e - vil can - not harm me; Close to thy side O may I ev - er be; Tho' dark the night, the morning still shall find me, With faith renewed and strengthen'd, still close to thee.
3. Close, close to thee! Thy hand shall ev-er guide me; Thee will I trust, e'en tho' I can - not see; I am con - tent if thou wilt be my guardian; I am con-tent, my Sav-ior, close, close to thee.
4. Close, close to thee! When shades of ev'ning gath-er; When thro'the vale no gleam of light I see; When morning breaks in that ce- les - tial cit - y, O may it find me, Sav-ior, close, close to thee.
CHORUS.
1
Close, close to thee, close, close to thee; O my blessed Savior, keep me close to thee;
Close, close to thee; Close, close to thee; my
2
rall.
p
close to thee; O my blessed Savior, keep me close, close to thee.
close to thee; thee, my

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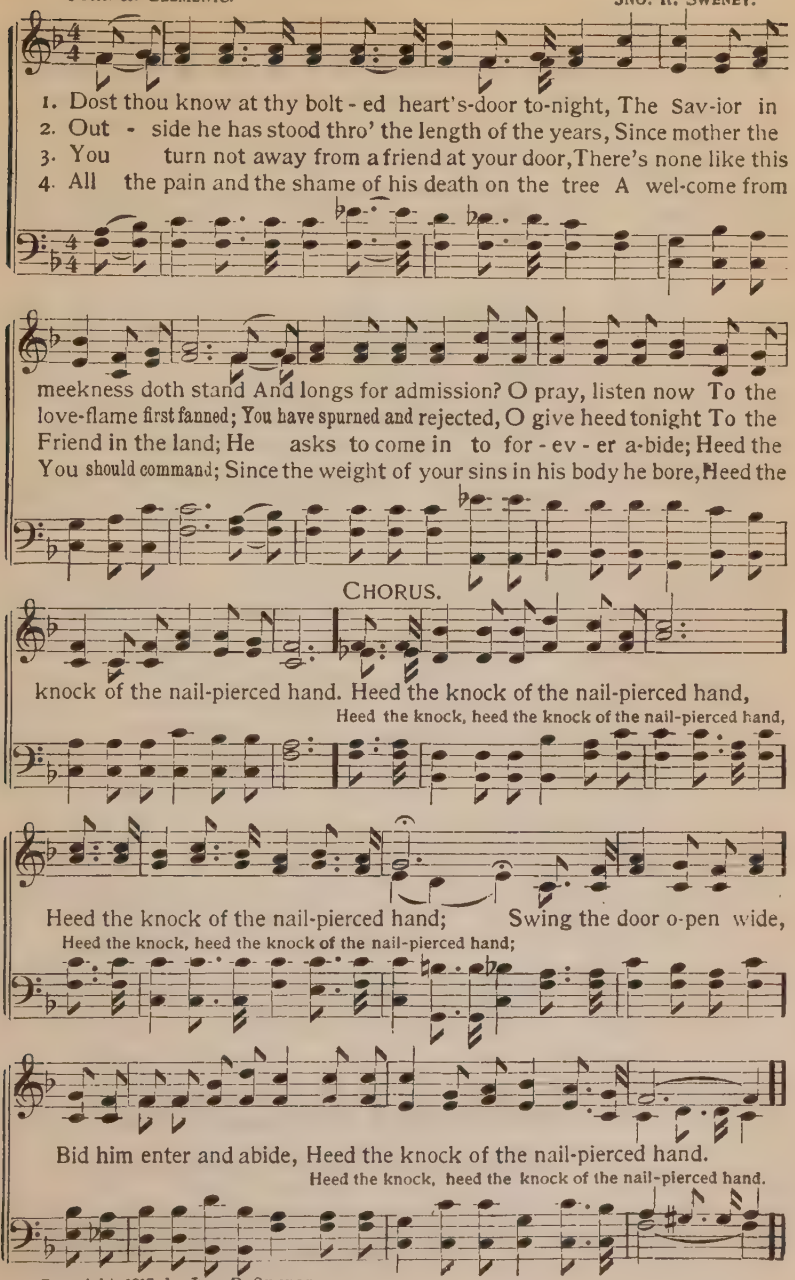
185 The Knock of the Nail-pierced Hand.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Dost thou know at thy bolt - ed heart's-door to-night, The Sav-ior in
2. Out - side he has stood thro' the length of the years, Since mother the
3. You turn not away from a friend at your door, There's none like this
4. All the pain and the shame of his death on the tree A wel-come from
meekness doth stand And longs for admission? O pray, listen now To the
love-flame first fanned; You have spurned and rejected, O give heed tonight To the
Friend in the land; He asks to come in to for - ev - er a-bide; Heed the
You should command; Since the weight of your sins in his body he bore, Heed the
CHORUS.
knock of the nail-pierced hand. Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,
Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,
Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand; Swing the door o-pen wide,
Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand;
Bid him enter and abide, Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.
Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.

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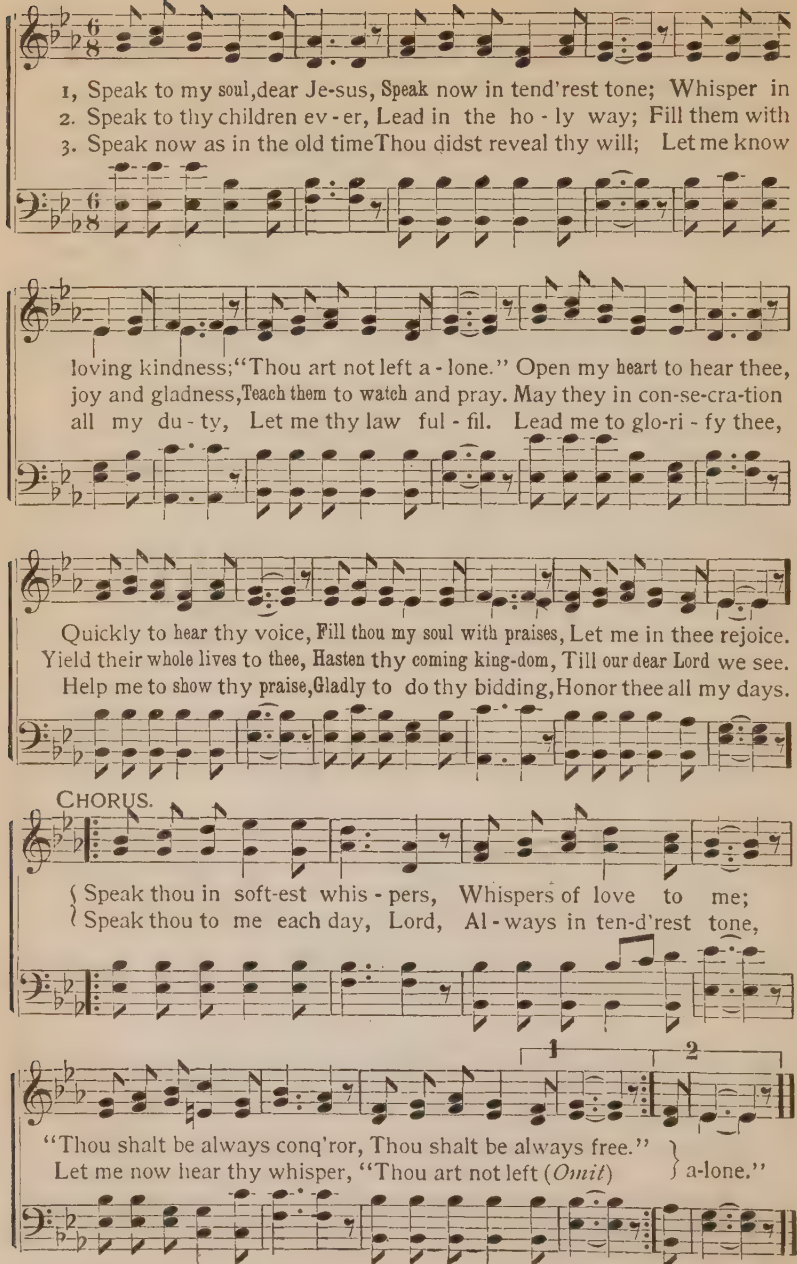
Speak to My Soul.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.


1, Speak to my soul, dear Je-sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in
2. Speak to thy children ev-er, Lead in the ho-ly way; Fill them with
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal thy will; Let me know
loving kindness; "Thou art not left a-lone." Open my heart to hear thee,
joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in con-se-cra-tion
all my du-ty, Let me thy law ful-fil. Lead me to glo-ri-fy thee,
Quickly to hear thy voice, Fill thou my soul with praises, Let me in thee rejoice.
Yield their whole lives to thee, Hasten thy coming king-dom, Till our dear Lord we see.
Help me to show thy praise, Gladly to do thy bidding, Honor thee all my days.
CHORUS.
Speak thou in soft-est whis-pers, Whispers of love to me;
Speak thou to me each day, Lord, Al-ways in ten-d'rest tone,
1
2
"Thou shalt be always conq'ror, Thou shalt be always free."
Let me now hear thy whisper, "Thou art not left (*Omit*)
a-lone."

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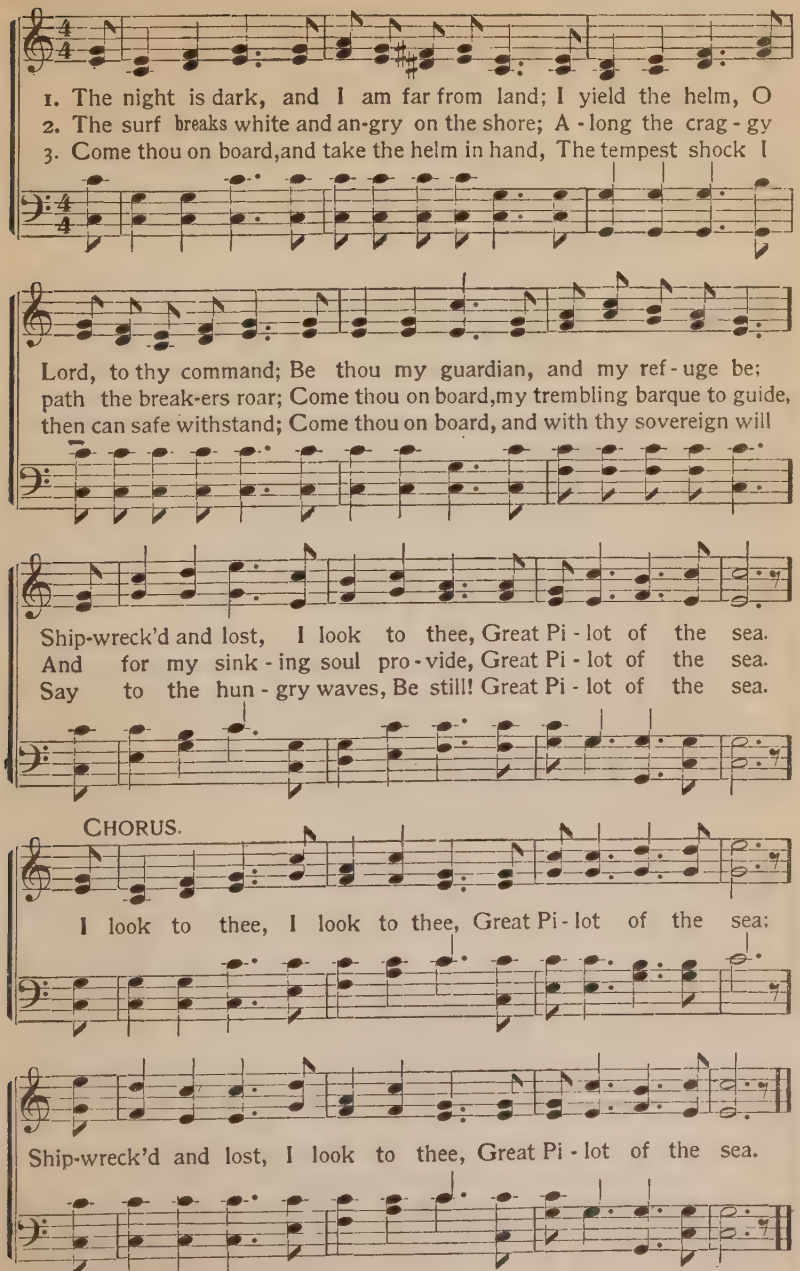
187 Great Pilot of the Sea.

J. E. RANKIN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


1. The night is dark, and I am far from land; I yield the helm, O
2. The surf breaks white and an-gry on the shore; A-long the crag-gy
3. Come thou on board,and take the helm in hand, The tempest shock I
Lord, to thy command; Be thou my guardian, and my ref-uge be;
path the break-ers roar; Come thou on board,my trembling barque to guide,
then can safe withstand; Come thou on board, and with thy sovereign will
Ship-wreck'd and lost, I look to thee, Great Pi-lot of the sea.
And for my sink-ing soul pro-vide, Great Pi-lot of the sea.
Say to the hun-gry waves, Be still! Great Pi-lot of the sea.
CHORUS.
I look to thee, I look to thee, Great Pi-lot of the sea;
Ship-wreck'd and lost, I look to thee, Great Pi-lot of the sea.

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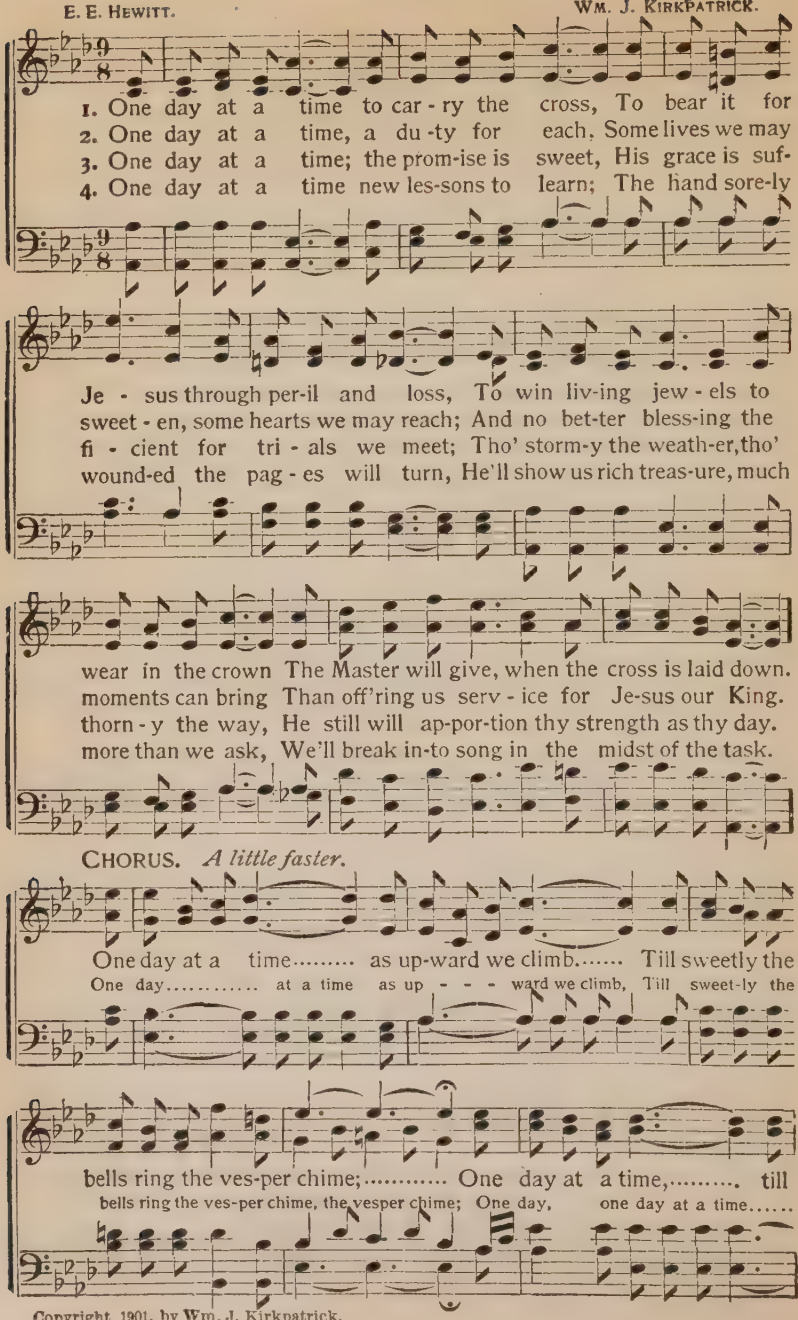
188 One Day at a Time.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. One day at a time to car - ry the cross, To bear it for
2. One day at a time, a du - ty for each, Some lives we may
3. One day at a time; the prom-ise is sweet, His grace is suf-
4. One day at a time new les-sons to learn; The hand sore-ly
Je - sus through per-il and loss, To win liv-ing jew - els to
sweet - en, some hearts we may reach; And no bet-ter bless-ing the
fi - cient for tri - als we meet; Tho' storm-y the weath-er, tho'
wound-ed the pag - es will turn, He'll show us rich treas-ure, much
wear in the crown The Master will give, when the cross is laid down.
moments can bring Than off'ring us serv - ice for Je-sus our King.
thorn - y the way, He still will ap-por-tion thy strength as thy day.
more than we ask, We'll break in-to song in the midst of the task.
CHORUS. A little faster.
One day at a time..... as up-ward we climb..... Till sweetly the
One day..... at a time as up - - - ward we climb, Till sweet-ly the
bells ring the ves-per chime;..... One day at a time,..... till
bells ring the ves-per chime, the vesper chime; One day, one day at a time.....

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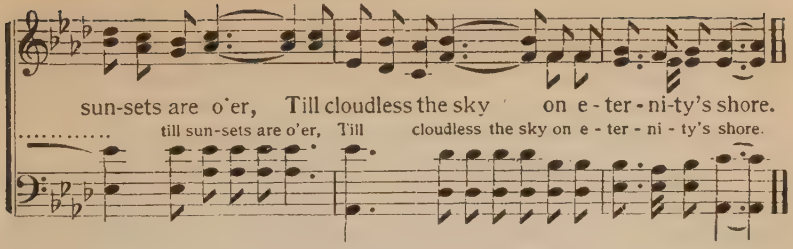
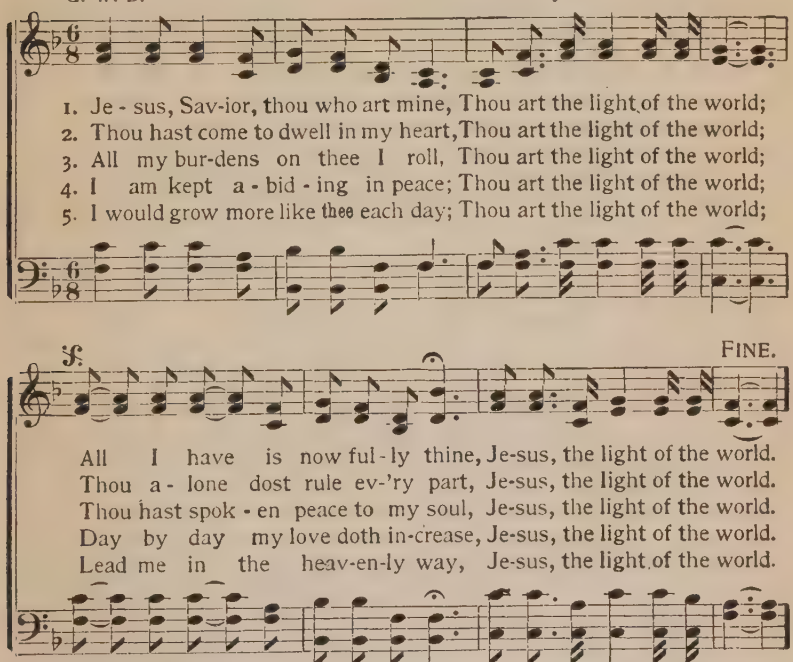
One Day at a Time.

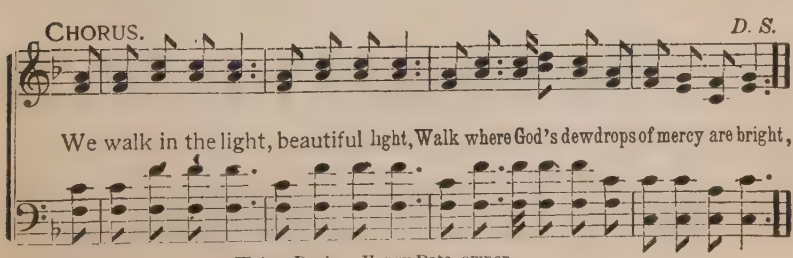

sun-sets are o'er, Till cloudless the sky on e - ter - ni-ty's shore.
till sun-sets are o'er, Till cloudless the sky on e - ter - ni - ty's shore.

189 Jesus, the Light of the World.

G. W. D. Arr. by GRACE WEISER DAVIS.


1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, thou who art mine, Thou art the light of the world;
2. Thou hast come to dwell in my heart, Thou art the light of the world;
3. All my bur-dens on thee I roll, Thou art the light of the world;
4. I am kept a - bid - ing in peace; Thou art the light of the world;
5. I would grow more like thee each day; Thou art the light of the world;
FINE.
All I have is now ful - ly thine, Je-sus, the light of the world.
Thou a - lone dost rule ev-'ry part, Je-sus, the light of the world.
Thou hast spok - en peace to my soul, Je-sus, the light of the world.
Day by day my love doth in-crease, Je-sus, the light of the world.
Lead me in the heav-en-ly way, Je-sus, the light of the world.

D. S. *Shining around us by day and by night, Je-sus, the light of the world.*



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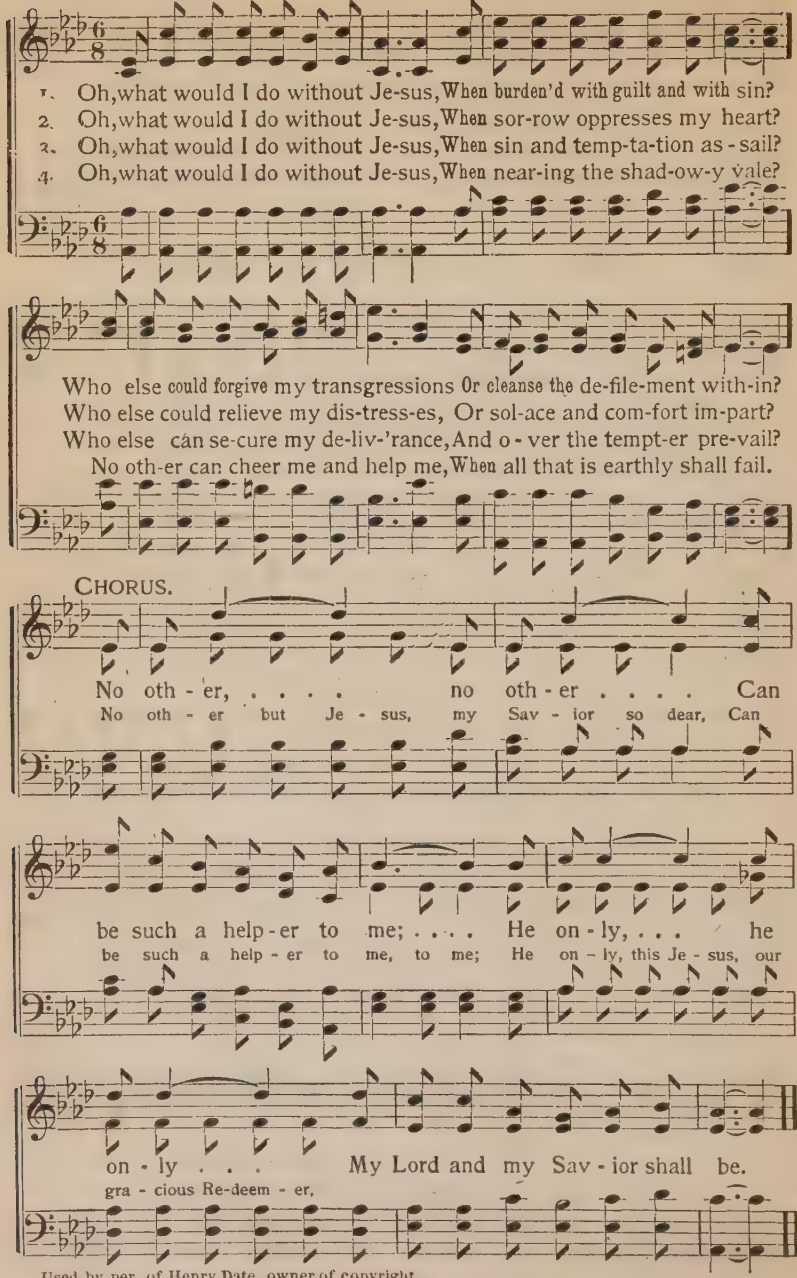
190 What Would I Do without Jesus?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When burden'd with guilt and with sin?
2. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When sor-row oppresses my heart?
3. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When sin and temp-ta-tion as-sail?
4. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When near-ing the shad-ow-y vale?
Who else could forgive my transgressions Or cleanse the de-file-ment with-in?
Who else could relieve my dis-tress-es, Or sol-ace and com-fort im-part?
Who else can se-cure my de-liv-'rance, And o-ver the tempt-er pre-vail?
No oth-er can cheer me and help me, When all that is earthly shall fail.
CHORUS.
No oth-er, ... no oth-er . . . . Can
No oth-er but Je-sus, my Sav-ior so dear, Can
be such a help-er to me; . . . . He on-ly, . . . he
be such a help-er to me, to me; He on-ly, this Je-sus, our
on-ly . . . My Lord and my Sav-ior shall be.
gra-cious Re-deem-er,

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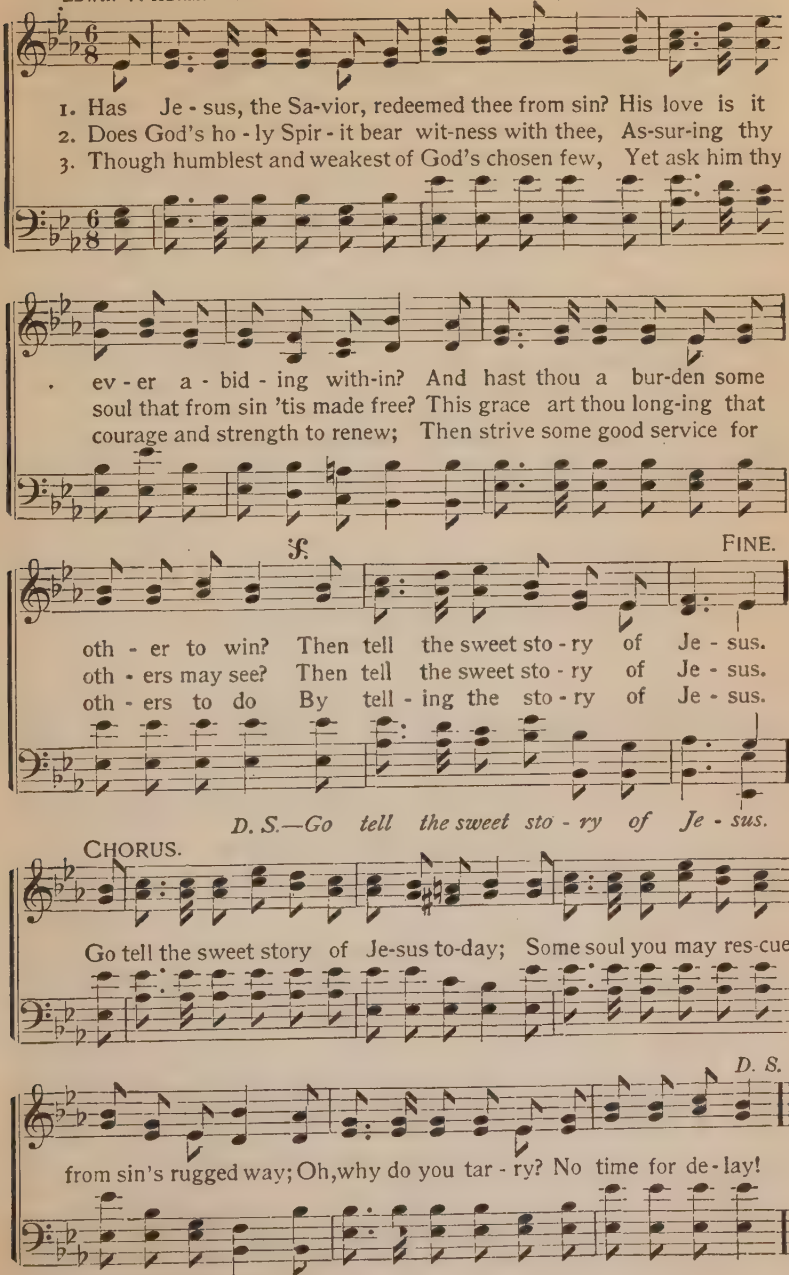
191 Tell the Sweet Story of Jesus.

EDWIN V. ADAMS. Alt. J. WESLEY HUGHES.


1. Has Je - sus, the Sa-vior, redeemed thee from sin? His love is it
2. Does God's ho - ly Spir - it bear wit-ness with thee, As-sur-ing thy
3. Though humblest and weakest of God's chosen few, Yet ask him thy
. ev - er a - bid - ing with-in? And hast thou a bur-den some
soul that from sin 'tis made free? This grace art thou long-ing that
courage and strength to renew; Then strive some good service for
FINE.
oth - er to win? Then tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus.
oth - ers may see? Then tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus.
oth - ers to do By tell - ing the sto - ry of Je - sus.
D. S.—Go tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Go tell the sweet story of Je-sus to-day; Some soul you may res-cue
D. S.
from sin's rugged way; Oh, why do you tar - ry? No time for de - lay!

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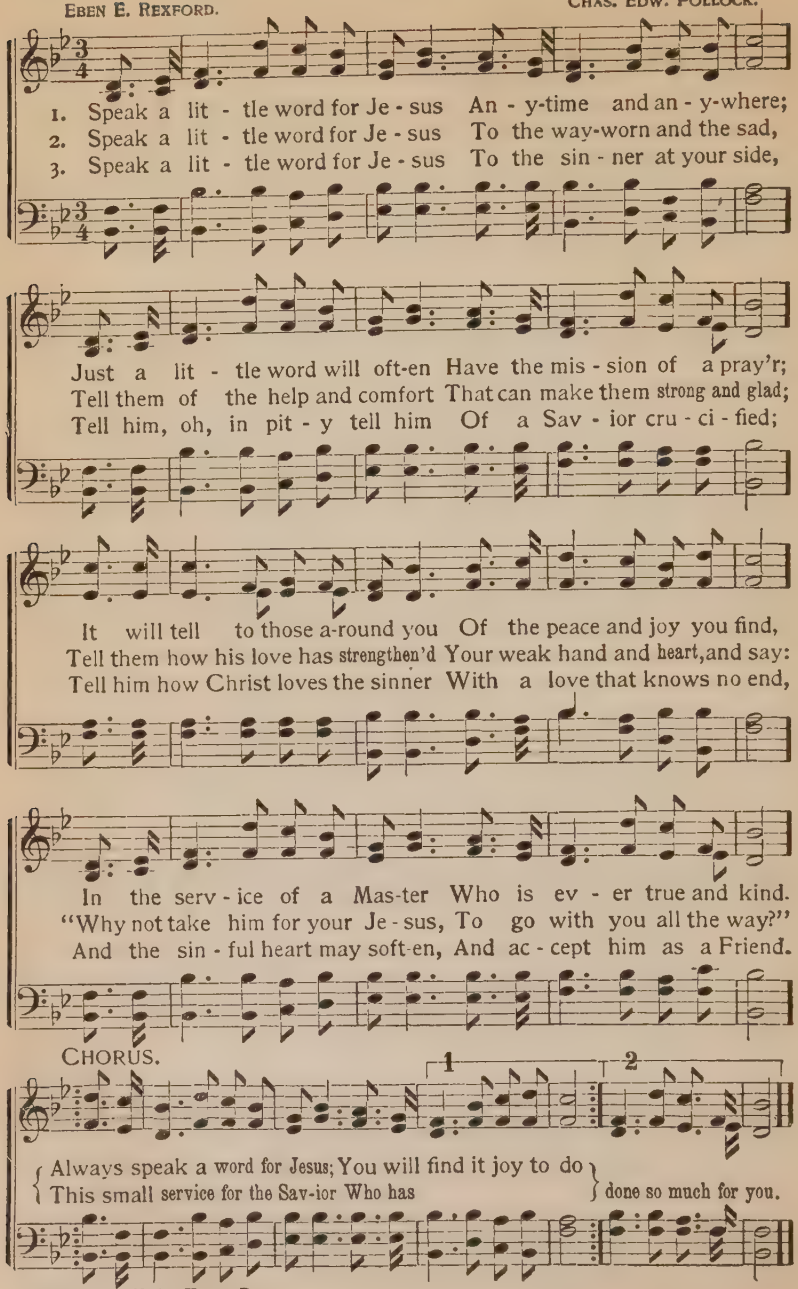
Speak a Word for Jesus.

EBEN E. REXFORD. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


1. Speak a lit - tle word for Je - sus An - y-time and an - y-where;
2. Speak a lit - tle word for Je - sus To the way-worn and the sad,
3. Speak a lit - tle word for Je - sus To the sin - ner at your side,
Just a lit - tle word will oft-en Have the mis - sion of a pray'r;
Tell them of the help and comfort That can make them strong and glad;
Tell him, oh, in pit - y tell him Of a Sav - ior cru - ci - fied;
It will tell to those a-round you Of the peace and joy you find,
Tell them how his love has strengthen'd Your weak hand and heart, and say:
Tell him how Christ loves the sinner With a love that knows no end,
In the serv - ice of a Mas-ter Who is ev - er true and kind.
"Why not take him for your Je - sus, To go with you all the way?"
And the sin - ful heart may soft-en, And ac - cept him as a Friend.
CHORUS.
1
2
Always speak a word for Jesus; You will find it joy to do
This small service for the Sav-ior Who has done so much for you.

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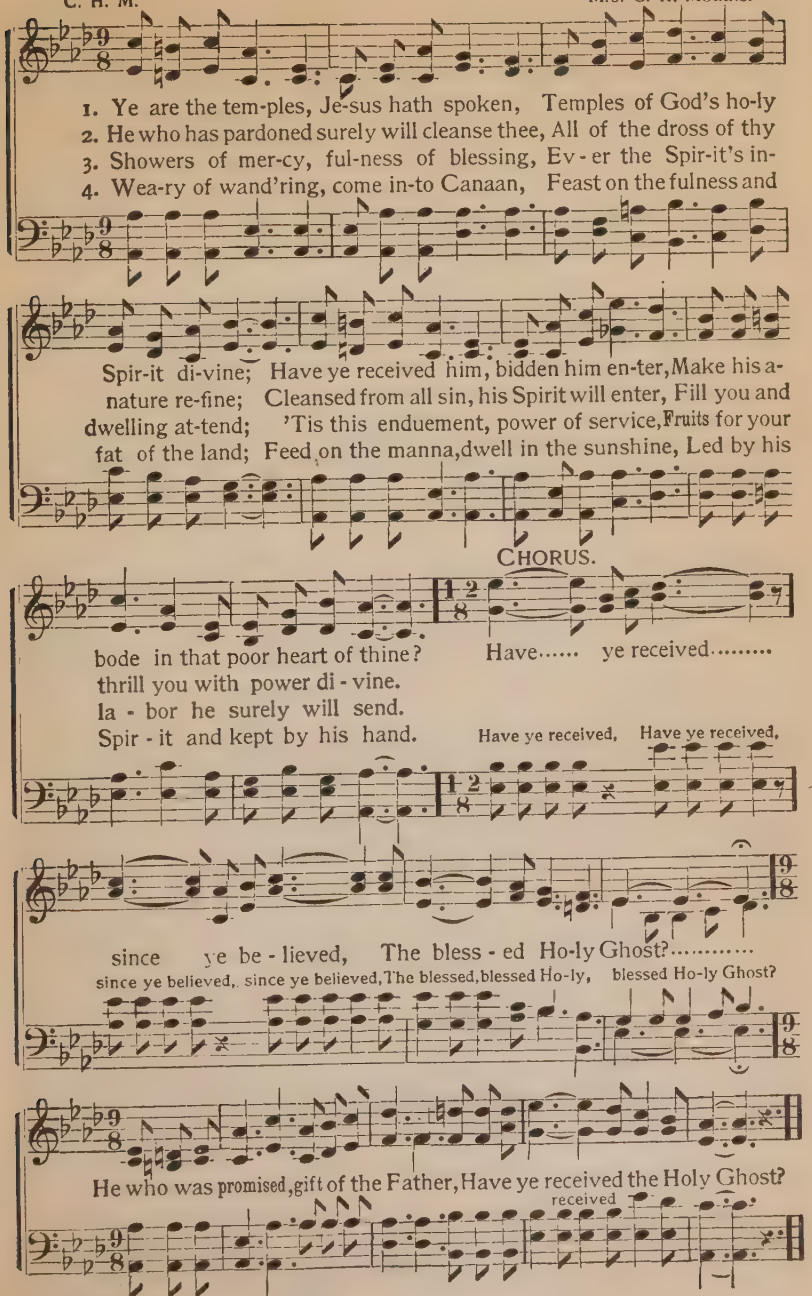
193 Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Ye are the tem-ples, Je-sus hath spoken, Temples of God's ho-ly
2. He who has pardoned surely will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Showers of mer-cy, ful-ness of blessing, Ev-er the Spir-it's in-
4. Wea-ry of wand'ring, come in-to Canaan, Feast on the fulness and
Spir-it di-vine; Have ye received him, bidden him en-ter, Make his a-
nature re-fine; Cleansed from all sin, his Spirit will enter, Fill you and
dwelling at-tend; 'Tis this enduement, power of service, Fruits for your
fat of the land; Feed on the manna, dwell in the sunshine, Led by his
CHORUS.
bode in that poor heart of thine? Have..... ye received.....
thrill you with power di-vine.
la-bor he surely will send.
Spir-it and kept by his hand. Have ye received, Have ye received,
since ye be-lieved, The bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost?.....
since ye believed, since ye believed, The blessed, blessed Ho-ly, blessed Ho-ly Ghost?
He who was promised, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Holy Ghost?
received

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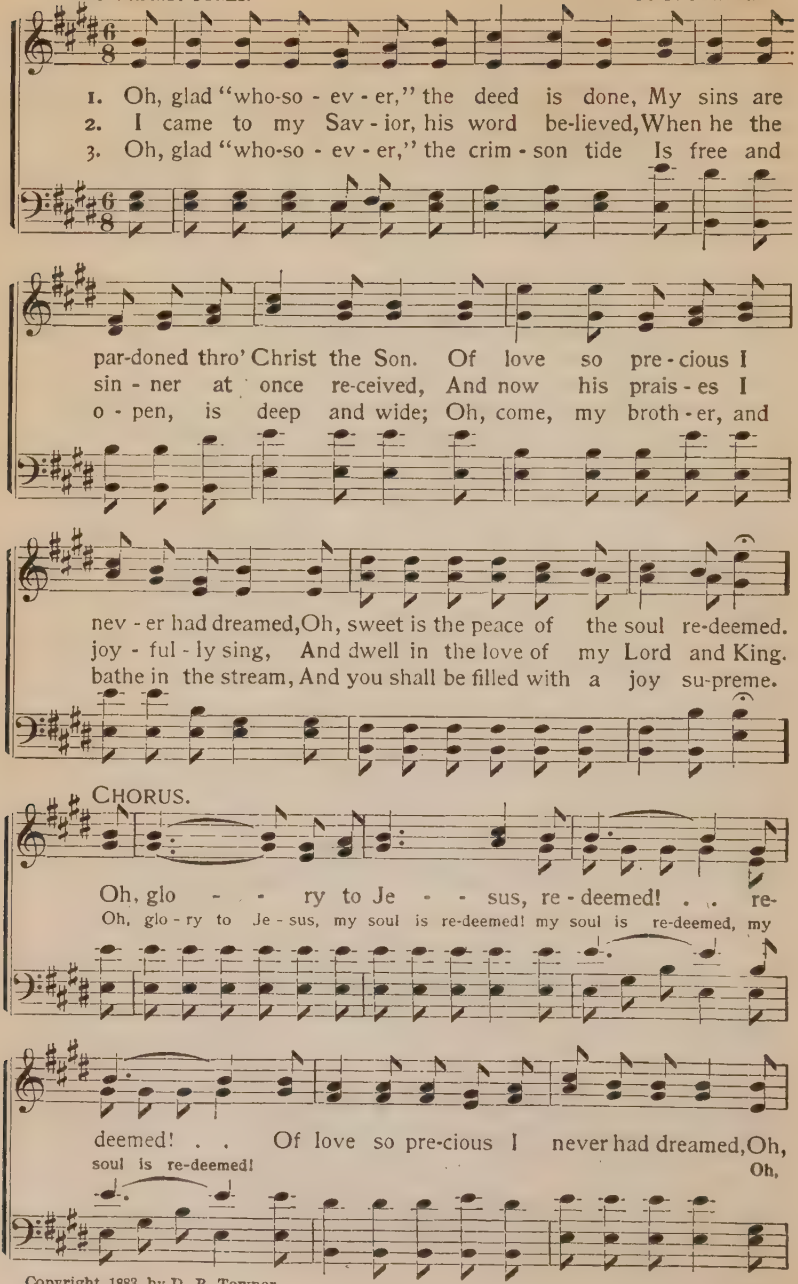
Redeemed.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Oh, glad "who-so - ev - er," the deed is done, My sins are par-doned thro' Christ the Son. Of love so pre - cious I nev - er had dreamed, Oh, sweet is the peace of the soul re-deemed.
2. I came to my Sav - ior, his word be-lieved, When he the sin - ner at once re-ceived, And now his prais - es I joy - ful - ly sing, And dwell in the love of my Lord and King.
3. Oh, glad "who-so - ev - er," the crim - son tide Is free and o - pen, is deep and wide; Oh, come, my broth - er, and bathe in the stream, And you shall be filled with a joy su-preme.
CHORUS.
Oh, glo - - - ry to Je - - sus, re - deemed! . . re-deemed! . . Of love so pre-cious I never had dreamed, Oh,
Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus, my soul is re-deemed! my soul is re-deemed, my soul is re-deemed!
Oh,

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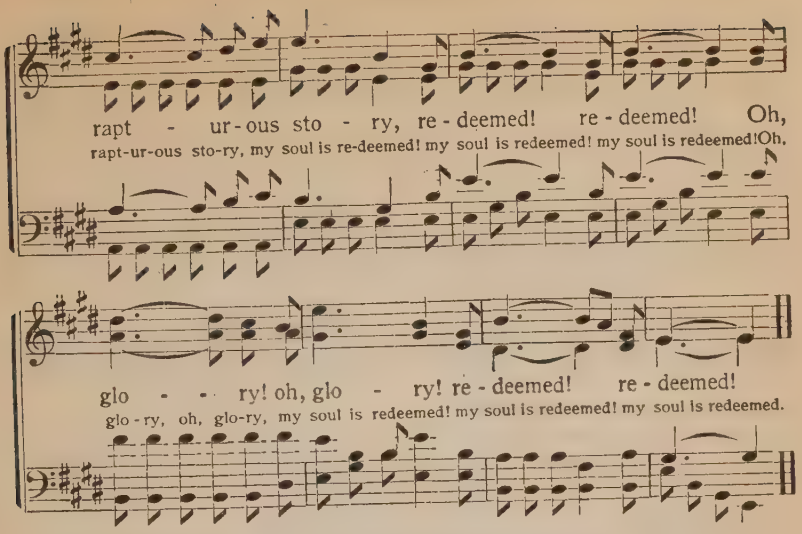
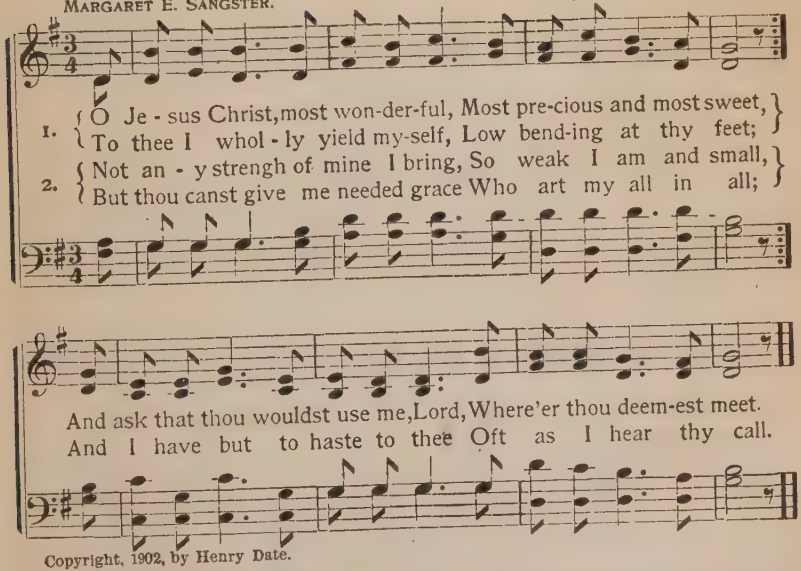
Redeemed.


rapt - ur - ous sto - ry, re - deemed! re - deemed! Oh,
rapt-ur-ous sto-ry, my soul is re-deemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! Oh.
glo - - ry! oh, glo - ry! re - deemed! re - deemed!
glo-ry, oh, glo-ry, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed.

195 I Wholly Yield Myself.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER. ELISHA, A. HOFFMAN.


1. O Je - sus Christ, most won-der-ful, Most pre-cious and most sweet,
To thee I whol - ly yield my-self, Low bend-ing at thy feet;
2. Not an - y strengh of mine I bring, So weak I am and small,
But thou canst give me needed grace Who art my all in all;
And ask that thou wouldst use me, Lord, Where'er thou deem-est meet.
And I have but to haste to thee Oft as I hear thy call.

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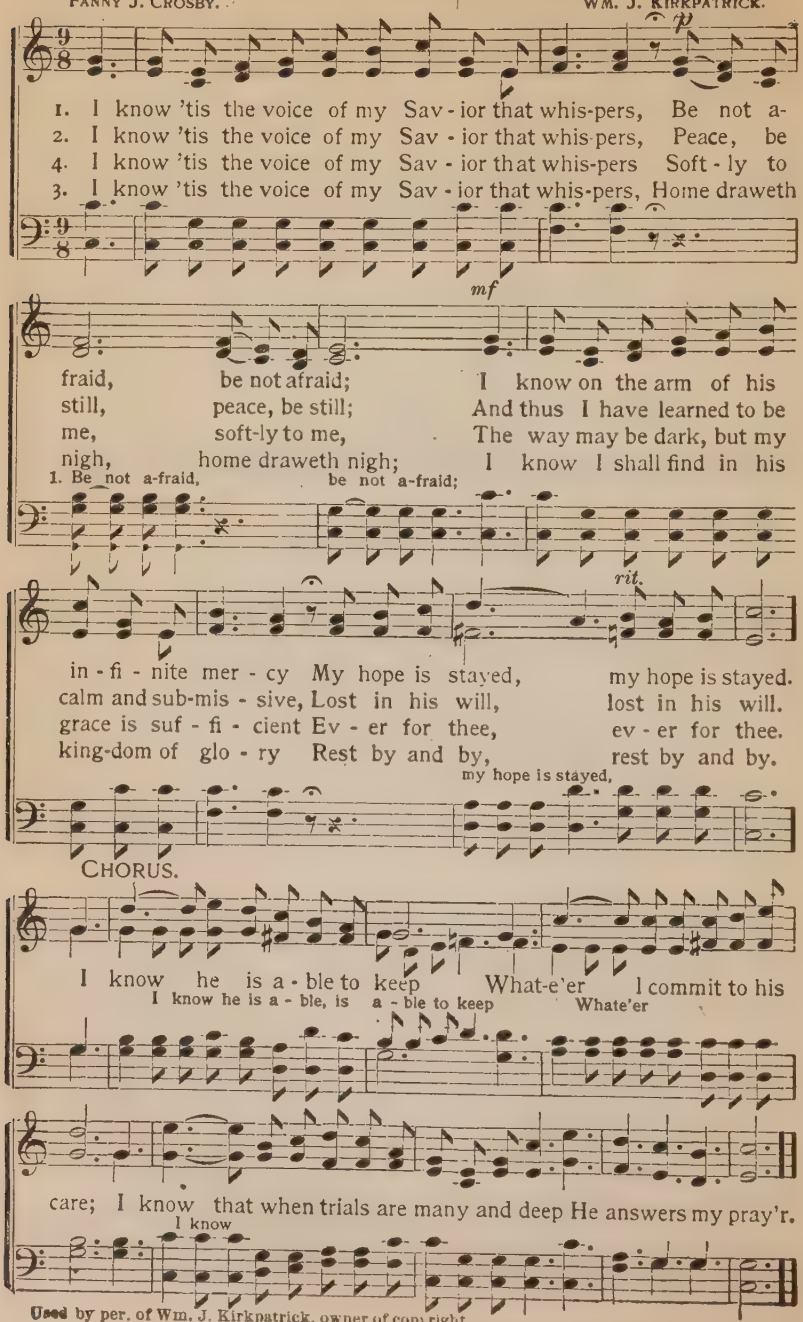
3 As to and fro on errands sent
About my work I go,
O blessed Jesus! fill my heart
Until it overflow
With love to those who know thee not,
Whom thou art fain to know.

4 I would not choose, my gracious Christ,
But ever seek thy will;
Divinely good thy purpose is;
I would thy aims fulfil;
So bid me go, or bid me stay,
Abiding with me still.

I Know 'Tis the Voice.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


p
1. I know 'tis the voice of my Sav - ior that whis-pers, Be not a-
2. I know 'tis the voice of my Sav - ior that whis-pers, Peace, be
4. I know 'tis the voice of my Sav - ior that whis-pers Soft - ly to
3. I know 'tis the voice of my Sav - ior that whis-pers, Home draweth
mf
fraid, be not afraid; I know on the arm of his
still, peace, be still; And thus I have learned to be
me, soft-ly to me, The way may be dark, but my
nigh, home draweth nigh; I know I shall find in his
1. Be not a-fraid, be not a-fraid;
rit.
in - fi - nite mer - cy My hope is stayed, my hope is stayed.
calm and sub-mis - sive, Lost in his will, lost in his will.
grace is suf - fi - cient Ev - er for thee, ev - er for thee.
king-dom of glo - ry Rest by and by, rest by and by.
my hope is stayed,
CHORUS.
I know he is a - ble to keep What-e'er I commit to his
I know he is a - ble, is a - ble to keep Whate'er
care; I know that when trials are many and deep He answers my pray'r.
I know

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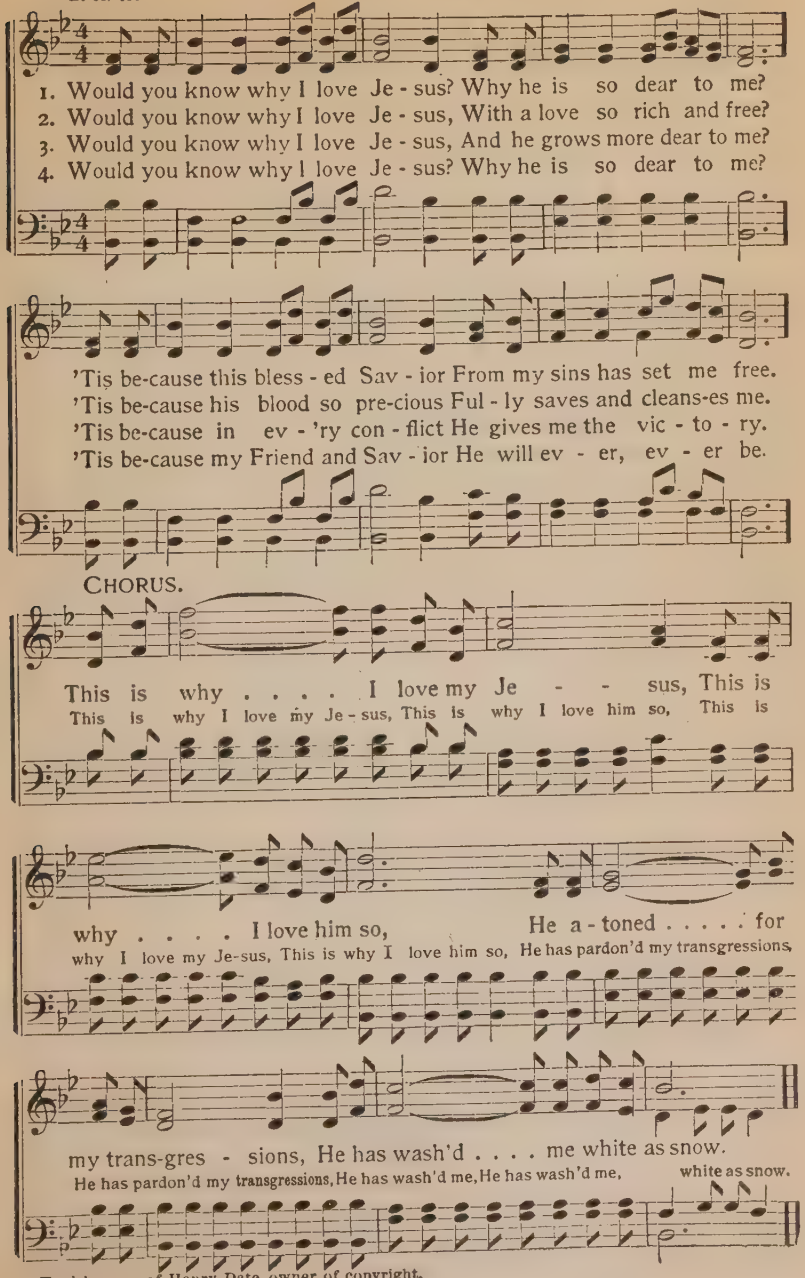
197 Why I Love Jesus.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why he is so dear to me?
2. Would you know why I love Je - sus, With a love so rich and free?
3. Would you know why I love Je - sus, And he grows more dear to me?
4. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis be-cause this bless - ed Sav - ior From my sins has set me free.
'Tis be-cause his blood so pre-cious Ful - ly saves and cleans-es me.
'Tis be-cause in ev - 'ry con - flict He gives me the vic - to - ry.
'Tis be-cause my Friend and Sav - ior He will ev - er, ev - er be.
CHORUS.
This is why . . . . I love my Je - - sus, This is
This is why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love him so, This is
why . . . . I love him so, He a - toned . . . . for
why I love my Je-sus, This is why I love him so, He has pardon'd my transgressions,
my trans-gres - sions, He has wash'd . . . . me white as snow.
He has pardon'd my transgressions, He has wash'd me, He has wash'd me, white as snow.

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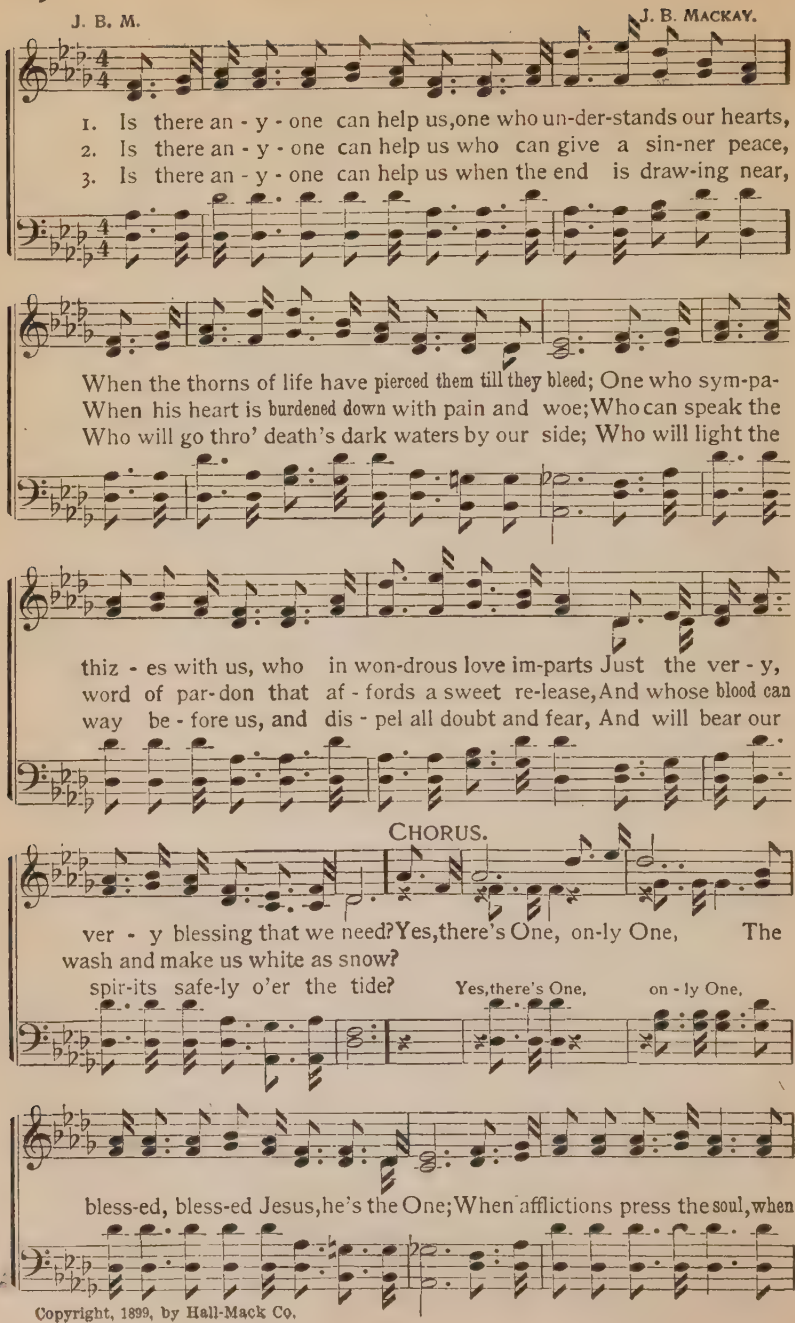
He's the One.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.


1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un-der-stands our hearts,
2. Is there an - y - one can help us who can give a sin-ner peace,
3. Is there an - y - one can help us when the end is draw-ing near,
When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym-pa-
When his heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the
Who will go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the
thiz - es with us, who in won-drous love im-parts Just the ver - y,
word of par-don that af - fords a sweet re-lease, And whose blood can
way be - fore us, and dis - pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our
CHORUS.
ver - y blessing that we need? Yes, there's One, on-ly One, The
wash and make us white as snow?
spir-its safe-ly o'er the tide? Yes, there's One, on - ly One,
bless-ed, bless-ed Jesus, he's the One; When afflictions press the soul, when

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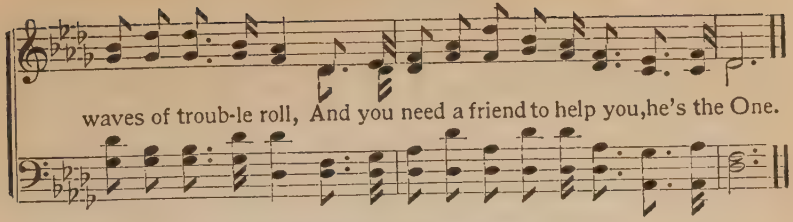
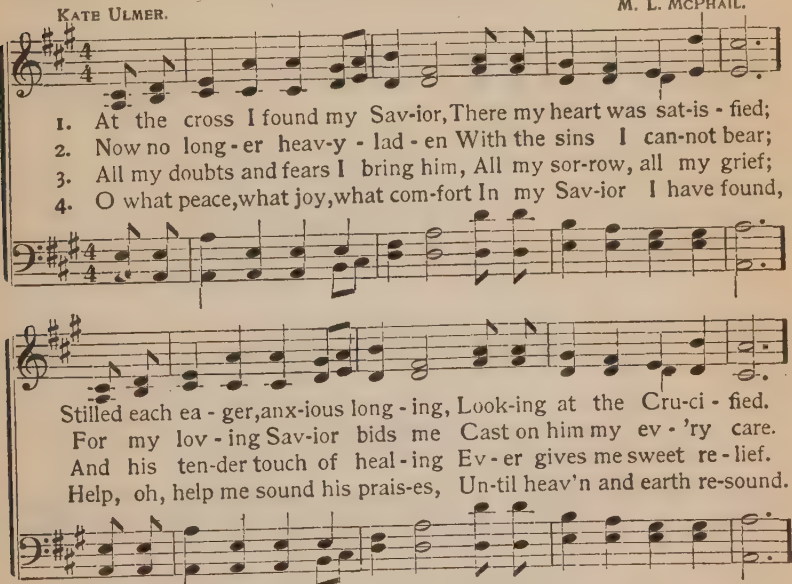
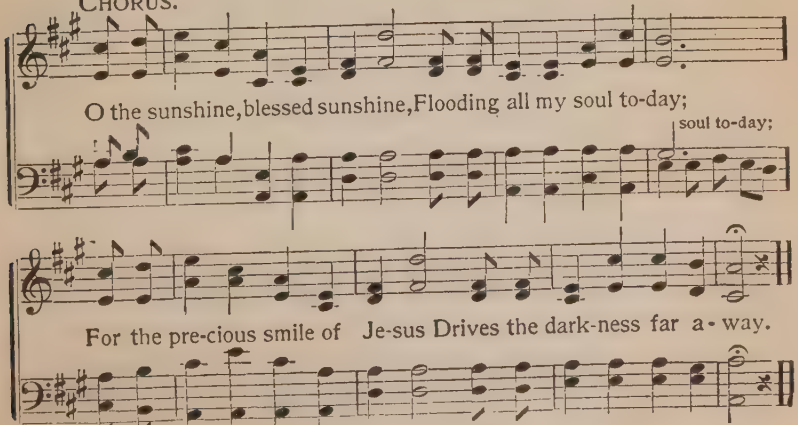


199 Blessed Sunshine.

KATE ULMER. M. L. McPHAIL.


1. At the cross I found my Sav-ior, There my heart was sat-is - fied;
2. Now no long - er heav-y - lad - en With the sins I can-not bear;
3. All my doubts and fears I bring him, All my sor-row, all my grief;
4. O what peace, what joy, what com-fort In my Sav-ior I have found,
Stilled each ea - ger, anx-ious long - ing, Look-ing at the Cru-ci - fied.
For my lov - ing Sav-ior bids me Cast on him my ev - 'ry care.
And his ten-der touch of heal - ing Ev - er gives me sweet re - lief.
Help, oh, help me sound his prais-es, Un-til heav'n and earth re-sound.

CHORUS.


O the sunshine, blessed sunshine, Flooding all my soul to-day;
soul to-day;
For the pre-cious smile of Je-sus Drives the dark-ness far a - way.

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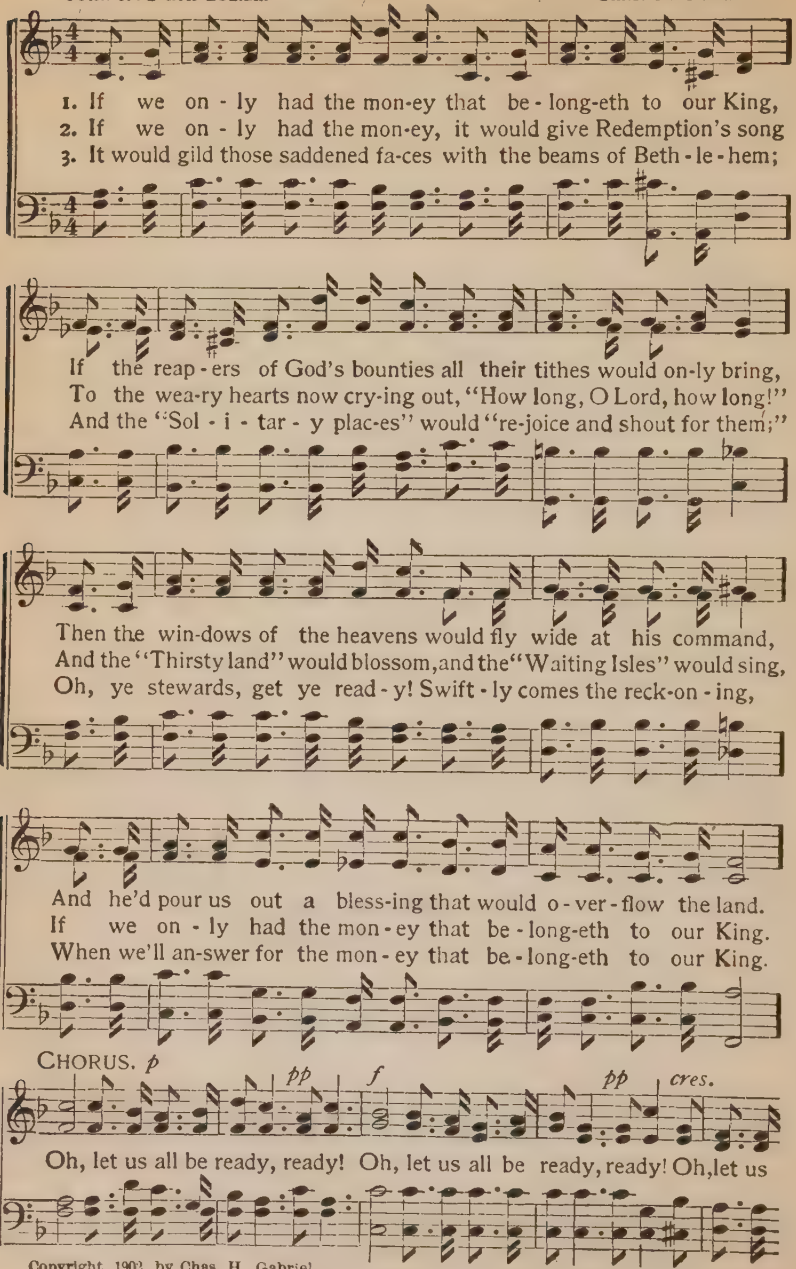
200 The Money that Belongeth to Our King.

Effective as a Solo and Chorus.

JOHN HOGARTH LOZIER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. If we on - ly had the mon-ey that be - long-eth to our King,
2. If we on - ly had the mon-ey, it would give Redemption's song
3. It would gild those saddened fa-ces with the beams of Beth - le - hem;
If the reap - ers of God's bounties all their tithes would on-ly bring,
To the wea-ry hearts now cry-ing out, "How long, O Lord, how long!"
And the "Sol - i - tar - y plac-es" would "re-joice and shout for them;"
Then the win-dows of the heavens would fly wide at his command,
And the "Thirsty land" would blossom, and the "Waiting Isles" would sing,
Oh, ye stewards, get ye read - y! Swift - ly comes the reck-on - ing,
And he'd pour us out a bless-ing that would o - ver - flow the land.
If we on - ly had the mon - ey that be - long-eth to our King.
When we'll an-swer for the mon - ey that be - long-eth to our King.
CHORUS. p
pp
f
pp
cres.
Oh, let us all be ready, ready! Oh, let us all be ready, ready! Oh, let us

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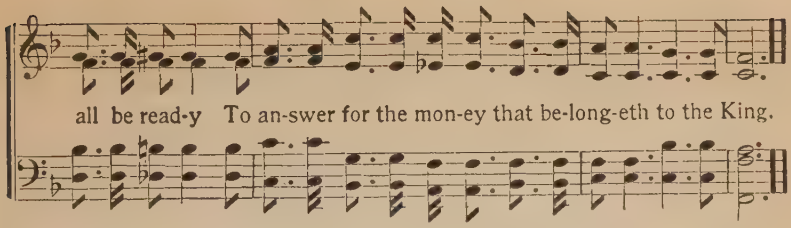
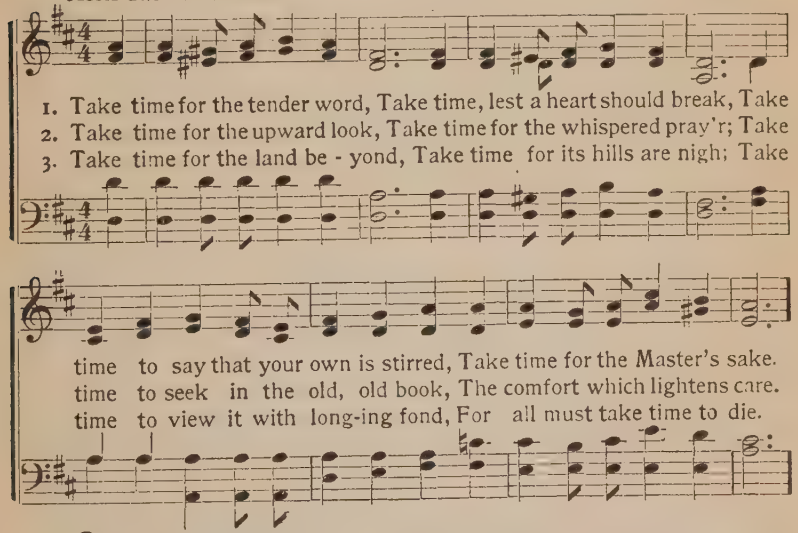
The Money that Belongeth to Our King.

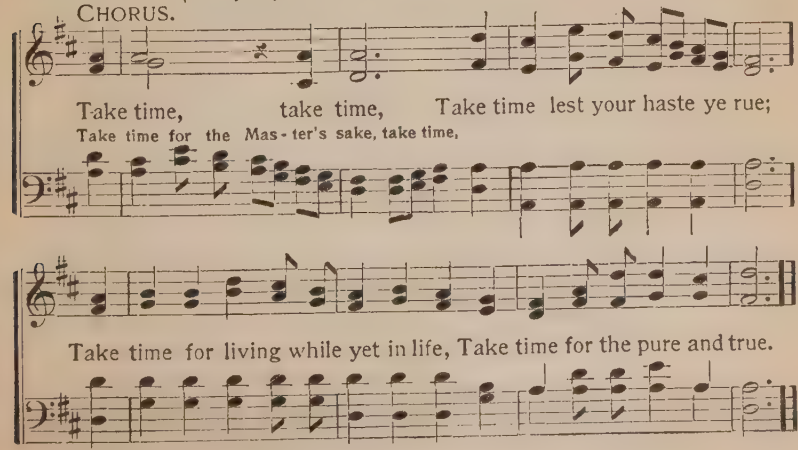


201 Take Time.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. S. FEARIS.


1. Take time for the tender word, Take time, lest a heart should break, Take
2. Take time for the upward look, Take time for the whispered pray'r; Take
3. Take time for the land be - yond, Take time for its hills are nigh; Take
time to say that your own is stirred, Take time for the Master's sake.
time to seek in the old, old book, The comfort which lightens care.
time to view it with long-ing fond, For all must take time to die.

CHORUS.


Take time, take time, Take time lest your haste ye rue;
Take time for the Mas - ter's sake, take time,
Take time for living while yet in life, Take time for the pure and true.

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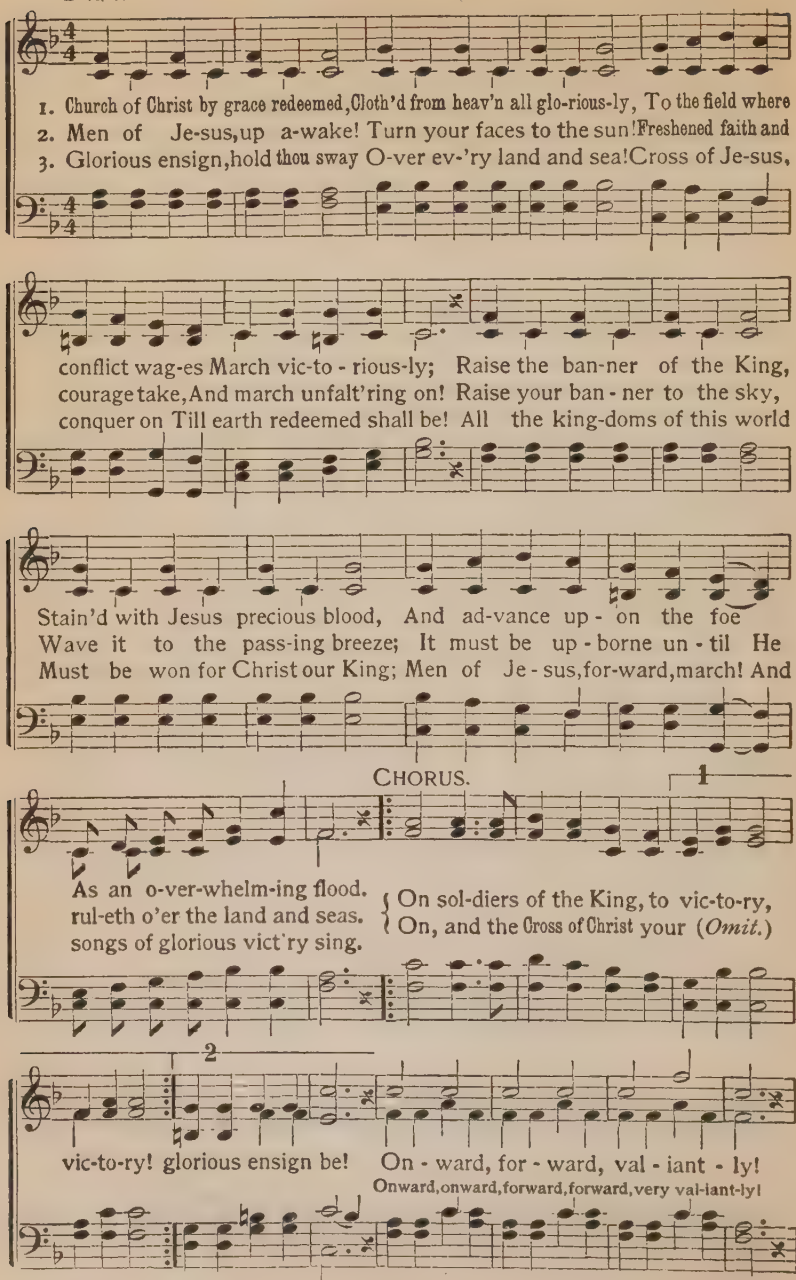
The Cross the Pledge of Victory.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.


1. Church of Christ by grace redeemed, Cloth'd from heav'n all glo-rious-ly, To the field where
2. Men of Je-sus, up a-wake! Turn your faces to the sun! Freshened faith and
3. Glorious ensign, hold thou sway O-ver ev-'ry land and sea! Cross of Je-sus,
conflict wag-es March vic-to-rious-ly; Raise the ban-ner of the King,
courage take, And march unfalt'ring on! Raise your ban-ner to the sky,
conquer on Till earth redeemed shall be! All the king-doms of this world
Stain'd with Jesus precious blood, And ad-vance up-on the foe
Wave it to the pass-ing breeze; It must be up-borne un-til He
Must be won for Christ our King; Men of Je-sus, for-ward, march! And
CHORUS.
1
As an o-ver-whelm-ing flood.
rul-eth o'er the land and seas.
songs of glorious vict'ry sing.
On sol-diers of the King, to vic-to-ry,
On, and the Cross of Christ your (Omit.)
2
vic-to-ry! glorious ensign be!
On-ward, for-ward, val-iant-ly!
Onward, onward, forward, forward, very val-iant-ly!

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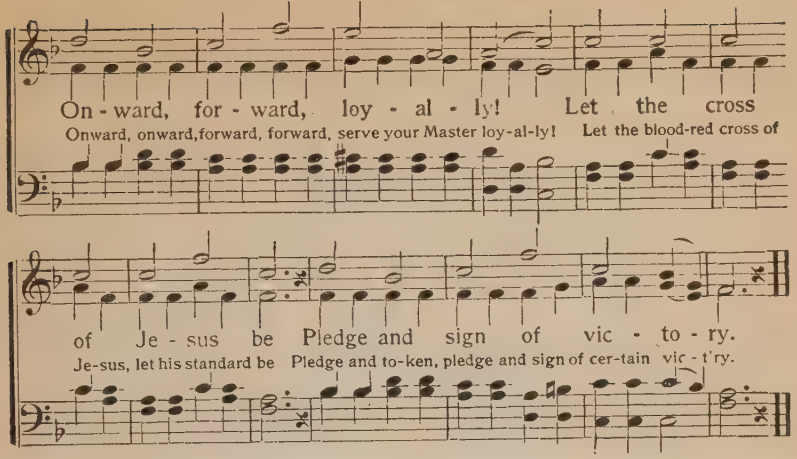
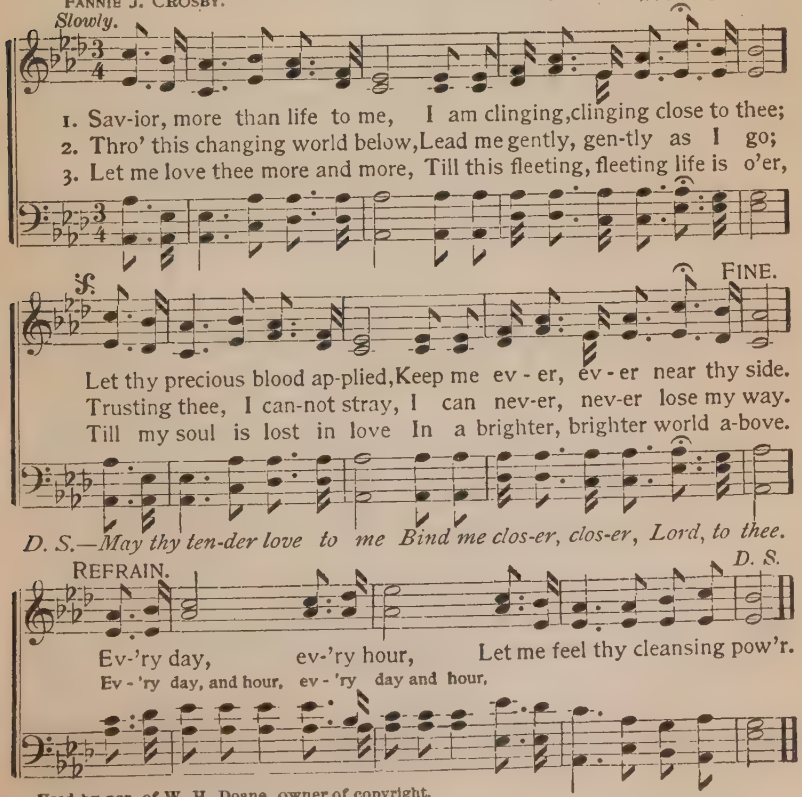
The Cross the Pledge of Victory.


On - ward, for - ward, loy - al - ly! Let the cross
Onward, onward, forward, forward, serve your Master loy-al-ly! Let the blood-red cross of
of Je - sus be Pledge and sign of vic - to - ry.
Je-sus, let his standard be Pledge and to-ken, pledge and sign of cer-tain vic - t'ry.

203 Every Day and Hour

FANNIE J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Slowly.


1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er,
FINE.
Let thy precious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near thy side.
Trusting thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.
D. S.—May thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to thee.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleansing pow'r.
Ev - 'ry day, and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour.

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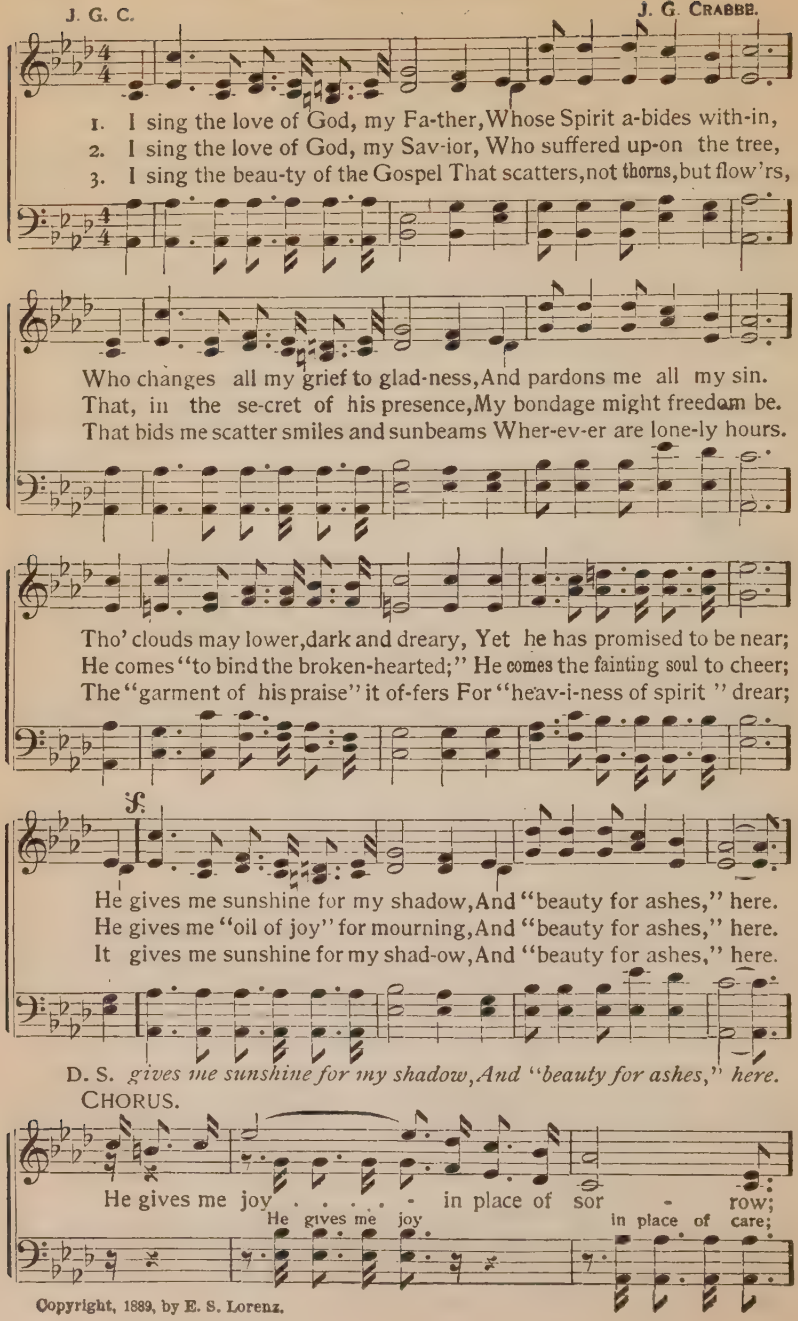
Beauty for Ashes.

J. G. C. J. G. CRABBE.


1. I sing the love of God, my Fa-ther, Whose Spirit a-bides with-in,
2. I sing the love of God, my Sav-ior, Who suffered up-on the tree,
3. I sing the beau-ty of the Gospel That scatters, not thorns, but flow'rs,
Who changes all my grief to glad-ness, And pardons me all my sin.
That, in the se-cret of his presence, My bondage might freedom be.
That bids me scatter smiles and sunbeams Wher-ev-er are lone-ly hours.
Tho' clouds may lower, dark and dreary, Yet he has promised to be near;
He comes "to bind the broken-hearted;" He comes the fainting soul to cheer;
The "garment of his praise" it of-fers For "heav-i-ness of spirit" drear;
f
He gives me sunshine for my shadow, And "beauty for ashes," here.
He gives me "oil of joy" for mourning, And "beauty for ashes," here.
It gives me sunshine for my shad-ow, And "beauty for ashes," here.
D. S. gives me sunshine for my shadow, And "beauty for ashes," here.
CHORUS.
He gives me joy . . . . . in place of sor - row;
He gives me joy in place of care;

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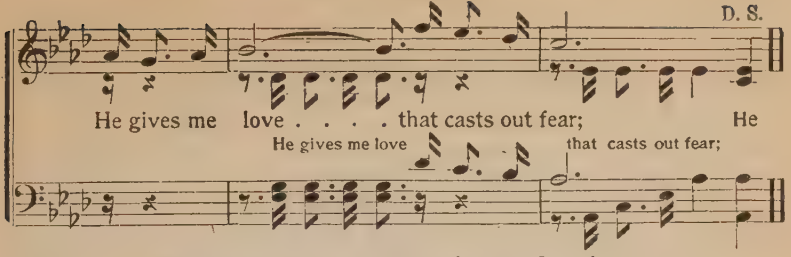

205 Make Me a Blessing To-day.

Rev. H. C. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.

1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. A-round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far a - stray,
4. Some saints of thine are in dis-tress, And for de-liv-'rance pray;
5. What-ev - er er - rand thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;

In-spire each tho't and prompt each word And make me a blessing to-day.
Use me to win them from their sins And make me a blessing to-day.
Help me to win them back to thee, And make me a blessing to-day.
O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a blessing to-day.
Use me in an - y way thou wilt, And make me a blessing to-day.

CHORUS.

Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll gladly thy message con-vey;
Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to-day.

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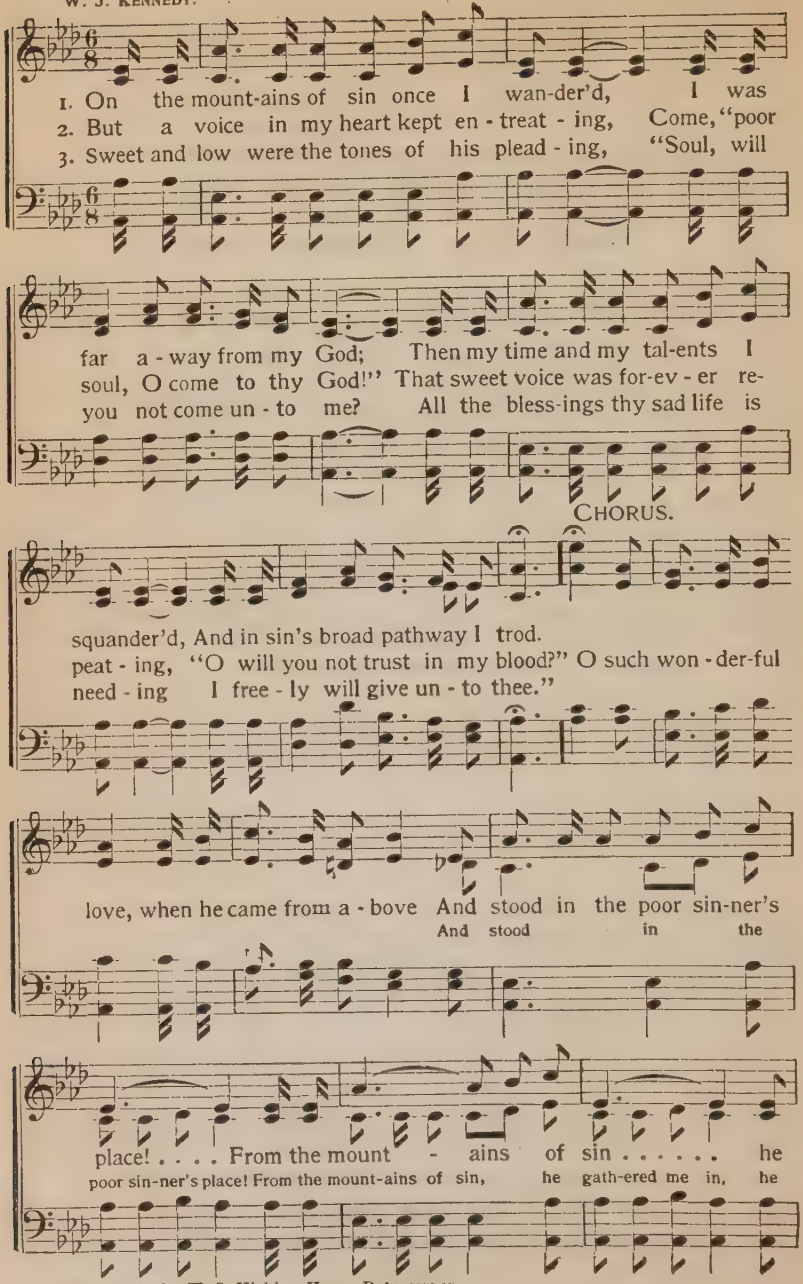
Wonderful Grace.

W. J. KENNEDY. W. S. NICKLE.


1. On the mount-ains of sin once I wan-der'd, I was
2. But a voice in my heart kept en - treat - ing, Come, "poor
3. Sweet and low were the tones of his plead - ing, "Soul, will
far a - way from my God; Then my time and my tal-ents I
soul, O come to thy God!" That sweet voice was for-ev - er re-
you not come un - to me? All the bless-ings thy sad life is
CHORUS.
squander'd, And in sin's broad pathway I trod.
peat - ing, "O will you not trust in my blood?" O such won - der-ful
need - ing I free - ly will give un - to thee."
love, when he came from a - bove And stood in the poor sin-ner's
And stood in the
place! . . . . From the mount - ains of sin . . . . . he
poor sin-ner's place! From the mount-ains of sin, he gath-ered me in, he

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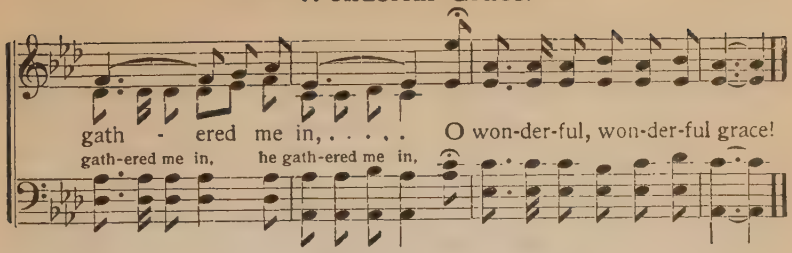
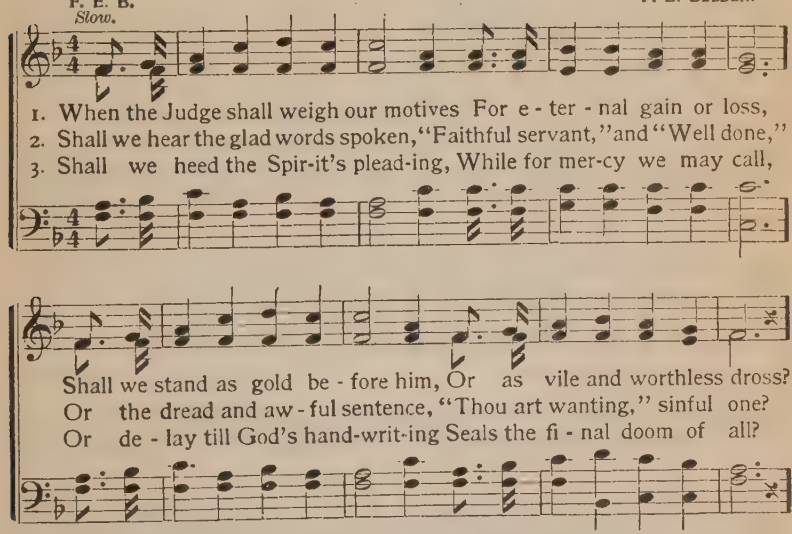
Wonderful Grace.



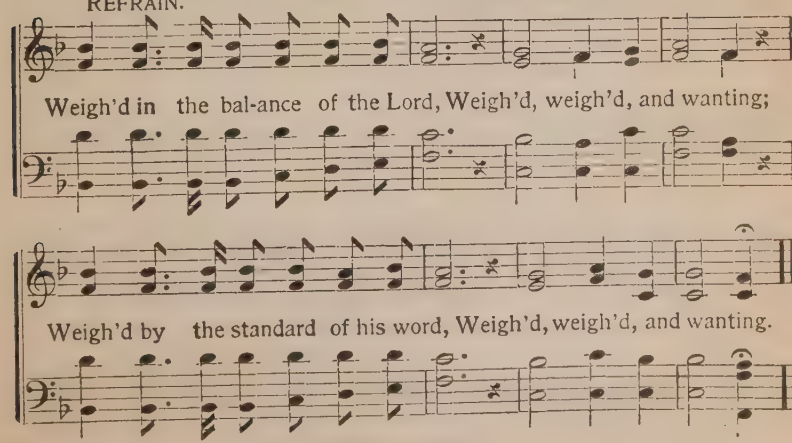
207 Weighed and Wanting.

F. E. B.
Slow.

F. E. BELDEN.


1. When the Judge shall weigh our motives For e - ter - nal gain or loss,
2. Shall we hear the glad words spoken, "Faithful servant," and "Well done,"
3. Shall we heed the Spir-it's plead-ing, While for mer-cy we may call,
Shall we stand as gold be - fore him, Or as vile and worthless dross?
Or the dread and aw - ful sentence, "Thou art wanting," sinful one?
Or de - lay till God's hand-writ-ing Seals the fi - nal doom of all?

REFRAIN.



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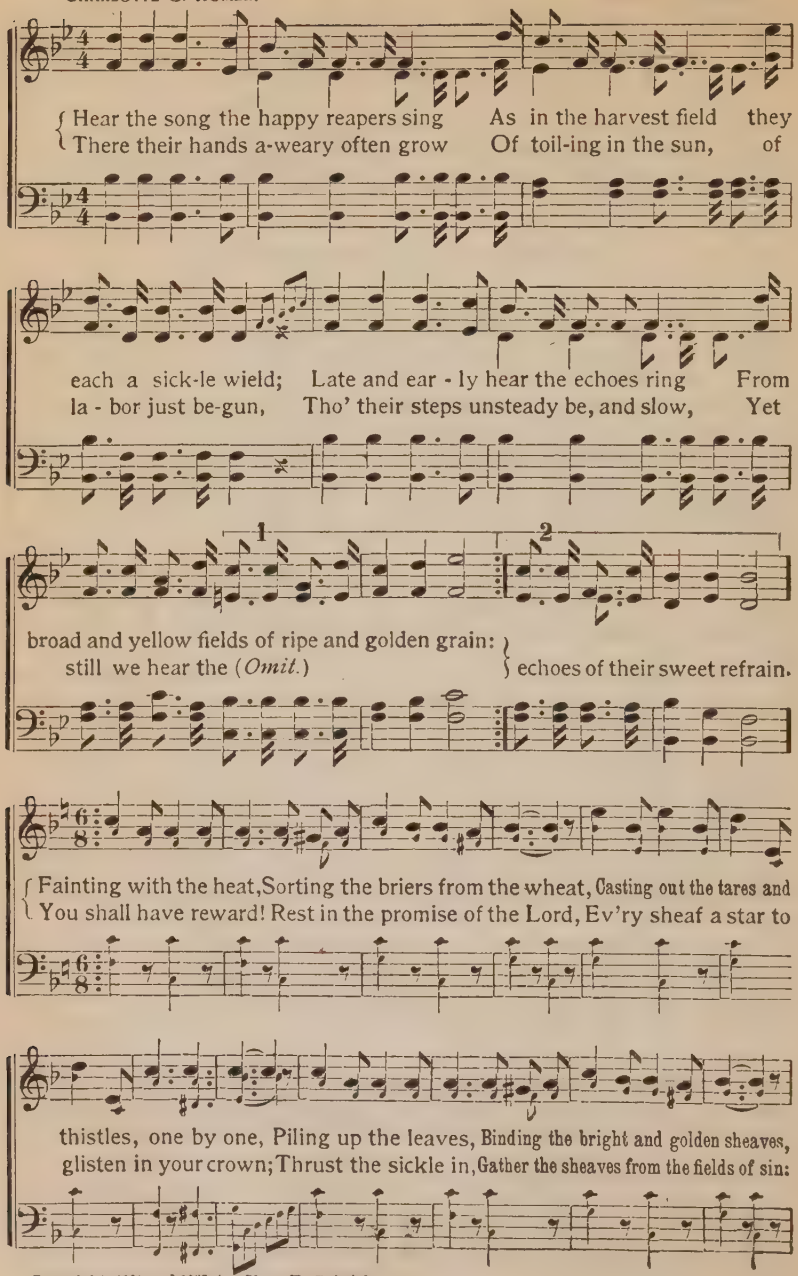
The Song of the Reapers.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Hear the song the happy reapers sing As in the harvest field they
There their hands a-weary often grow Of toil-ing in the sun, of
each a sick-le wield; Late and ear - ly hear the echoes ring From
la - bor just be-gun, Tho' their steps unsteady be, and slow, Yet
1
2
broad and yellow fields of ripe and golden grain:
still we hear the (Omit.)
echoes of their sweet refrain.
Fainting with the heat, Sorting the briers from the wheat, Casting out the tares and
You shall have reward! Rest in the promise of the Lord, Ev'ry sheaf a star to
thistles, one by one, Piling up the leaves, Binding the bright and golden sheaves,
glisten in your crown; Thrust the sickle in, Gather the sheaves from the fields of sin:

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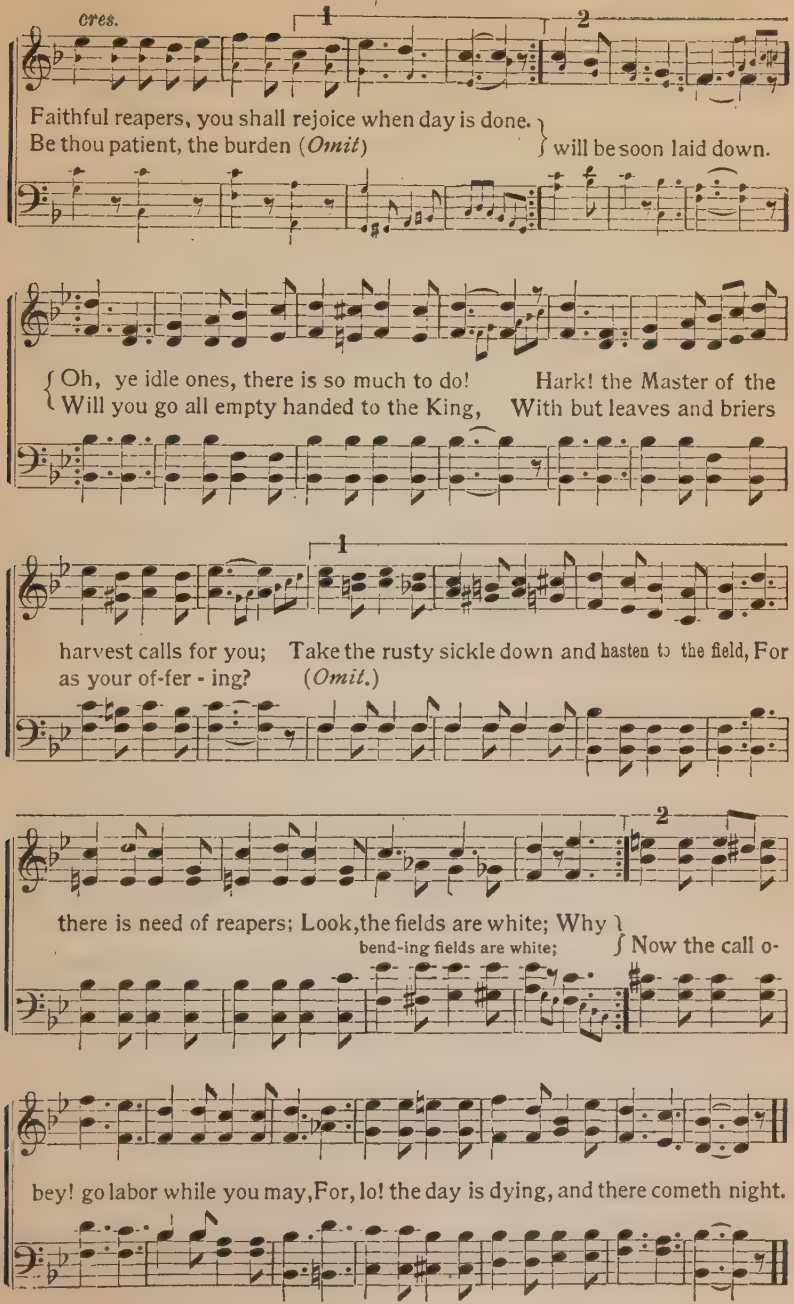
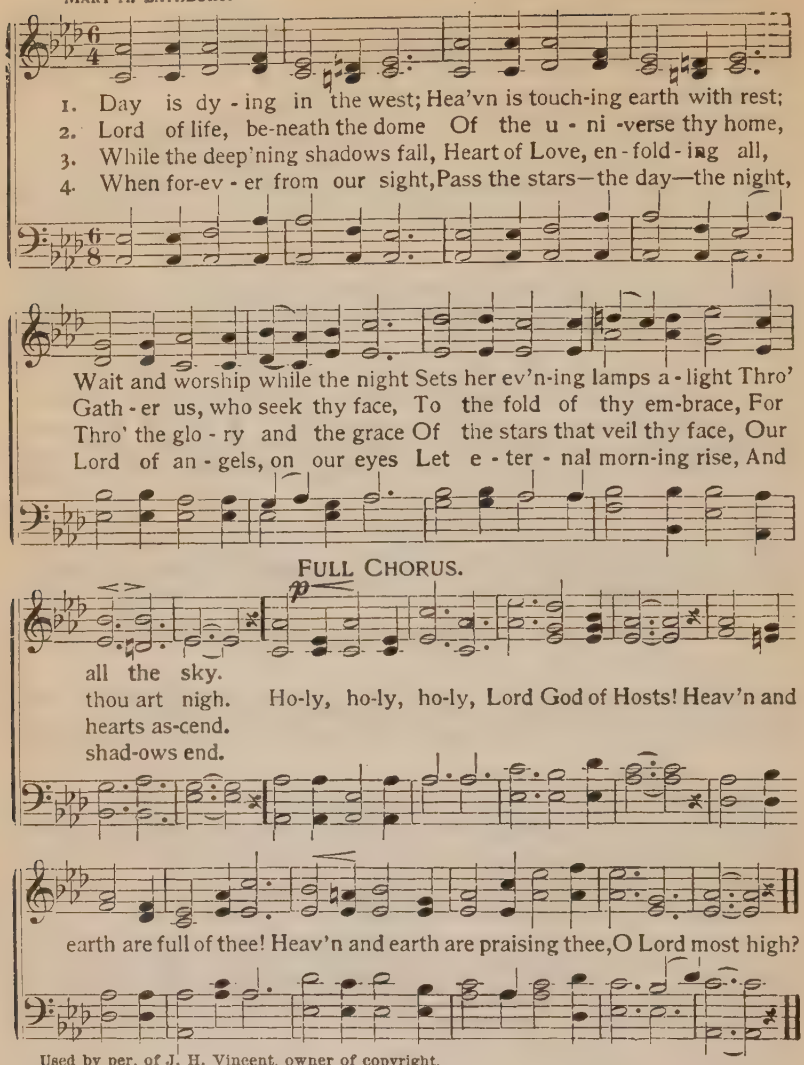
The Song of the Reapers.


cres.
1
2
Faithful reapers, you shall rejoice when day is done.
Be thou patient, the burden (*Omit*)
will be soon laid down.
Oh, ye idle ones, there is so much to do!
Will you go all empty handed to the King,
Hark! the Master of the
With but leaves and briers
1
harvest calls for you;
as your of-fer - ing?
Take the rusty sickle down and hasten to the field, For
(*Omit.*)
2
there is need of reapers; Look, the fields are white; Why
bend-ing fields are white;
Now the call o-
bey! go labor while you may, For, lo! the day is dying, and there cometh night.

209 Twilight.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Hea'vn is touch-ing earth with rest;
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni -verse thy home,
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all,
4. When for-ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars—the day—the night,
Wait and worship while the night Sets her ev'n-ing lamps a - light Thro'
Gath - er us, who seek thy face, To the fold of thy em-brace, For
Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil thy face, Our
Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And
FULL CHORUS.
all the sky.
thou art nigh. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and
hearts as-cend.
shad-ows end.
earth are full of thee! Heav'n and earth are praising thee, O Lord most high?

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210 Grace.

Tune—Old Hundred. L. M.

To be sung before and after meals.

Blessings Invoked.

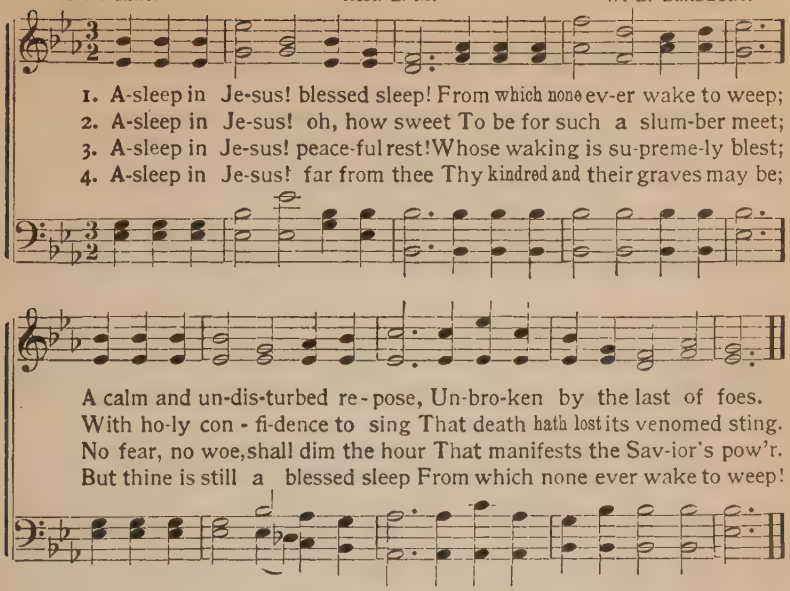
Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

Thanks Returned.

We thank thee Lord, for this, our food,
For life and health, and every good;
Let manna to our souls be given—
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

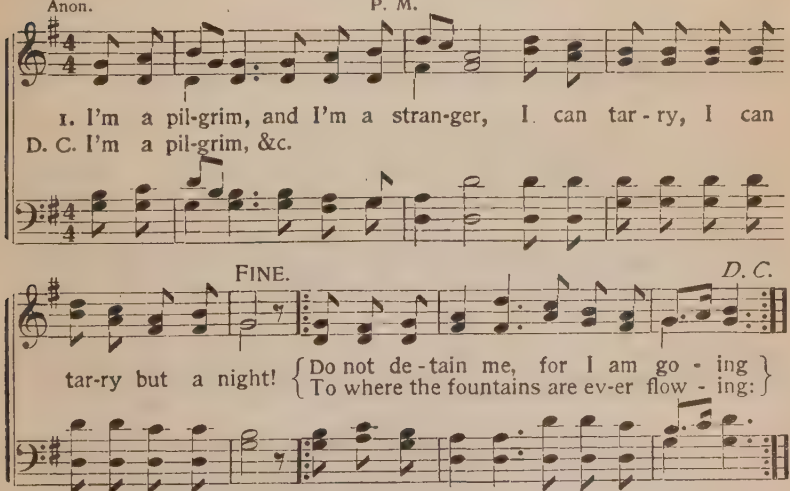
211 Asleep in Jesus.

Mrs. MACKAY. Rest. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.


1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep! From which none ev-er wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet;
3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peace-ful rest! Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest;
4. A-sleep in Je-sus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be;
A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing That death hath lost its venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour That manifests the Sav-ior's pow'r.
But thine is still a blessed sleep From which none ever wake to weep!

212 I'm A Pilgrim.

Anon. P. M.

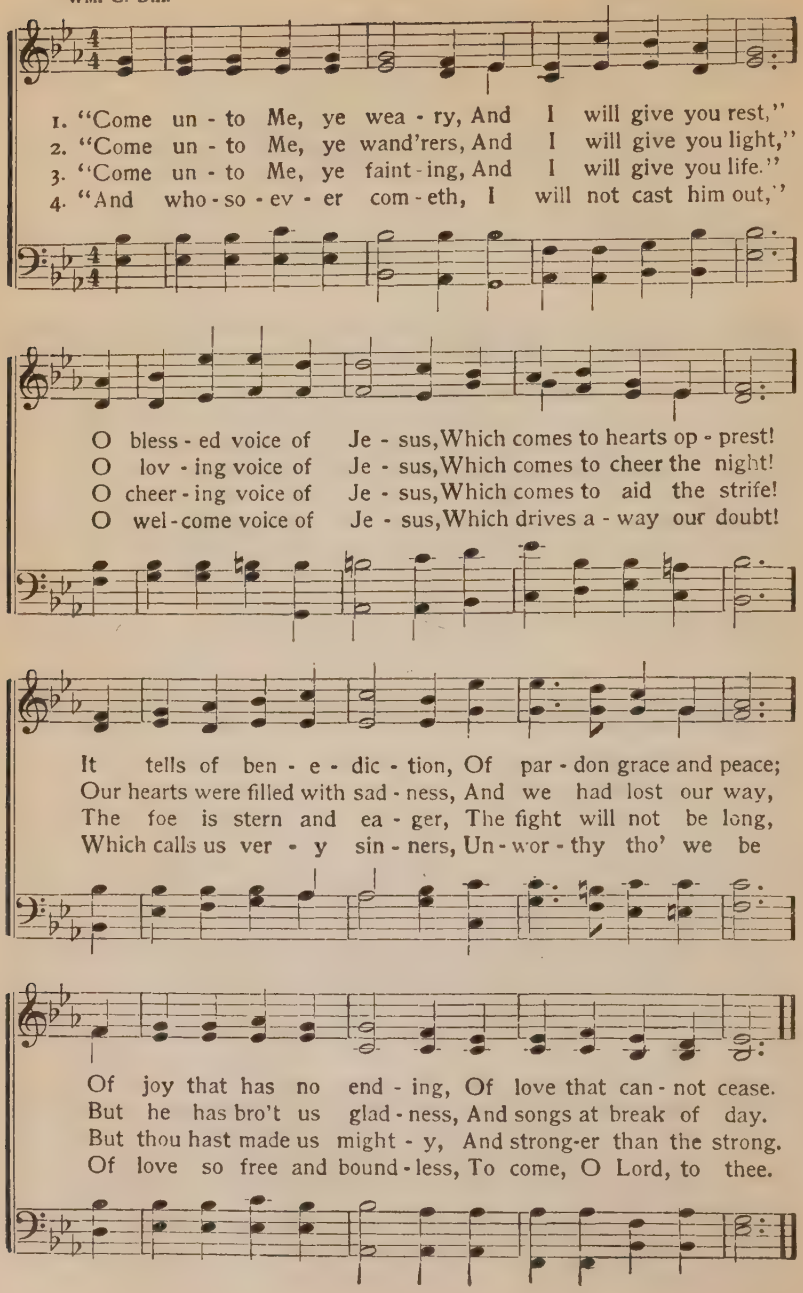

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can
D. C. I'm a pil-grim, &c.
FINE.
D. C.
tar-ry but a night!
Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing
To where the fountains are ev-er flow-ing:

2 There the glory is ever shining!
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there!
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary;
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

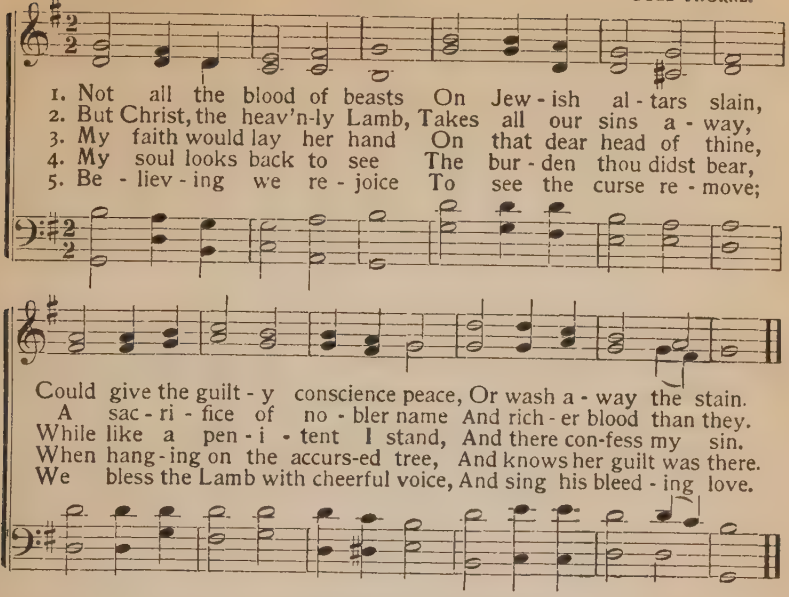
213 Come unto Me, Ye Weary.

WM. C. DIX. SAM'L S. WESLEY.


1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest,"
2. "Come un - to Me, ye wand'rers, And I will give you light,"
3. "Come un - to Me, ye faint - ing, And I will give you life."
4. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth, I will not cast him out,"
O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
O lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night!
O cheer - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to aid the strife!
O wel - come voice of Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt!
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don grace and peace;
Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And we had lost our way,
The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight will not be long,
Which calls us ver - y sin - ners, Un - wor - thy tho' we be
Of joy that has no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease.
But he has bro't us glad - ness, And songs at break of day.
But thou hast made us might - y, And strong-er than the strong.
Of love so free and bound - less, To come, O Lord, to thee.

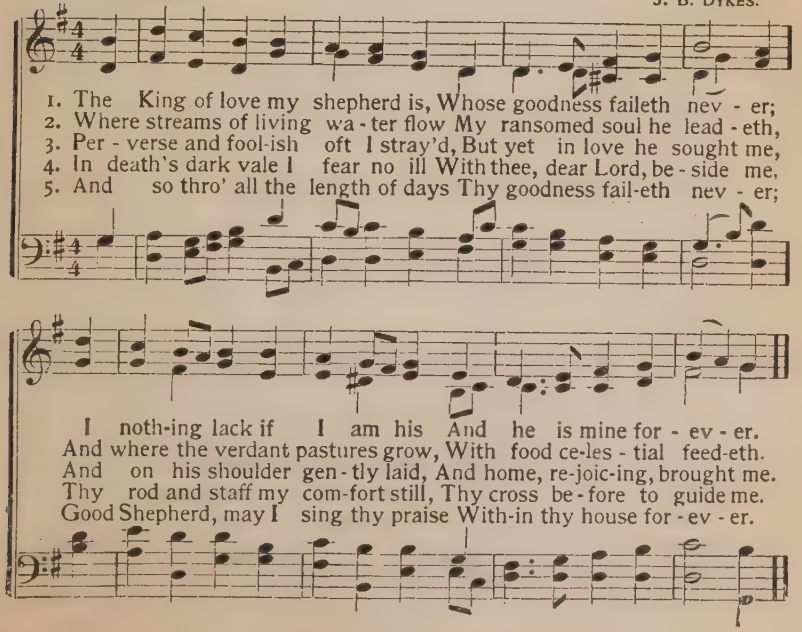
214 Not All the Blood of Beasts.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune—Burnham. S. M. JOEL THORNE.


1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heav'n-ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way,
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of thine,
4. My soul looks back to see The bur - den thou didst bear,
5. Be - liev - ing we re - joice To see the curse re - move;
Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name And rich - er blood than they.
While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con-fess my sin.
When hang - ing on the accurs-ed tree, And knows her guilt was there.
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice, And sing his bleed - ing love.

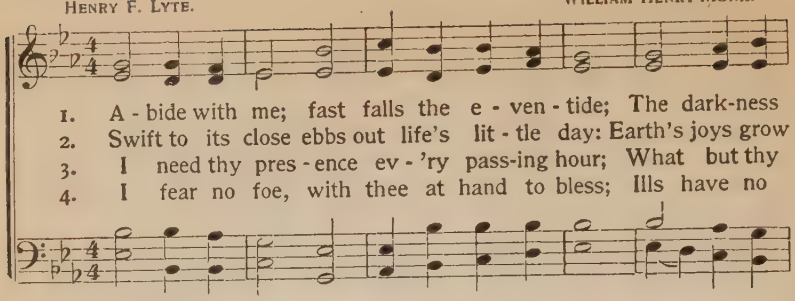
215 The King of Love.

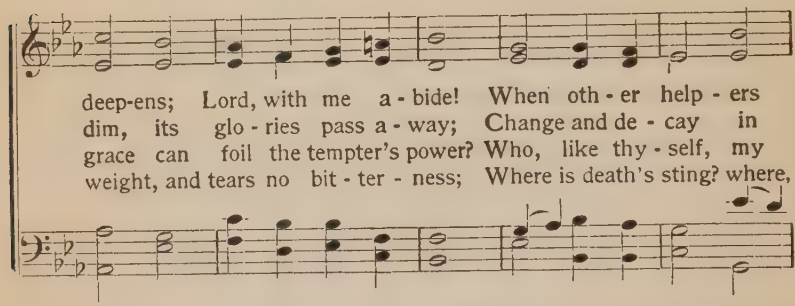
H. W. BAKER. J. B. DYKES.

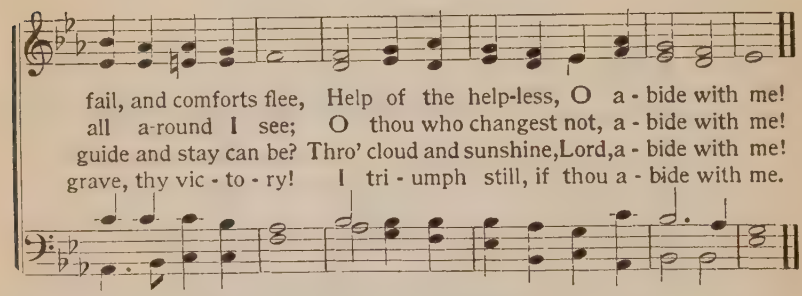

1. The King of love my shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth nev - er;
2. Where streams of living wa - ter flow My ransomed soul he lead - eth,
3. Per - verse and fool-ish oft I stray'd, But yet in love he sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With thee, dear Lord, be - side me,
5. And so thro' all the length of days Thy goodness fail-eth nev - er;
I noth-ing lack if I am his And he is mine for - ev - er.
And where the verdant pastures grow, With food ce-les - tial feed-eth.
And on his shoulder gen - tly laid, And home, re-joic-ing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise With-in thy house for - ev - er.

216 Abide with Me.

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

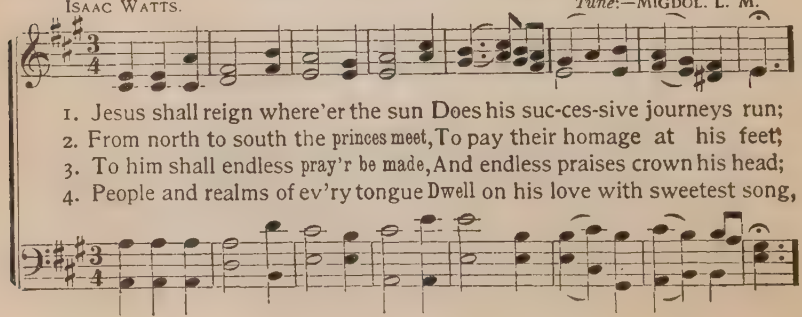

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day: Earth's joys grow
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but thy
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no


deep-ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like thy - self, my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,

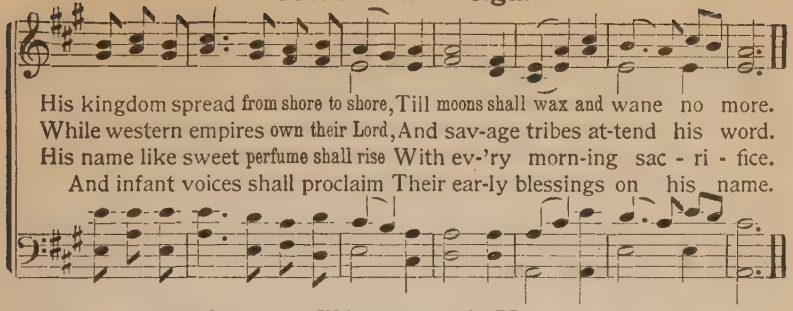

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; O thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
grave, thy vic - to - ry! I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.

217 Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. *Tune*:—MIGDOL. L. M.

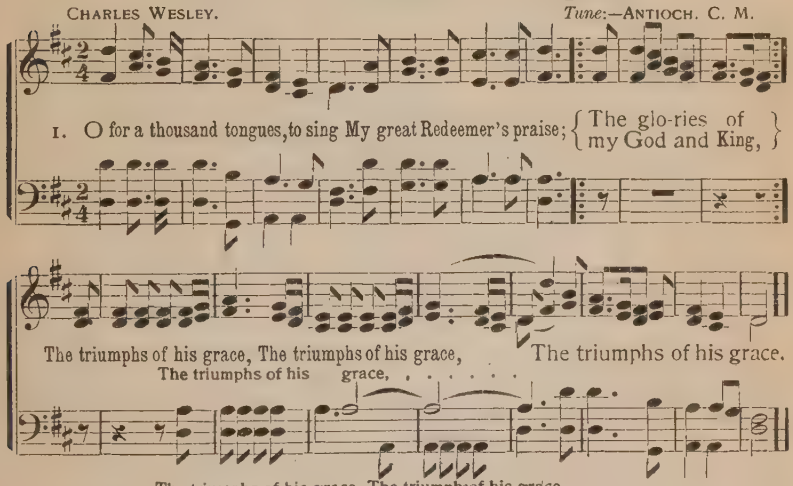

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive journeys run;
2. From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at his feet;
3. To him shall endless pray'r be made, And endless praises crown his head;
4. People and realms of ev'ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song,

Jesus Shall Reign.


His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend his word.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
And infant voices shall proclaim Their ear-ly blessings on his name.

218 O For a Thousand Tongues

CHARLES WESLEY. *Tune*:—ANTIOCH. C. M.


1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise; { The glo-ries of my God and King, }
The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace.
The triumphs of his grace,
The triumphs of his grace, The triumphsof his grace,

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

219 Joy to the World.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

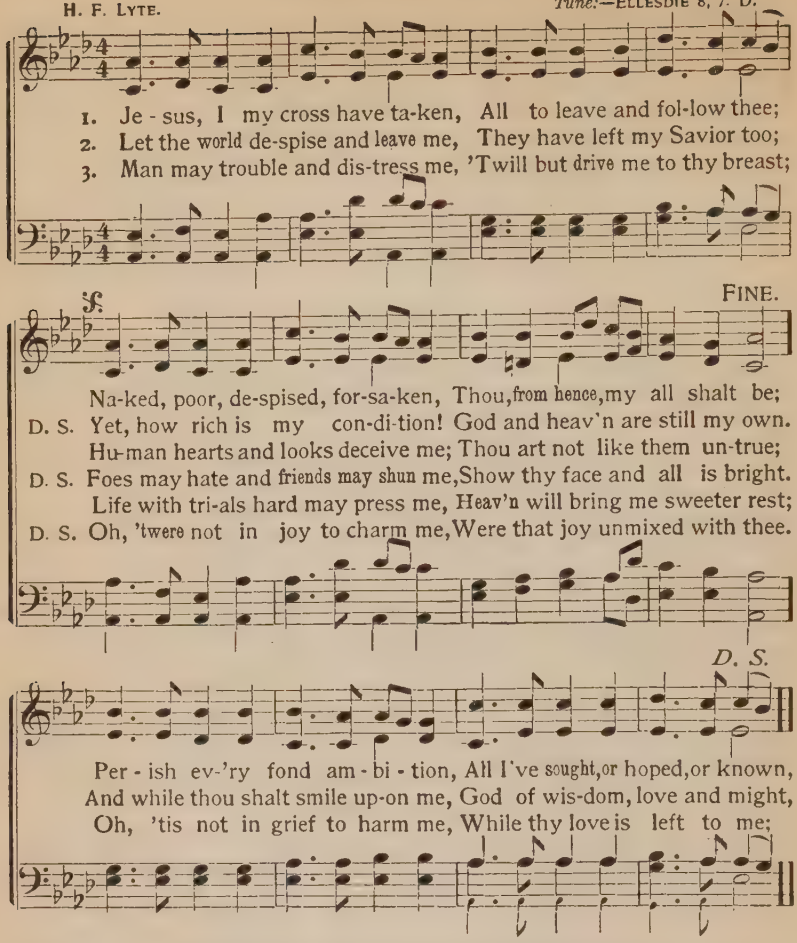
3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

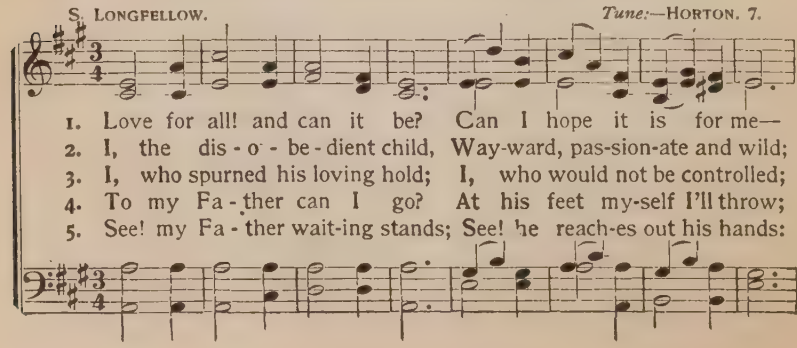
220 Jesus, I My Cross.

H. F. LYTE. *Tune:*—ELLESDIE 8, 7. D.

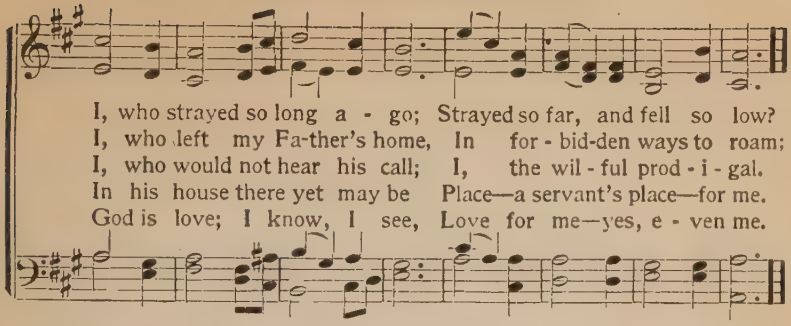

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta-ken, All to leave and fol-low thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Savior too;
3. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
FINE.
Na-ked, poor, de-spised, for-sa-ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
D. S. Yet, how rich is my con-di-tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not like them un-true;
D. S. Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show thy face and all is bright.
Life with tri-als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest;
D. S. Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with thee.
D. S.
Per - ish ev-'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
And while thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis-dom, love and might,
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me;

221 Love for All! and Can It Be?

S. LONGFELLOW. *Tune:*—HORTON. 7.

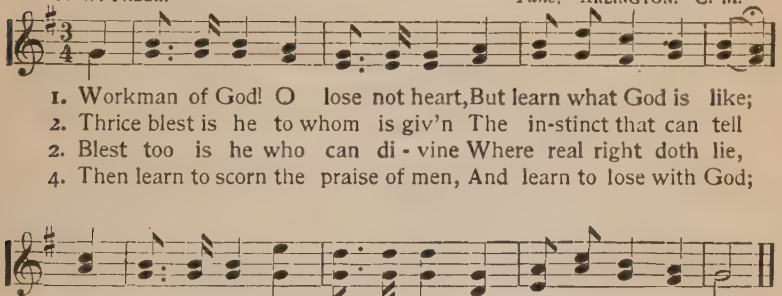

1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me—
2. I, the dis - o - be - dient child, Way-ward, pas-sion-ate and wild;
3. I, who spurned his loving hold; I, who would not be controlled;
4. To my Fa - ther can I go? At his feet my-self I'll throw;
5. See! my Fa - ther wait-ing stands; See! he reach-es out his hands:

Love for All! and Can It Be?


I, who strayed so long a - go; Strayed so far, and fell so low?
I, who left my Fa-ther's home, In for - bid-den ways to roam;
I, who would not hear his call; I, the wil - ful prod - i - gal.
In his house there yet may be Place—a servant's place—for me.
God is love; I know, I see, Love for me—yes, e - ven me.

222 Workman of God!

F. W. FABER. *Tune*—ARLINGTON. C. M.


1. Workman of God! O lose not heart, But learn what God is like;
2. Thrice blest is he to whom is giv'n The in-stinct that can tell
2. Blest too is he who can di - vine Where real right doth lie,
4. Then learn to scorn the praise of men, And learn to lose with God;
And in the dark-est bat - tle-field Thou shalt know where to strike.
That God is on the field, when he Is most in - vis - i - ble.
And dares to take the side that seems Wrong to man's blind-fold eye.
For Jesus won the world thro' shame, And beck-ons thee his road.

223 Oh, for a Faith.

1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—

2 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

3 A faith, that keeps the narrow way
Till lifes last hour has fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

W. H. Rathurst.

224 Come, Said Jesus.

Tune—HORTON, on opposite page.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my path your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

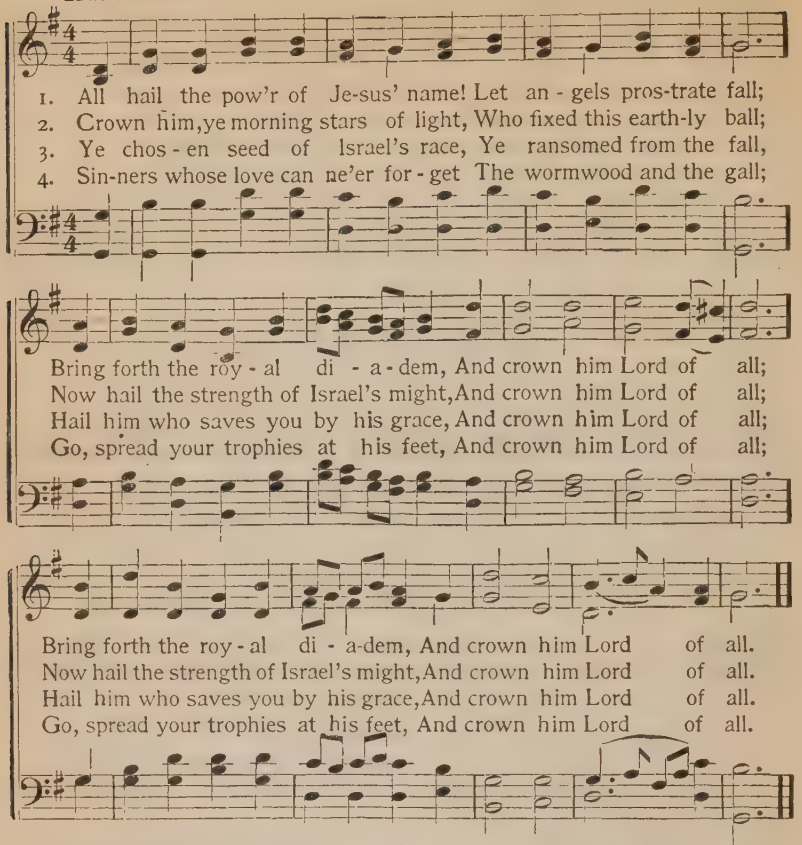
2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn—

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna L. Barbauld.

225 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

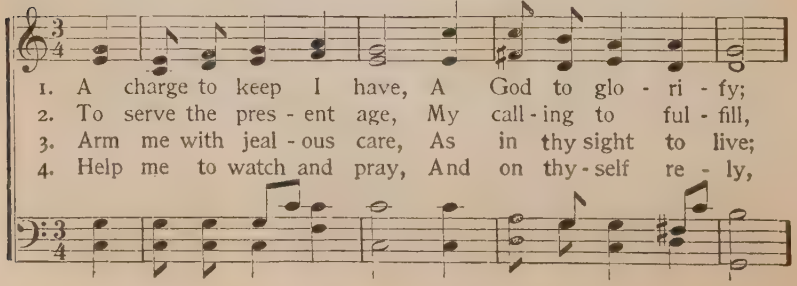
EDW. PERRONET. *Tune:*—CORONATION. C. M.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earth-ly ball;
3. Ye chos - en seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
4. Sin-ners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all;
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all.
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
‖: To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.:‖

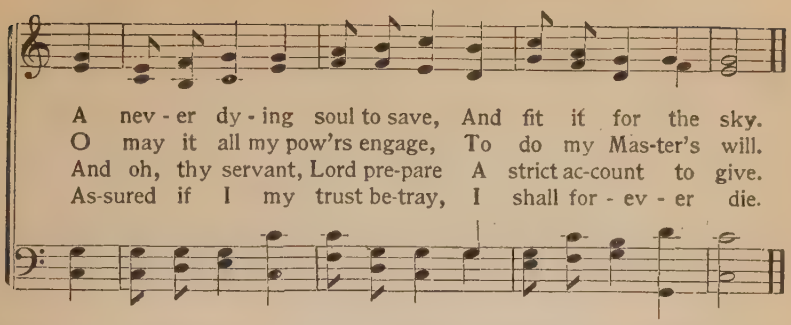
6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
‖: We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.:‖

226 A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHAS. WESLEY. *Tune:*—BOYLSTON. S. M


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly,

A Charge to Keep I Have.


A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs engage, To do my Mas-ter's will.
And oh, thy servant, Lord pre-pare A strict ac-count to give.
As-sured if I my trust be-tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

227 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost.

Tune:—BOYLSTON, on opposite page.

1 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

J. Montgomery.

228 Sow in the Morn.

Tune:—BOYLSTON, on opposite page.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.

229 O Blessed Paraclete

Tune:—BOYLSTON, on opposite page.

1 O blessed Paraclete,
Assert thine inward sway;
My body make the temple meet,
For thy perpetual stay.

2 Too long this house of thine
By alien loves possessed,
Has shut from thee its inner shrine,
Kept thee a slighted guest.

3 Now rend, O Spirit blest,
The veil of my poor heart:
Enter thy long forbidden rest,
And nevermore depart.

4 Oh, to be filled with thee!
I ask not aught beside;
For all unholy guests must flee,
If thou in me abide.

A. J. Cordon. By per.

230 Evils of Intemperance.

Tune:—BOYLSTON, on opposite page.

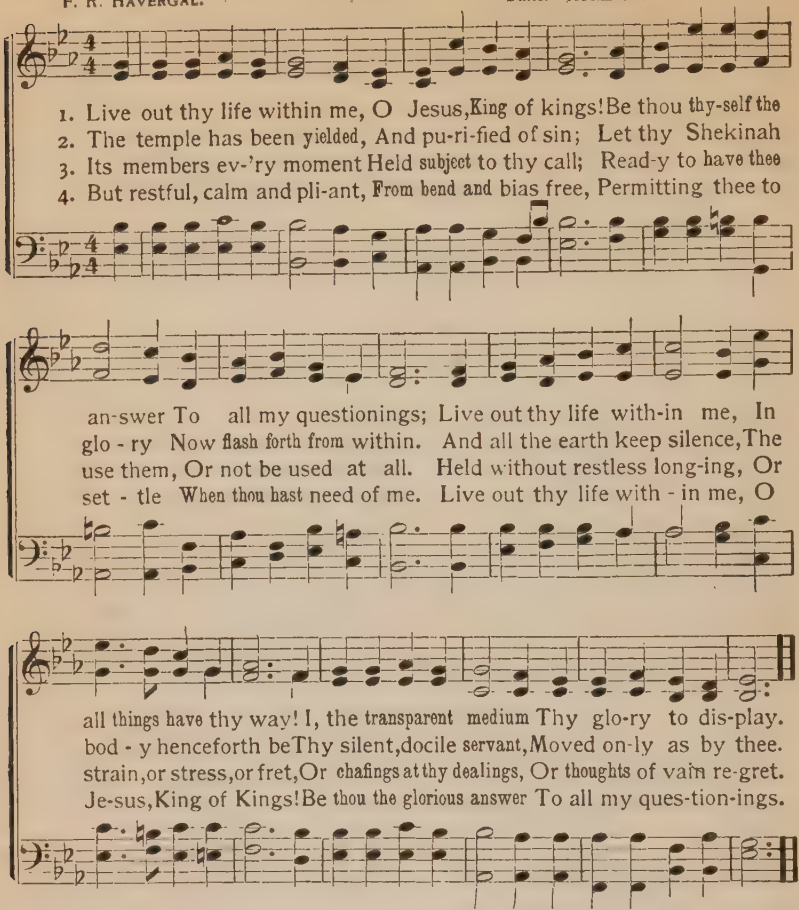
1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

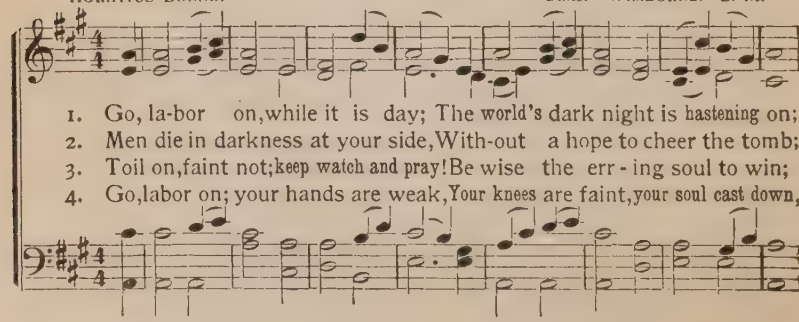
231 Live Out Thy Life Within Me.

F. R. HAVERGAL. *Tune:*—AURELIA. 7s & 6s. D.

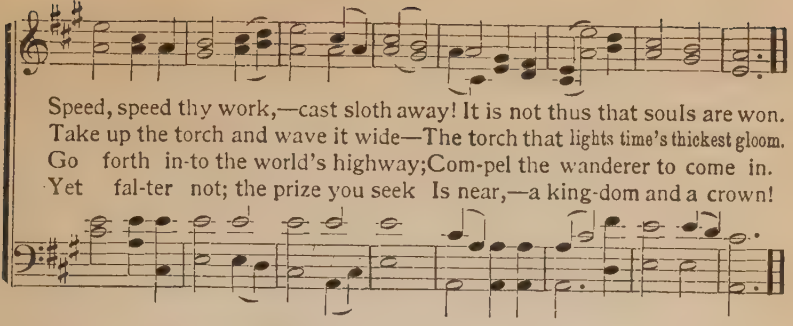

1. Live out thy life within me, O Jesus, King of kings! Be thou thy-self the
2. The temple has been yielded, And pu-ri-fied of sin; Let thy Shekinah
3. Its members ev-'ry moment Held subject to thy call; Read-y to have thee
4. But restful, calm and pli-ant, From bend and bias free, Permitting thee to
an-swer To all my questionings; Live out thy life with-in me, In
glo - ry Now flash forth from within. And all the earth keep silence, The
use them, Or not be used at all. Held without restless long-ing, Or
set - tle When thou hast need of me. Live out thy life with - in me, O
all things have thy way! I, the transparent medium Thy glo-ry to dis-play.
bod - y henceforth be Thy silent, docile servant, Moved on-ly as by thee.
strain, or stress, or fret, Or chafings at thy dealings, Or thoughts of vain re-gret.
Je-sus, King of Kings! Be thou the glorious answer To all my ques-tion-ings.

232 Go, Labor on, While it is Day.

HORATIUS BONAR. *Tune:*—WIMBORNE. L. M.

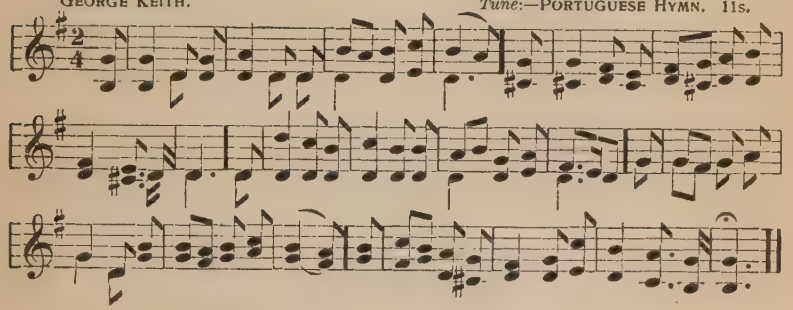

1. Go, la-bor on, while it is day; The world's dark night is hastening on;
2. Men die in darkness at your side, With-out a hope to cheer the tomb;
3. Toil on, faint not; keep watch and pray! Be wise the err - ing soul to win;
4. Go, labor on; your hands are weak, Your knees are faint, your soul cast down,

Go, Labor on, While it is Day.


Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away! It is not thus that souls are won.
Take up the torch and wave it wide—The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
Go forth in-to the world's highway;Com-pel the wanderer to come in.
Yet fal-ter not; the prize you seek Is near,—a king-dom and a crown!

233 How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. *Tune*:—PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,—
‖: To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? :‖

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
‖: Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand. :‖

3 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not— I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
‖: I'll never— no never— no never forsake.":‖

234 Lord, How Secure.

Tune—WIMBORNE. No. 232.

1 Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

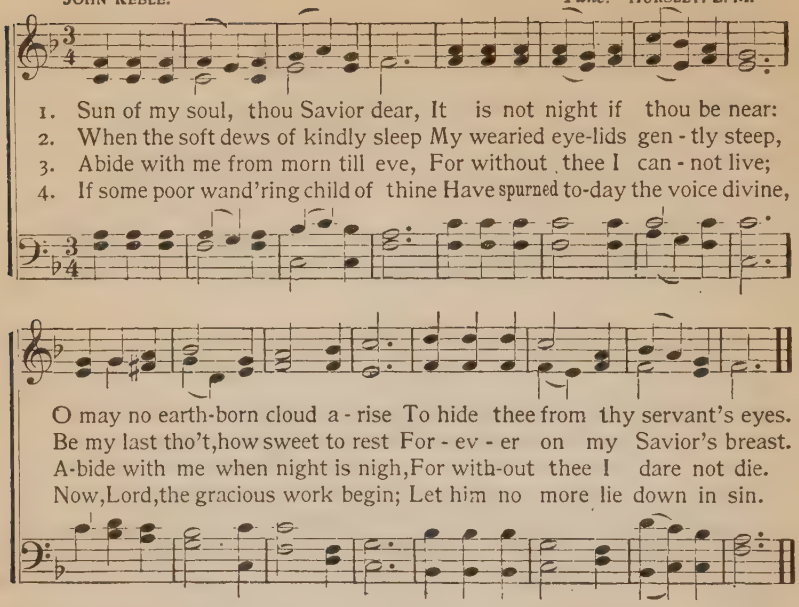
4 How oft they look to the heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

Isaac Watts.

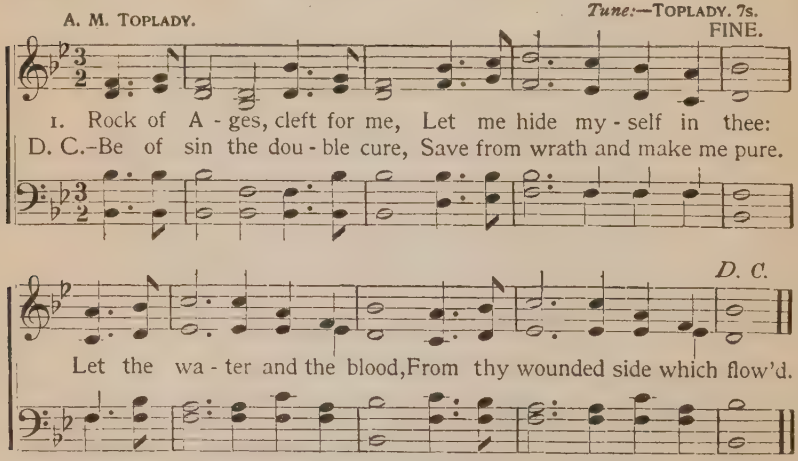
235 Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. *Tune:*—HURSLEY. L. M.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen - tly steep,
3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of thine Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last tho't,how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Savior's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh,For with-out thee I dare not die.
Now,Lord,the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

236 Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. *Tune:*—TOPLADY. 7s.

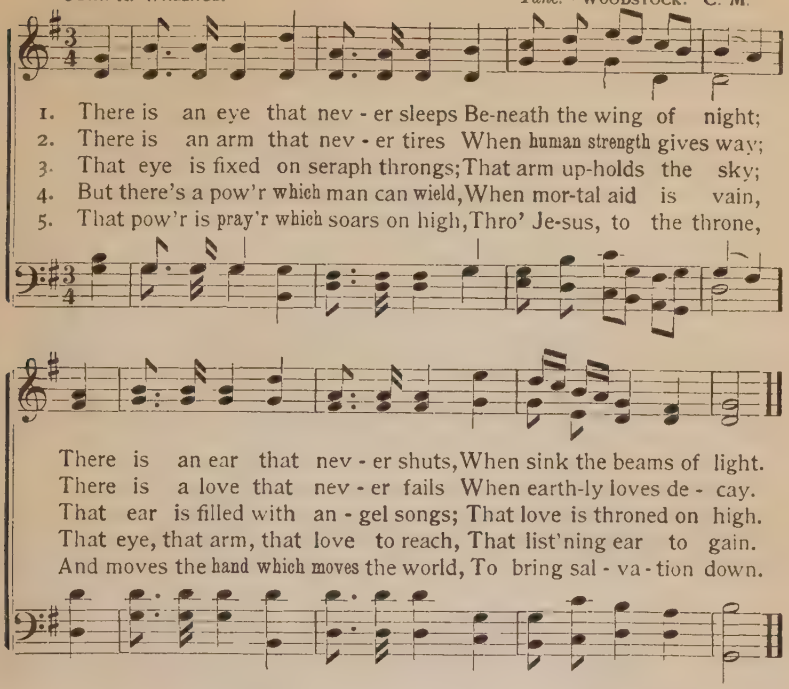

FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee:
D. C.-Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood,From thy wounded side which flow'd.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

237 An Eye That Never Sleeps.

JOHN A. WALLACE. *Tune:*—WOODSTOCK. C. M.


1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be-neath the wing of night;
2. There is an arm that nev - er tires When human strength gives way;
3. That eye is fixed on seraph throngs; That arm up-holds the sky;
4. But there's a pow'r which man can wield, When mor-tal aid is vain,
5. That pow'r is pray'r which soars on high, Thro' Je-sus, to the throne,
There is an ear that nev - er shuts, When sink the beams of light.
There is a love that nev - er fails When earth-ly loves de - cay.
That ear is filled with an - gel songs; That love is throned on high.
That eye, that arm, that love to reach, That list'ning ear to gain.
And moves the hand which moves the world, To bring sal - va - tion down.

238 The Soul's Sincere Desire.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

James Montgomery.

239 Prayer is the Breath of God.

1 Prayer is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

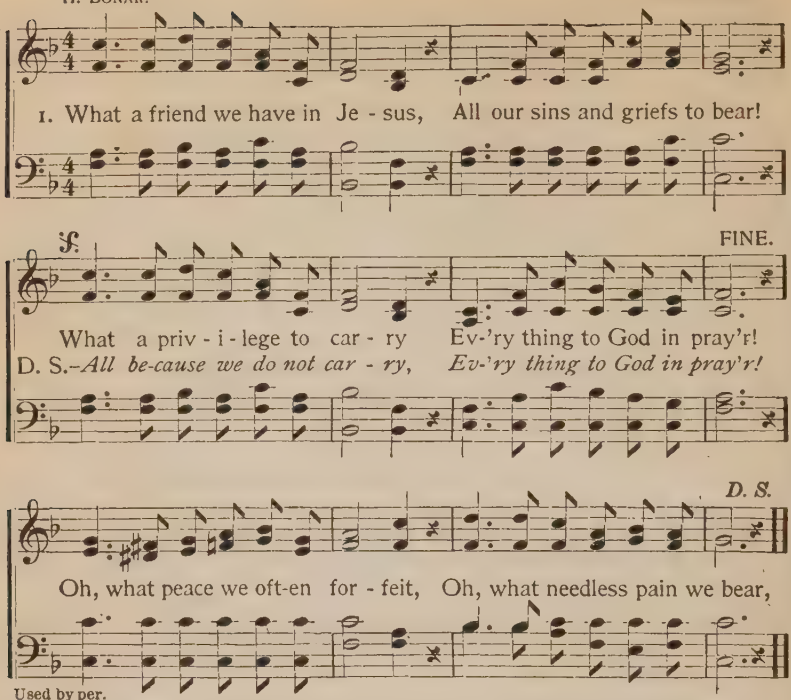
2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

240 What a Friend.

H. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE.


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
FINE.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!
D. S.-All be-cause we do not car - ry, Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!
D. S.
Oh, what peace we oft-en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

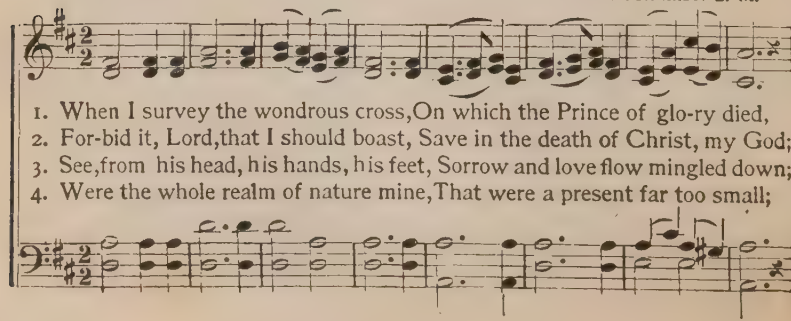
Used by per.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

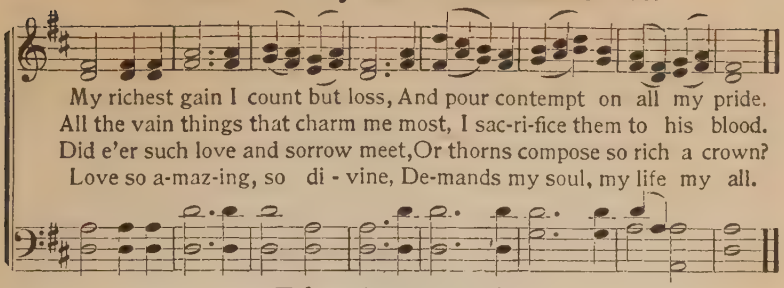
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

241 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. *Tune:*—EUCHARIST. L. M.

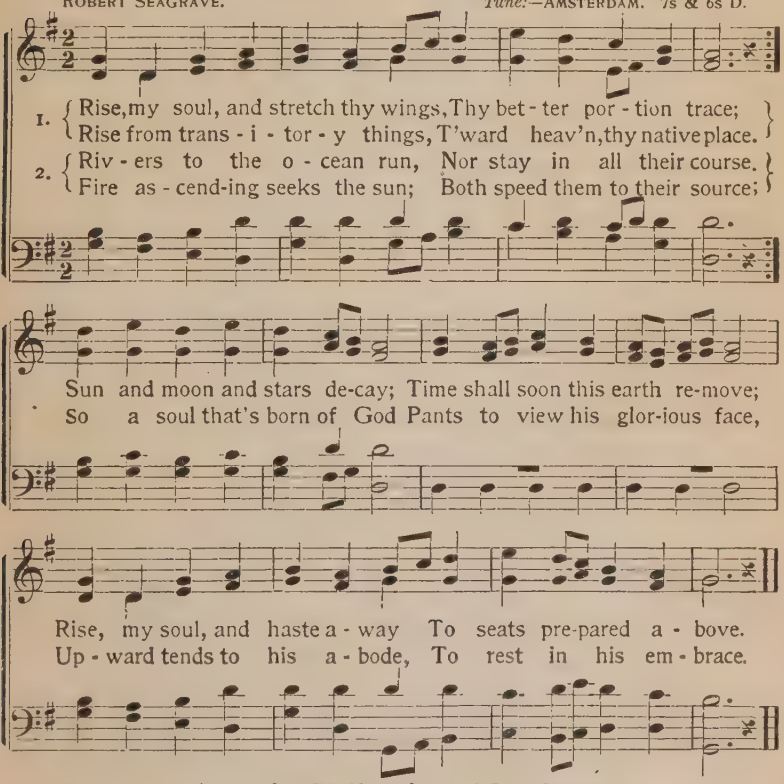

1. When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small;

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.


My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life my all.

242 Rise, My Soul.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE. *Tune:*—AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s D.


1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from trans - i - tor - y things, T'ward heav'n, thy native place.
2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course.
Fire as - cend-ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source;
Sun and moon and stars de-cay; Time shall soon this earth re-move;
So a soul that's born of God Pants to view his glor-ious face,
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove.
Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.

243 Time is Winging Us Away.

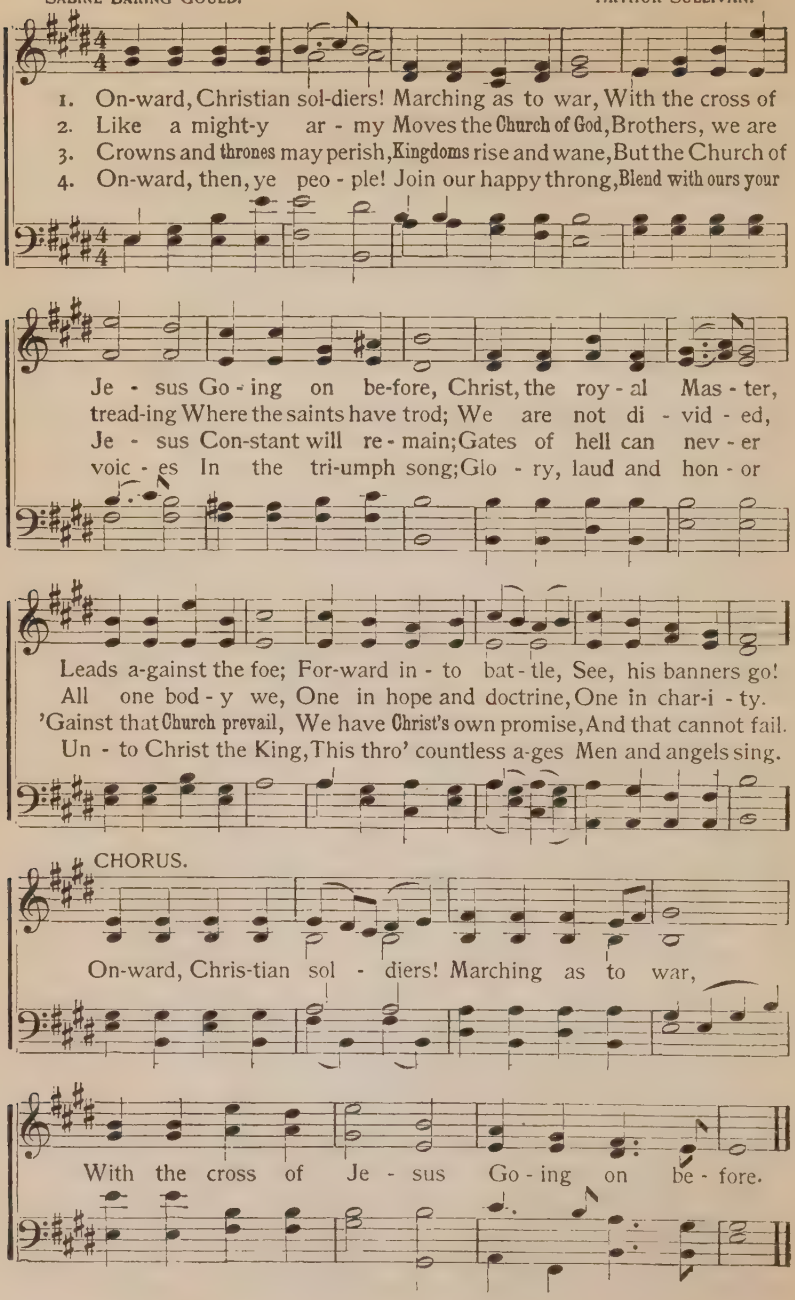
John Burton. *Tune above.*

1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

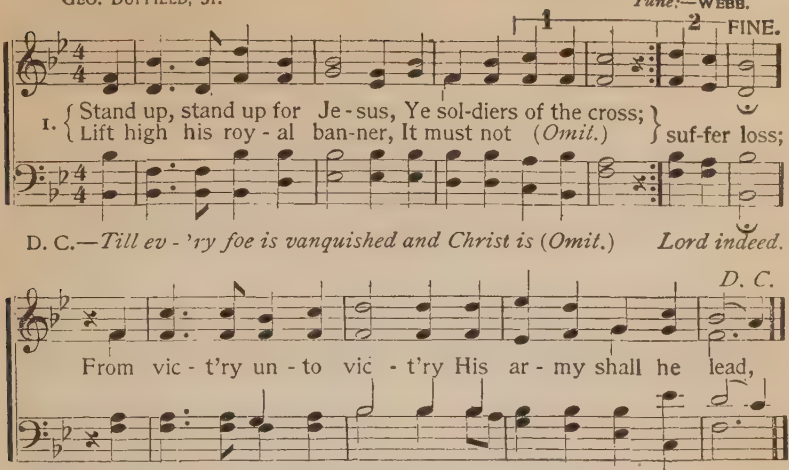
Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God, Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or
Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go!
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail, We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a-ges Men and angels sing.
CHORUS.
On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

245 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr. *Tune*:—WEBB.


1
2
FINE.
1. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; }
{ Lift high his roy - al ban-ner, It must not (*Omit.*) } suf-fer loss;
D. C.—*Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished and Christ is* (*Omit.*) *Lord indeed.*
D. C.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall he lead,

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

246 The Morning Light is Breaking.

Tune above.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay.
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

SAMUEL SMITH.

247 Reapers of Life's Harvest.

Tune above.

1 Ho, reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade;
Why stand ye idly waiting,
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

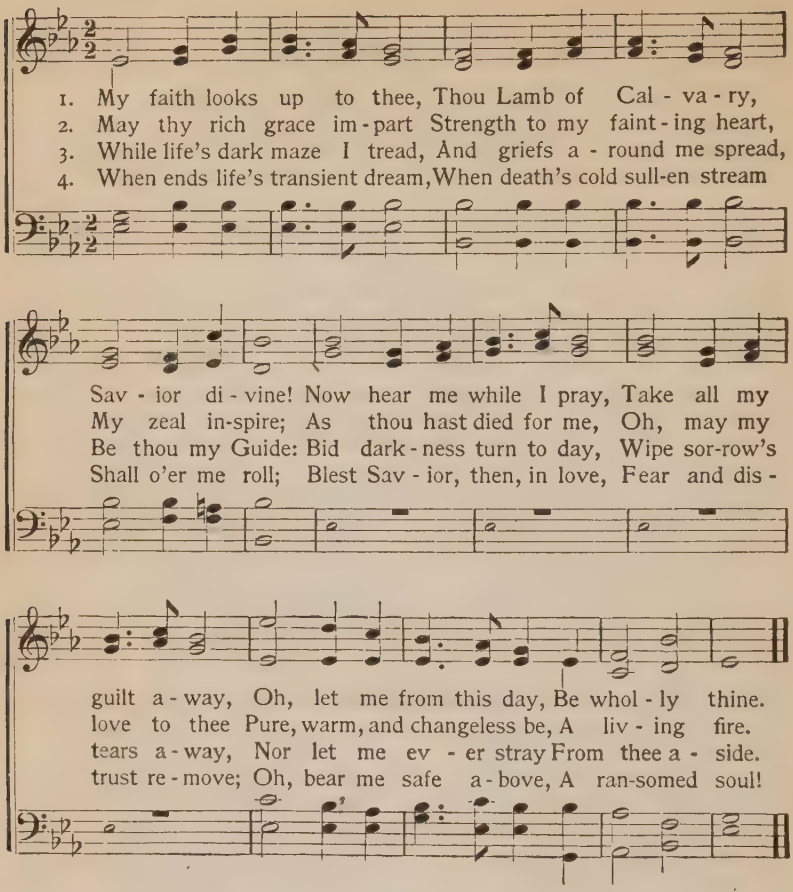
2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again;
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below,
And come with stronger sinews
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

J. B. WOODBURY.

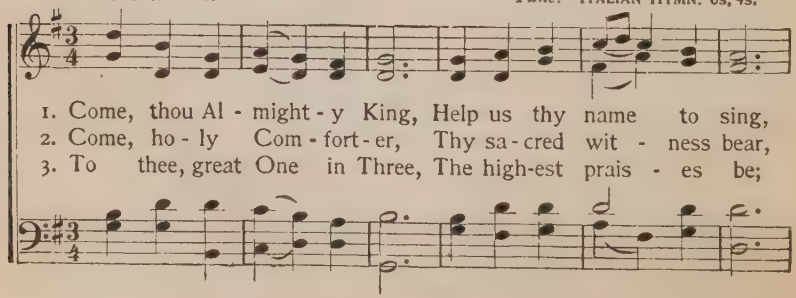
248 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. *Tune:*—OLIVET. 6. 4.

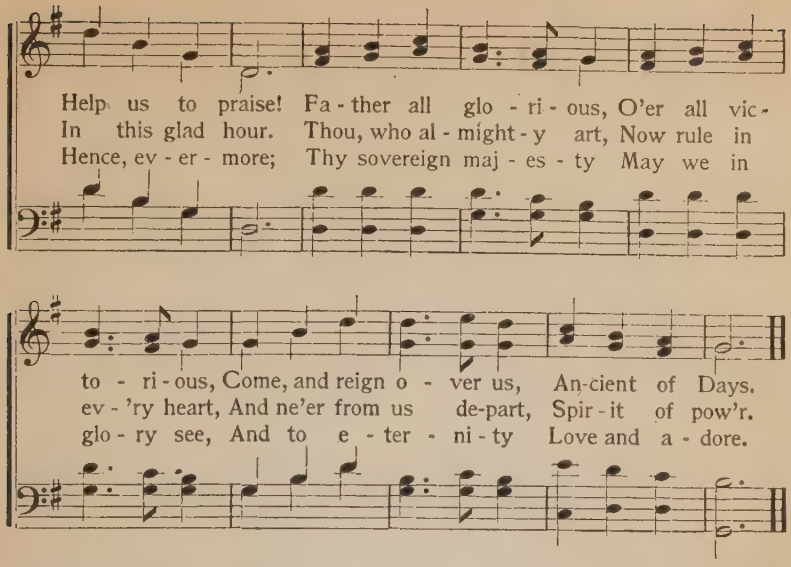

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sull-en stream
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in-spire; As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be thou my Guide: Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -
guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day, Be whol - ly thine.
love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul!

249 Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Tune:*—ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

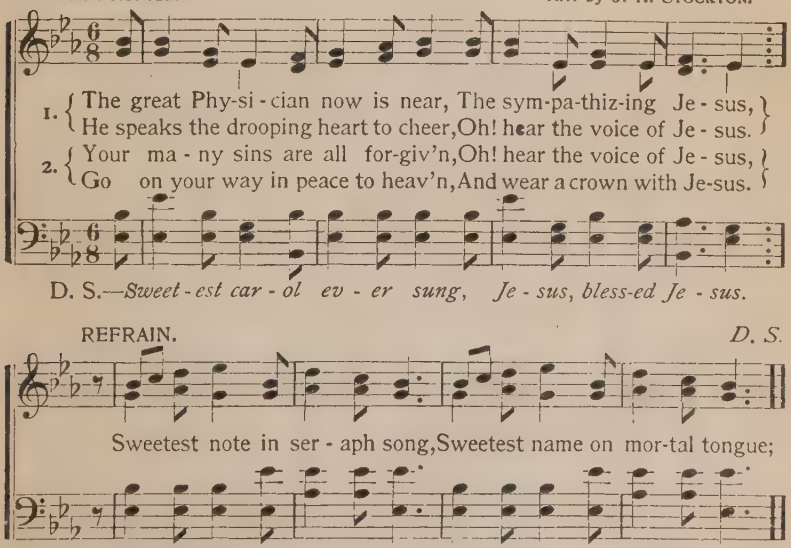

1. Come, thou Al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,
2. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
3. To thee, great One in Three, The high-est prais - es be;

Come Thou Almighty King.


Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
In this glad hour. Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence, ev - er - more; Thy sovereign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

250 The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

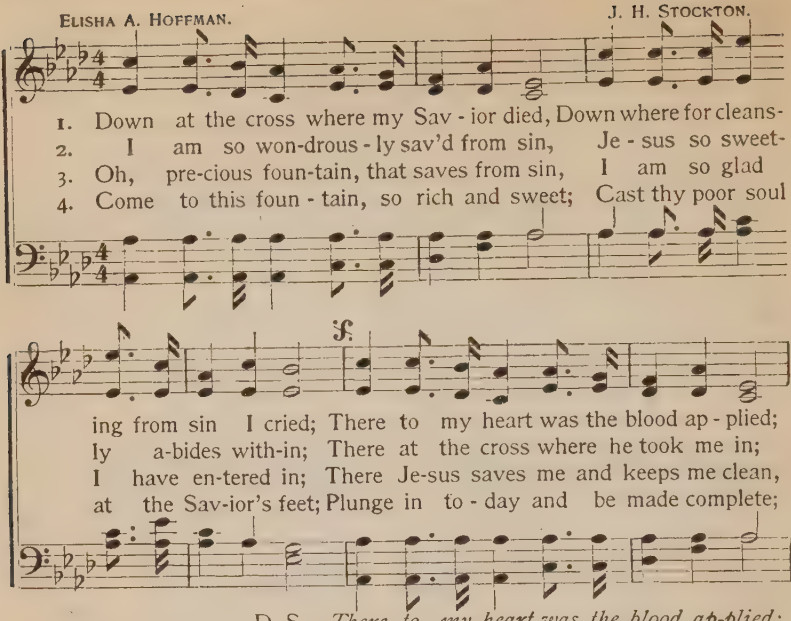

1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus,
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus,
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
D. S.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue;

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

251 Glory to His Name.

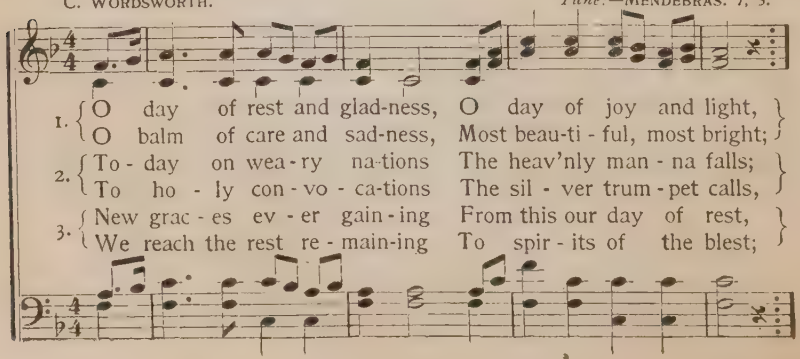
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-
2. I am so won-drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain, that saves from sin, I am so glad
4. Come to this foun - tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul
ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;
ly a-bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in;
I have en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean,
at the Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to - day and be made complete;
D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;
FINE. CHORUS. D.S.
Glo-ry to his name. Glory to his name, Glo-ry to his name;
Glo-ry to his name!

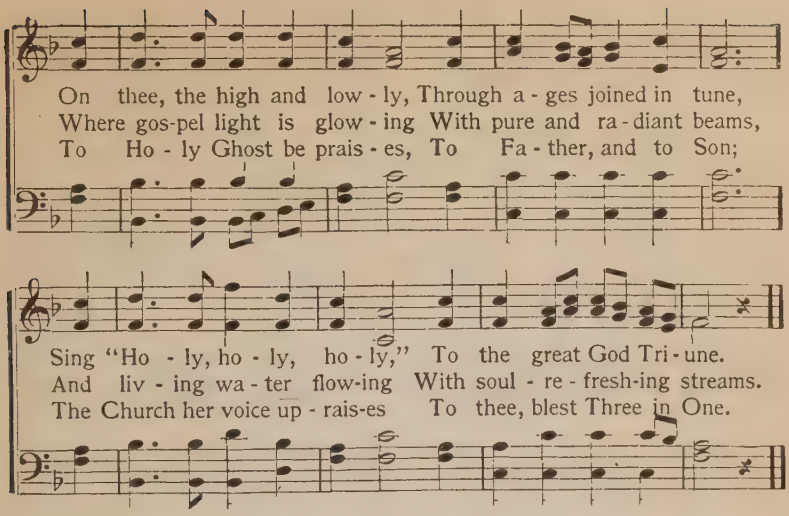
Used by per.

252 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH. *Tune*:—MENDEBRAS. 7, 5.


1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti - ful, most bright;
2. To - day on wea - ry na-tions The heav'nly man - na falls;
To ho - ly con - vo - ca-tions The sil - ver trum - pet calls,
3. New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest re - main-ing To spir - its of the blest;

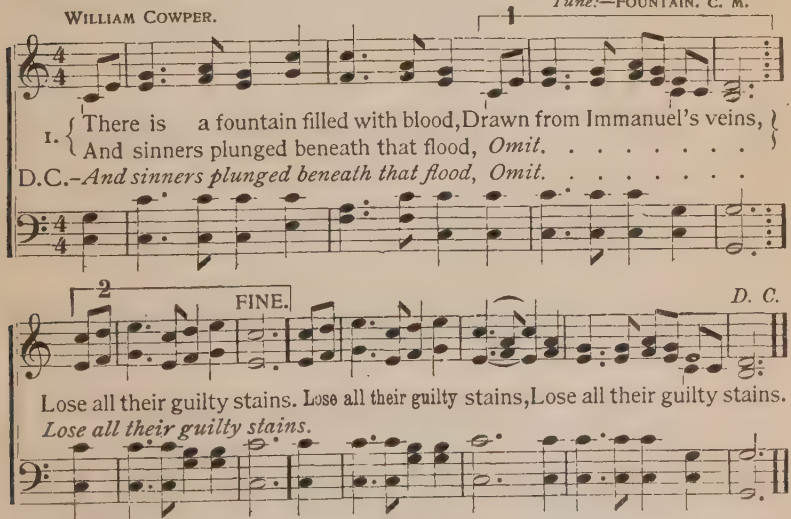
O Day of Rest and Gladness.


On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
Where gos-pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams,
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther, and to Son;
Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.
And liv - ing wa - ter flow-ing With soul - re - fresh-ing streams.
The Church her voice up - rais-es To thee, blest Three in One.

253 There is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Tune:—FOUNTAIN. C. M.


1
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, *Omit.*
D.C.—*And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Omit.*
2
FINE.
D. C.
Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

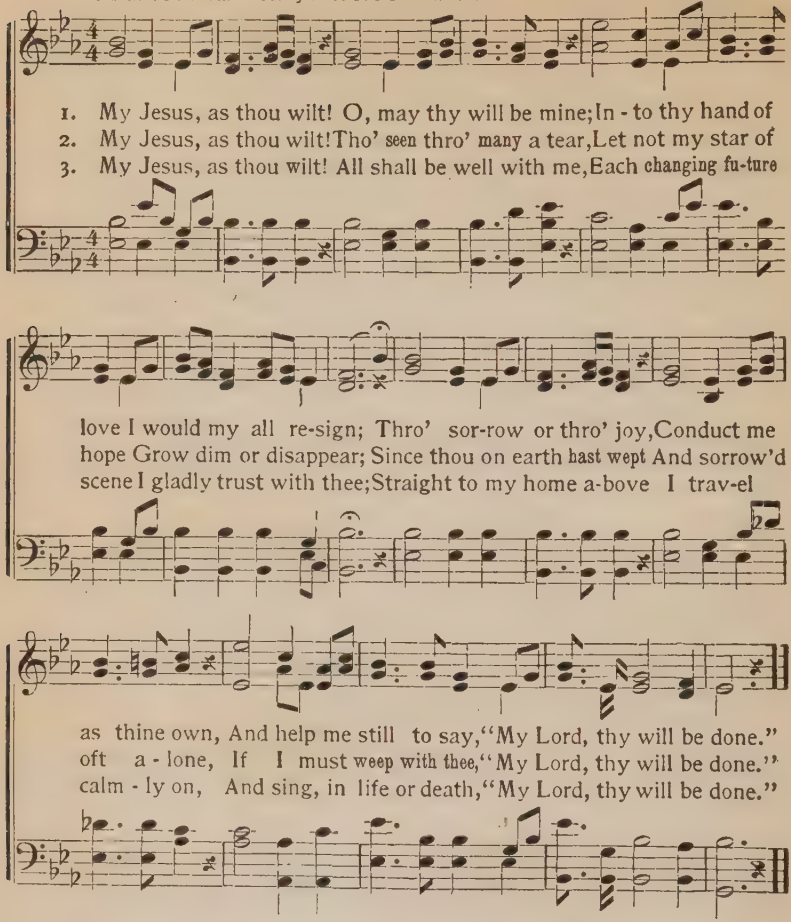
3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave.

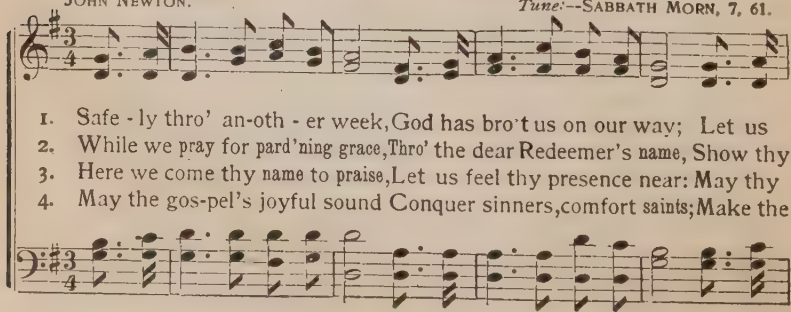
254 My Jesus, As Thou Wilt.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE. Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK. *Tune:*—JEWETT. 6s.

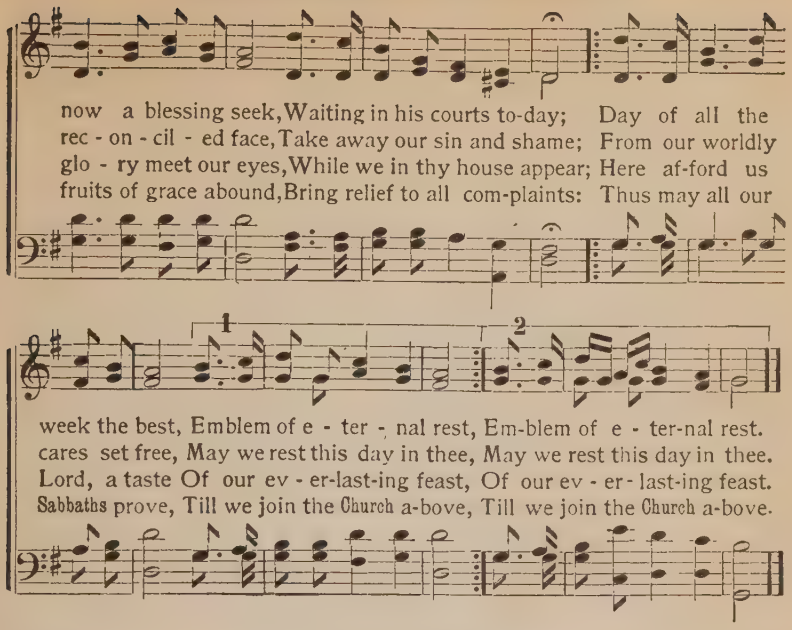

1. My Jesus, as thou wilt! O, may thy will be mine; In - to thy hand of
2. My Jesus, as thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of
3. My Jesus, as thou wilt! All shall be well with me, Each changing fu-ture
love I would my all re-sign; Thro' sor-row or thro' joy, Conduct me
hope Grow dim or disappear; Since thou on earth hast wept And sorrow'd
scene I gladly trust with thee; Straight to my home a-bove I trav-el
as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
oft a - lone, If I must weep with thee, "My Lord, thy will be done."
calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."

255 Safely Through Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON. *Tune:*—SABBATH MORN, 7, 61.

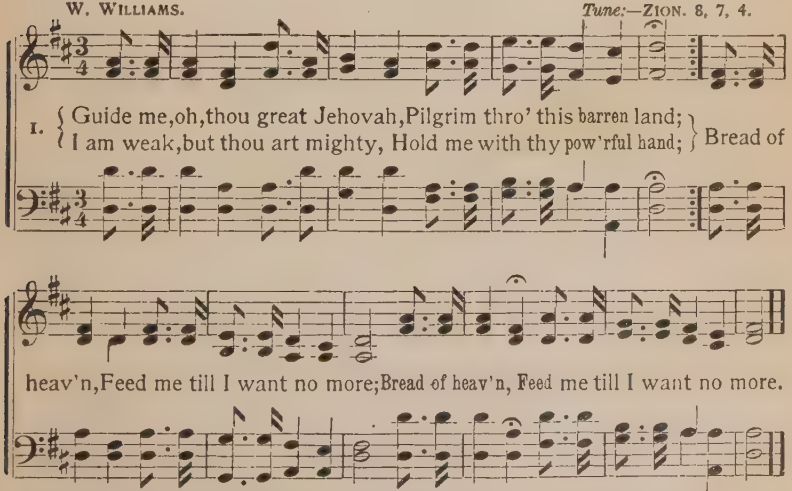

1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy
3. Here we come thy name to praise, Let us feel thy presence near: May thy
4. May the gos-pel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the

Safely Through Another Week.


now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day; Day of all the
rec - on - cil - ed face, Take away our sin and shame; From our worldly
glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house appear; Here af-ford us
fruits of grace abound, Bring relief to all com-plaints: Thus may all our
1
2
week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest, Em-blem of e - ter-nal rest.
cares set free, May we rest this day in thee, May we rest this day in thee.
Lord, a taste Of our ev - er-last-ing feast, Of our ev - er - last-ing feast.
Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a-bove, Till we join the Church a-bove.

256 Guide Me.

W. WILLIAMS. *Tune:*—ZION. 8, 7, 4.

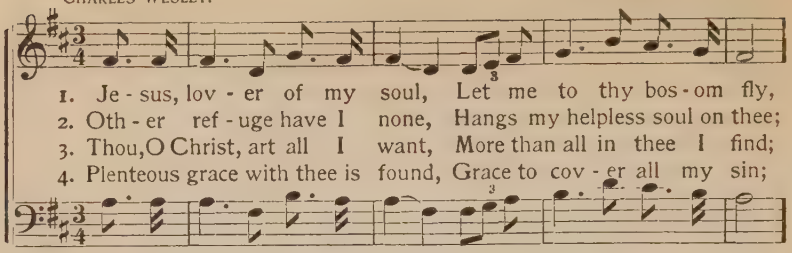

1. { Guide me, oh, thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy pow'rful hand; } Bread of
heav'n, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav'n, Feed me till I want no more.

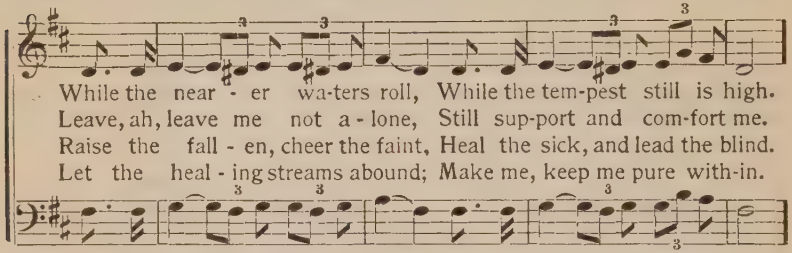
2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
‖: Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield. :‖

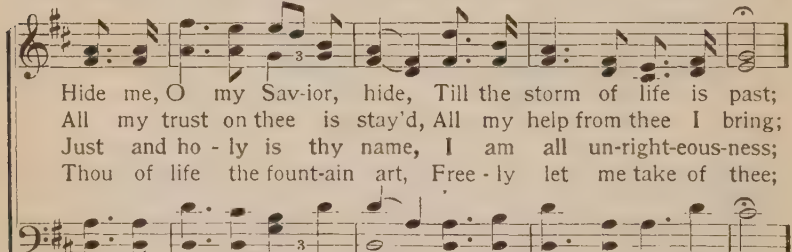
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
‖: Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. :‖

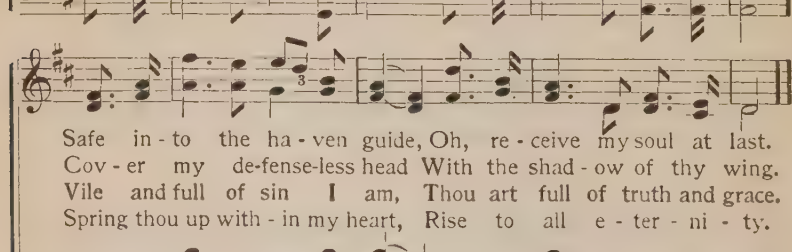
257 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Tune:*—REFUGE. 7 D.


1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;


While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high.
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make me, keep me pure with-in.

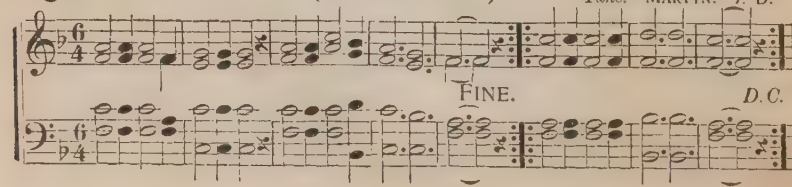

Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;


Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Used by per.

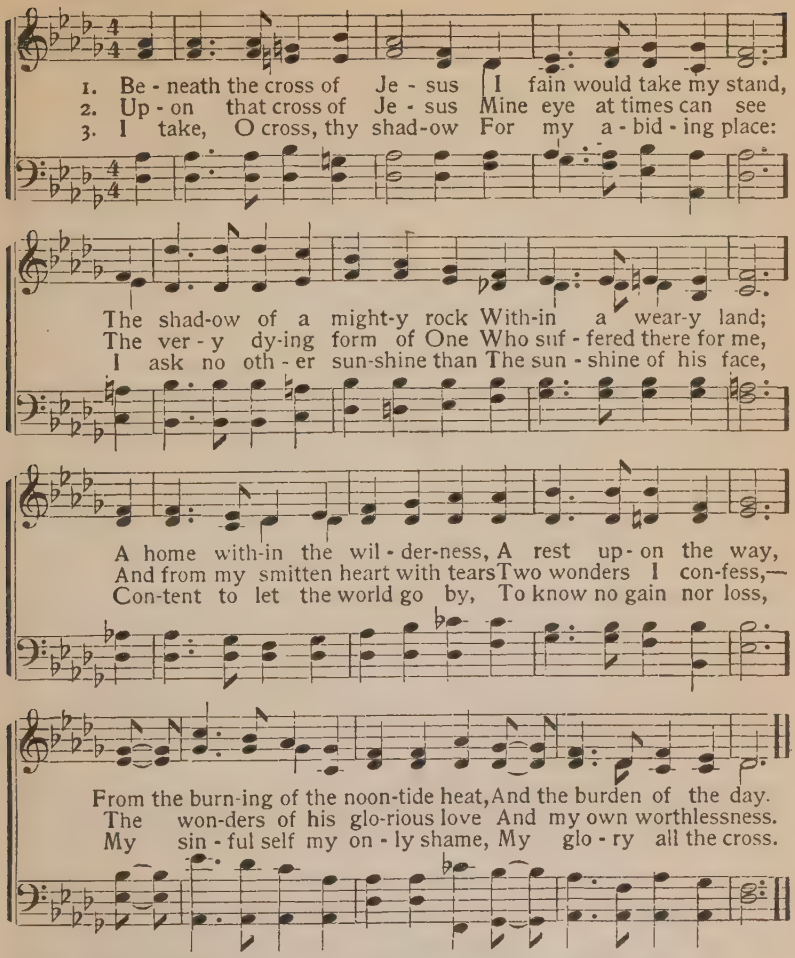
258 (Second Tune.)

Tune:—MARTYN. 7. D.



259 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. *Tune:*—ST. CHRISTOPHER.


1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad-ow For my a - bid - ing place:
The shad-ow of a might-y rock With-in a wear-y land;
The ver - y dy-ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me,
I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun - shine of his face,
A home with-in the wil - der-ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smitten heart with tears Two wonders I con-fess,—
Con-tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,
From the burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, And the burden of the day.
The won-ders of his glo-rious love And my own worthlessness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

260 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

HENRY ALFORD. *Tune:*—Above.

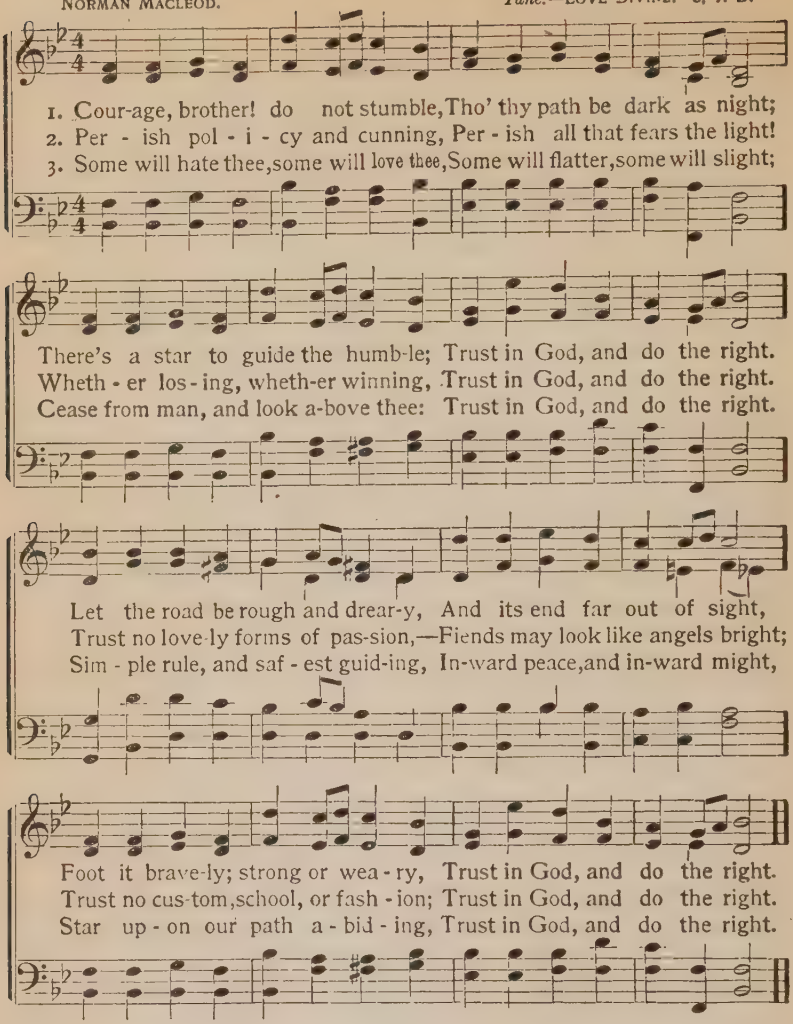
1 Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

261 Courage, Brother! do not Stumble.

NORMAN MACLEOD. *Tune:*—LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7. D.


1. Cour-age, brother! do not stumble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;
2. Per - ish pol - i - cy and cunning, Per - ish all that fears the light!
3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight;
There's a star to guide the humb-le; Trust in God, and do the right.
Wheth - er los - ing, wheth-er winning, Trust in God, and do the right.
Cease from man, and look a-bove thee: Trust in God, and do the right.
Let the road be rough and drear-y, And its end far out of sight,
Trust no love-ly forms of pas-sion,—Fiends may look like angels bright;
Sim - ple rule, and saf - est guid-ing, In-ward peace, and in-ward might,
Foot it brave-ly; strong or wea - ry, Trust in God, and do the right.
Trust no cus-tom, school, or fash - ion; Trust in God, and do the right.
Star up - on our path a - bid - ing, Trust in God, and do the right.

262 Now, the Sowing and the Weeping.

Tune:—LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7, D.

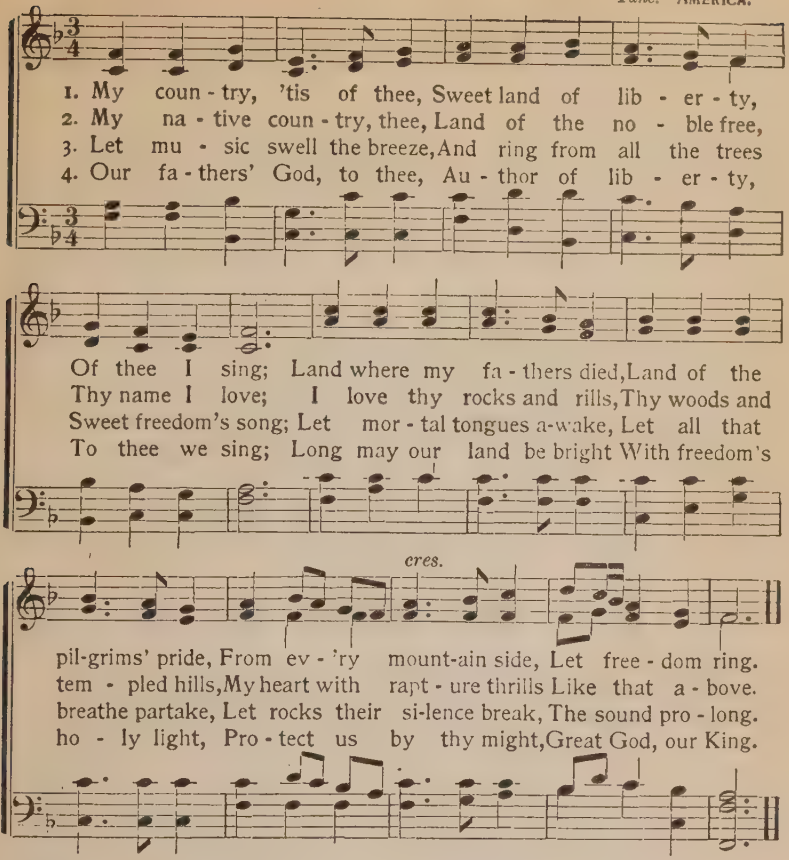
1 Now, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard, and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.
Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

2 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.
Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Frances R. Havergal.

263 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. *Tune:*—AMERICA.


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's
cres.
pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mount-ain side, Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills, My heart with rapt - ure thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

264 Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

Tune on opposite page.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

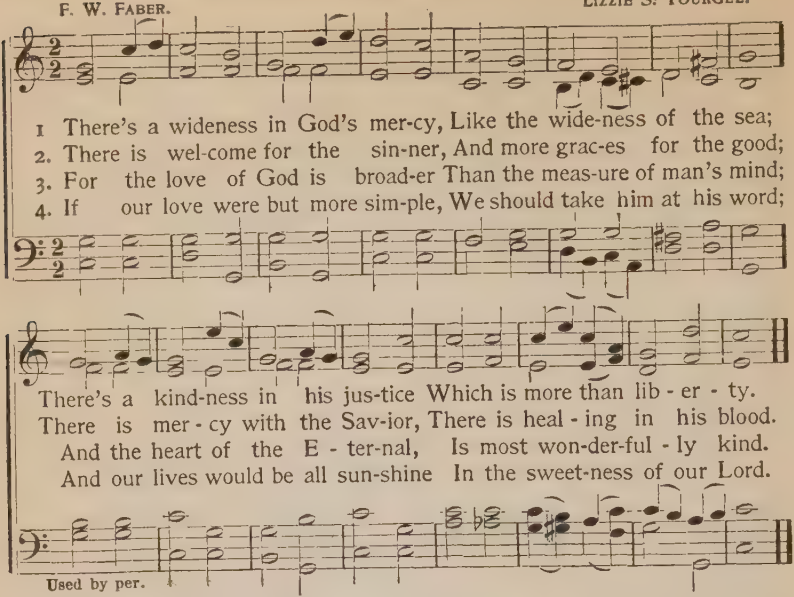
3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

265 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

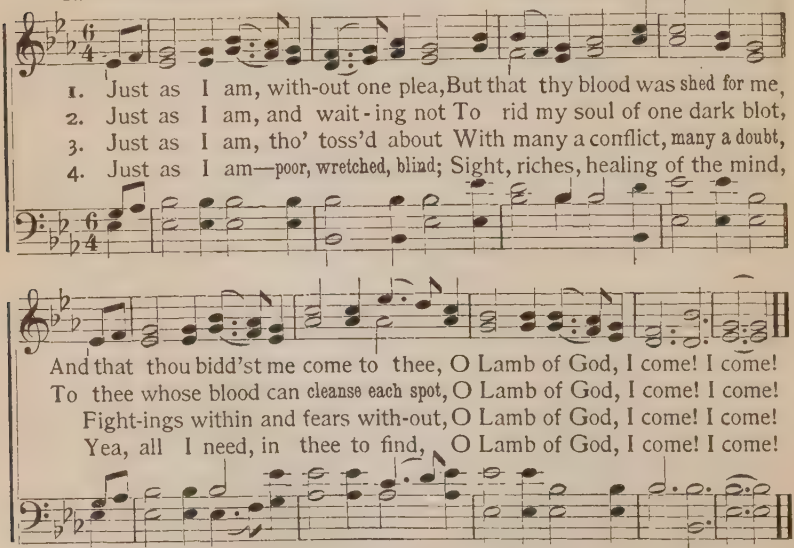
F. W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURGEE.


1 There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take him at his word;
There's a kind-ness in his jus-tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav-ior, There is heal - ing in his blood.
And the heart of the E - ter-nal, Is most won-der-ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

Used by per.

266 Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. *Tune:*—WOODWORTH. L. M.

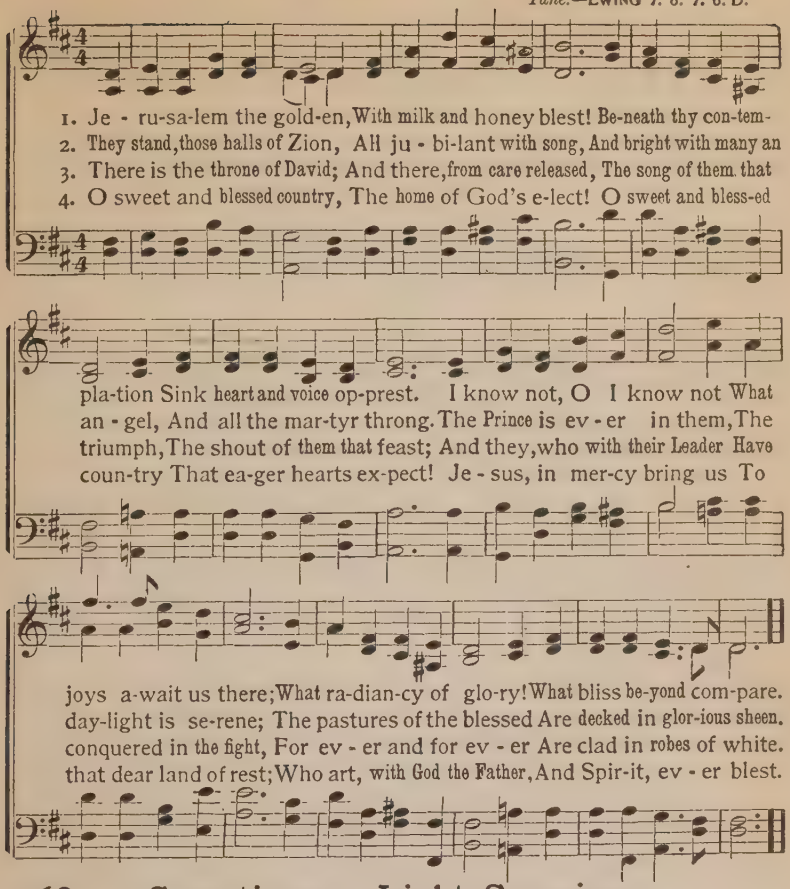

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ings within and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am— thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

267 Jerusalem the Golden.

Tune:—EWING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.


1. Je - ru-sa-lem the gold-en, With milk and honey blest! Be-neath thy con-tem-
2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All ju - bi-lant with song, And bright with many an
3. There is the throne of David; And there, from care released, The song of them that
4. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's e-lect! O sweet and bless-ed
pla-tion Sink heart and voice op-prest. I know not, O I know not What
an - gel, And all the mar-tyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them, The
triumph, The shout of them that feast; And they, who with their Leader Have
coun-try That ea-ger hearts ex-pect! Je - sus, in mer-cy bring us To
joys a-wait us there; What ra-dian-cy of glo-ry! What bliss be-yond com-pare.
day-light is se-rene; The pastures of the blessed Are decked in glor-ious sheen.
conquered in the fight, For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Father, And Spir-it, ev - er blest.

268 Sometimes a Light Surprises.

Tune:—EWING. 6, 6, 7, 6. D.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown tomorrow
Bring with it what it may

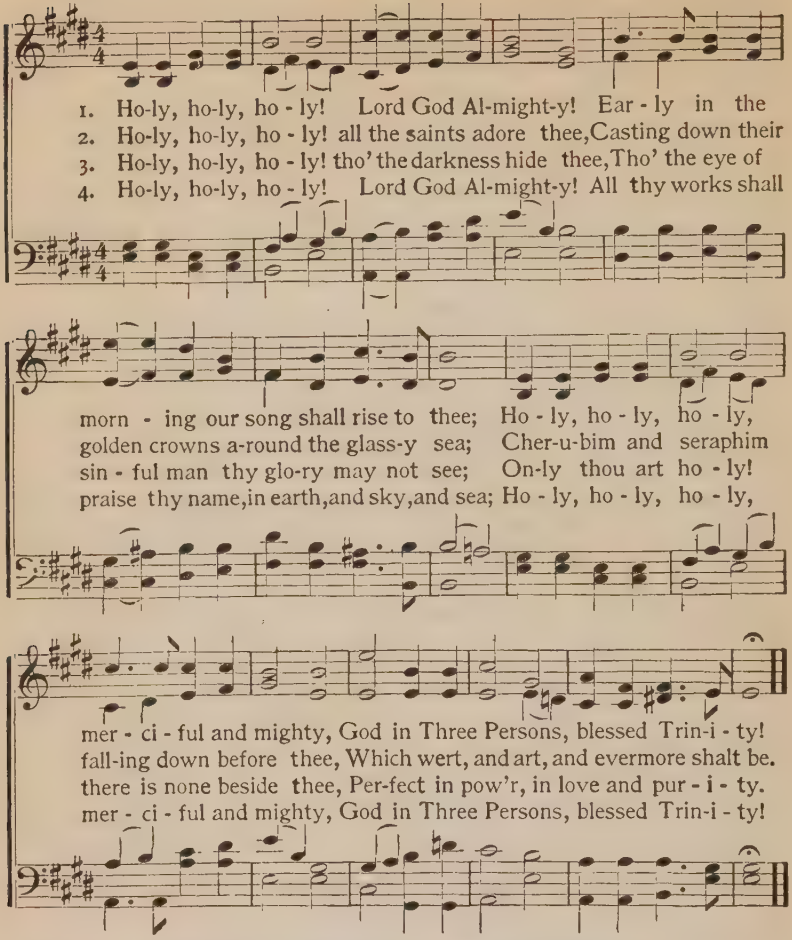
3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper.

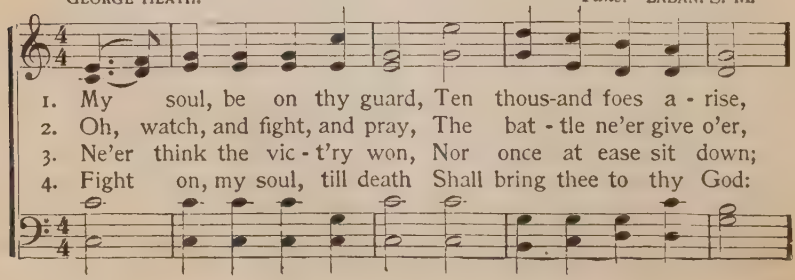
269 Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. *Tune:*—NICEA. 11, 12, 10.

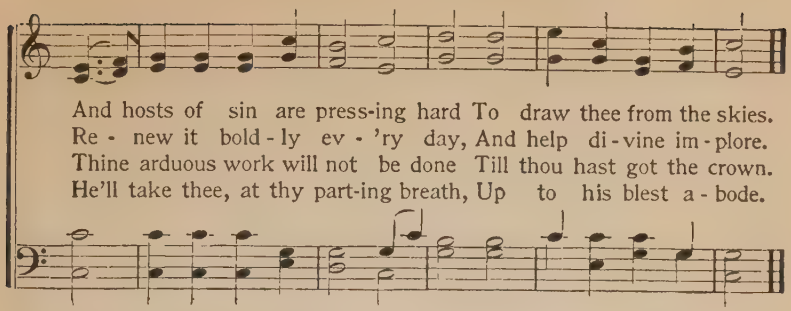

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! All thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
golden crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and seraphim
sin - ful man thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly thou art ho - ly!
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
mer - ci - ful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
fall-ing down before thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
there is none beside thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.
mer - ci - ful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

270 My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH. *Tune:*—LABAN. S. M.

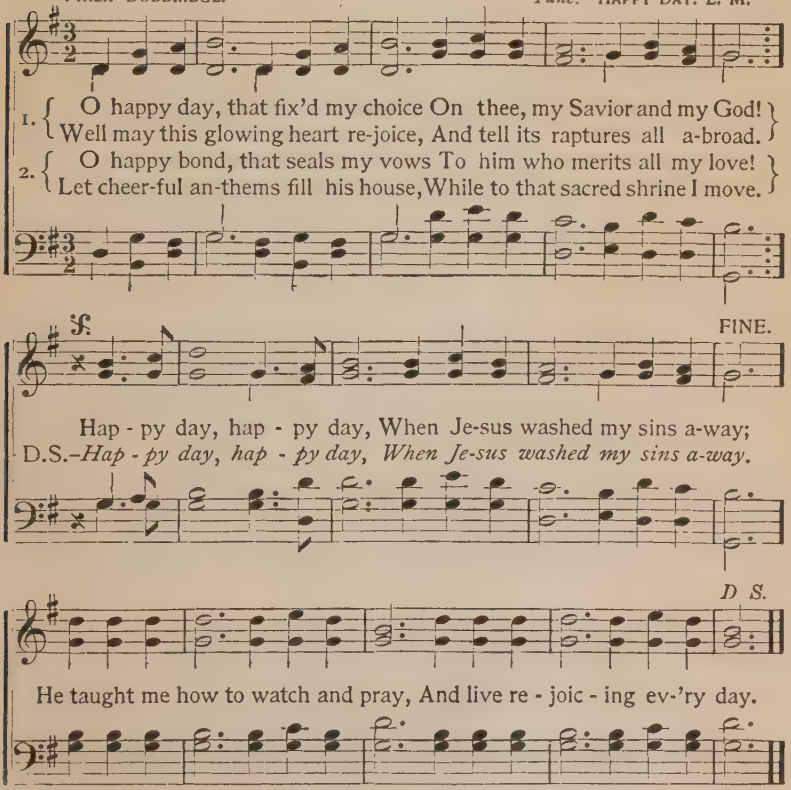

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thous-and foes a - rise,
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er,
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor once at ease sit down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God:

My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.


And hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
Thine arduous work will not be done Till thou hast got the crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part-ing breath, Up to his blest a - bode.

271 O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. *Tune:*—HAPPY DAY. L. M.

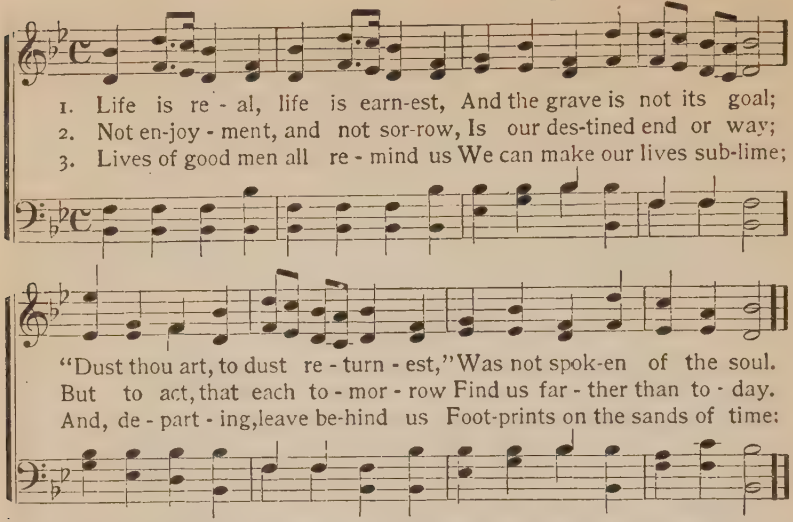

1. O happy day, that fix'd my choice On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad.
2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To him who merits all my love!
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
Sf.
FINE.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;
D.S.–*Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way.*
D. S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed

272 Life is Real, Life is Earnest.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. *Tune*---WILMOT. 8, 7.

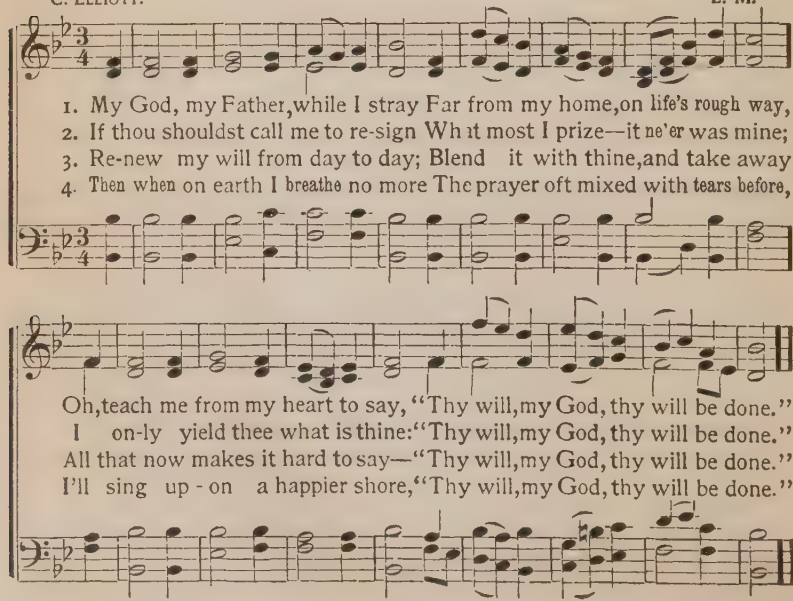

1. Life is re - al, life is earn-est, And the grave is not its goal;
2. Not en-joy - ment, and not sor-row, Is our des-tined end or way;
3. Lives of good men all re - mind us We can make our lives sub-lime;
"Dust thou art, to dust re - turn - est," Was not spok-en of the soul.
But to act, that each to - mor - row Find us far - ther than to - day.
And, de - part - ing, leave be-hind us Foot-prints on the sands of time:

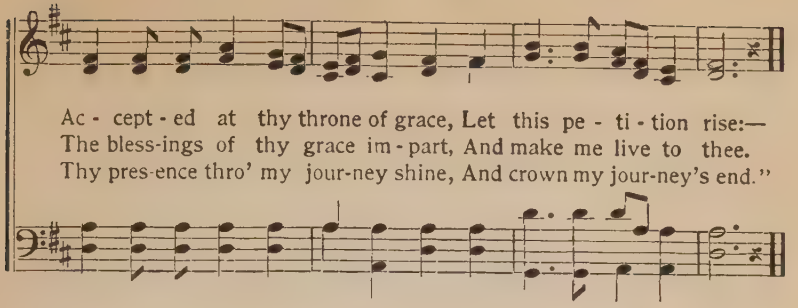
4 Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

5 Let us then be up and doing,
Nor our onward course abate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

273 My God, My Father, While I Stray.

C. ELLIOTT. L. M.


1. My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,
2. If thou shouldst call me to re-sign Wh at most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
3. Re-new my will from day to day; Blend it with thine, and take away
4. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will, my God, thy will be done."
I on-ly yield thee what is thine: "Thy will, my God, thy will be done."
All that now makes it hard to say—"Thy will, my God, thy will be done."
I'll sing up - on a happier shore, "Thy will, my God, thy will be done."


Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—
The bless-ings of thy grace im - part, And make me live to thee.
Thy pres-ence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end."

278 When All Thy Mercies.

Tune:—NAOMI, on Opposite Page.

1 When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

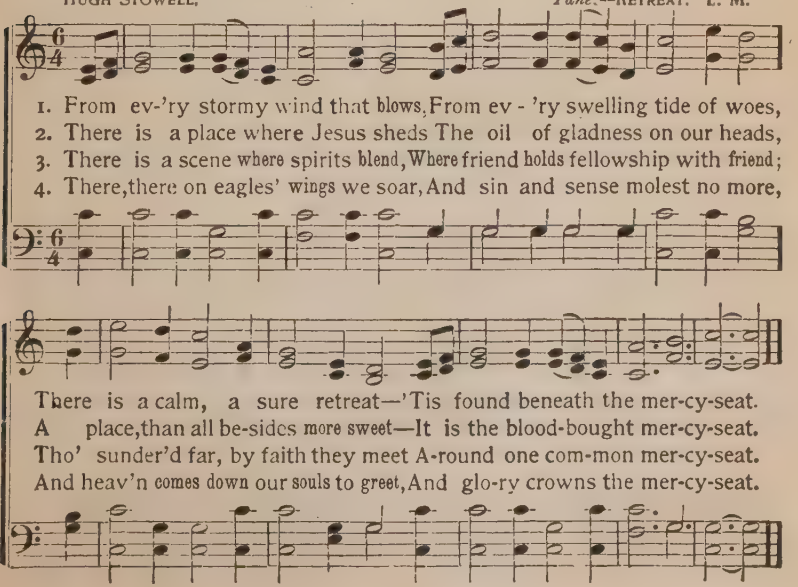
4 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

Joseph Addison.

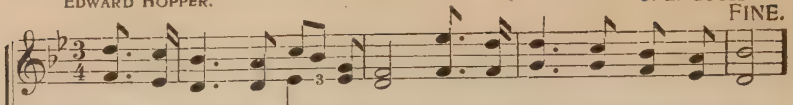
279 From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

HUGH STOWELL. *Tune*:—RETREAT. L. M.


1. From ev-'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there on eagles' wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—'Tis found beneath the mer-cy-seat.
A place, than all be-sides more sweet—It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

280 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

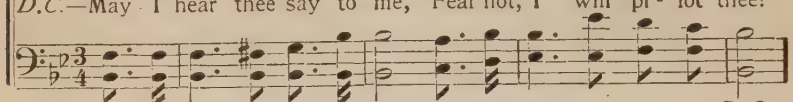
EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

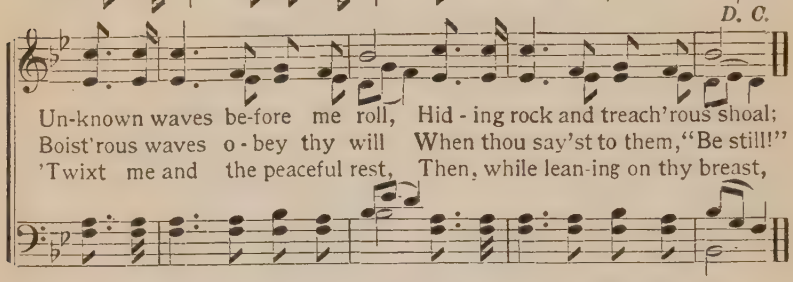


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
D.C.—Chart and compass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
D.C.—Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me.

3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

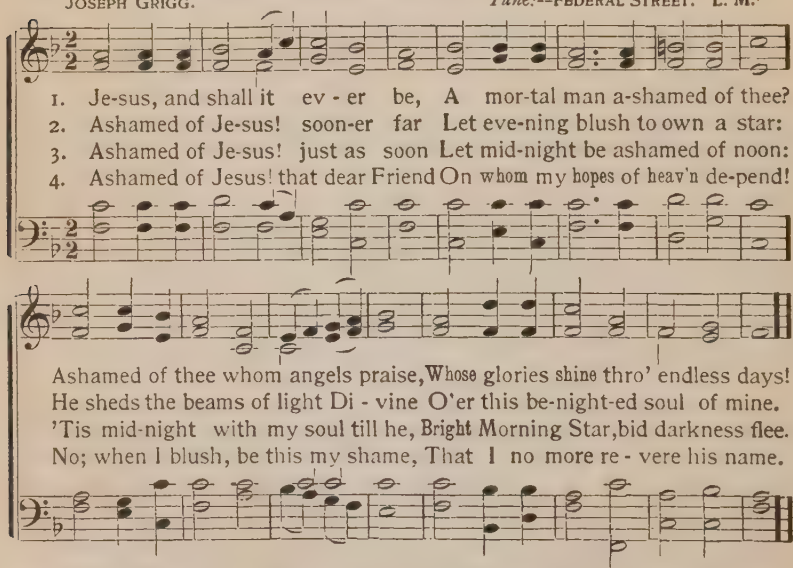




Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on thy breast,

281 Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be.

JOSEPH GRIGG. *Tune.*—FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



1. Je-sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of thee?
2. Ashamed of Je-sus! soon-er far Let eve-ning blush to own a star:
3. Ashamed of Je-sus! just as soon Let mid-night be ashamed of noon:
4. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!

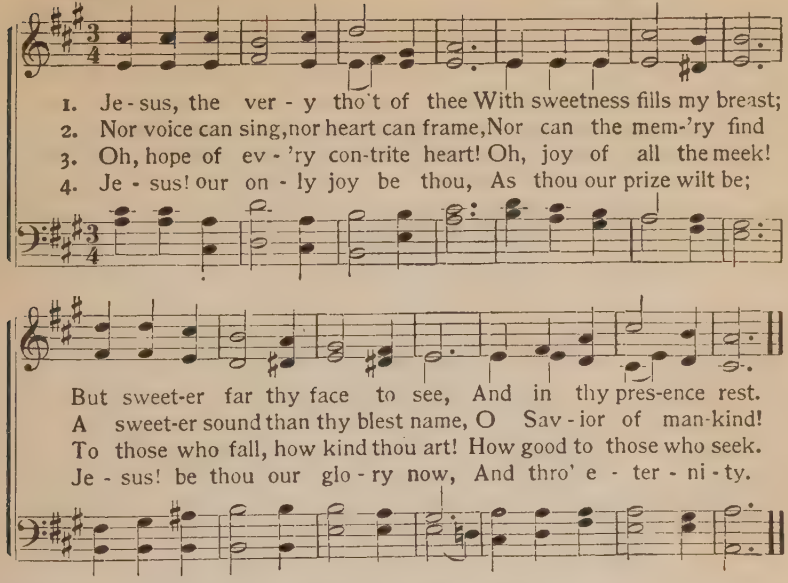
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
He sheds the beams of light Di - vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
'Tis mid-night with my soul till he, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

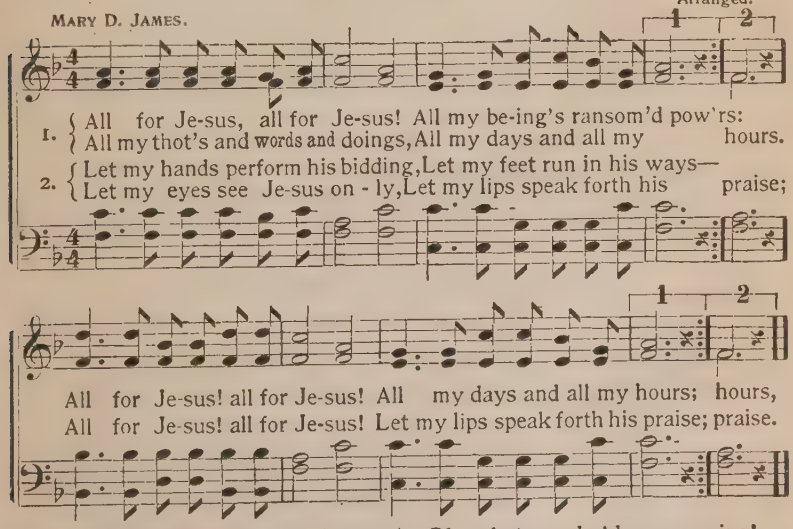
282 Jesus, the Very Tho't of Thee.

BERNARD of CLAIRVAUX. 1140. *Tune:*—ST. AGNES. C. M.


1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of thee With sweetness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con-trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!
4. Je - sus! our on - ly joy be thou, As thou our prize wilt be;
But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than thy blest name, O Sav - ior of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek.
Je - sus! be thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

283 All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. Arranged.

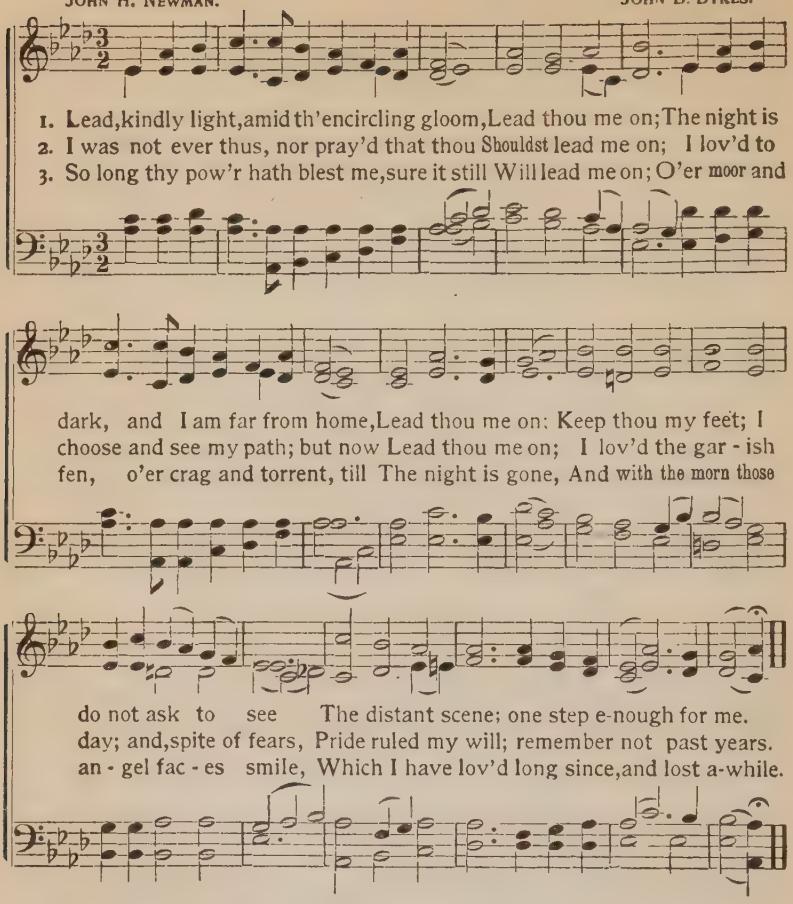

1 2
1. All for Je-sus, all for Je-sus! All my be-ing's ransom'd pow'rs:
All my thot's and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
2. Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways—
Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise;
1 2
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours; hours,
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified,
:‖:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified.:‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
:‖:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings.:‖

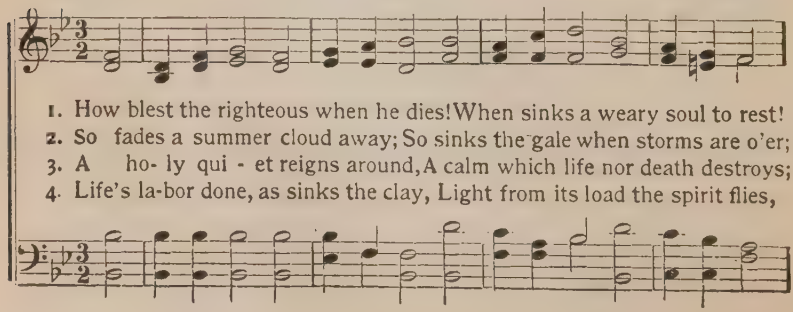
284 Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.

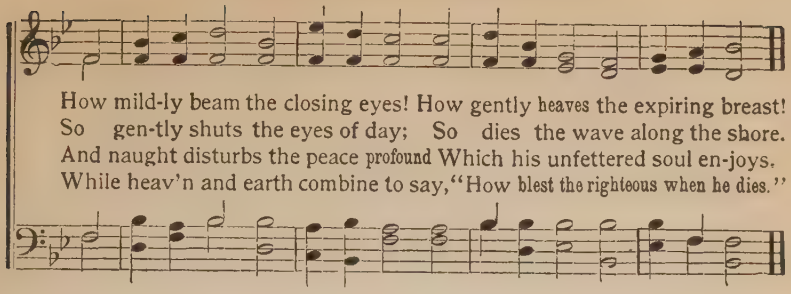

1. Lead, kindly light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on: Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see The distant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while.

285 How Blest the Righteous.

BARBAULD. *Tune*—HEBRON. L. M. H. K. OLIVER.

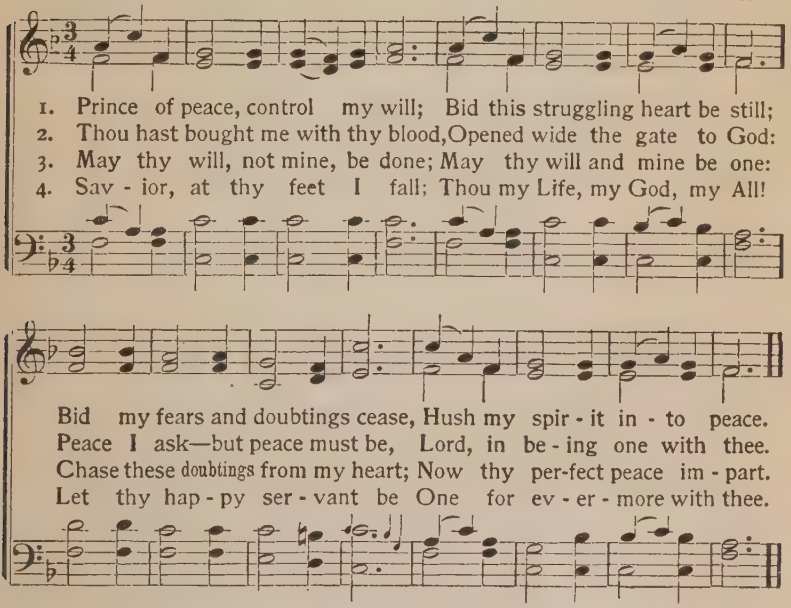

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest!
2. So fades a summer cloud away; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
3. A ho- ly qui - et reigns around, A calm which life nor death destroys;
4. Life's la-bor done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spirit flies,

How Blest the Righteous.


How mild-ly beam the closing eyes! How gently heaves the expiring breast!
So gen-tly shuts the eyes of day; So dies the wave along the shore.
And naught disturbs the peace profound Which his unfettered soul en-joys.
While heav'n and earth combine to say, "How blest the righteous when he dies."

286 Prince of Peace.

MARY A. S. BARBER. *Tune*:—ALETTA. 7.


1. Prince of peace, control my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood, Opened wide the gate to God:
3. May thy will, not mine, be done; May thy will and mine be one:
4. Sav - ior, at thy feet I fall; Thou my Life, my God, my All!
Bid my fears and doubtings cease, Hush my spir - it in - to peace.
Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with thee.
Chase these doubtings from my heart; Now thy per-fect peace im - part.
Let thy hap - py ser - vant be One for ev - er - more with thee.

287 Never Further than Thy Cross.

1 Never further than thy cross:
Never higher than thy feet:
Here earth's precious things seem dross;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus, our sins we see,
Learn thy love while gazing thus:
Sin, which laid the cross on thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

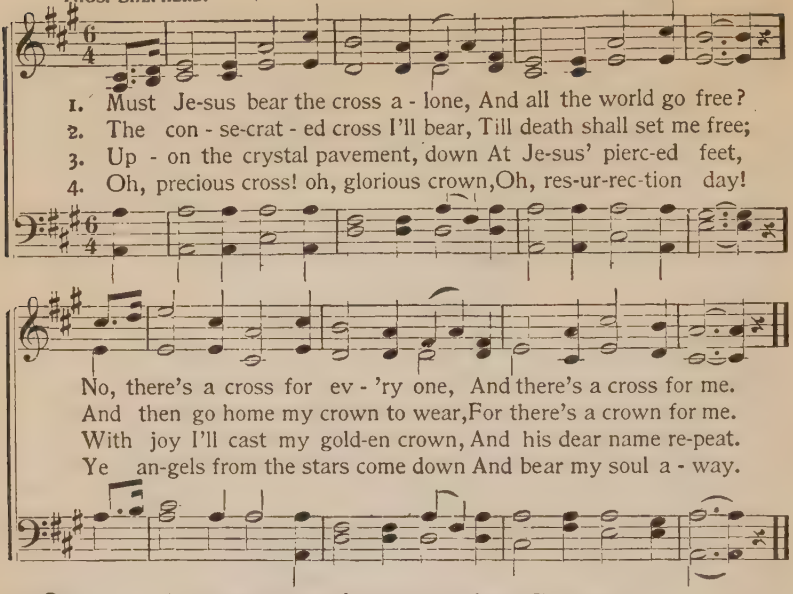
3 Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end;

4 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in thee redeemed, complete,
Thro' thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before thy feet.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles.

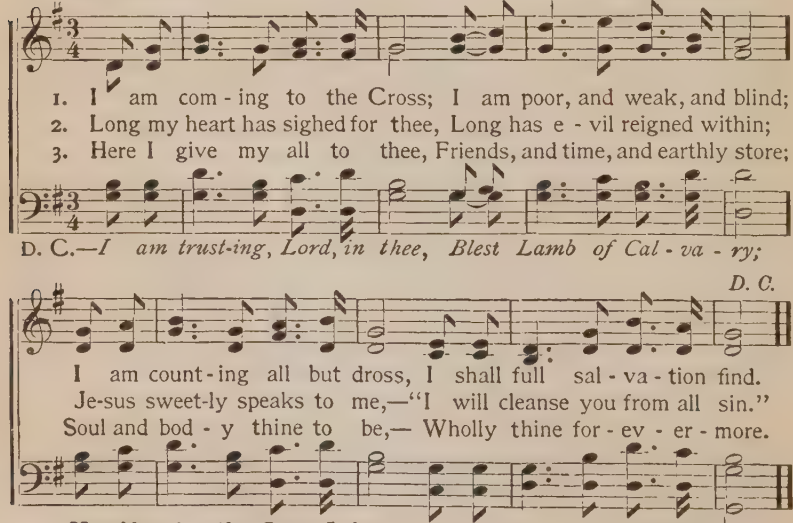
288 Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

THOS. SHEPHERD. *Tune:*—MAITLAND. C. M.


1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown, Oh, res-ur-rec-tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And his dear name re-peat.
Ye an-gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

289 I Am Coming to the Cross.

WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.


1. I am com - ing to the Cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;
D. C.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
D. C.
I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y thine to be,— Wholly thine for - ev - er - more.
Humbly at thy Cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

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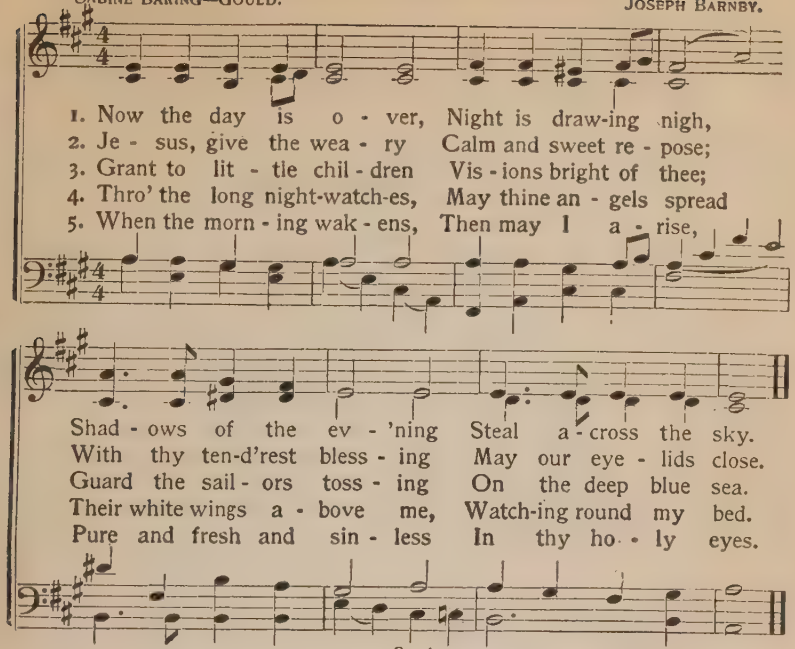
290 Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING—GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch-es, May thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes.
Steal a - cross the sky.

291 Lo, He Comes.

Tune—ZION. No. 256.

1. Lo, he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2. Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3. Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne:
Savior, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
Oh, come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come.

Charles Wesley, alt.

292 To the Front.

Tune—ZION. No. 256.

1. To the front, ye Christian workers!
In your blessed Master's name,
Stand and nobly, bravely battle;
Win eternal, fadeless fame,
Looking upward,
Till your hearts are all aflame!

2. To the front, ye Christian workers!
See the dying everywhere;
Cursed by sin, and bruised by Satan,
How they need your help and care!
Lifting upward,
In their rescue have a share.

3. To the front, ye Christian workers!
God has much for you to do;
Hear his calls, and do his bidding,
Prove yourselves his servants true;
Look up, lift up,
Till the crown is given you!

T. C. Neal.

293 What Ruin.

Tune—AZMON. No. 296.

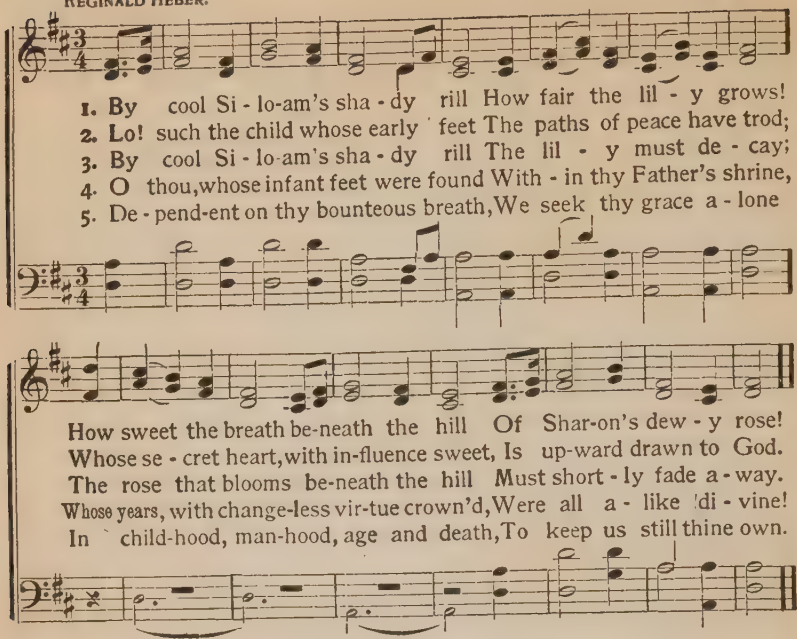
1 What ruin hath intemperance wro't!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

2 Stretch forth thy hand, O God our King,
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.

3 The cause of temperance is thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
To crown them with success.

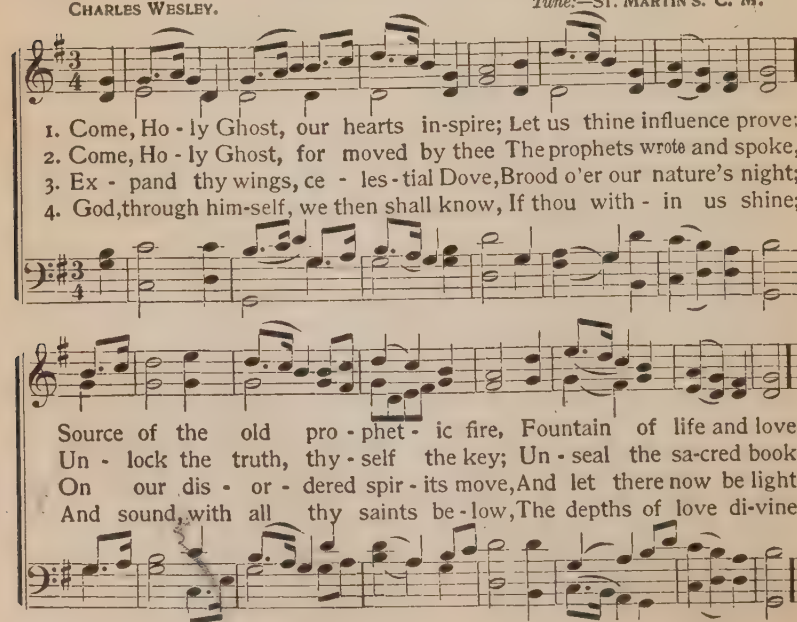
294 By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.

REGINALD HEBER. *Tune:*—SILOAM. C. M.


1. By cool Si - lo-am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows!
2. Lo! such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod;
3. By cool Si - lo-am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay;
4. O thou, whose infant feet were found With - in thy Father's shrine,
5. De - pend-ent on thy bounteous breath, We seek thy grace a - lone
How sweet the breath be-neath the hill Of Shar-on's dew - y rose!
Whose se - cret heart, with in-fluence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.
The rose that blooms be-neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.
Whose years, with change-less vir-tue crown'd, Were all a - like di - vine!
In child-hood, man-hood, age and death, To keep us still thine own.

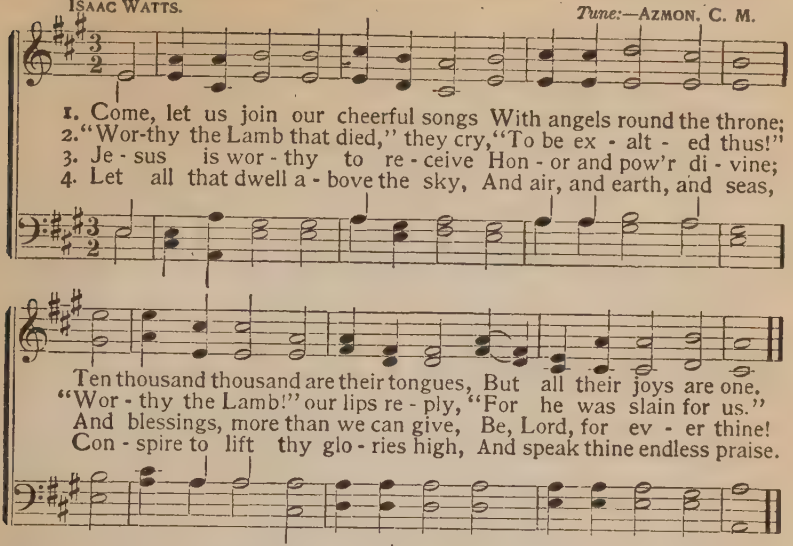
295 Come, Holy Ghost.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Tune:*—ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in-spire; Let us thine influence prove:
2. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for moved by thee The prophets wrote and spoke,
3. Ex - pand thy wings, ce - les - tial Dove, Brood o'er our nature's night;
4. God, through him-self, we then shall know, If thou with - in us shine;
Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire, Fountain of life and love.
Un - lock the truth, thy - self the key; Un - seal the sa-cred book.
On our dis - or - dered spir - its move, And let there now be light.
And sound, with all thy saints be - low, The depths of love di-vine.

296 Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

ISAAC WATTS. *Tune:*—AZMON. C. M.


1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne;
2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus!"
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine;
4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
"Wor - thy the Lamb!" our lips re - ply, "For he was slain for us."
And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ev - er thine!
Con - spire to lift thy glo - ries high, And speak thine endless praise.

297 A Closer Walk with God.

Tune above.

1 Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Cowper.

298 How Sweet the Name.

Tune, above.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing-treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

John Newton.

299 All-Victorious Love.

Tune, ST. MARTIN'S, No. 295.

1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

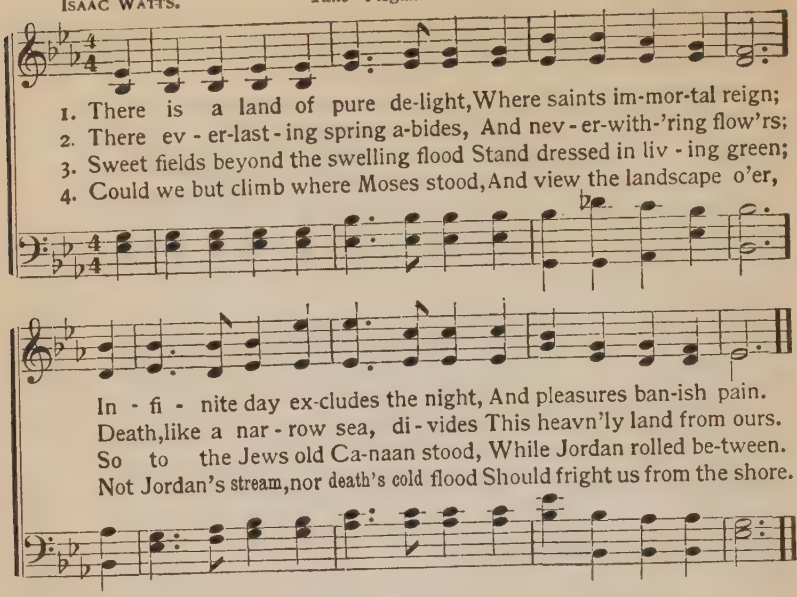
3 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

4 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Isaac Watts.

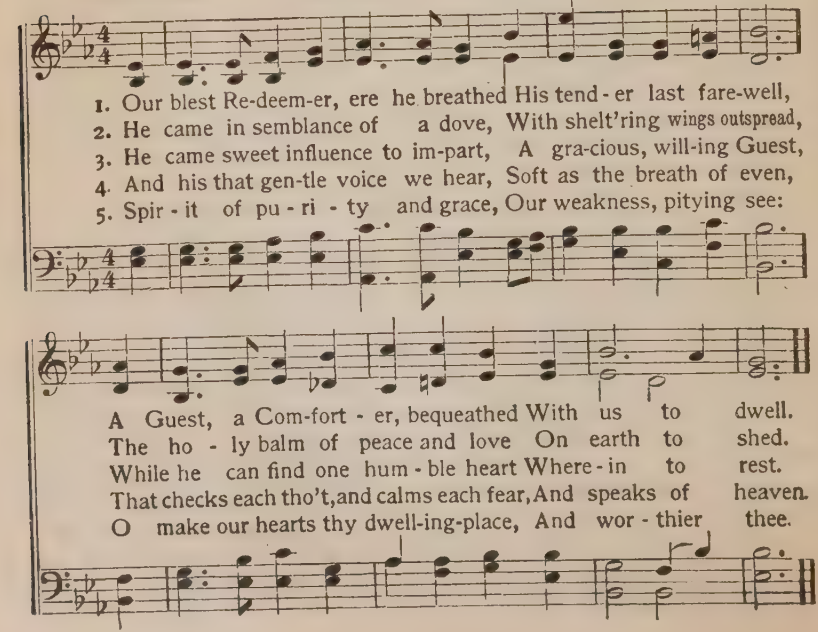
300 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

ISAAC WATTS. *Tune*—Pisgah. C. M. JOEL THORNE.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
2. There ev - er-last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with-'ring flow'rs;
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,
In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavn'ly land from ours.
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jordan rolled be-tween.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

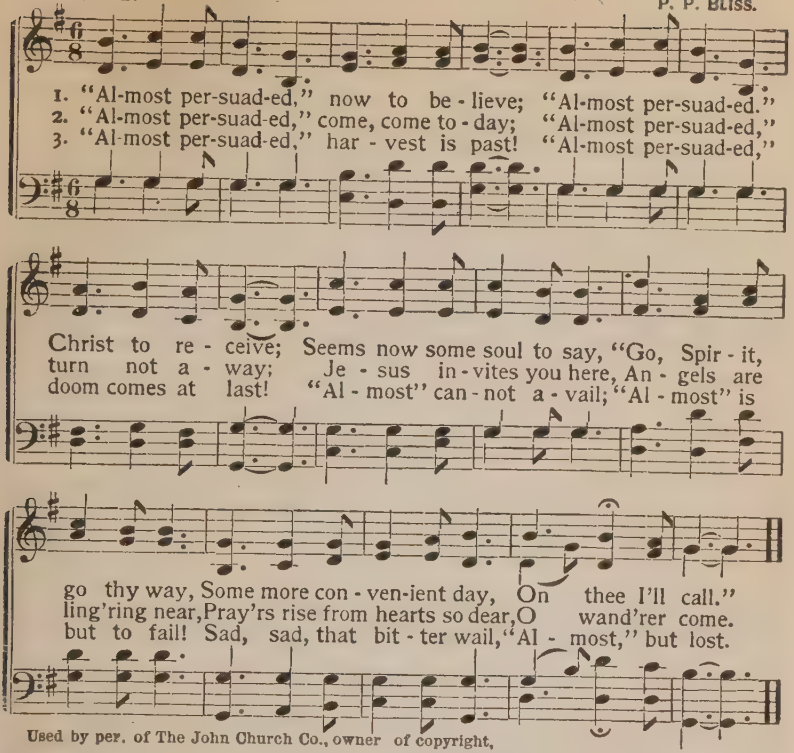
301 Our Blest Redeemer.

HARRIET AUBER. *Tune*—St. Cuthbert. 8. 6. 8. 4. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere he breathed His tend - er last fare-well,
2. He came in semblance of a dove, With shelt'ring wings outspread,
3. He came sweet influence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing Guest,
4. And his that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,
5. Spir - it of pu - ri - ty and grace, Our weakness, pitying see:
A Guest, a Com-fort - er, bequeathed With us to dwell.
The ho - ly balm of peace and love On earth to shed.
While he can find one hum - ble heart Where - in to rest.
That checks each tho't, and calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.
O make our hearts thy dwell-ing-place, And wor - thier thee.

302 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed."
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is
go thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day, On thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wand'rer come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail, "Al-most," but lost.

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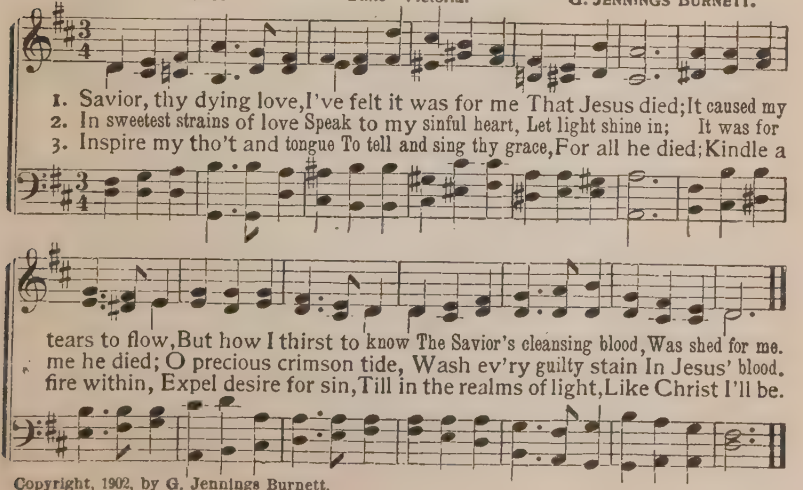
303 Was It For Me?

Richard Venting. *Tune*—Victoria. G. Jennings Burnett.


1. Savior, thy dying love, I've felt it was for me That Jesus died; It caused my
2. In sweetest strains of love Speak to my sinful heart, Let light shine in; It was for
3. Inspire my tho't and tongue To tell and sing thy grace, For all he died; Kindle a
tears to flow, But how I thirst to know The Savior's cleansing blood, Was shed for me.
me he died; O precious crimson tide, Wash ev'ry guilty stain In Jesus' blood.
fire within, Expel desire for sin, Till in the realms of light, Like Christ I'll be.

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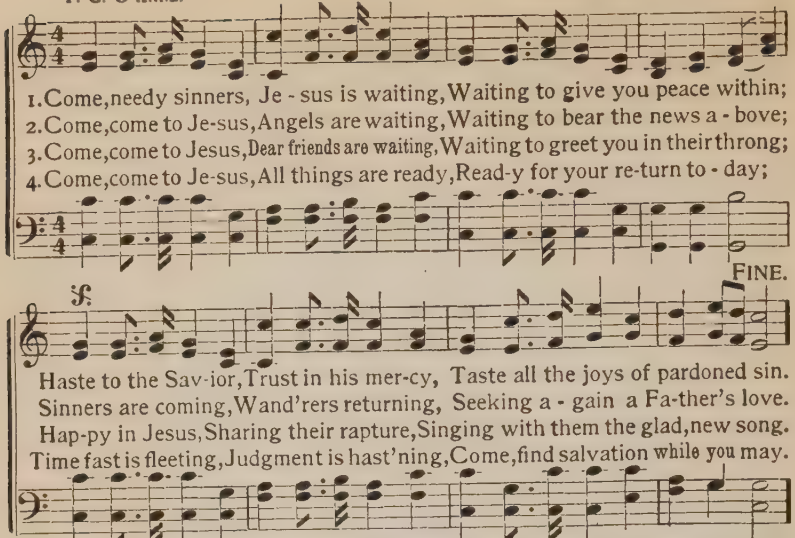
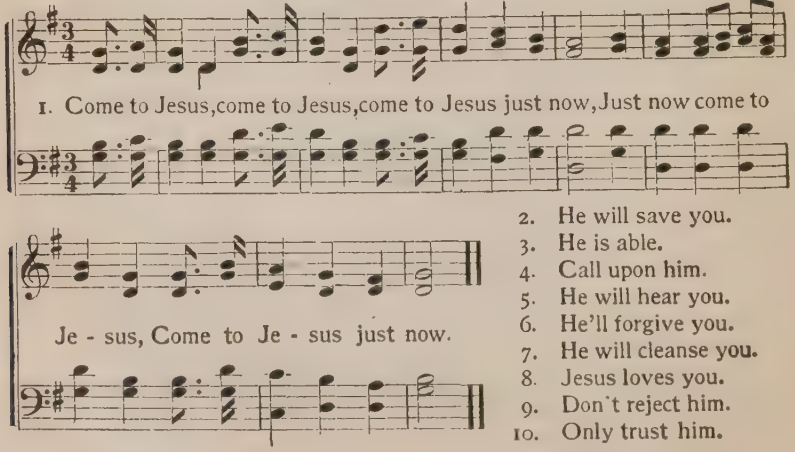
304 Linger No Longer.

T. C. O'KANE. Theme from T. E. PERKINS.


1. Come, needy sinners, Je - sus is waiting, Waiting to give you peace within;
2. Come, come to Je-sus, Angels are waiting, Waiting to bear the news a - bove;
3. Come, come to Jesus, Dear friends are waiting, Waiting to greet you in their throng;
4. Come, come to Je-sus, All things are ready, Read-y for your re-turn to - day;
FINE.
Haste to the Sav-ior, Trust in his mer-cy, Taste all the joys of pardoned sin.
Sinners are coming, Wand'rers returning, Seeking a - gain a Fa-ther's love.
Hap-py in Jesus, Sharing their rapture, Singing with them the glad, new song.
Time fast is fleeting, Judgment is hast'ning, Come, find salvation while you may.
D.S.–linger no longer, Come now to Je - sus, Je-sus will save you, save just now.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Linger no longer, Come now to Jesus, Low at his footstool humbly bow; O

Used by per.

305 Come to Jesus.



2. He will save you.
3. He is able.
4. Call upon him.
5. He will hear you.
6. He'll forgive you.
7. He will cleanse you.
8. Jesus loves you.
9. Don't reject him.
10. Only trust him.

306 Psalm 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

307 Psalm 19.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3 There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back they servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in they sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

308 Psalm 23.

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk though the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

309 Psalm 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

310 Psalm 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

311 Psalm 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

9 Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine annointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a son and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

312 Psalm 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after

our sins; nor reward us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

313 Psalm 121.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

314 Eccl. 12.

1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

3 In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

4 And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

5 Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

6 Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

315 Isaiah 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, eat; Yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Harken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live: and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

12 For ye shall go out with joy, and

be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands.

13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

316 Matt. 5: 1-12.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs s the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

317 John 14: 15-21.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

16 And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;

17 Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

18 I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

19 Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.

20 At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

21 He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

John 16: 7-15.

7 Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

8 And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

9 Of sin, because they believe not on me;

10 Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;

11 Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

12 I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.

13 Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.

14 He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you.

15 All things that the Father hath are mine; therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you.

John 15: 26-27.

26 But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me.

27 And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.

318 John 15: 1-17.

1 I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

2 Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

3 Now ye are clean through the

word which I have spoken unto you.

4 Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

5 I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

6 If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8 Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

9 As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

10 If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

12 This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

13 Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

14 Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

15 Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

16 Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

17 These things I command you, that ye love one another.

319 Romans 8: 31-39.

31 What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?

32 He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

33 Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth.

34 Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

35 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

36 As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter..

37 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

38 For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

39 Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

320 I Cor. 13.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

321 Eph. 3: 14-21.

14 For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

15 Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.

16 That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man;

17 That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love,

18 May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height;

19 And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.

20 Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,

21 Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

322 Eph. 6: 10-18.

10 Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

11 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

12 For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

13 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

14 Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

15 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

16 Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

17 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

18 Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

323 I John 1: 3-10.

3 That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

4 And these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full.

5 This then is the message which we have heard of him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.

6 If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth:

7 But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

8 If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

9 If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

10 If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us.

Orders of Service.

For the Sunday School.

324

1. **Song**—No. 78. Take the world for Jesus.
2. **Invocation.**
3. **Chant**—The Lord's Prayer, No. 333.
4. *Supt.*—Say not ye, there are yet four months and then cometh harvest? Behold I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.

School—And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal.

Supt.—Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

School—I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.

5. **Song**—No. 72. Working in the Vineyard.
6. *Supt.*—And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

School—Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Supt.—Teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you:

School—And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

7. **Song**—No. 58. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd.
8. **Announcements**—marking of class books, etc.
9. **Reading** of the lesson.
10. **Teaching** of the Lesson.
11. **Song**—No. 10. Share Your Blessings.
12. *Supt.*—Give and it shall be given to you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over, shall men give unto your bosom.

School—The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

13. **Gathering** of missionary offerings.
14. **Song**—No. 105, Are You Helping Somewhere?
15. **Reports** of Sec. and Treas.
16. **Short prayer.**
17. **Closing Song**—No. 48. I Love to Scatter Sunshine.
18. **Dismission.**

325

1. **Song Service.**
2. **Bell** for silence and attention.
3. **Second Bell**—school rises.
4. **Song**—No. 85. Make me Holy.
5. **Prayer**—followed by chant, The Lord's Prayer, No. 333. (*School is seated.*)
6. **Song**—No. 50. Help to Set the World Rejoicing.
7. **Repeat** the Twenty-third Psalm in concert.
8. **Announcements**—marking of class books, etc.
9. **Lesson Study.**
10. **Bell** for attention.
11. **Secretary's** report.
12. **Song**—selected.
13. **Response.**

Supt.—The Lord shall keep thee from all evil; he shall keep thy soul. The Lord shall keep thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and forevermore.

School—The Lord is my strength and song; and he is become my salvation.

Supt.—(or pastor). The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

14. **Gloria Patri**—No. 335.
15. **Bell** for dismission.

326

1. **Opening Song**—No. 180, Hail! Glorious Army.
2. **Prayer**—followed by the Lord's Prayer in concert.
3. **Gloria Patri**—No. 335.
4. **The Beatitudes**, No. 316, or Ten Commandments, No. 332, repeated in concert or responsively.

5. Song—No. 166. In the Days of Thy Youth.
6. Superintendent calls for lesson topic, Bible reference, and golden text.
7. Reading of lesson.
8. Song—selected.
9. Marking attendance, etc.
10. Lesson Study.
11. Song appropriate to the lesson.
12. Superintendent's review.
13. Business.
14. Closing Song—No. 342.
15. Benediction in Concert—The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from another.

327

1. One Bell—perfect quiet.
2. Two Bells—all rise and sing Gloria Patri, No. 335.
3. *Supt.*—I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

School—Enter into his gates with praise, be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

4. Song—No. 255. Safely Through Another Week.
5. One Bell—school is seated with heads bowed.
6. Prayer by Supt.—closing with the Lord's Prayer repeated in concert or chanted (No. 333.)
7. Song—selected.
8. Show of Bibles.
   Give subject of lesson.
   Give book, chapter and verses.
   Repeat golden text.
9. Read lesson alternately or in concert.
10. Five minutes for making attendance, etc.
11. One Bell—study hour.
12. Warning Bell—five minutes before close of study hour.
13. One Bell—perfect attention.
14. Song—appropriate to the lesson.
15. Review or general Bible exercise.
16. Secretary's report and announcements.
17. Distribution of books and papers.
18. One Bell—attention.
19. Two Bells—school rises.
20. Closing Song—No. 334. God Be with You.
21. Benediction.

Supt.—The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

School—The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee.

All—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

22. Silence for a moment before the closing bell.

328

1. Warning Bell—five minutes before opening time.
2. One Bell—attention.
3. Two Bells—school rises and sings, No. 252. O Day of Rest and Gladness.
4. Prayer.
5. Concert Recitation:—Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord my strength and my redeemer.
6. Bell—school is seated.
7. Song—No. 159. Countless Blessings.
8. Responsive reading of lesson.
9. Five minutes for marking attendance, etc.
10. Bell—for lesson hour.
11. Warning Bell—five minutes before close of lesson hour.
12. Bell—for close of lesson hour.
13. Song—appropriate to the lesson.
14. Superintendent asks for lesson topic, golden text, central truth, etc.
15. Five minutes for business, secretary's report, etc.
16. Benediction:

Supt.—Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant,

School—Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

17. Closing Song—No. 334.

329

1. **Song service of ten minutes.**
2. **Bell**—school rises and repeats: The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.
3. **Silent Prayer**—followed by prayer by the superintendent.
4. **Song**—No. 269. Holy, Holy, Holy!
5. **Repeat**—the first Psalm in concert.
6. **Bell**—school is seated.
7. **Song**—selected.
8. **Show** of Bibles and reading of lesson.
9. *Supt.*—So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

School—The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Boys—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,

Girls—And a light unto my path.

All—Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

10. **Song**—selected.
11. **Marking** class books, etc.
12. **Lesson Study.**
13. **Warning Bell**—(five minutes.)
14. **Bell** for attention.
15. **Song**—selected.
16. **Notices and Reports.**
17. **Distribution** of books and papers.
18. **Bell** for attention.
19. **Closing Song**—No. 337. Awake! Awake!
20. *Supt.*—Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ,

School—Who gave himself for our sins; that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father.

All—To him be glory both now and forever. Amen.

21. **Silence** for at least one half minute before closing bell.

330

1. **Song** service of ten minutes.
   (*School rises at tap of Bell.*)
2. **Song**—No. 74. Steadily Marching On.
3. **Recitation (in unison):** Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his Holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.
4. **Invocation.**
5. **Gloria Patri**—No. 335.
   (*School is seated.*)
6. **Responsive Reading.**

Leader—I will bless the Lord at all times, his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

School—My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof and be glad.

Leader—O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

School—I sought the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

Leader—The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them.

School—O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

7. **Song**—No. 40. Marching on to Victory.
8. **Announcements** and business.
9. **Song**—No. 70. You may Have the Joybells.
10. **Reading** of lesson.
11. **Study** of lesson.
12. **Song**—No. 150 Countless Mercies.
13. **Review** of lesson.
14. **Reports.**
15. **Benediction.**

Leader—The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

School—The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

All—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

16. **Doxology**—No. 343.

331 Opening Sentences.

The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

332 The Ten Commandments.

Exodus xx, 3: 17.

1 Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill.

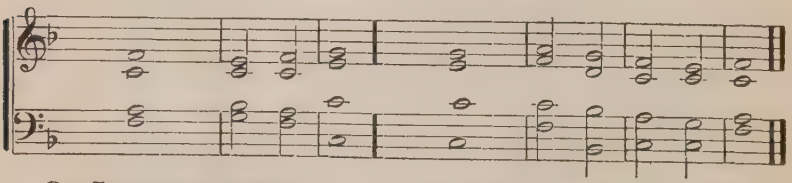
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8. Thou shalt not steal.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

333 The Lord's Prayer.



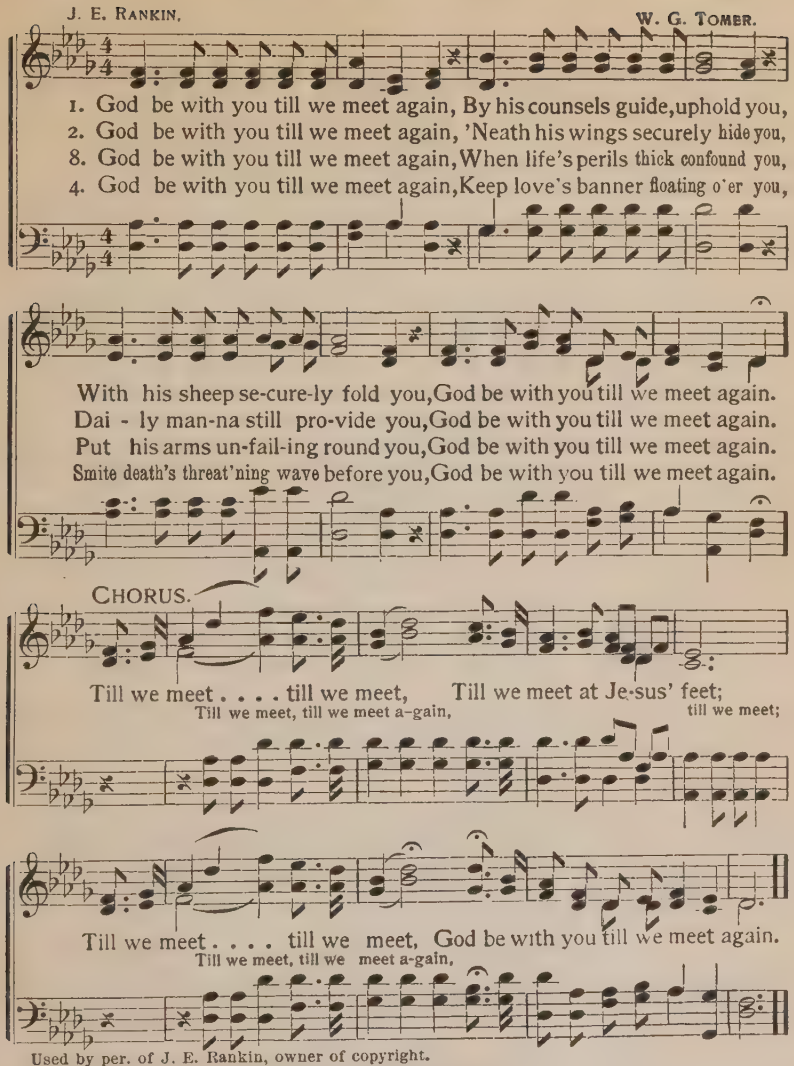
1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name. ‖ Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.

2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, ‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; ‖ For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-|ever and|ever. A-|men.

334 God Be with You.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.


1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.
CHORUS.
Till we meet . . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, till we meet;
Till we meet . . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

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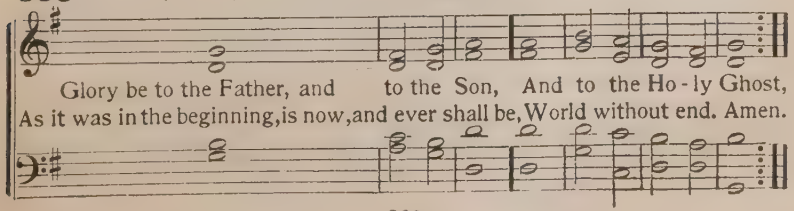
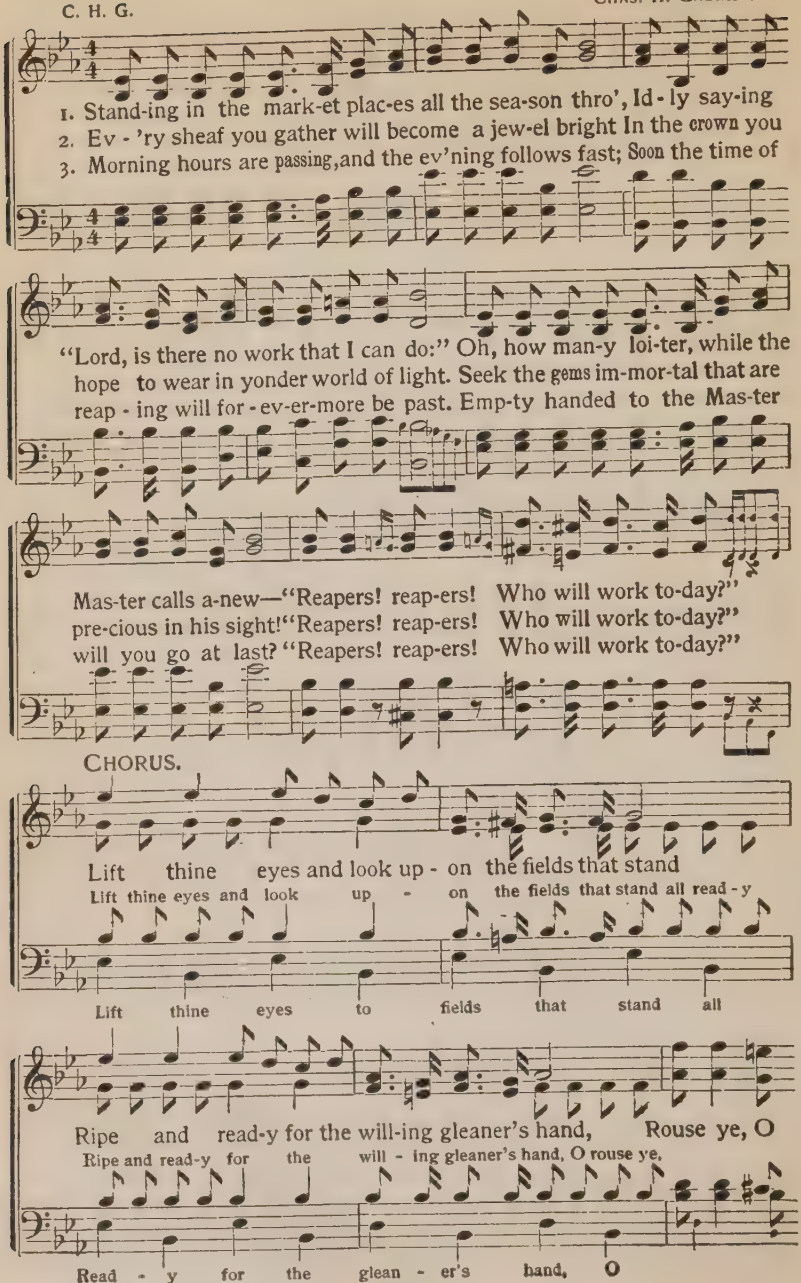
335 Gloria Patri.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

336 Reapers are Needed.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Stand-ing in the mark-et plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id-ly say-ing
2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gather will become a jew-el bright In the crown you
3. Morning hours are passing, and the ev'ning follows fast; Soon the time of
"Lord, is there no work that I can do:" Oh, how man-y loi-ter, while the
hope to wear in yonder world of light. Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are
reap - ing will for - ev-er-more be past. Emp-ty handed to the Mas-ter
Mas-ter calls a-new—"Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
pre-cious in his sight! "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
CHORUS.
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read - y
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O
Ripe and read-y for the will - ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,
Read - y for the glean - er's hand, O

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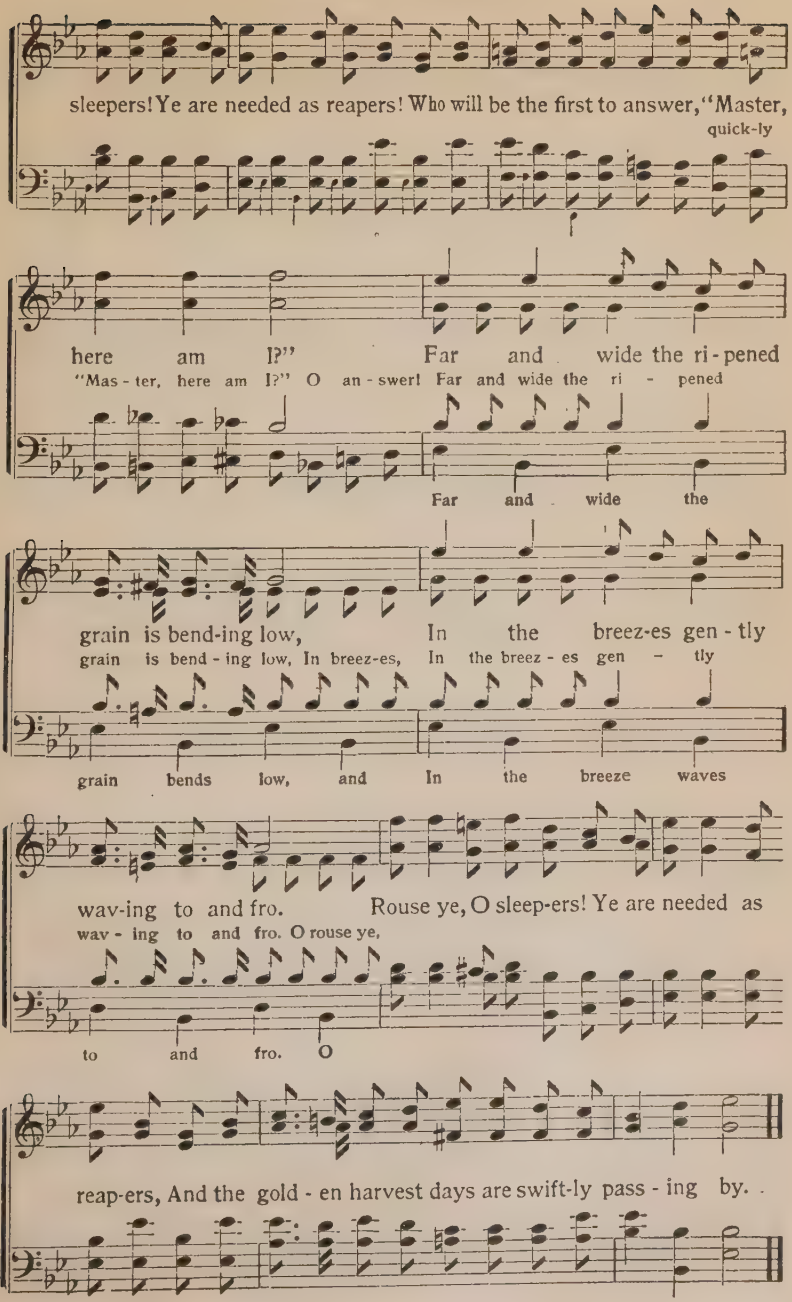
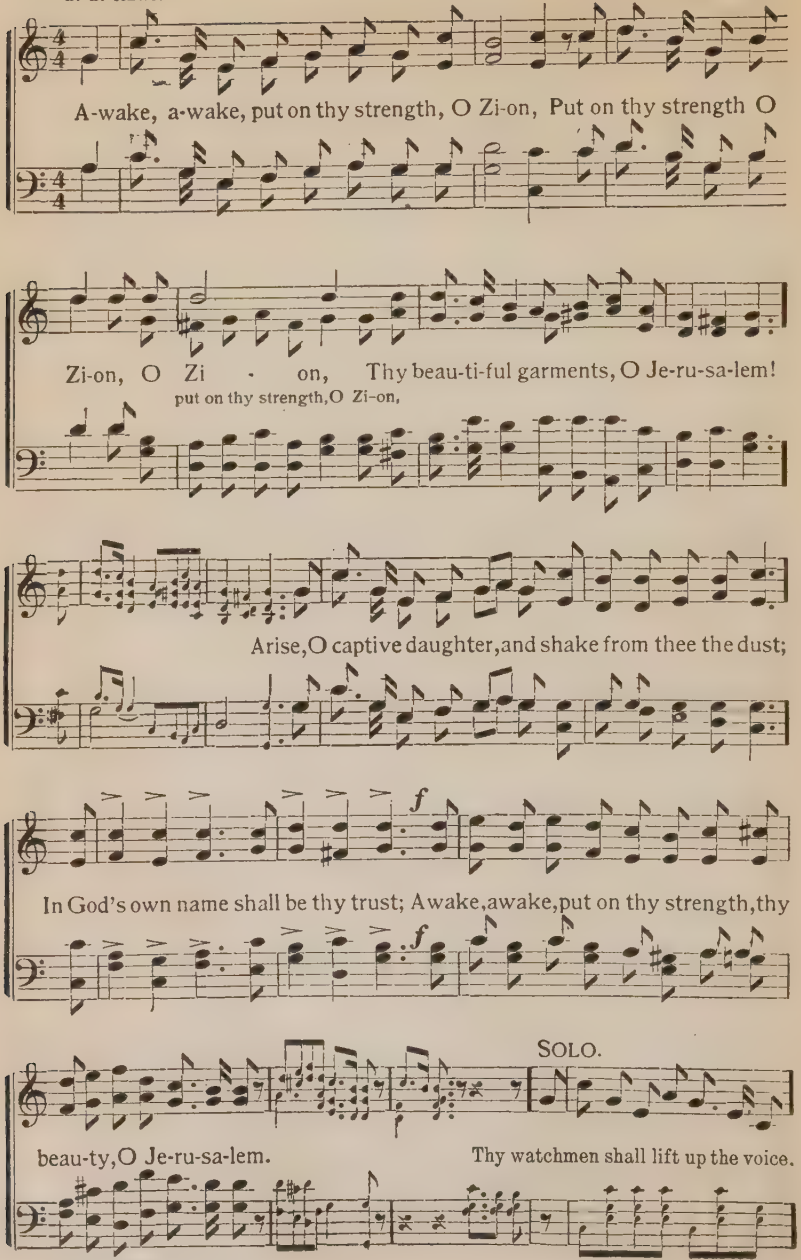
Reapers are Needed.

sleepers! Ye are needed as reapers! Who will be the first to answer, "Master, quick-ly
here am I?" Far and wide the ri-pened
"Mas-ter, here am I?" O an-swer! Far and wide the ri - pened
Far and wide the
grain is bend-ing low, In the breez-es gen-tly
grain is bend-ing low, In breez-es, In the breez-es gen - tly
grain bends low, and In the breeze waves
wav-ing to and fro. Rouse ye, O sleep-ers! Ye are needed as
wav-ing to and fro. O rouse ye,
to and fro. O
reap-ers, And the gold-en harvest days are swift-ly pass-ing by.

337

Awake! Awake!

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

A-wake, a-wake, put on thy strength, O Zi-on, Put on thy strength O
Zi-on, O Zi · on, Thy beau-ti-ful garments, O Je-ru-sa-lem!
put on thy strength, O Zi-on,
Arise, O captive daughter, and shake from thee the dust;
f
In God's own name shall be thy trust; Awake, awake, put on thy strength, thy
f
SOLO.
beau-ty, O Je-ru-sa-lem.
Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice.

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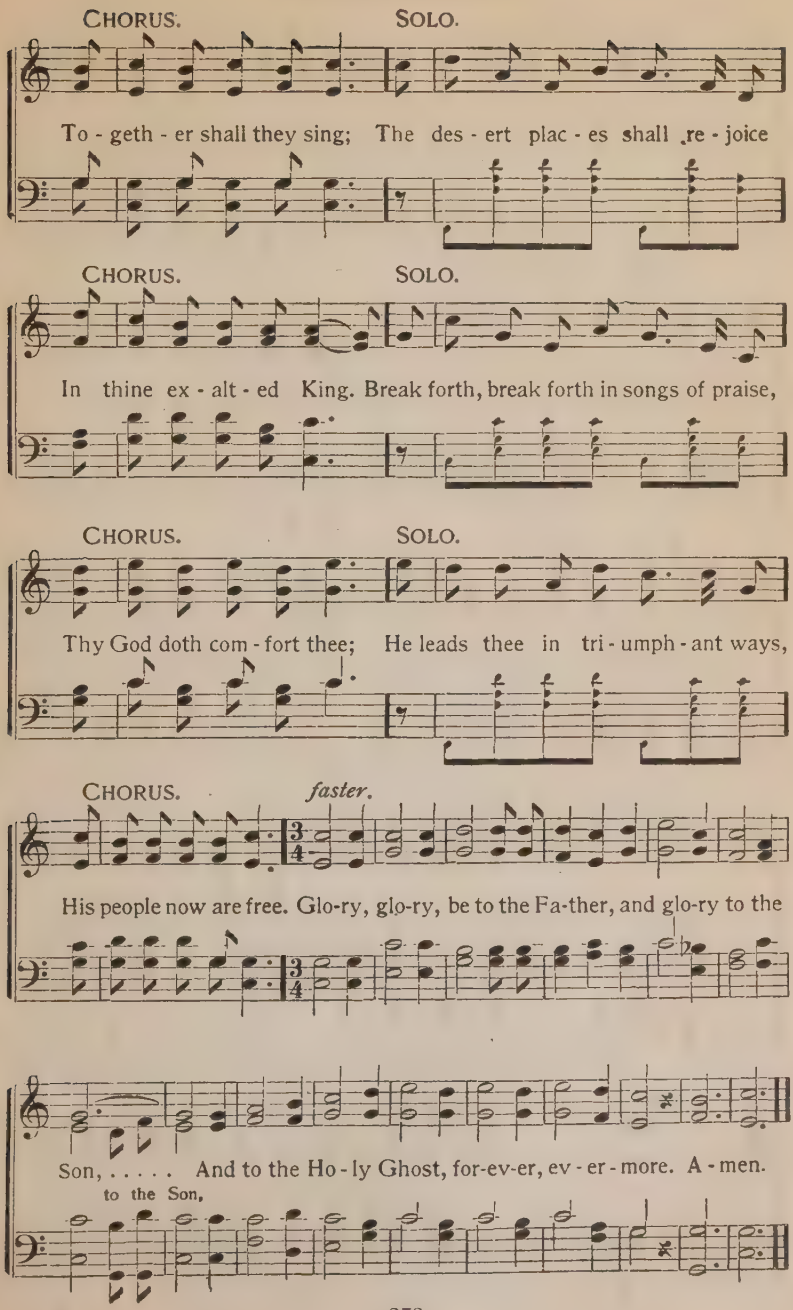
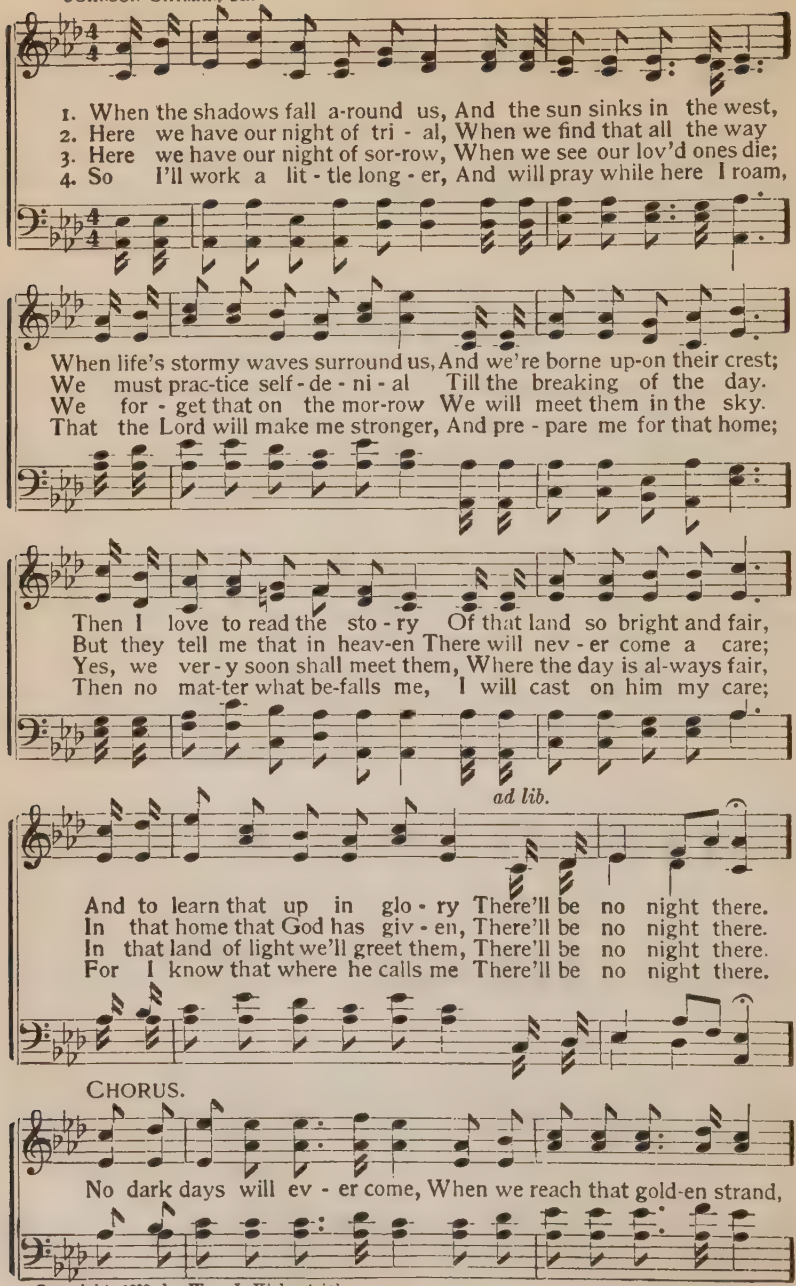
Awake! Awake!


CHORUS.
SOLO.
To - geth - er shall they sing; The des - ert plac - es shall re - joice
CHORUS.
SOLO.
In thine ex - alt - ed King. Break forth, break forth in songs of praise,
CHORUS.
SOLO.
Thy God doth com - fort thee; He leads thee in tri - umph - ant ways,
CHORUS.
faster.
His people now are free. Glo-ry, glo-ry, be to the Fa-ther, and glo-ry to the
Son, ... And to the Ho - ly Ghost, for-ev-er, ev - er - more. A - men.
to the Son,

338 No Night There.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. When the shadows fall a-round us, And the sun sinks in the west,
2. Here we have our night of tri - al, When we find that all the way
3. Here we have our night of sor-row, When we see our lov'd ones die;
4. So I'll work a lit - tle long - er, And will pray while here I roam,
When life's stormy waves surround us, And we're borne up-on their crest;
We must prac-tice self - de - ni - al Till the breaking of the day.
We for - get that on the mor-row We will meet them in the sky.
That the Lord will make me stronger, And pre - pare me for that home;
Then I love to read the sto - ry Of that land so bright and fair,
But they tell me that in heav-en There will nev - er come a care;
Yes, we ver - y soon shall meet them, Where the day is al-ways fair,
Then no mat-ter what be-falls me, I will cast on him my care;
ad lib.
And to learn that up in glo - ry There'll be no night there.
In that home that God has giv - en, There'll be no night there.
In that land of light we'll greet them, There'll be no night there.
For I know that where he calls me There'll be no night there.
CHORUS.
No dark days will ev - er come, When we reach that gold-en strand,

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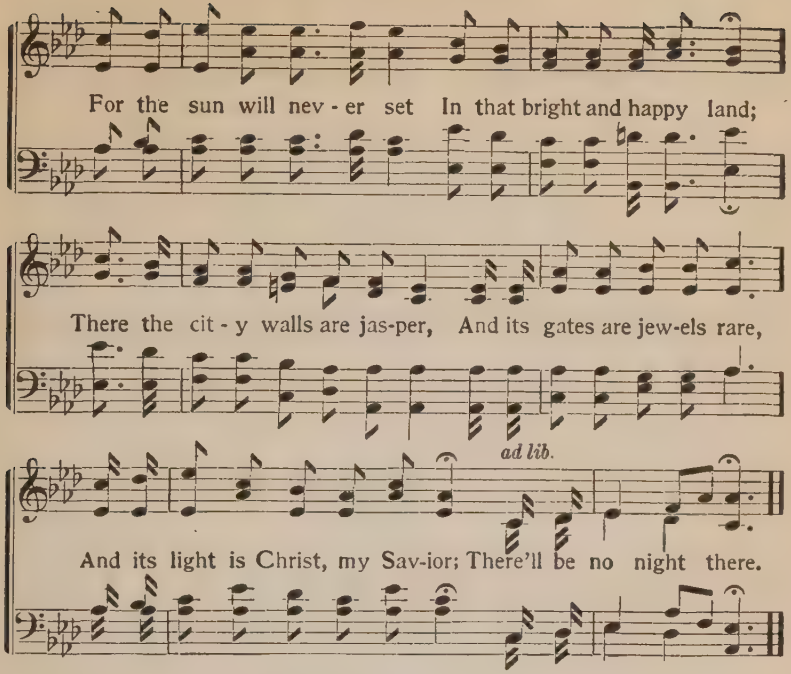
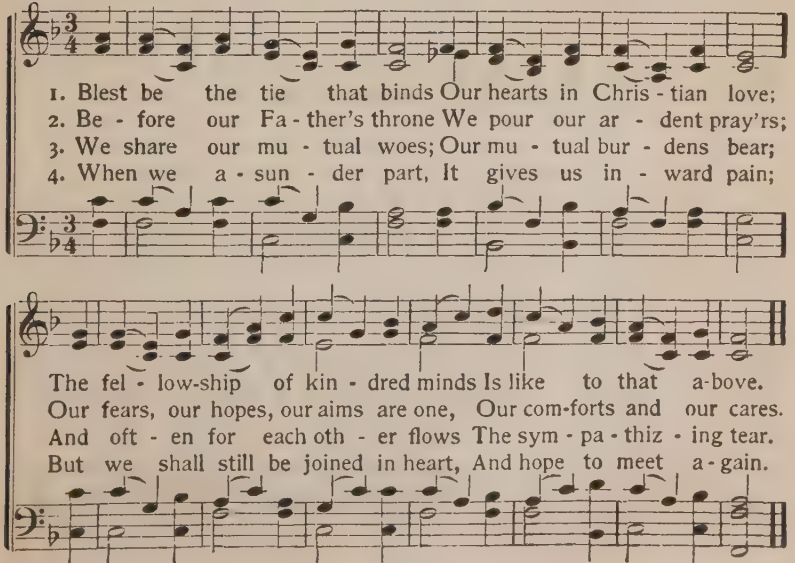
No Night There.


For the sun will nev - er set In that bright and happy land;
There the cit - y walls are jas-per, And its gates are jew-els rare,
ad lib.
And its light is Christ, my Sav-ior; There'll be no night there.

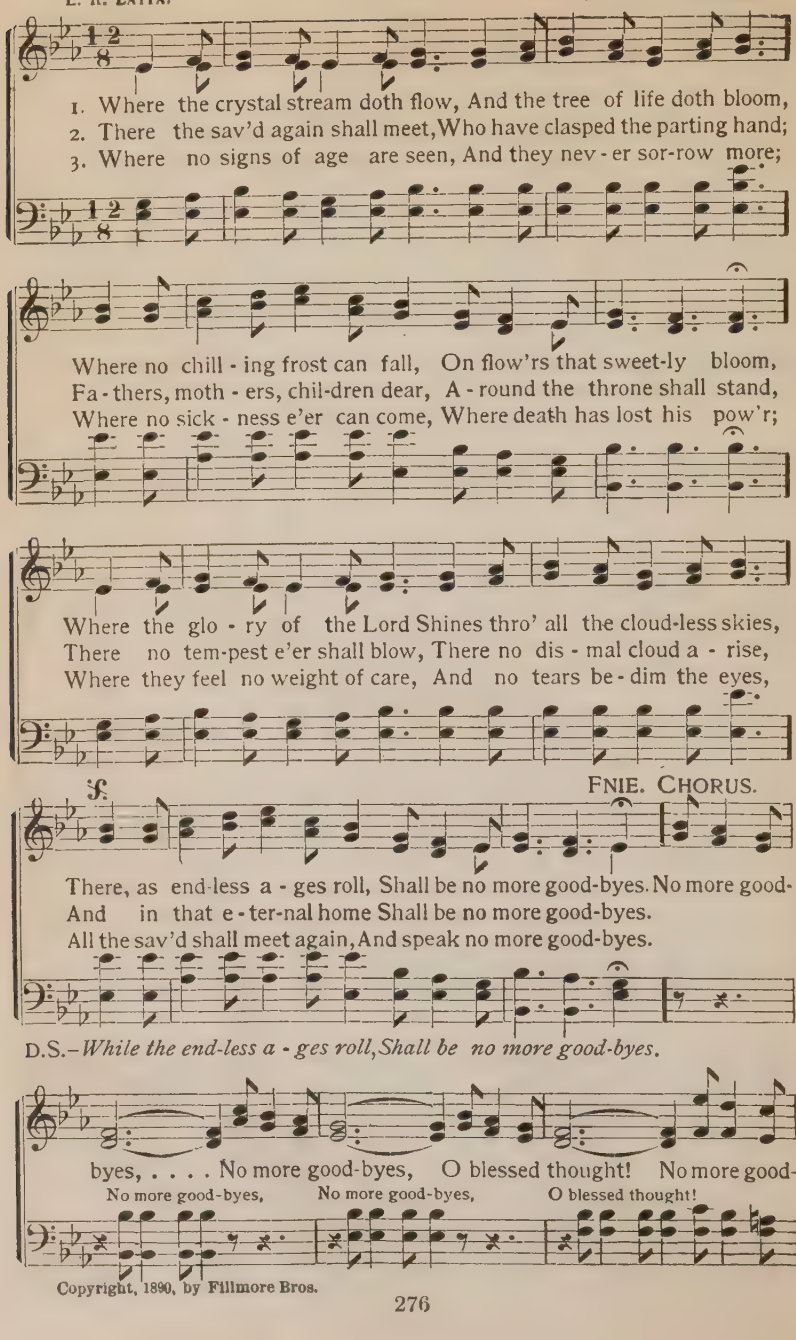
339 Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. *Tune:*—DENNIS. S. M.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

340 No More Good-Byes.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. FILLMORE.


1. Where the crystal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom,
2. There the sav'd again shall meet, Who have clasped the parting hand;
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev-er sor-row more;
Where no chill-ing frost can fall, On flow'rs that sweet-ly bloom,
Fa-thers, moth-ers, chil-dren dear, A-round the throne shall stand,
Where no sick-ness e'er can come, Where death has lost his pow'r;
Where the glo-ry of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloud-less skies,
There no tem-pest e'er shall blow, There no dis-mal cloud a-rise,
Where they feel no weight of care, And no tears be-dim the eyes,
f.
FNIE. CHORUS.
There, as end-less a-ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes. No more good-
And in that e-ter-nal home Shall be no more good-byes.
All the sav'd shall meet again, And speak no more good-byes.
D.S.—While the end-less a-ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.
byes, ... No more good-byes, O blessed thought! No more good-
No more good-byes, No more good-byes, O blessed thought!

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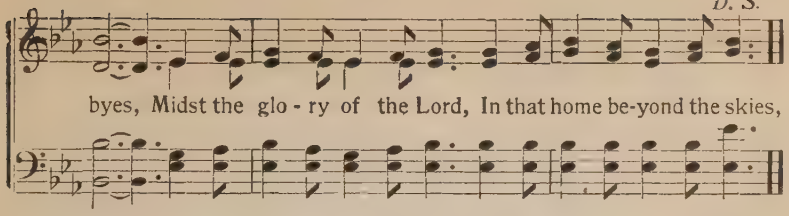
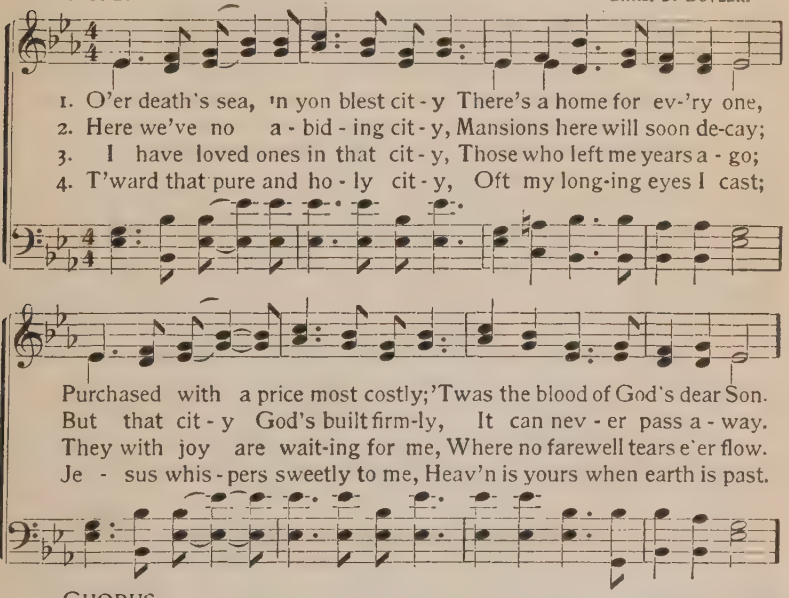
No More Good-Byes.

D. S.

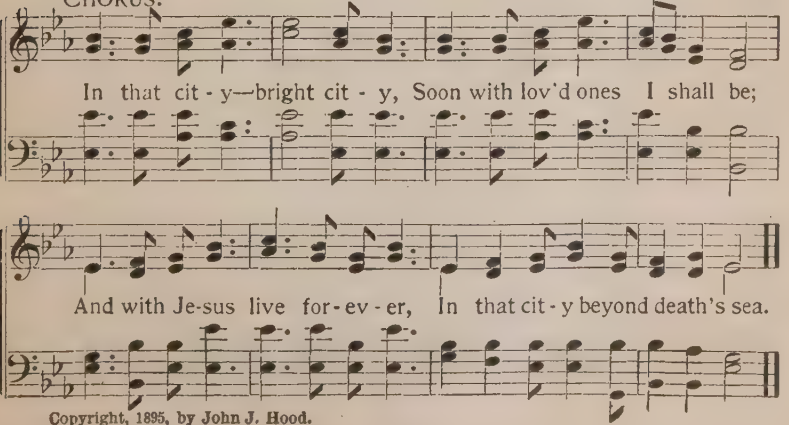


341 In That City.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.


1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit - y There's a home for ev-'ry one,
2. Here we've no a - bid - ing cit - y, Mansions here will soon de-cay;
3. I have loved ones in that cit - y, Those who left me years a - go;
4. T'ward that pure and ho - ly cit - y, Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;
Purchased with a price most costly; 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that cit - y God's built firm-ly, It can nev - er pass a - way.
They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no farewell tears e'er flow.
Je - sus whis - pers sweetly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

CHORUS.



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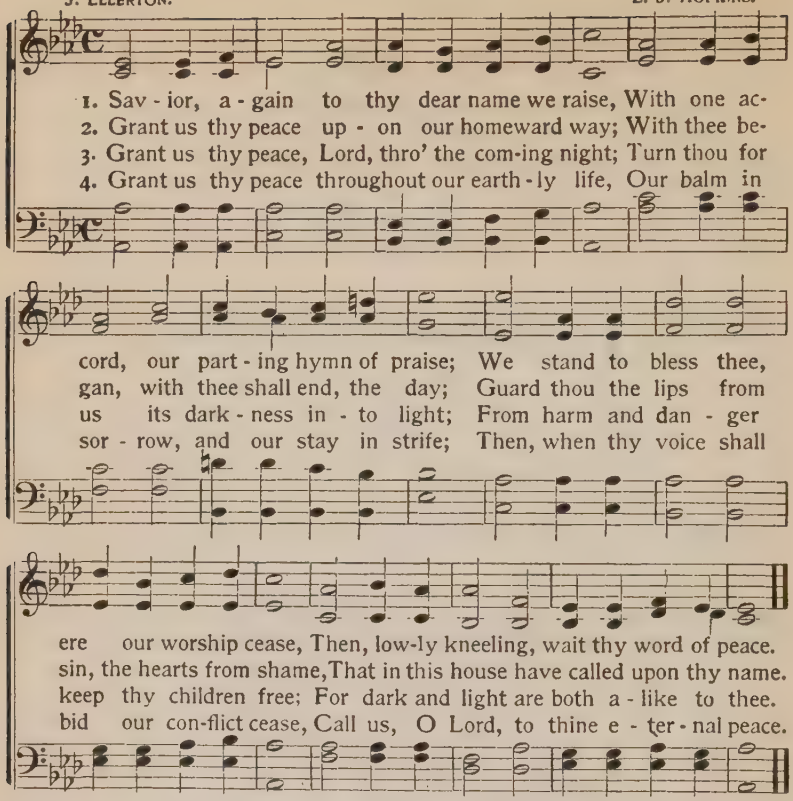
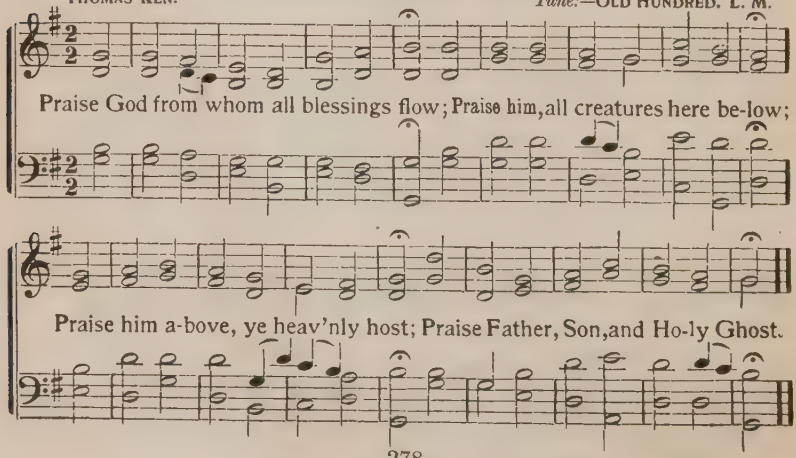
342 Parting Hymn.

J. ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - ior, a - gain to thy dear name we raise, With one ac-
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our homeward way; With thee be-
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night; Turn thou for
4. Grant us thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in
cord, our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee,
gan, with thee shall end, the day; Guard thou the lips from
us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall
ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon thy name.
keep thy children free; For dark and light are both a - like to thee.
bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace.

343 Praise God from Whom.

THOMAS KEN. *Tune:*—OLD HUNDRED. L. M.


Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be-low;
Praise him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

PENTECOSTAL HYMNS

NUMBER FOUR

A WINNOWED COLLECTION FOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES, CHURCH PRAYER MEETINGS, EVANGELISTIC SERVICES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS

SELECTED BY

HENRY DATE

MUSIC EDITORS

E. A. HOFFMAN T. M. TOWNE

HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY

150 MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO

27 EAST 22ND STREET
NEW YORK

PREFATORY

THE PENTECOSTAL HYMNS SERIES have now been before a generous public for 15 years. These music books have found their way into almost every town and hamlet in the land. A glance at the topical index will reveal the scope and adaptability of the collection. May we not ask for volume four the same hearty reception accorded previous numbers?

Henry Date.

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THE PUBLISHERS

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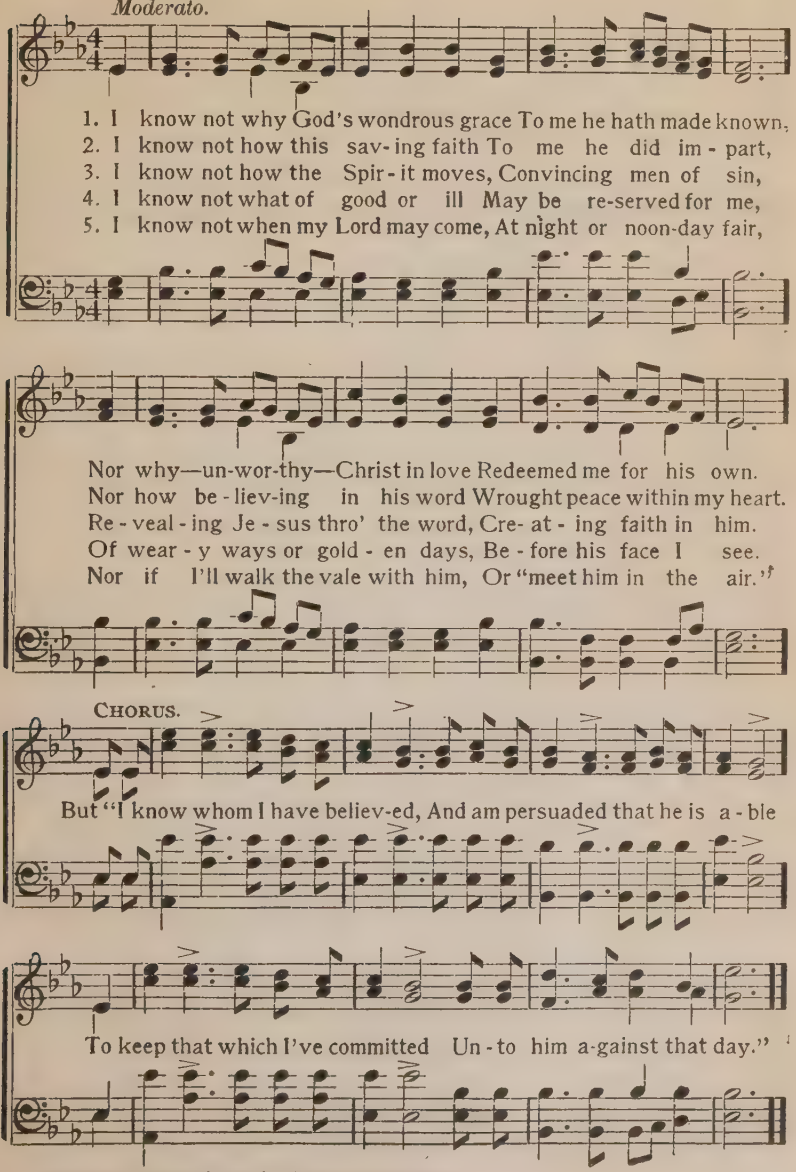
Pentecostal Hymns, No. 4.

344 (1) I Know Whom I Have Believed.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.


1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me he hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav-ing faith To me he did im-part,
3. I know not how the Spir-it moves, Convincing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,
Nor why—un-wor-thy—Christ in love Redeemed me for his own.
Nor how be-liev-ing in his word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re-veal-ing Je-sus thro' the word, Cre-at-ing faith in him.
Of wear-y ways or gold-en days, Be-fore his face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with him, Or "meet him in the air."
CHORUS.
But "I know whom I have believ-ed, And am persuaded that he is a-ble
To keep that which I've committed Un-to him a-gainst that day."

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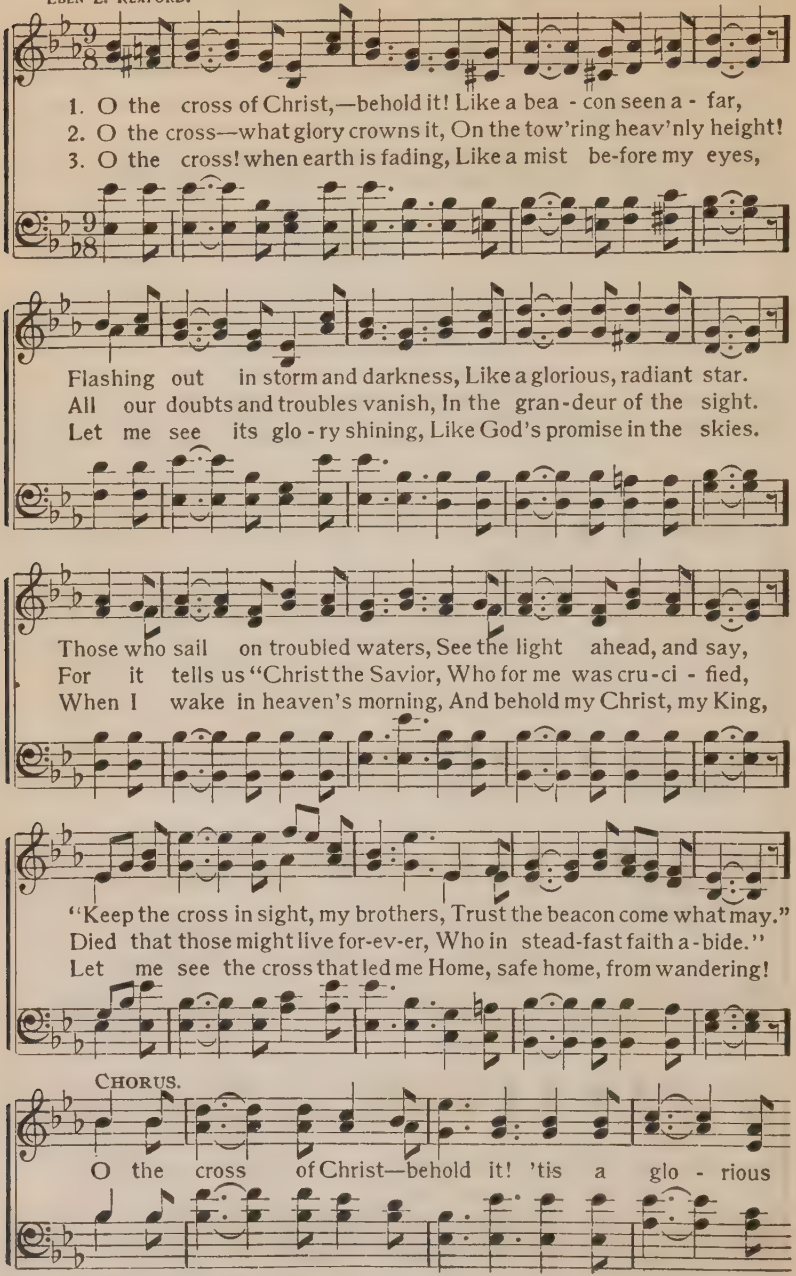
345 (2) Keep the Cross in Sight.

EBEN E. REXFORD. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.


1. O the cross of Christ,—behold it! Like a bea - con seen a - far,
2. O the cross—what glory crowns it, On the tow'ring heav'nly height!
3. O the cross! when earth is fading, Like a mist be-fore my eyes,
Flashing out in storm and darkness, Like a glorious, radiant star.
All our doubts and troubles vanish, In the gran-deur of the sight.
Let me see its glo - ry shining, Like God's promise in the skies.
Those who sail on troubled waters, See the light ahead, and say,
For it tells us "Christ the Savior, Who for me was cru-ci - fied,
When I wake in heaven's morning, And behold my Christ, my King,
"Keep the cross in sight, my brothers, Trust the beacon come what may."
Died that those might live for-ev-er, Who in stead-fast faith a-bide."
Let me see the cross that led me Home, safe home, from wandering!
CHORUS.
O the cross of Christ—behold it! 'tis a glo - rious

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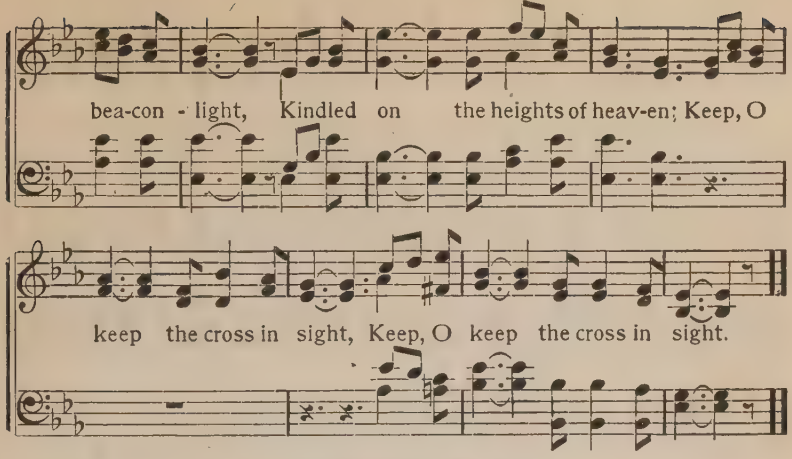
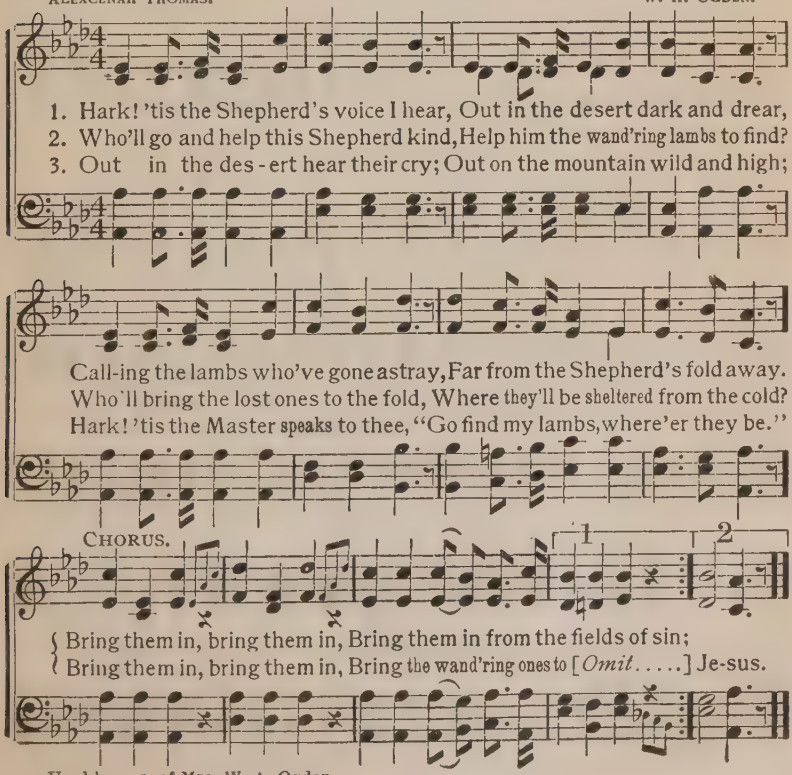
Keep the Cross in Sight.



346 (3) Bring Them In.

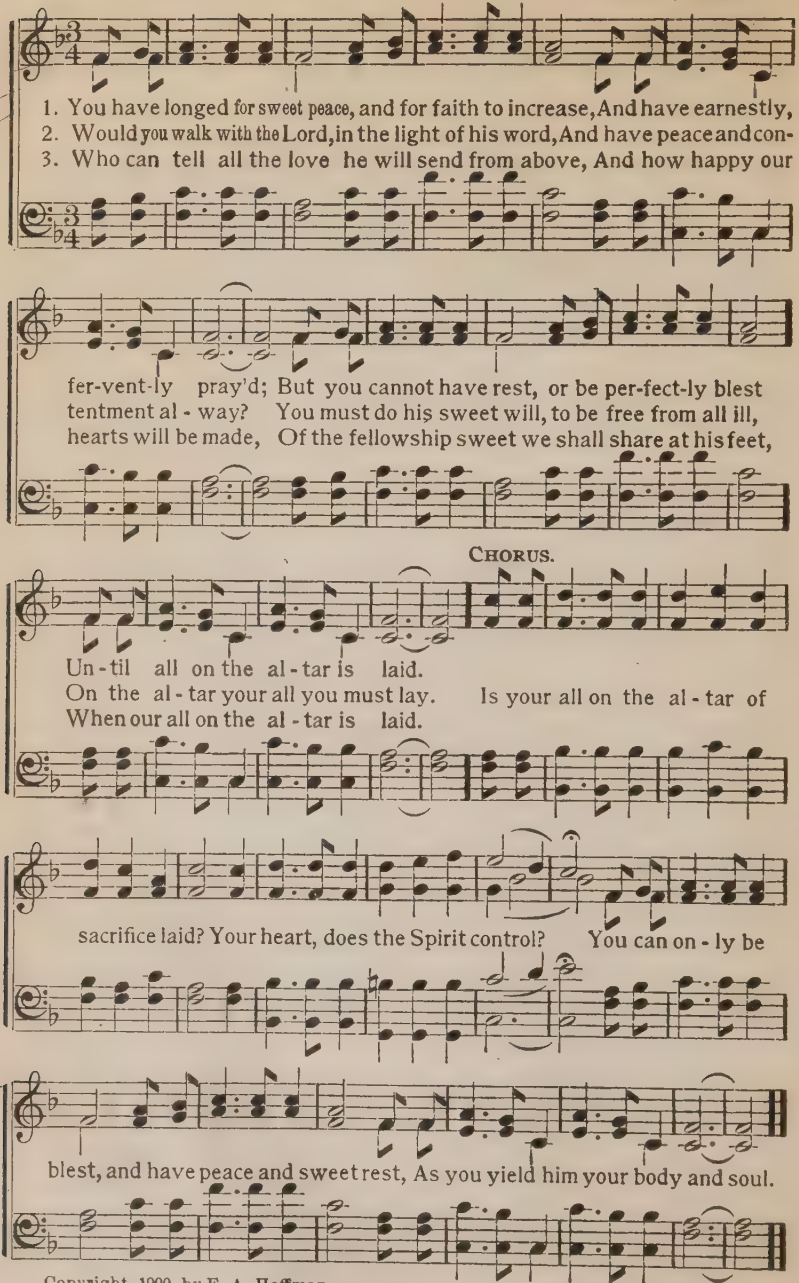
ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the wand'ring lambs to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high;
Call-ing the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go find my lambs, where'er they be."
CHORUS.
1
2
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to [Omit.....] Je-sus.

Used by per. of Mrs. W. A. Ogden.

347 (4) Is Your All On the Altar?

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to increase, And have earnestly,
2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of his word, And have peace and con-
3. Who can tell all the love he will send from above, And how happy our
fer-vent-ly pray'd; But you cannot have rest, or be per-fect-ly blest
tentment al - way? You must do his sweet will, to be free from all ill,
hearts will be made, Of the fellowship sweet we shall share at his feet,
CHORUS.
Un - til all on the al - tar is laid.
On the al - tar your all you must lay. Is your all on the al - tar of
When our all on the al - tar is laid.
sacrifice laid? Your heart, does the Spirit control? You can on - ly be
blest, and have peace and sweet rest, As you yield him your body and soul.

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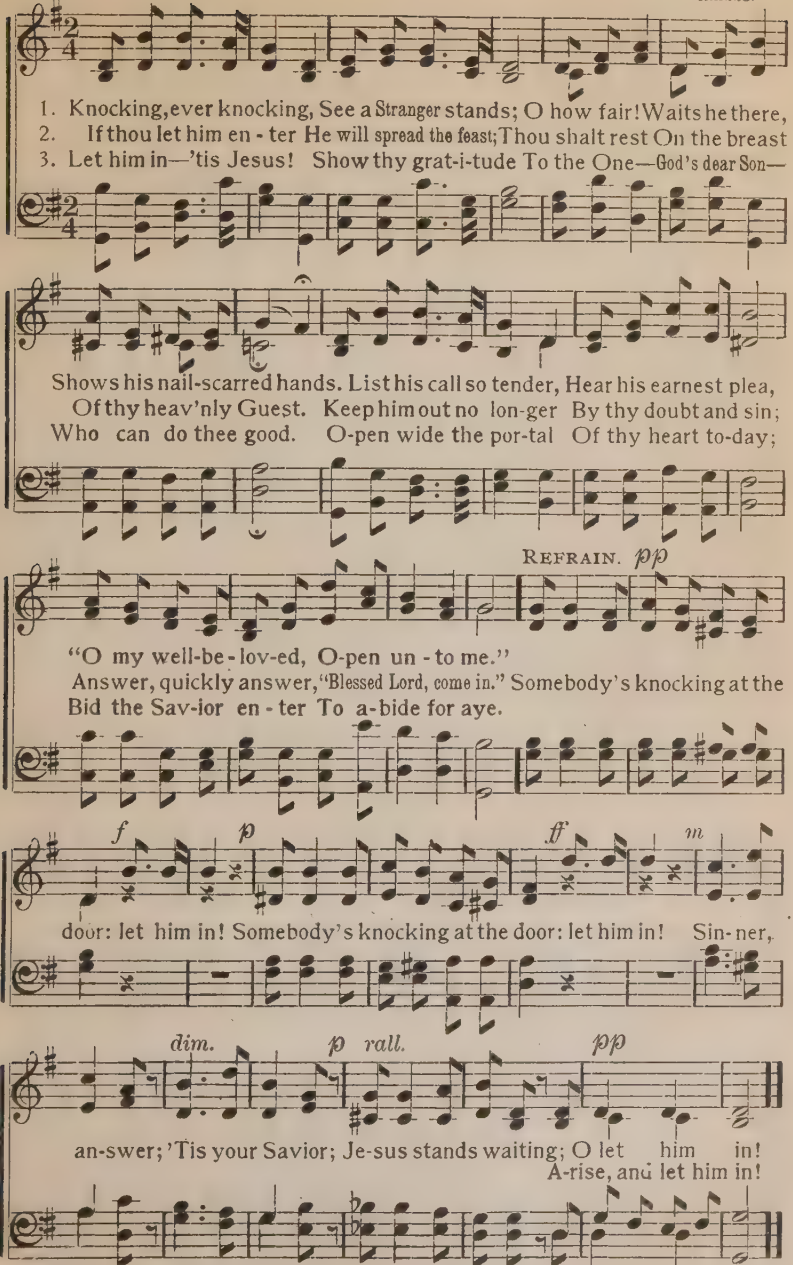
348 (5) Somebody's Knocking.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.


1. Knocking, ever knocking, See a Stranger stands; O how fair! Waits he there,
2. If thou let him en - ter He will spread the feast; Thou shalt rest On the breast
3. Let him in—'tis Jesus! Show thy grat-i-tude To the One—God's dear Son—
Shows his nail-scarred hands. List his call so tender, Hear his earnest plea,
Of thy heav'nly Guest. Keep him out no lon-ger By thy doubt and sin;
Who can do thee good. O-pen wide the por-tal Of thy heart to-day;
REFRAIN. pp
"O my well-be-lov-ed, O-pen un - to me."
Answer, quickly answer, "Blessed Lord, come in." Somebody's knocking at the
Bid the Sav-ior en - ter To a-bide for aye.
f p ff m
door: let him in! Somebody's knocking at the door: let him in! Sin-ner,
dim. p rall. pp
an-swer; 'Tis your Savior; Je-sus stands waiting; O let him in!
A-rise, and let him in!

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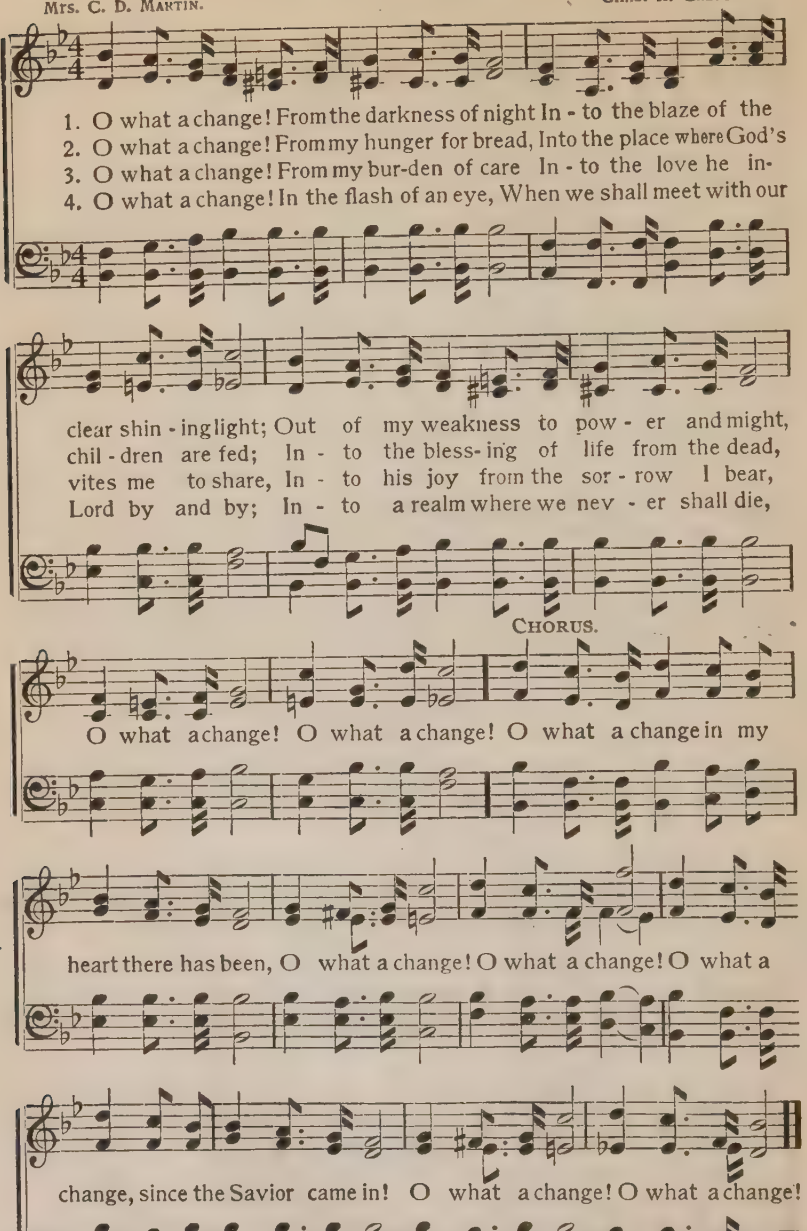
349 (6) What a Change!

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. O what a change! From the darkness of night In - to the blaze of the
2. O what a change! From my hunger for bread, Into the place where God's
3. O what a change! From my bur-den of care In - to the love he in-
4. O what a change! In the flash of an eye, When we shall meet with our
clear shin - ing light; Out of my weakness to pow - er and might,
chil - dren are fed; In - to the bless- ing of life from the dead,
vites me to share, In - to his joy from the sor - row I bear,
Lord by and by; In - to a realm where we nev - er shall die,
Chorus.
O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my
heart there has been, O what a change! O what a change! O what a
change, since the Savior came in! O what a change! O what a change!

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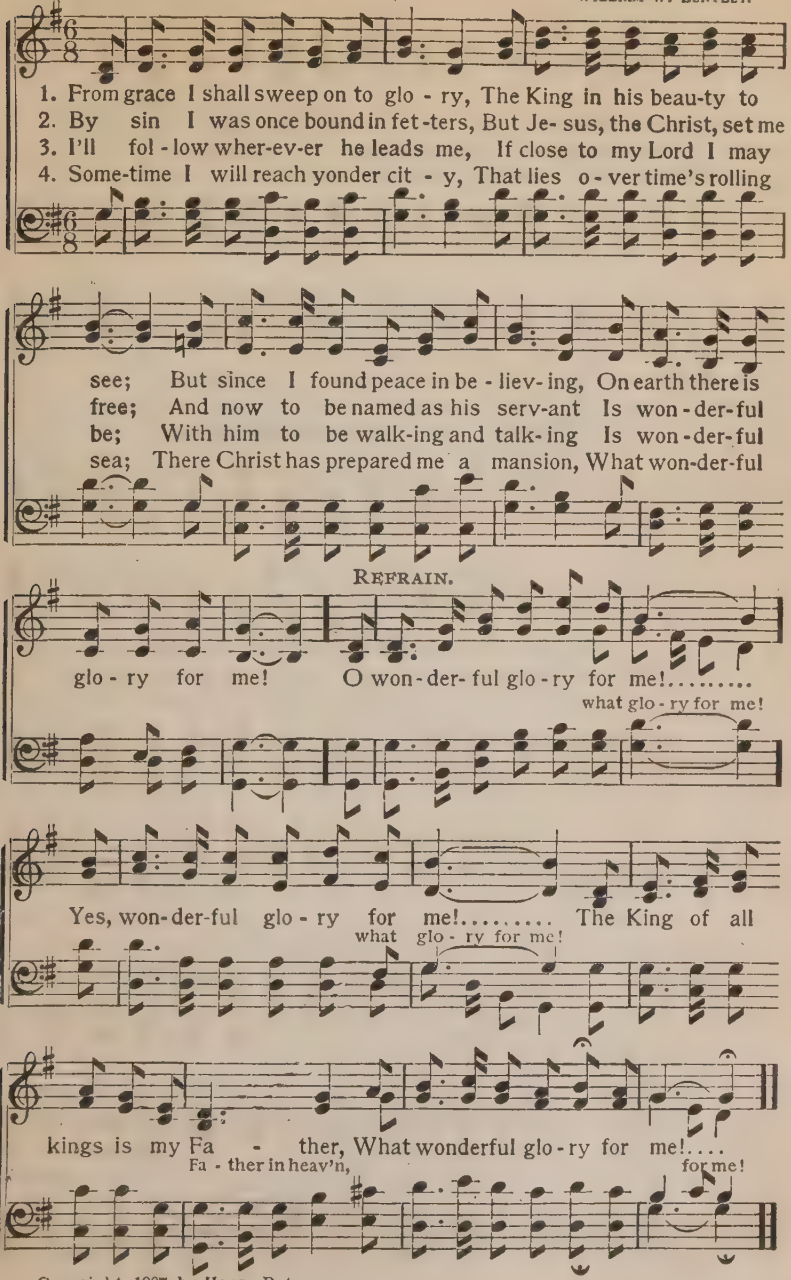
350 (7) Wonderful Glory for Me.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.


1. From grace I shall sweep on to glo - ry, The King in his beau-ty to
2. By sin I was once bound in fet-ters, But Je- sus, the Christ, set me
3. I'll fol - low wher-ev-er he leads me, If close to my Lord I may
4. Some-time I will reach yonder cit - y, That lies o - ver time's rolling
see; But since I found peace in be - liev - ing, On earth there is
free; And now to be named as his serv-ant Is won - der-ful
be; With him to be walk-ing and talk-ing Is won - der-ful
sea; There Christ has prepared me a mansion, What won-der-ful
REFRAIN.
glo - ry for me! O won - der- ful glo - ry for me!.....
what glo - ry for me!
Yes, won-der-ful glo - ry for me!..... The King of all
what glo - ry for me!
kings is my Fa - ther, What wonderful glo - ry for me!....
Fa - ther in heav'n, for me!

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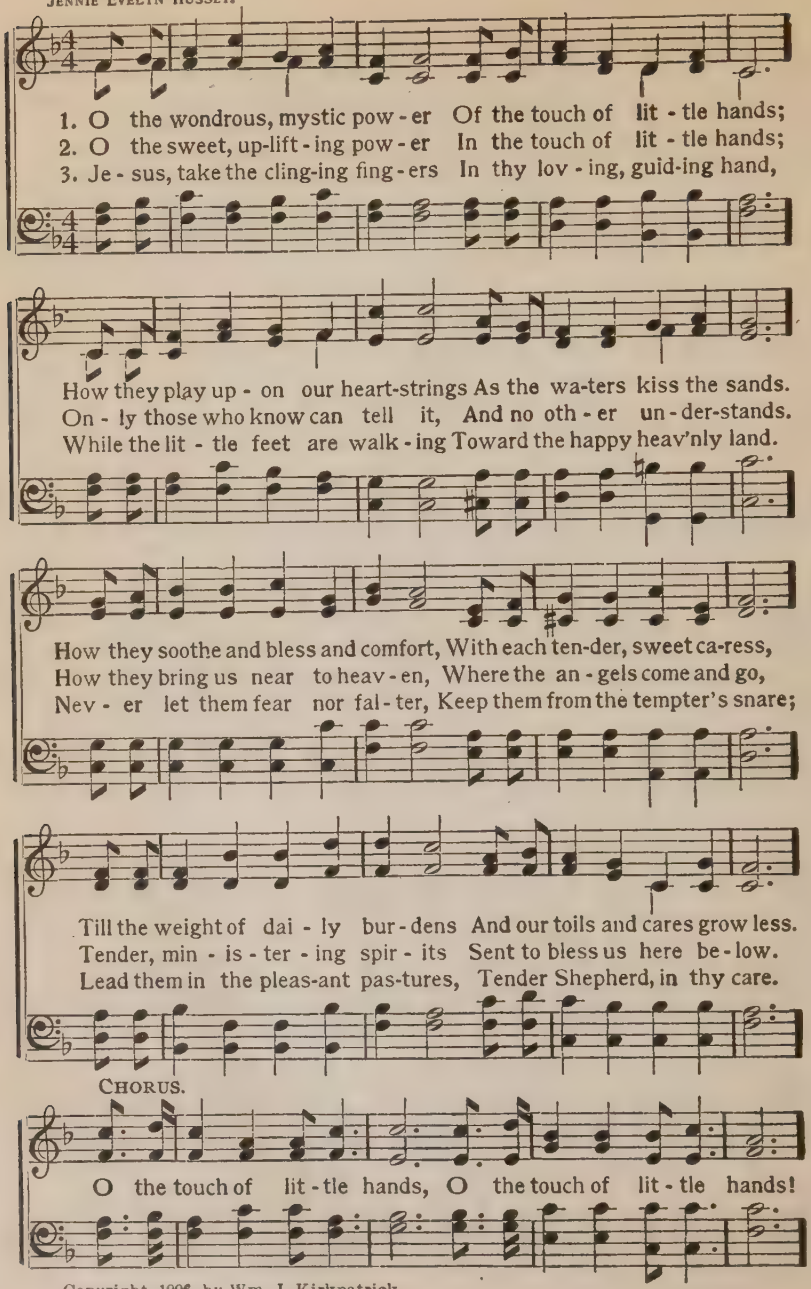
351 (8) The Touch of Little Hands.

JENNIE EVELYN HUSSEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. O the wondrous, mystic pow - er Of the touch of lit - tle hands;
2. O the sweet, up-lift - ing pow - er In the touch of lit - tle hands;
3. Je - sus, take the cling-ing fing - ers In thy lov - ing, guid-ing hand,
How they play up - on our heart-strings As the wa-ters kiss the sands.
On - ly those who know can tell it, And no oth - er un - der-stands.
While the lit - tle feet are walk - ing Toward the happy heav'nly land.
How they soothe and bless and comfort, With each ten-der, sweet ca-ress,
How they bring us near to heav - en, Where the an - gels come and go,
Nev - er let them fear nor fal - ter, Keep them from the tempter's snare;
Till the weight of dai - ly bur - dens And our toils and cares grow less.
Tender, min - is - ter - ing spir - its Sent to bless us here be - low.
Lead them in the pleas-ant pas-tures, Tender Shepherd, in thy care.
CHORUS.
O the touch of lit - tle hands, O the touch of lit - tle hands!

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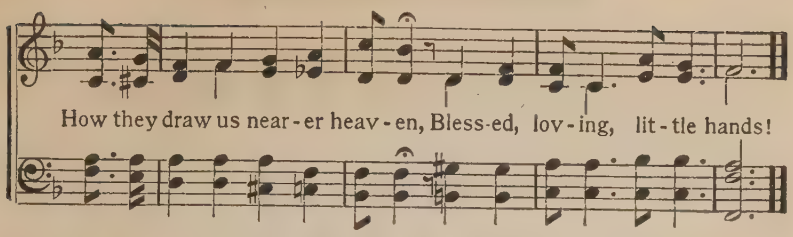
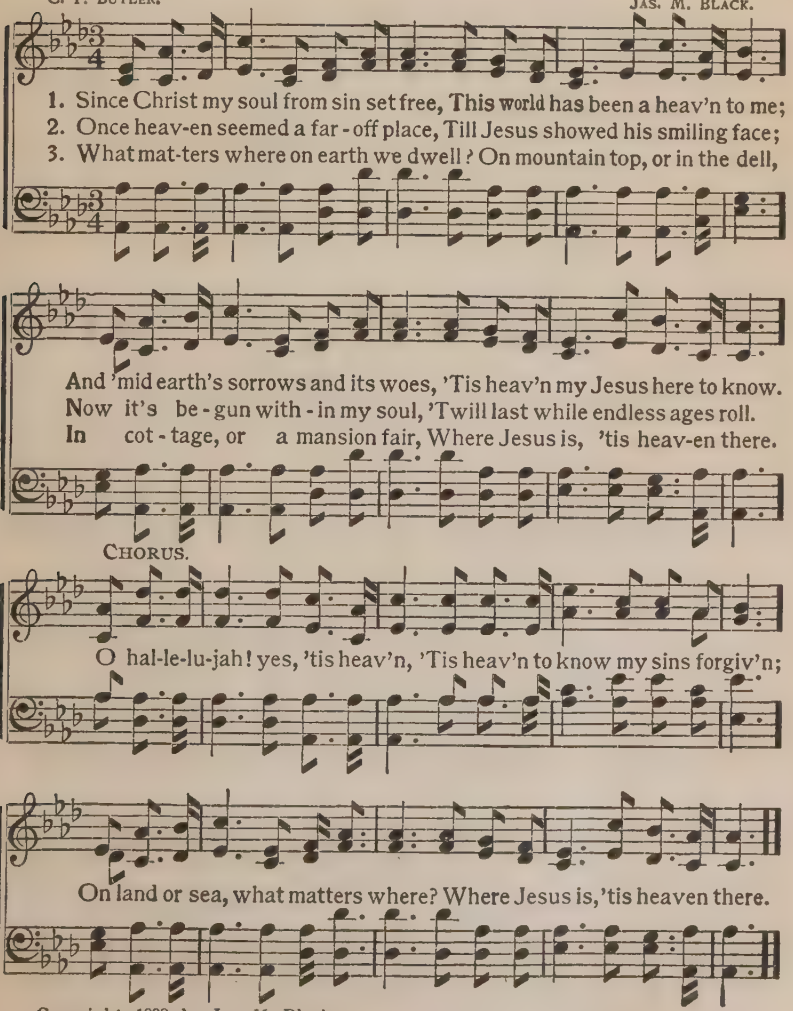
The Touch of Little Hands.



352 (9) Where Jesus Is, 'T is Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER. JAS. M. BLACK.


1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seemed a far - off place, Till Jesus showed his smiling face;
3. What mat-ters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell,
And 'mid earth's sorrows and its woes, 'Tis heav'n my Jesus here to know.
Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while endless ages roll.
In cot - tage, or a mansion fair, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.
CHORUS.
O hal-le-lu-jah! yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;
On land or sea, what matters where? Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there.

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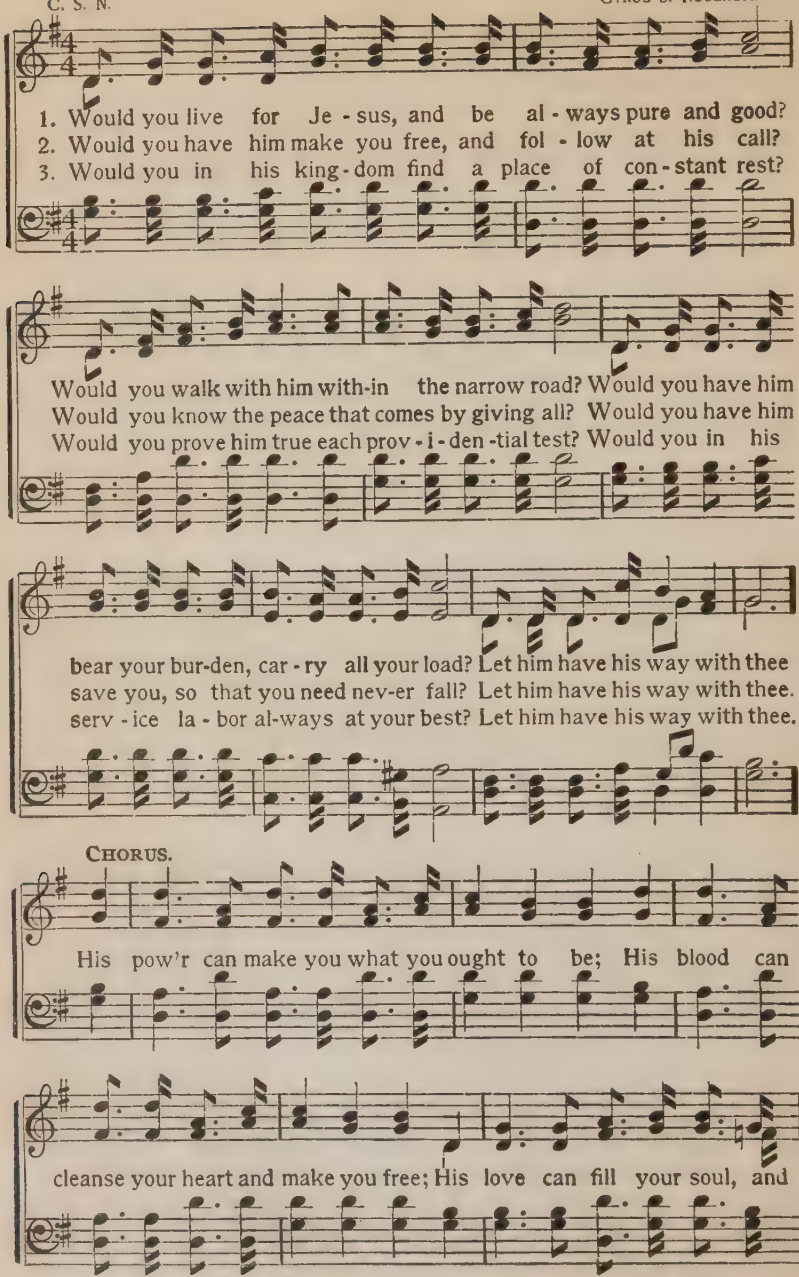
353 (10) His Way With Thee.

C. S. N. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.


1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al - ways pure and good?
2. Would you have him make you free, and fol - low at his call?
3. Would you in his king - dom find a place of con - stant rest?
Would you walk with him with-in the narrow road? Would you have him
Would you know the peace that comes by giving all? Would you have him
Would you prove him true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his
bear your bur-den, car - ry all your load? Let him have his way with thee
save you, so that you need nev-er fall? Let him have his way with thee.
serv - ice la - bor al-ways at your best? Let him have his way with thee.
CHORUS.
His pow'r can make you what you ought to be; His blood can
cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and

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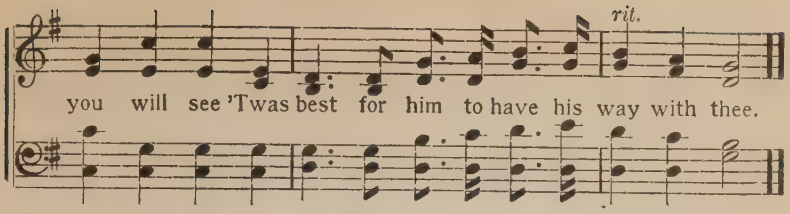
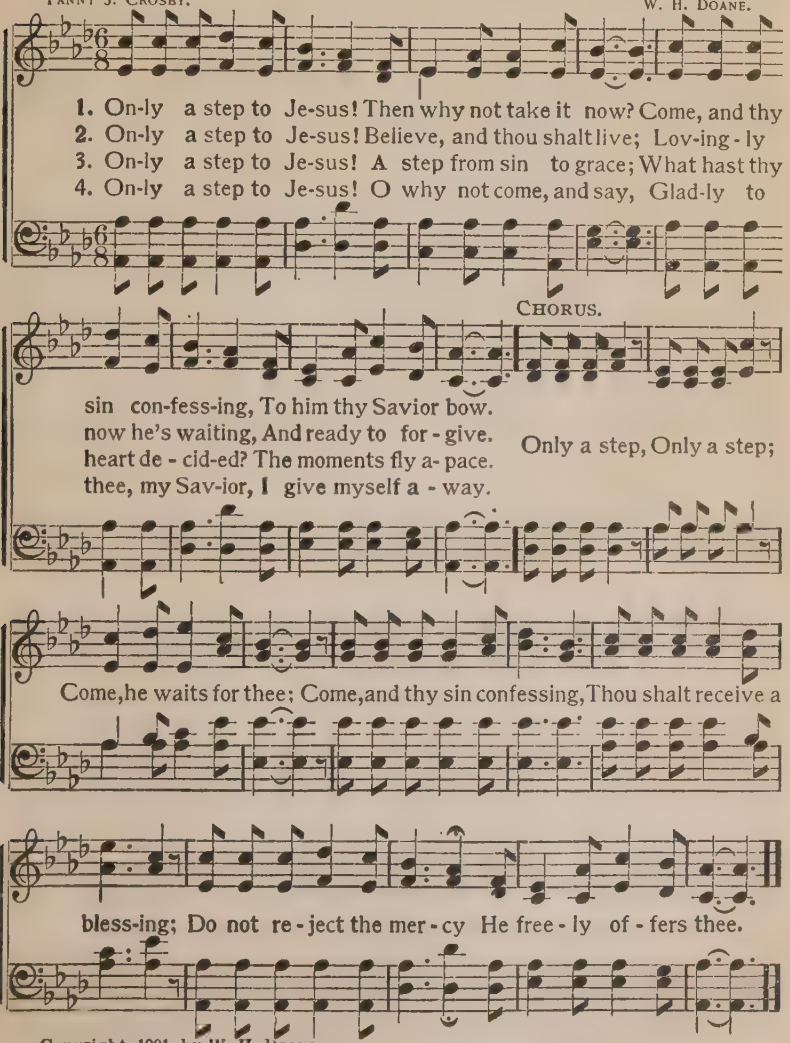
His Way With Thee.



354 (11) Only a Step.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and thy
2. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Believe, and thou shalt live; Lov-ing-ly
3. On-ly a step to Je-sus! A step from sin to grace; What hast thy
4. On-ly a step to Je-sus! O why not come, and say, Glad-ly to
CHORUS.
sin con-fess-ing, To him thy Savior bow.
now he's waiting, And ready to for-give.
heart de-cid-ed? The moments fly a-pace.
thee, my Sav-ior, I give myself a-way.
Only a step, Only a step;
Come, he waits for thee; Come, and thy sin confessing, Thou shalt receive a
bless-ing; Do not re-ject the mer-cy He free-ly of-fers thee.

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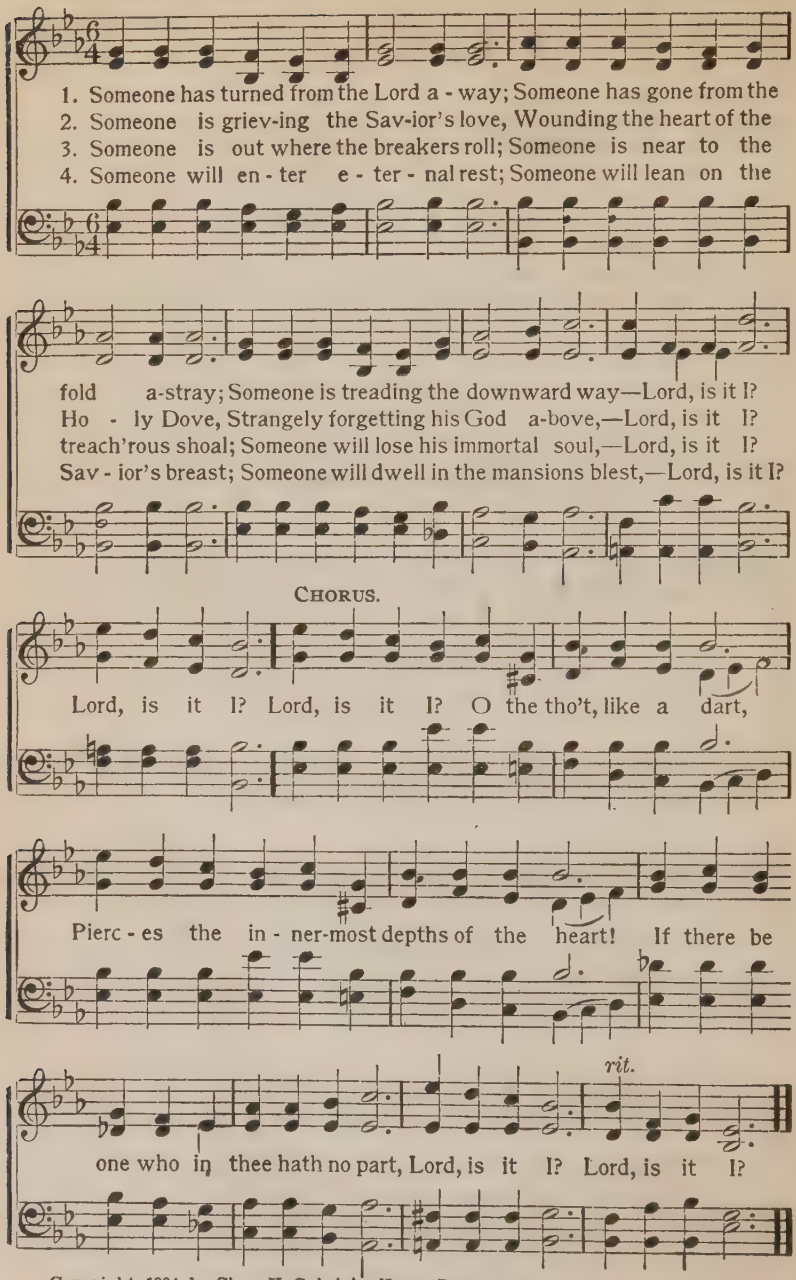
355 (12) Lord, Is It I?

MARION WENDELL HUBBARD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Someone has turned from the Lord a - way; Someone has gone from the
2. Someone is griev-ing the Sav-ior's love, Wounding the heart of the
3. Someone is out where the breakers roll; Someone is near to the
4. Someone will en - ter e - ter - nal rest; Someone will lean on the
fold a-stray; Someone is treading the downward way—Lord, is it I?
Ho - ly Dove, Strangely forgetting his God a-bove,—Lord, is it I?
treach'rous shoal; Someone will lose his immortal soul,—Lord, is it I?
Sav - ior's breast; Someone will dwell in the mansions blest,—Lord, is it I?
CHORUS.
Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I? O the tho't, like a dart,
Pierc - es the in - ner-most depths of the heart! If there be
rit.
one who in thee hath no part, Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?

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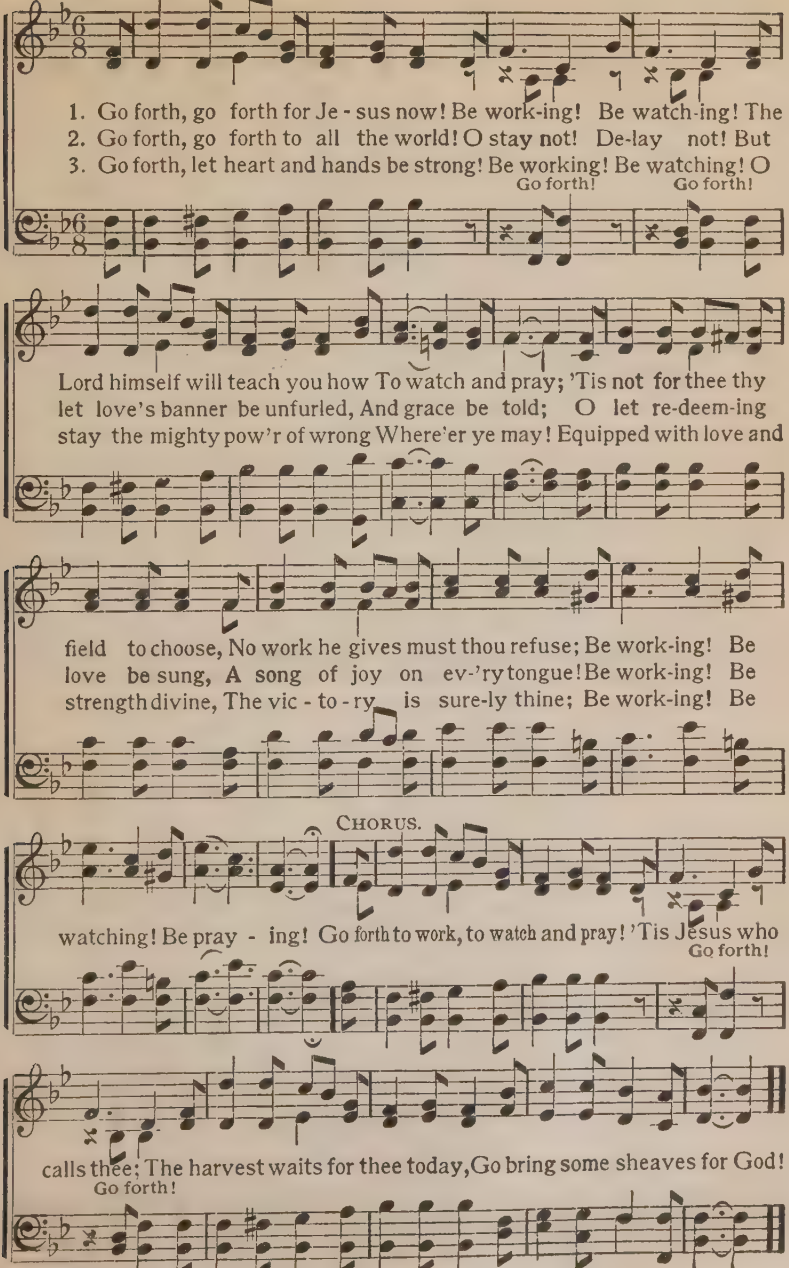
356 (13) Working, Watching, Praying.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Powell G. Fithian.


1. Go forth, go forth for Je - sus now! Be work-ing! Be watch-ing! The
2. Go forth, go forth to all the world! O stay not! De-lay not! But
3. Go forth, let heart and hands be strong! Be working! Be watching! O
Go forth!
Go forth!
Lord himself will teach you how To watch and pray; 'Tis not for thee thy
let love's banner be unfurled, And grace be told; O let re-deem-ing
stay the mighty pow'r of wrong Where'er ye may! Equipped with love and
field to choose, No work he gives must thou refuse; Be work-ing! Be
love be sung, A song of joy on ev-'ry tongue! Be work-ing! Be
strength divine, The vic - to - ry is sure-ly thine; Be work-ing! Be
CHORUS.
watching! Be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Jesus who
Go forth!
calls thee; The harvest waits for thee today, Go bring some sheaves for God!
Go forth!

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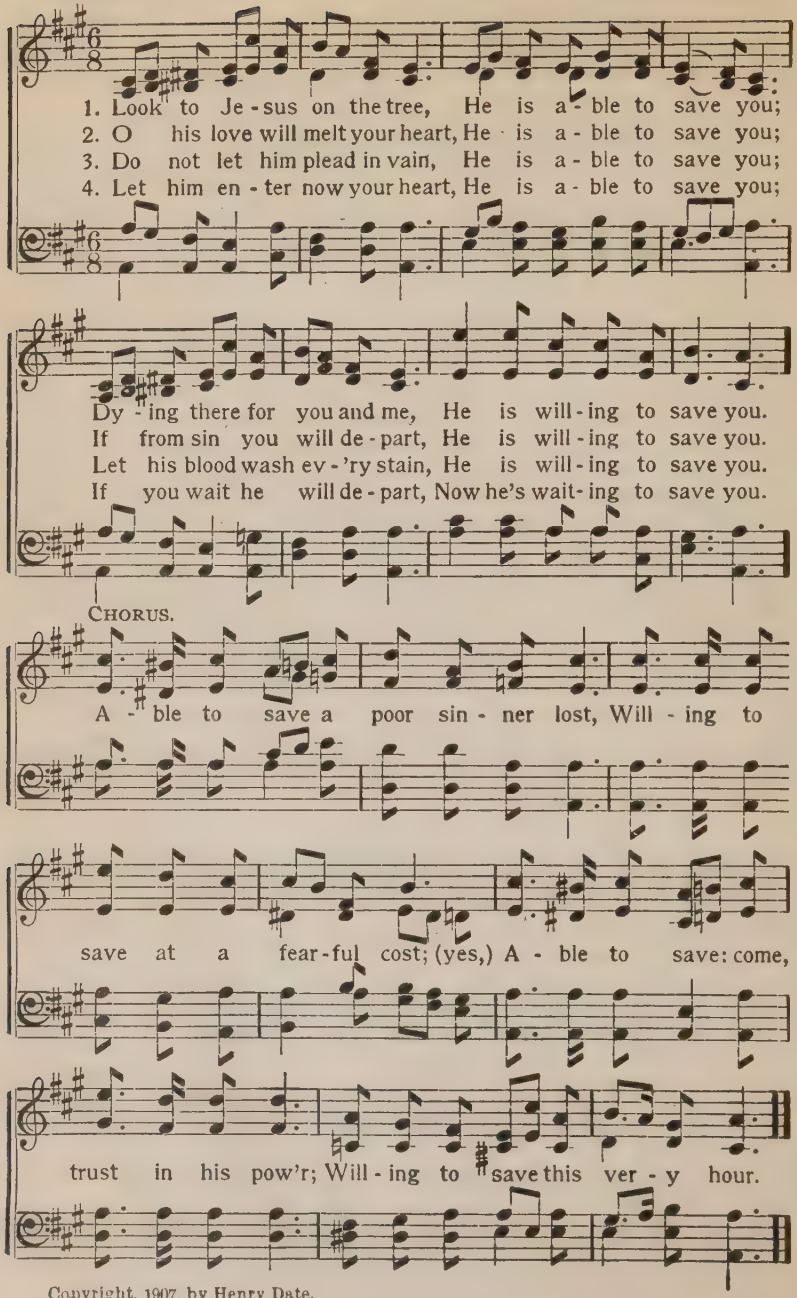
357 (14)

Able to Save.

R. VENTING. ALICE E. SUMNER.

1. Look to Je - sus on the tree, He is a - ble to save you;
2. O his love will melt your heart, He is a - ble to save you;
3. Do not let him plead in vain, He is a - ble to save you;
4. Let him en - ter now your heart, He is a - ble to save you;
Dy - ing there for you and me, He is will - ing to save you.
If from sin you will de - part, He is will - ing to save you.
Let his blood wash ev - 'ry stain, He is will - ing to save you.
If you wait he will de - part, Now he's wait - ing to save you.
CHORUS.
A - ble to save a poor sin - ner lost, Will - ing to
save at a fear - ful cost; (yes,) A - ble to save: come,
trust in his pow'r; Will - ing to save this ver - y hour.

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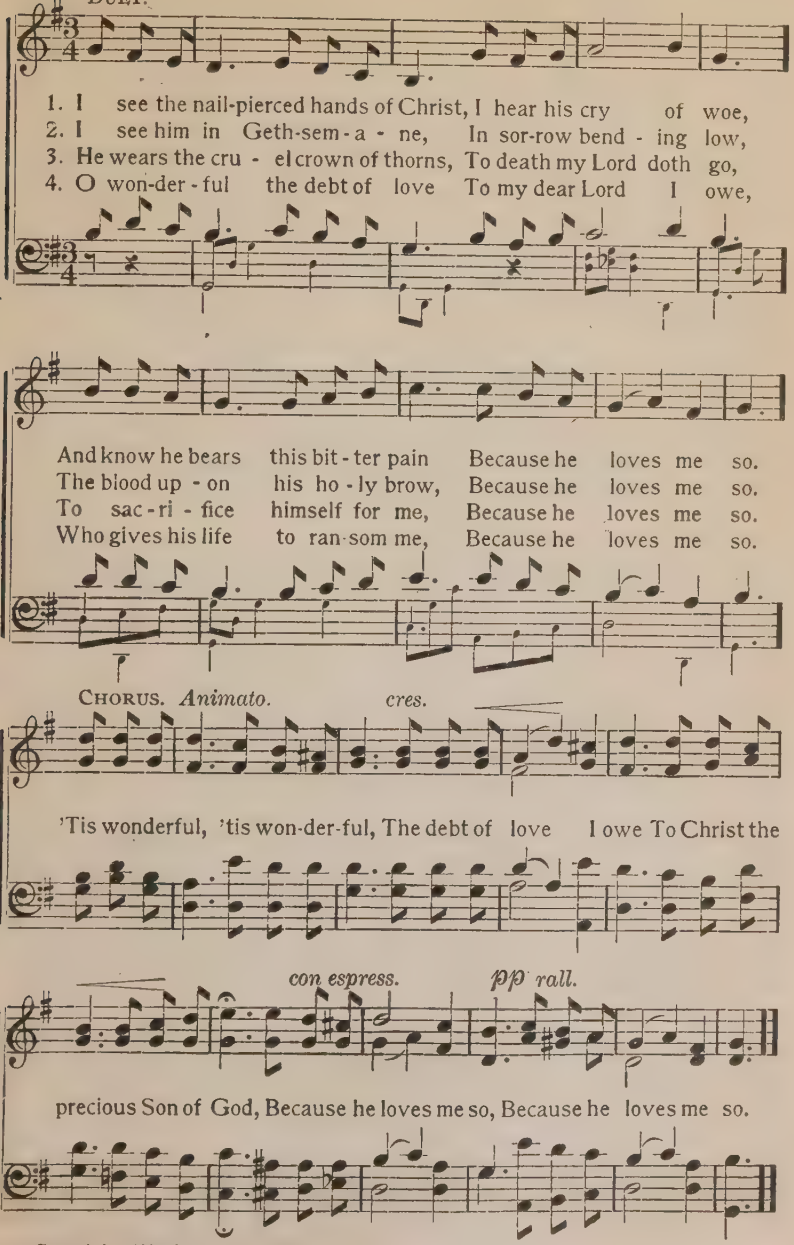
358 (15) Because He Loves Me So.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. MRS. FANNIE L. SIMPSON.

DUET.


1. I see the nail-pierced hands of Christ, I hear his cry of woe,
2. I see him in Geth-sem-a - ne, In sor-row bend - ing low,
3. He wears the cru - el crown of thorns, To death my Lord doth go,
4. O won-der - ful the debt of love To my dear Lord I owe,
And know he bears this bit - ter pain Because he loves me so.
The blood up - on his ho - ly brow, Because he loves me so.
To sac - ri - fice himself for me, Because he loves me so.
Who gives his life to ran-som me, Because he loves me so.
CHORUS. Animato. cres.
'Tis wonderful, 'tis won-der-ful, The debt of love I owe To Christ the
con espress. pp rall.
precious Son of God, Because he loves me so, Because he loves me so.

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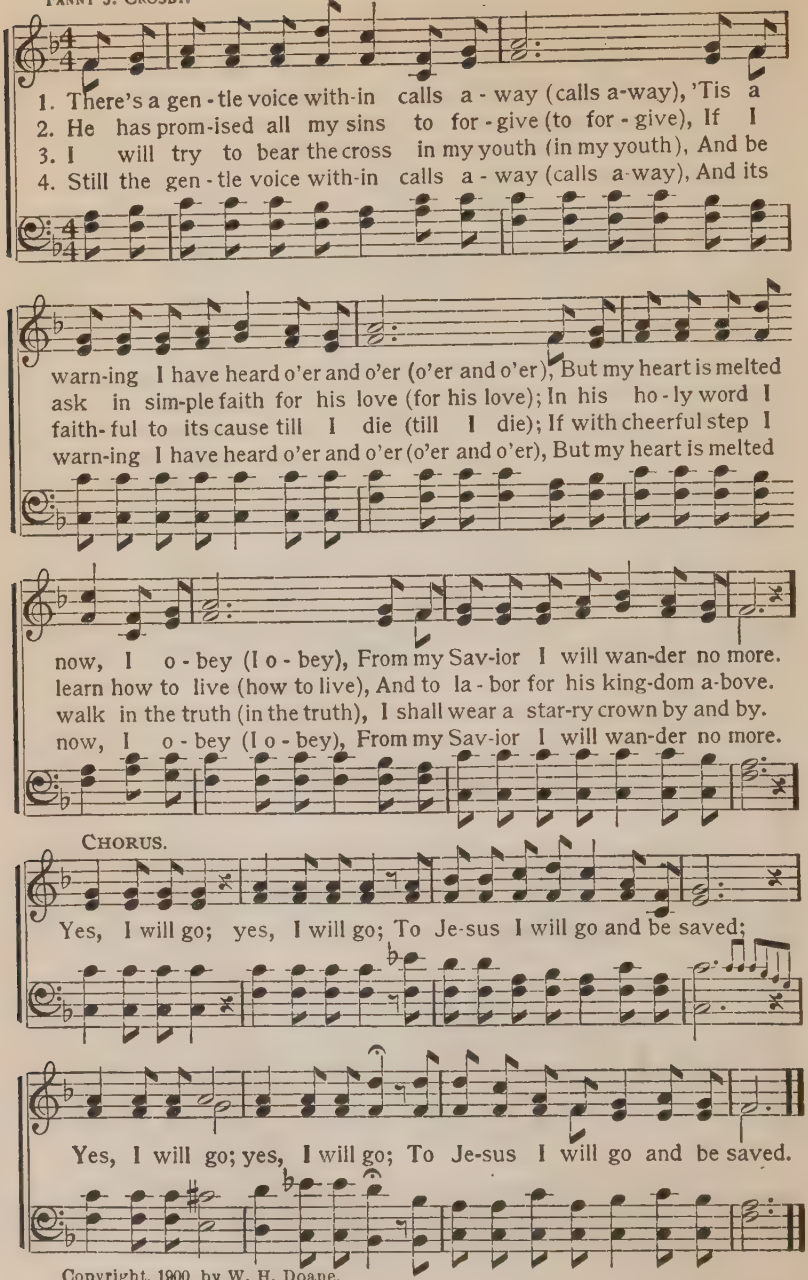
359 (16) To Jesus I Will Go.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. There's a gen - tle voice with-in calls a - way (calls a-way), 'Tis a
2. He has prom-ised all my sins to for - give (to for - give), If I
3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth (in my youth), And be
4. Still the gen - tle voice with-in calls a - way (calls a-way), And its
warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er (o'er and o'er), But my heart is melted
ask in sim-ple faith for his love (for his love); In his ho - ly word I
faith-ful to its cause till I die (till I die); If with cheerful step I
warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er (o'er and o'er), But my heart is melted
now, I o - bey (I o - bey), From my Sav-ior I will wan-der no more.
learn how to live (how to live), And to la - bor for his king-dom a-bove.
walk in the truth (in the truth), I shall wear a star-ry crown by and by.
now, I o - bey (I o - bey), From my Sav-ior I will wan-der no more.
CHORUS.
Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved;
Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved.

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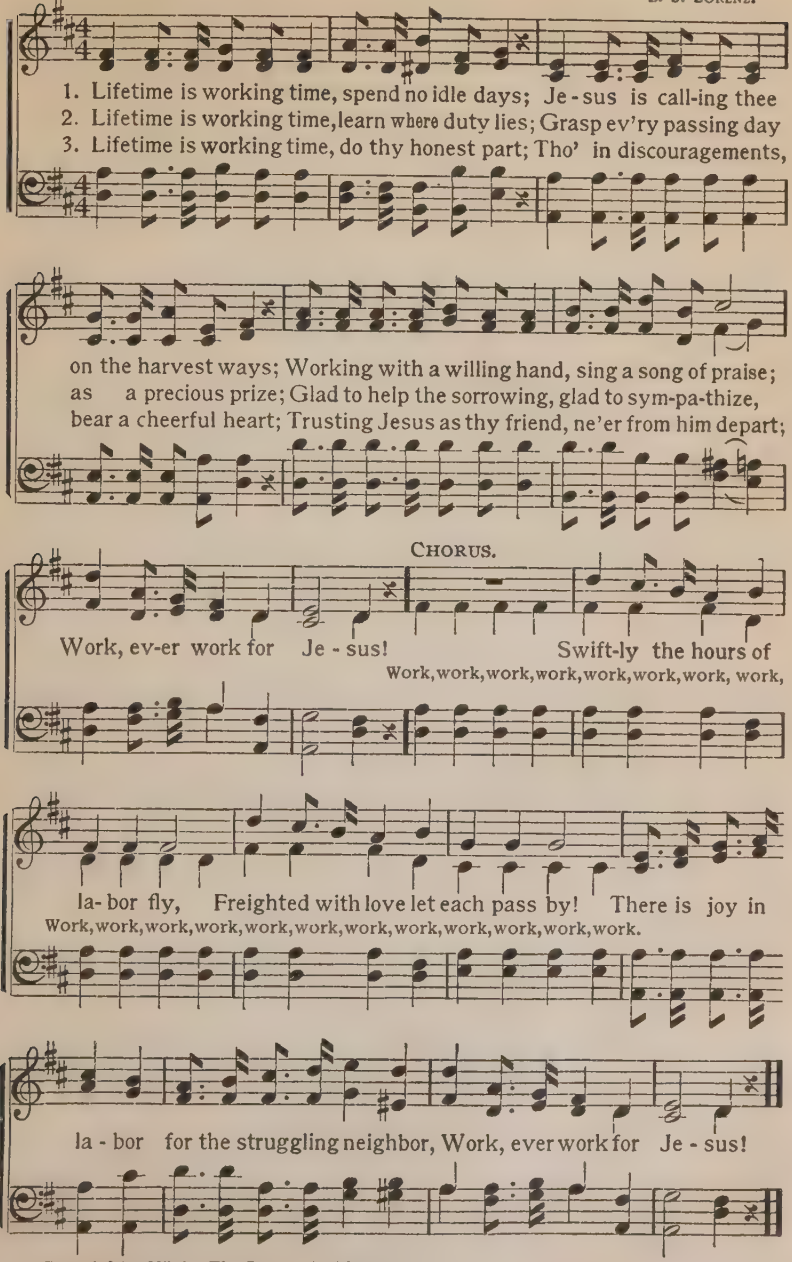
360 (17) Lifetime is Working Time.

MRS. CARRIE A. BRECK. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Lifetime is working time, spend no idle days; Je - sus is call-ing thee
2. Lifetime is working time, learn where duty lies; Grasp ev'ry passing day
3. Lifetime is working time, do thy honest part; Tho' in discouragements,
on the harvest ways; Working with a willing hand, sing a song of praise;
as a precious prize; Glad to help the sorrowing, glad to sym-pa-thize,
bear a cheerful heart; Trusting Jesus as thy friend, ne'er from him depart;
CHORUS.
Work, ev-er work for Je - sus! Swift-ly the hours of
Work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work,
la- bor fly, Freighted with love let each pass by! There is joy in
Work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work.
la - bor for the struggling neighbor, Work, ever work for Je - sus!

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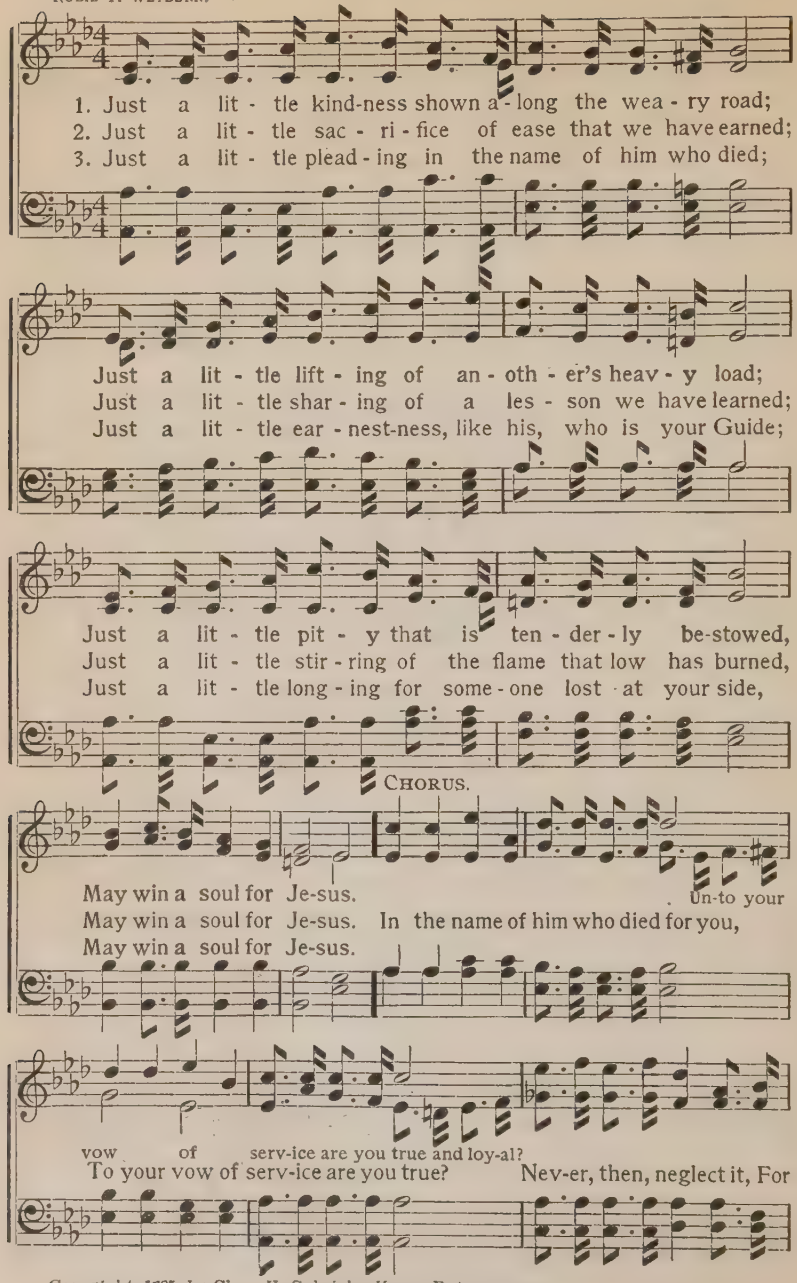
361 (18) Just a Little.

RUBIE T. WEYBURN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Just a lit - tle kind-ness shown a - long the wea - ry road;
2. Just a lit - tle sac - ri - fice of ease that we have earned;
3. Just a lit - tle plead - ing in the name of him who died;
Just a lit - tle lift - ing of an - oth - er's heav - y load;
Just a lit - tle shar - ing of a les - son we have learned;
Just a lit - tle ear - nest-ness, like his, who is your Guide;
Just a lit - tle pit - y that is ten - der - ly be-stowed,
Just a lit - tle stir - ring of the flame that low has burned,
Just a lit - tle long - ing for some - one lost at your side,
CHORUS.
May win a soul for Je-sus.
May win a soul for Je-sus.
May win a soul for Je-sus.
Un-to your
In the name of him who died for you,
vow of serv-ice are you true and loy-al?
To your vow of serv-ice are you true?
Nev-er, then, neglect it, For

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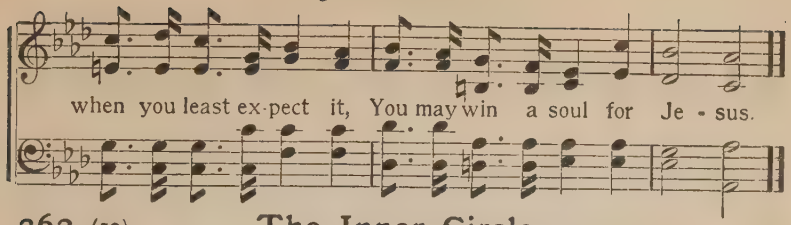
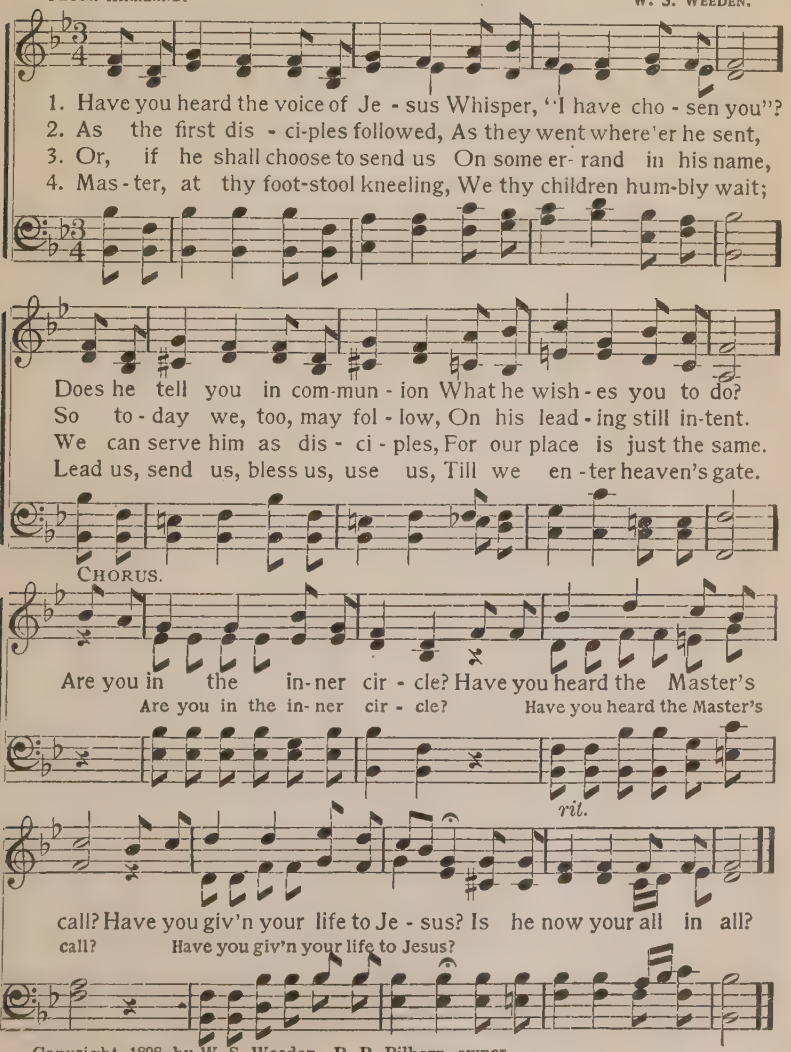
Just a Little.



362 (19) The Inner Circle.

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.


1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have cho - sen you"?
2. As the first dis - ci-ples followed, As they went where'er he sent,
3. Or, if he shall choose to send us On some er- rand in his name,
4. Mas - ter, at thy foot-stool kneeling, We thy children hum-bly wait;
Does he tell you in com-mun - ion What he wish - es you to do?
So to - day we, too, may fol - low, On his lead - ing still in-tent.
We can serve him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.
CHORUS.
Are you in the in-ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's
Are you in the in- ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's
rit.
call? Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is he now your all in all?
call? Have you giv'n your life to Jesus?

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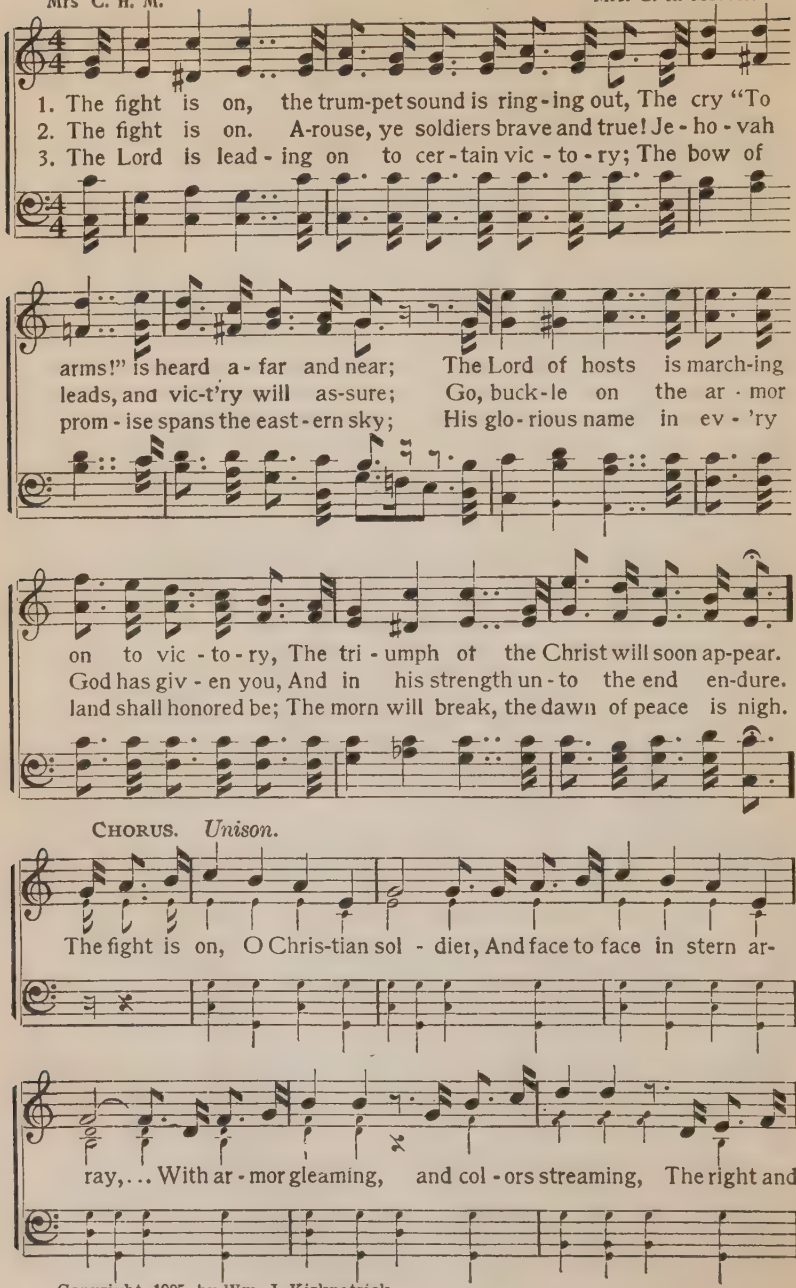
The Fight is On.

Mrs C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on. A-rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je-ho-vah
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor
prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry
on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv-en you, And in his strength un-to the end en-dure.
land shall honored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
CHORUS. Unison.
The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-
ray,... With ar-mor gleaming, and col-ors streaming, The right and

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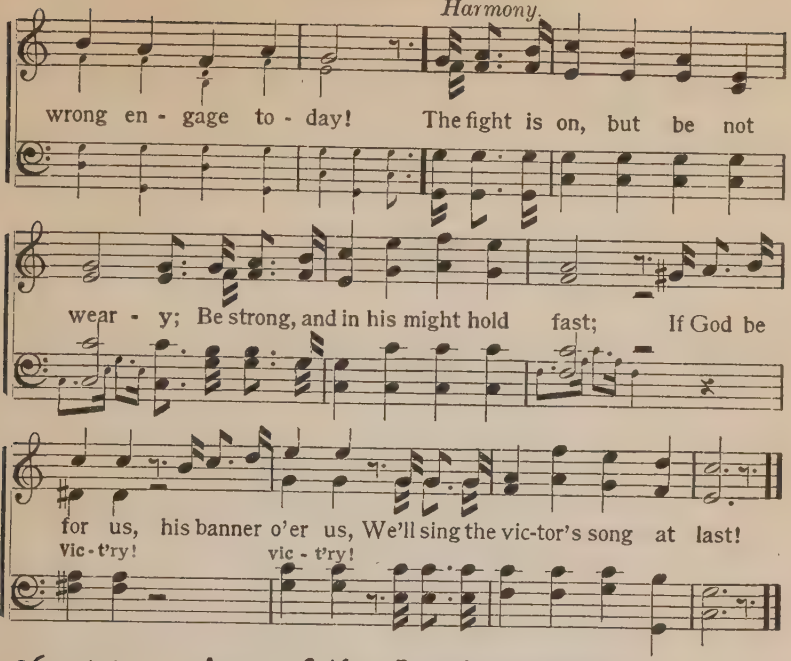
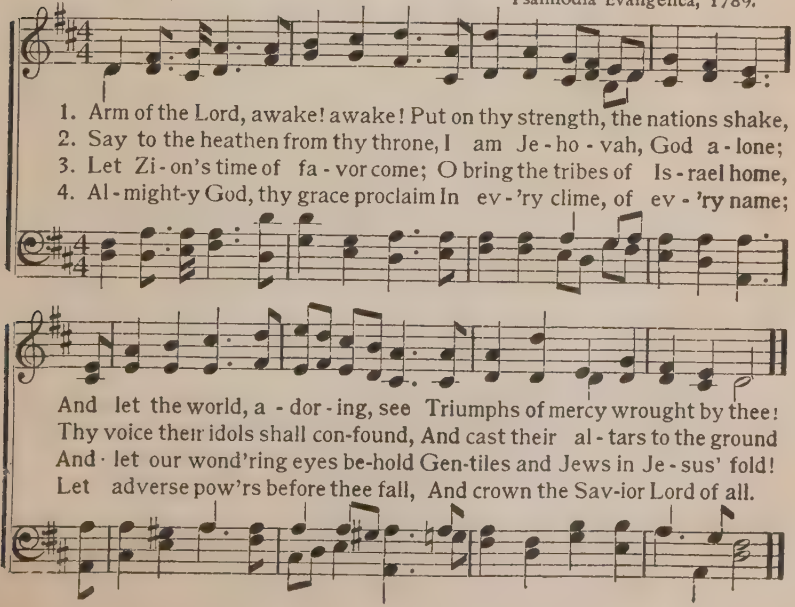
The Fight is On.

Harmony.


wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
wear - y; Be strong, and in his might hold fast; If God be
for us, his banner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

364 (21) Arm of the Lord, Awake!

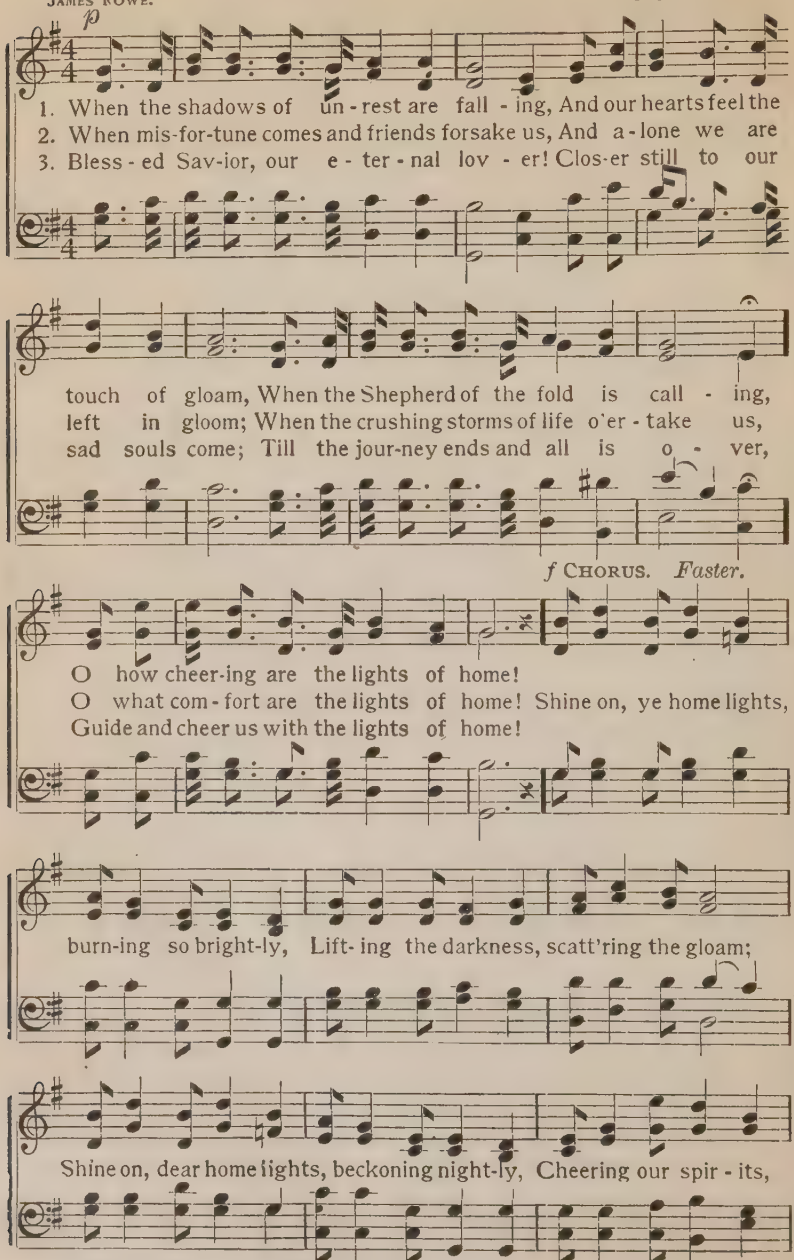
W. SHRUBSOLE. Psalmodia Evangelica, 1789.


1. Arm of the Lord, awake! awake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
2. Say to the heathen from thy throne, I am Je - ho - vah, God a - lone;
3. Let Zi - on's time of fa - vor come; O bring the tribes of Is - rael home,
4. Al - might-y God, thy grace proclaim In ev - 'ry clime, of ev - 'ry name;
And let the world, a - dor - ing, see Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee!
Thy voice their idols shall con-found, And cast their al - tars to the ground
And let our wond'ring eyes be-hold Gen-tiles and Jews in Je - sus' fold!
Let adverse pow'rs before thee fall, And crown the Sav-ior Lord of all.

Home Lights.

May be sung as Soprano and Tenor Duet, and Chorus.

JAMES ROWE. THORO HARRIS.


p
1. When the shadows of un - rest are fall - ing, And our hearts feel the
2. When mis-for-tune comes and friends forsake us, And a - lone we are
3. Bless - ed Sav-ior, our e - ter - nal lov - er! Clos-er still to our
touch of gloam, When the Shepherd of the fold is call - ing,
left in gloom; When the crushing storms of life o'er - take us,
sad souls come; Till the jour-ney ends and all is o - ver,
f CHORUS. Faster.
O how cheer-ing are the lights of home!
O what com - fort are the lights of home! Shine on, ye home lights,
Guide and cheer us with the lights of home!
burn-ing so bright-ly, Lift- ing the darkness, scatt'ring the gloam;
Shine on, dear home lights, beckoning night-ly, Cheering our spir - its,

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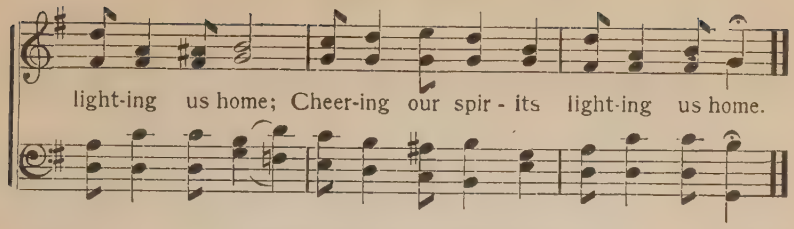
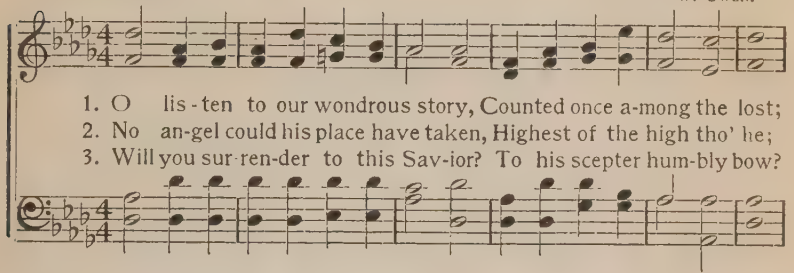
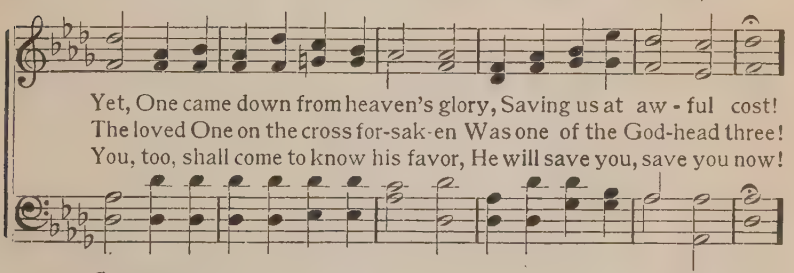
Home Lights.

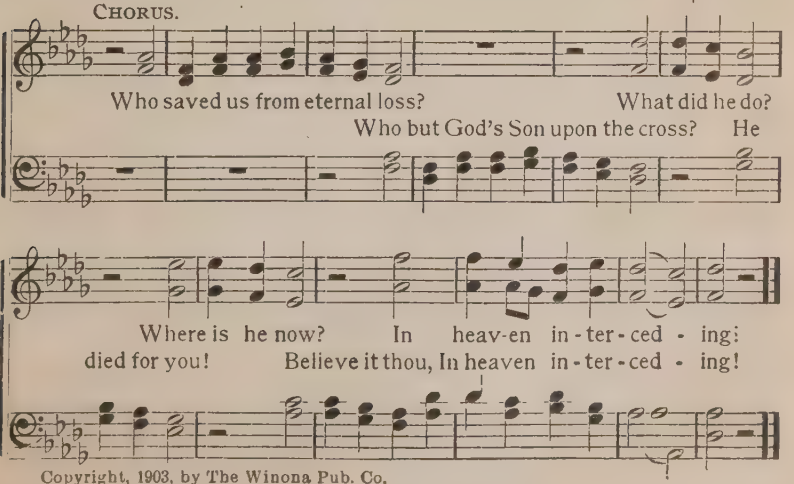


366 (23) What Did He Do?

Alt. by J. M. G. W. Owen.


1. O lis - ten to our wondrous story, Counted once a-mong the lost;
2. No an-gel could his place have taken, Highest of the high tho' he;
3. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav-ior? To his scepter hum-bly bow?


Yet, One came down from heaven's glory, Saving us at aw - ful cost!
The loved One on the cross for-sak-en Was one of the God-head three!
You, too, shall come to know his favor, He will save you, save you now!


Chorus.
Who saved us from eternal loss? What did he do?
Who but God's Son upon the cross? He
Where is he now? In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing:
died for you! Believe it thou, In heaven in - ter - ced - ing!

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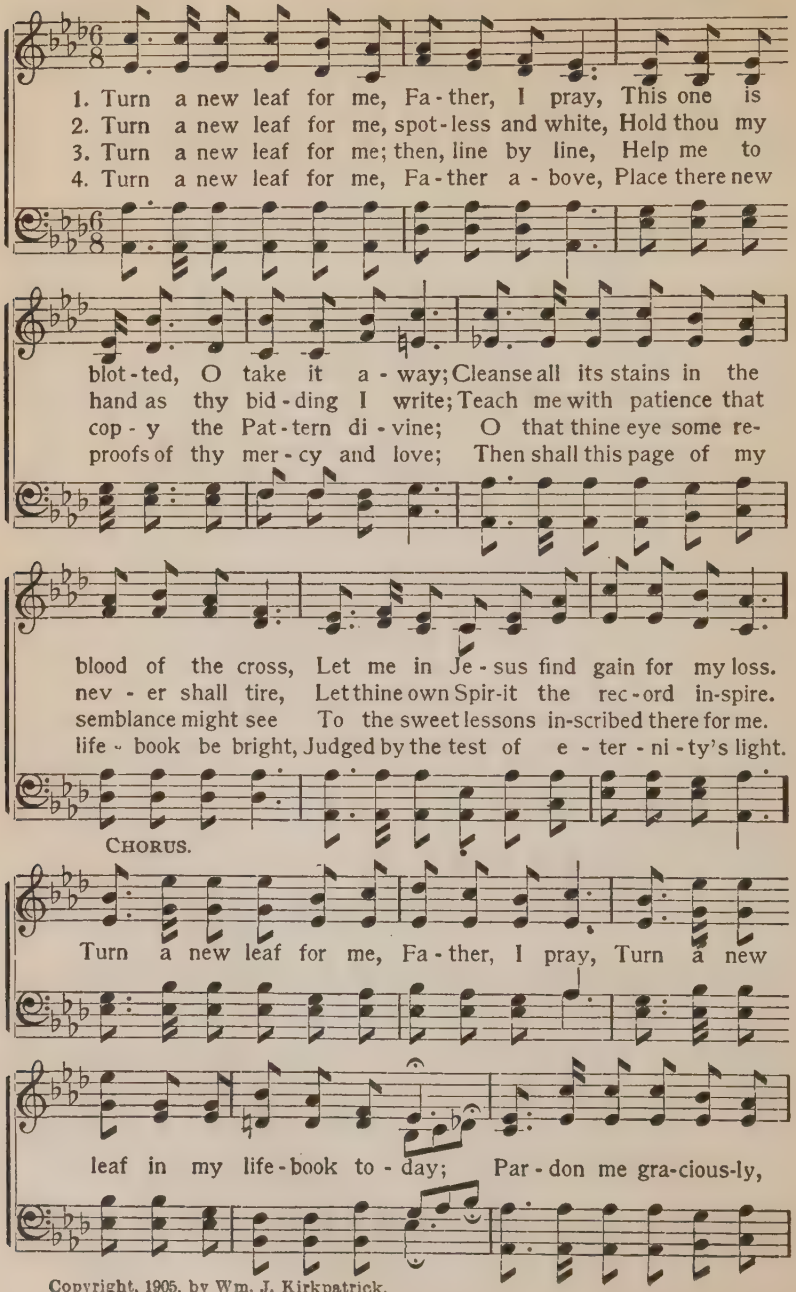
367 (24) Turn a New Leaf for Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Turn a new leaf for me, Fa-ther, I pray, This one is blot-ted, O take it a-way; Cleanse all its stains in the blood of the cross, Let me in Je-sus find gain for my loss.
2. Turn a new leaf for me, spot-less and white, Hold thou my hand as thy bid-ding I write; Teach me with patience that nev-er shall tire, Let thine own Spir-it the rec-ord in-spire.
3. Turn a new leaf for me; then, line by line, Help me to cop-y the Pat-tern di-vine; O that thine eye some re-semblance might see To the sweet lessons in-scribed there for me.
4. Turn a new leaf for me, Fa-ther a-bove, Place there new proofs of thy mer-cy and love; Then shall this page of my life-book be bright, Judged by the test of e-ter-ni-ty's light.
Chorus.
Turn a new leaf for me, Fa-ther, I pray, Turn a new leaf in my life-book to-day; Par-don me gra-cious-ly,

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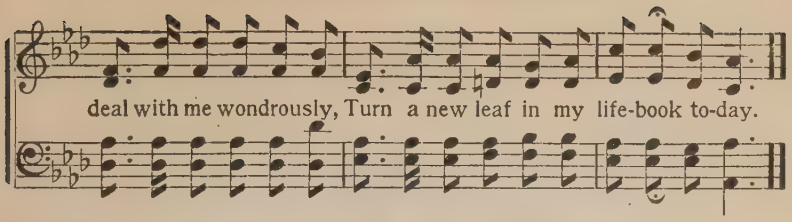
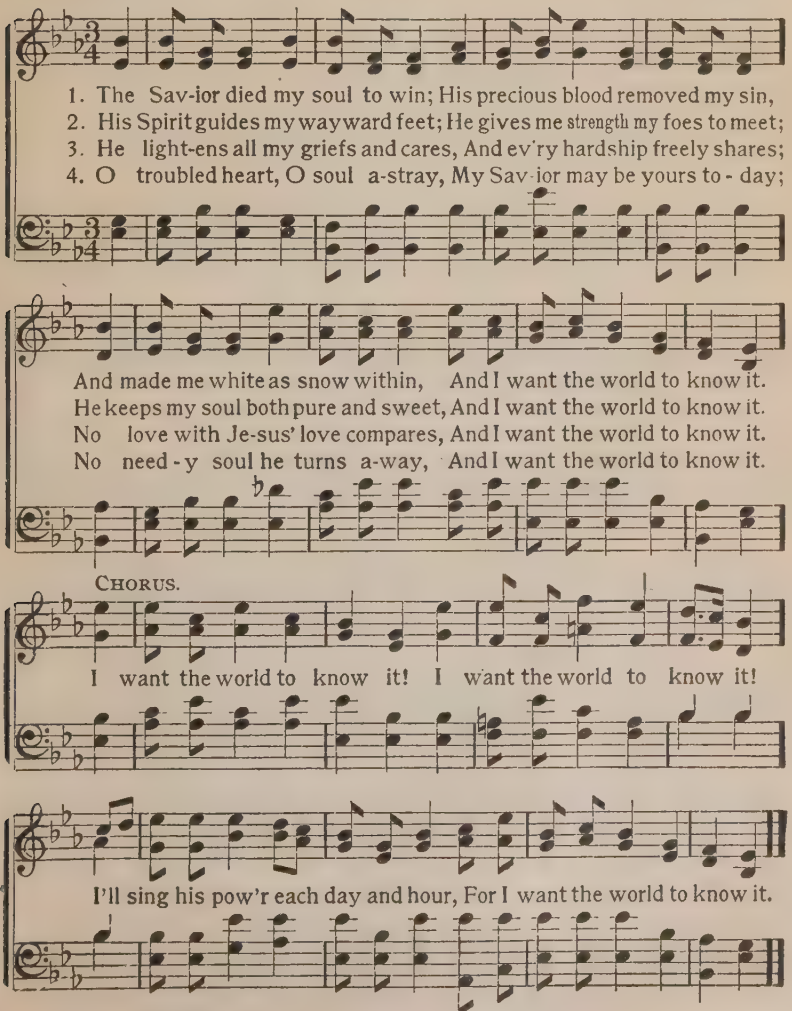
Turn a New Leaf for Me.



368 (25) I Want the World to Know It.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. The Sav-ior died my soul to win; His precious blood removed my sin,
2. His Spirit guides my wayward feet; He gives me strength my foes to meet;
3. He light-ens all my griefs and cares, And ev'ry hardship freely shares;
4. O troubled heart, O soul a-stray, My Sav-ior may be yours to-day;
And made me white as snow within, And I want the world to know it.
He keeps my soul both pure and sweet, And I want the world to know it.
No love with Je-sus' love compares, And I want the world to know it.
No need-y soul he turns a-way, And I want the world to know it.
CHORUS.
I want the world to know it! I want the world to know it!
I'll sing his pow'r each day and hour, For I want the world to know it.

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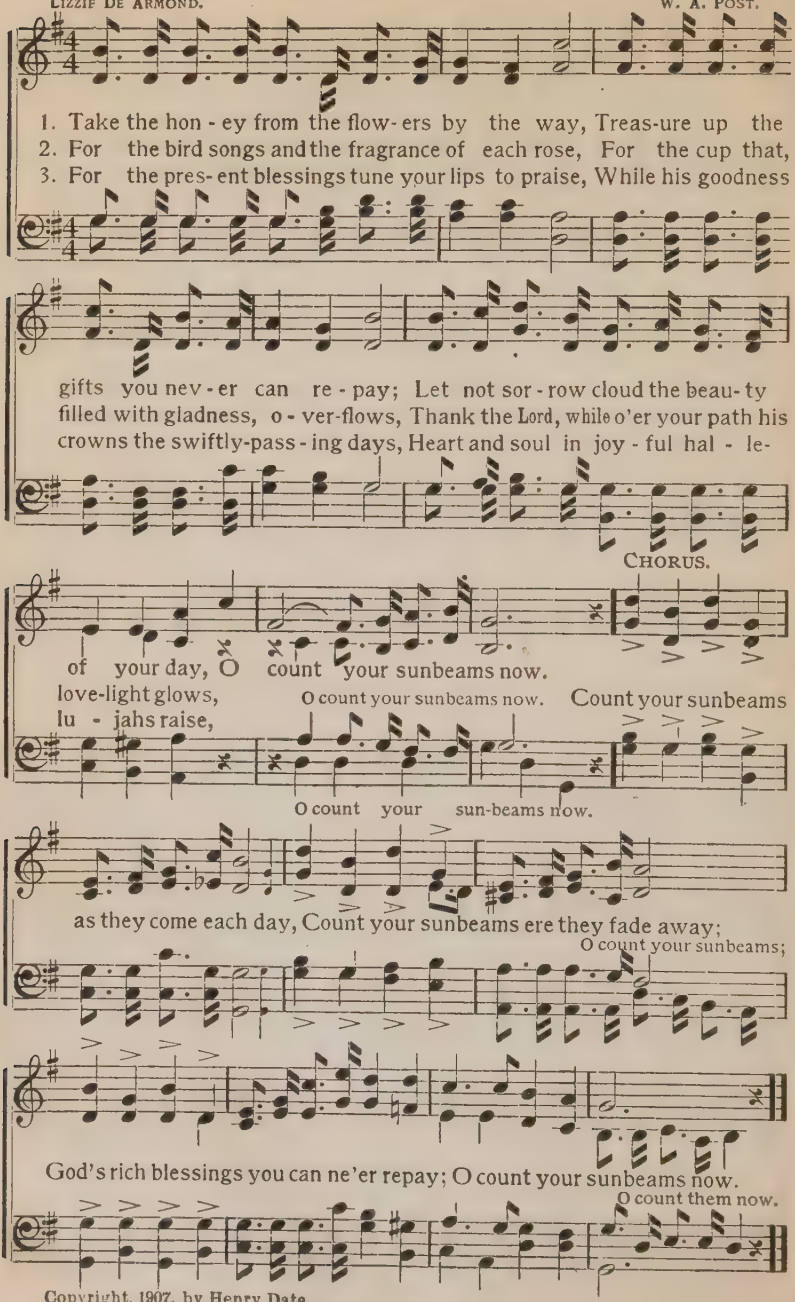
369 (26) Count Your Sunbeams Now.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. W. A. POST.


1. Take the hon - ey from the flow - ers by the way, Treas-ure up the
2. For the bird songs and the fragrance of each rose, For the cup that,
3. For the pres - ent blessings tune your lips to praise, While his goodness
gifts you nev - er can re - pay; Let not sor - row cloud the beau - ty
filled with gladness, o - ver-flows, Thank the Lord, while o'er your path his
crowns the swiftly-pass - ing days, Heart and soul in joy - ful hal - le-
CHORUS.
of your day, O count your sunbeams now.
love-light glows, O count your sunbeams now. Count your sunbeams
lu - jahs raise,
O count your sun-beams now.
as they come each day, Count your sunbeams ere they fade away;
O count your sunbeams;
God's rich blessings you can ne'er repay; O count your sunbeams now.
O count them now.

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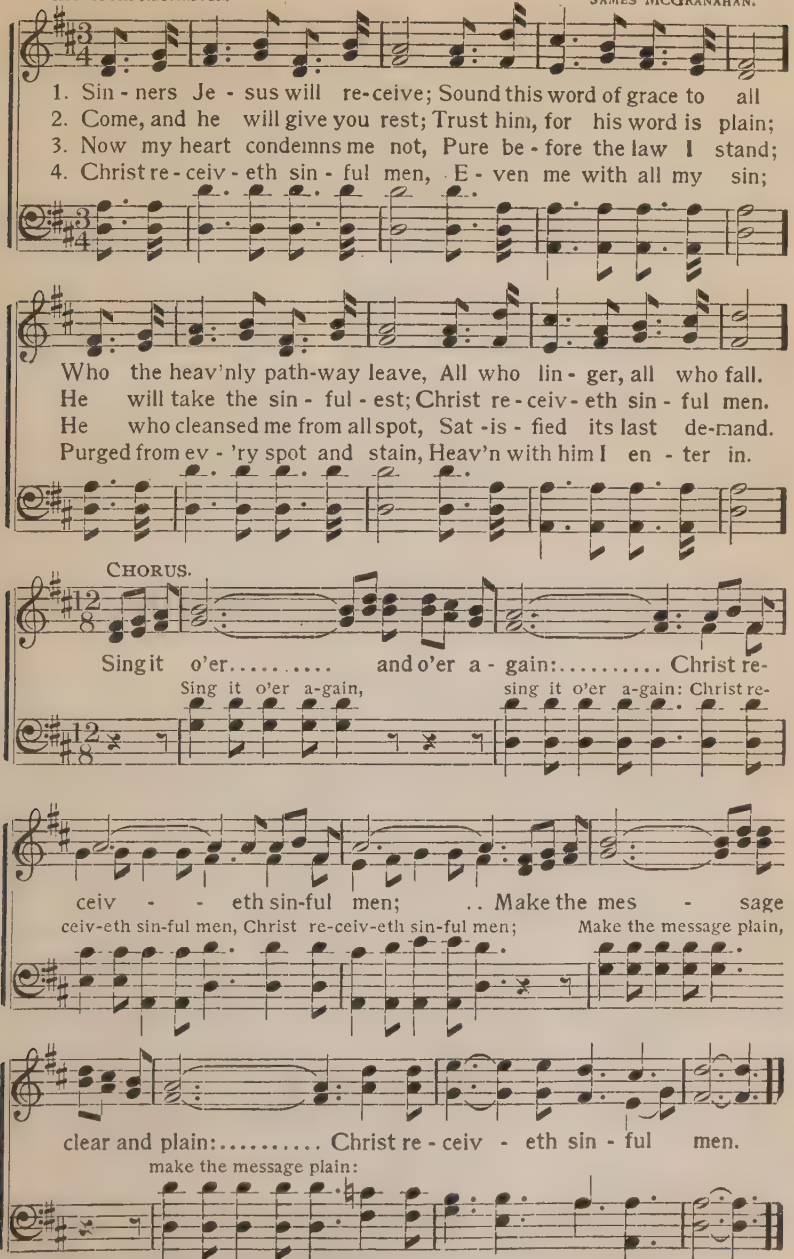
370 (27) Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from NEUMASTER. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re-ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and he will give you rest; Trust him, for his word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;
Who the heav'nly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with him I en - ter in.
CHORUS.
Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain:..... Christ re-
Sing it o'er a-gain, sing it o'er a-gain: Christ re-
ceiv - - eth sin-ful men; .. Make the mes - sage
ceiv-eth sin-ful men, Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men; Make the message plain,
clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
make the message plain:

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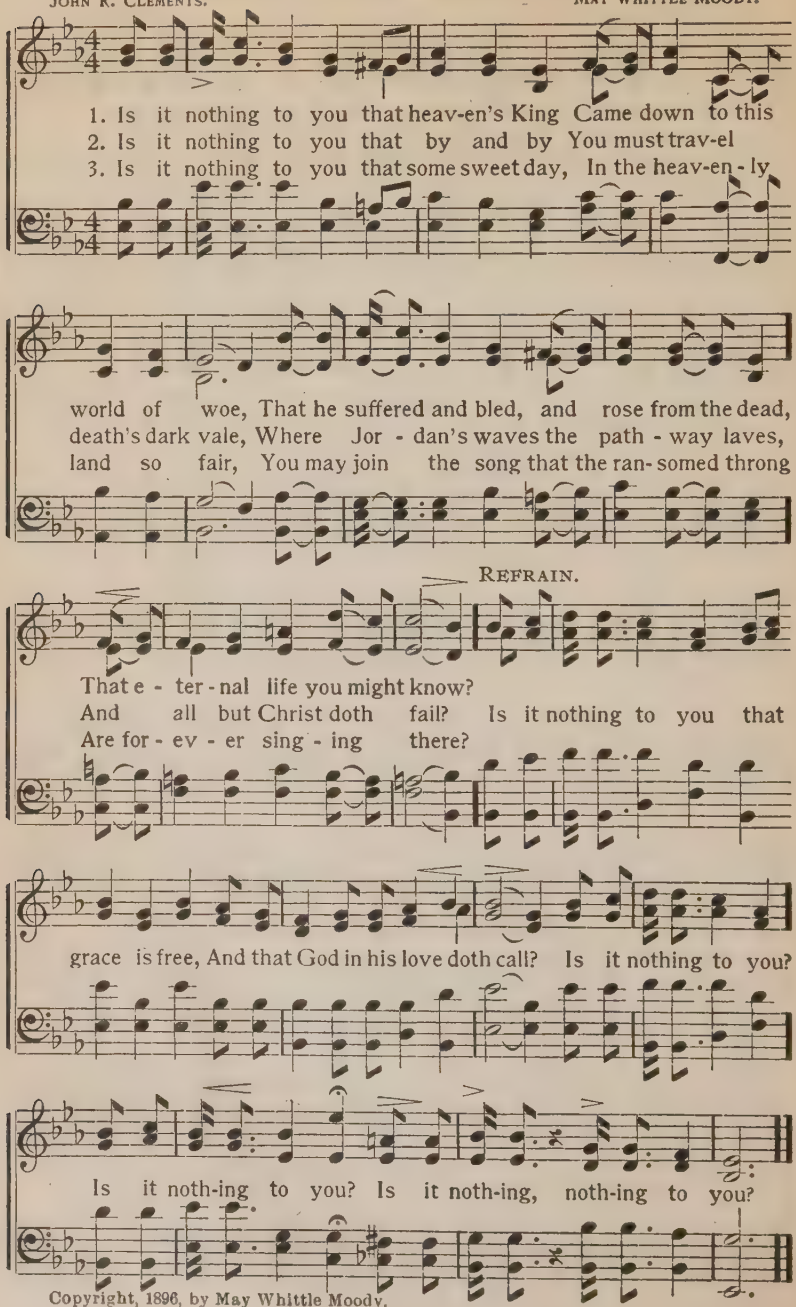
371 (28) Is It Nothing to You?

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.


1. Is it nothing to you that heav-en's King Came down to this
2. Is it nothing to you that by and by You must trav-el
3. Is it nothing to you that some sweet day, In the heav-en-ly
world of woe, That he suffered and bled, and rose from the dead,
death's dark vale, Where Jor-dan's waves the path-way laves,
land so fair, You may join the song that the ran-somed throng
REFRAIN.
That e-ter-nal life you might know?
And all but Christ doth fail? Is it nothing to you that
Are for-ev-er sing-ing there?
grace is free, And that God in his love doth call? Is it nothing to you?
Is it noth-ing to you? Is it noth-ing, noth-ing to you?

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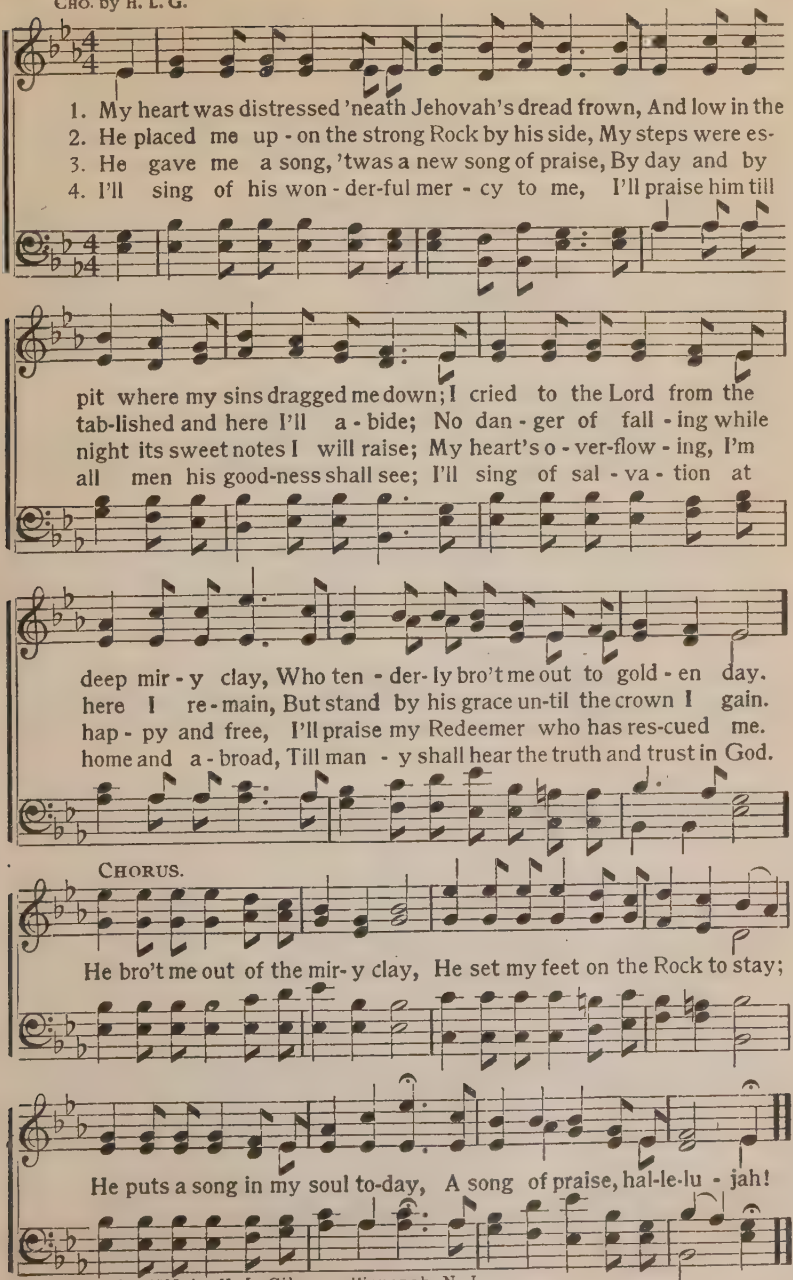
372 (29) He Brought Me Out.

Rev. H. J. Zelley.
Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. Gilmour.


1. My heart was distressed 'neath Jehovah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragged me down; I cried to the Lord from the
2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es- tab-lished and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver-flow - ing, I'm
4. I'll sing of his won - der-ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise him till all men his good-ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at
deep mir - y clay, Who ten - der- ly bro't me out to gold - en day.
here I re - main, But stand by his grace un-til the crown I gain.
hap - py and free, I'll praise my Redeemer who has res-cued me.
home and a - broad, Till man - y shall hear the truth and trust in God.
Chorus.
He bro't me out of the mir- y clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;
He puts a song in my soul to-day, A song of praise, hal-le-lu - jah!

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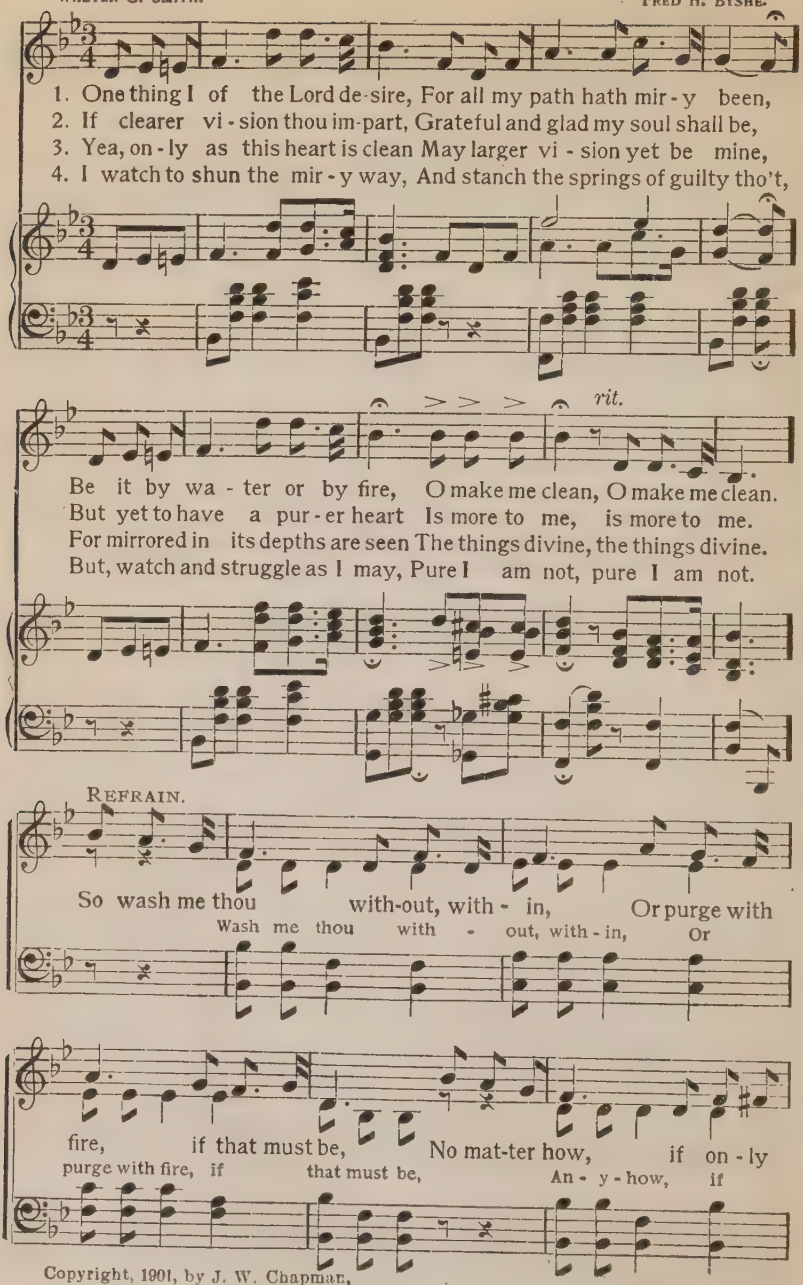
373 (30) A Clean Heart.

WALTER C. SMITH. FRED H. BYSHE.


1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my path hath mir-y been,
2. If clearer vi-sion thou im-part, Grateful and glad my soul shall be,
3. Yea, on-ly as this heart is clean May larger vi-sion yet be mine,
4. I watch to shun the mir-y way, And stanch the springs of guilty tho't,
rit.
Be it by wa-ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
But yet to have a pur-er heart Is more to me, is more to me.
For mirrored in its depths are seen The things divine, the things divine.
But, watch and struggle as I may, Pure I am not, pure I am not.
REFRAIN.
So wash me thou with-out, with-in, Or purge with
Wash me thou with-out, with-in, Or
fire, if that must be, No mat-ter how, if on-ly
purge with fire, if that must be, An-y-how, if

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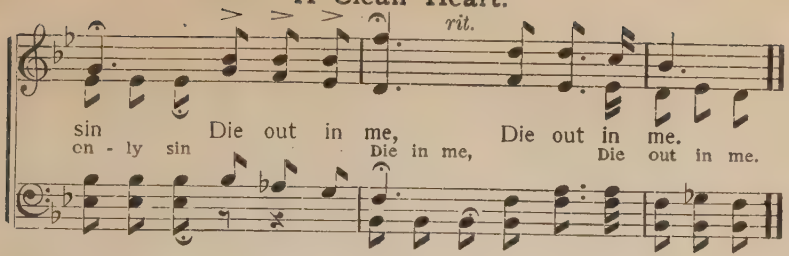
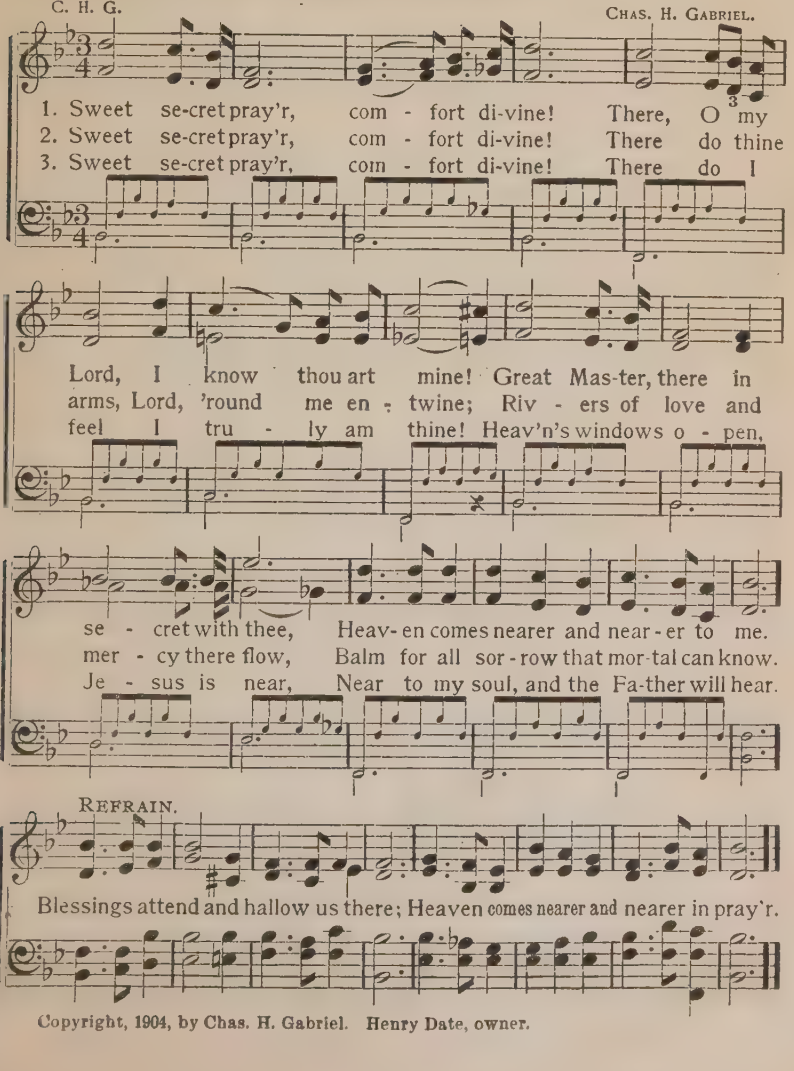
A Clean Heart.



374 (31) Secret Prayer.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Sweet se-cret pray'r, com - fort di-vine! There, O my
2. Sweet se-cret pray'r, com - fort di-vine! There do thine
3. Sweet se-cret pray'r, com - fort di-vine! There do I
Lord, I know thou art mine! Great Mas-ter, there in
arms, Lord, 'round me en - twine; Riv - ers of love and
feel I tru - ly am thine! Heav'n's windows o - pen,
se - cret with thee, Heav-en comes nearer and near - er to me.
mer - cy there flow, Balm for all sor - row that mor-tal can know.
Je - sus is near, Near to my soul, and the Fa-ther will hear.
REFRAIN.
Blessings attend and hallow us there; Heaven comes nearer and nearer in pray'r.

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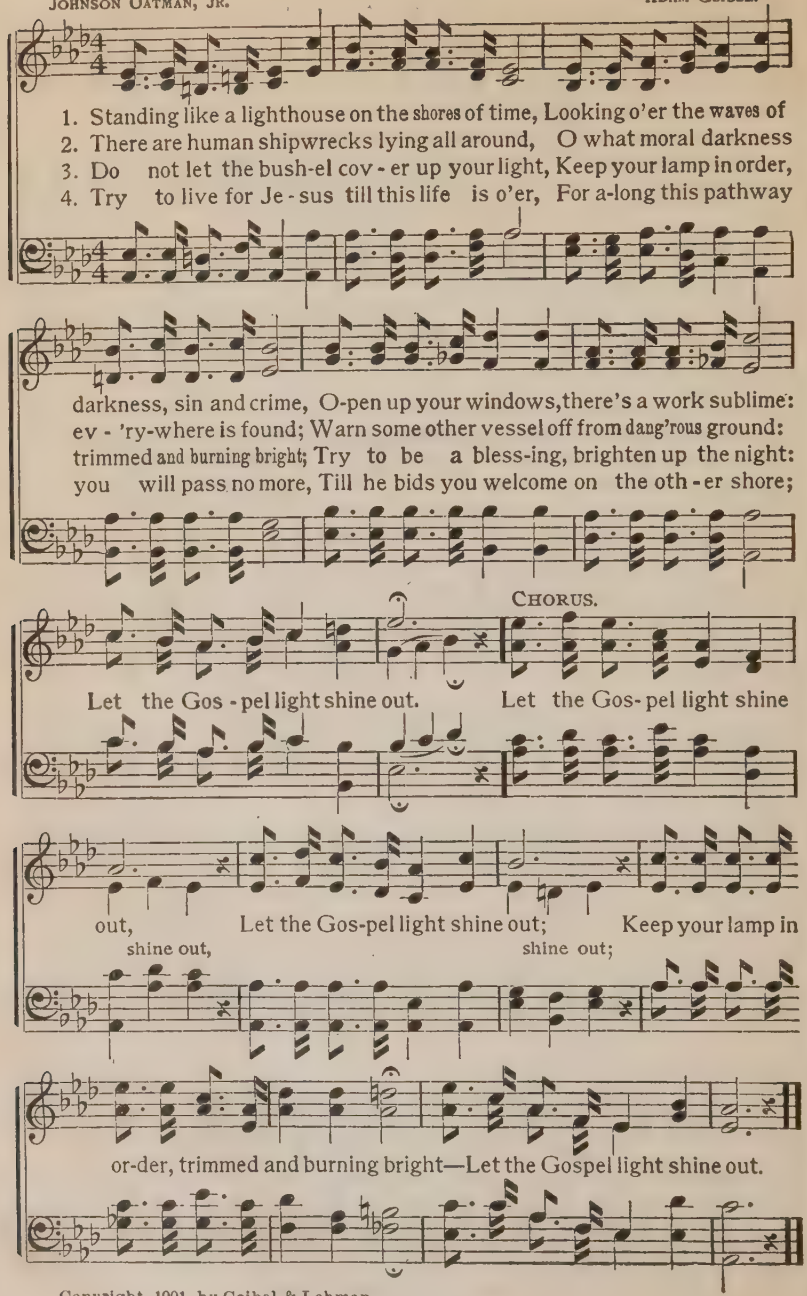
375 (32) Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Standing like a lighthouse on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
2. There are human shipwrecks lying all around, O what moral darkness
3. Do not let the bush-el cov - er up your light, Keep your lamp in order,
4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a-long this pathway
darkness, sin and crime, O-pen up your windows, there's a work sublime:
ev - 'ry-where is found; Warn some other vessel off from dang'rous ground:
trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a bless-ing, brighten up the night:
you will pass no more, Till he bids you welcome on the oth - er shore;
CHORUS.
Let the Gos - pel light shine out. Let the Gos - pel light shine
out, Let the Gos-pel light shine out; Keep your lamp in
shine out, shine out;
or-der, trimmed and burning bright—Let the Gospel light shine out.

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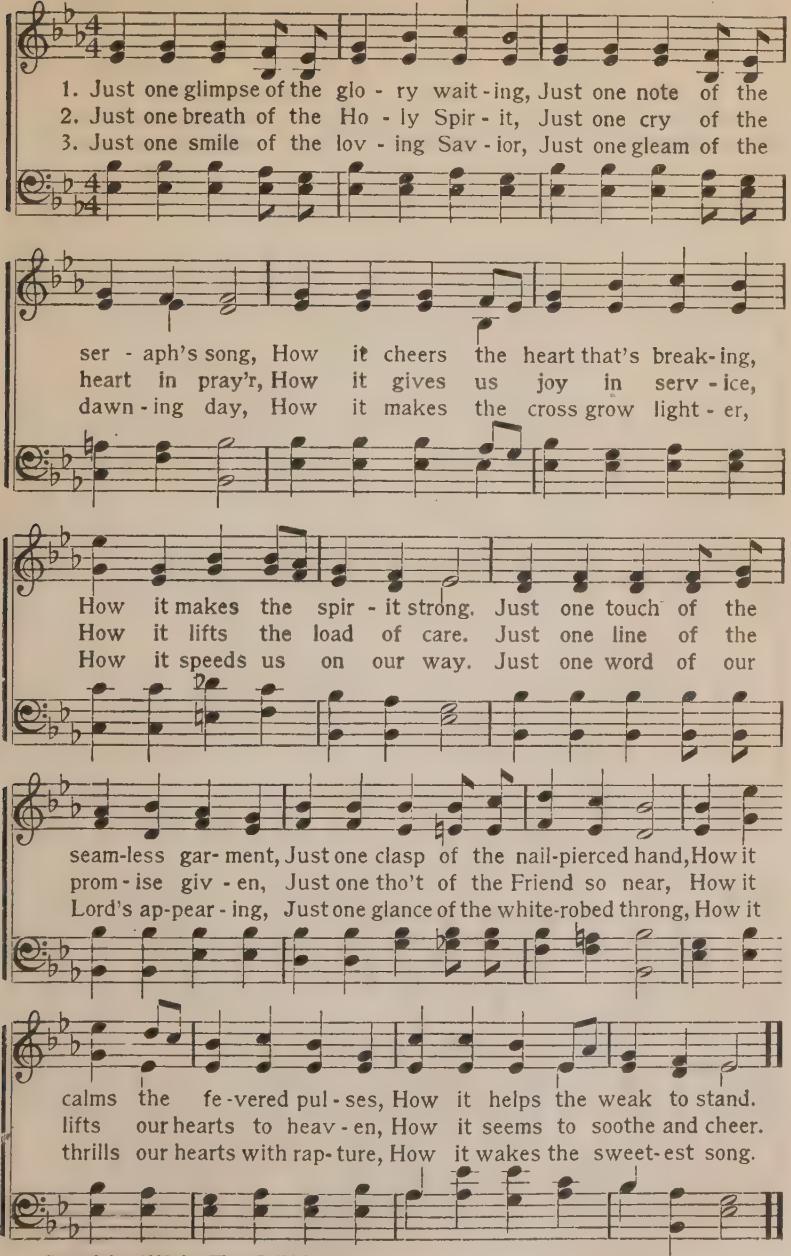
376 (33) Just One Glimpse.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Just one glimpse of the glo - ry wait - ing, Just one note of the
2. Just one breath of the Ho - ly Spir - it, Just one cry of the
3. Just one smile of the lov - ing Sav - ior, Just one gleam of the
ser - aph's song, How it cheers the heart that's break - ing,
heart in pray'r, How it gives us joy in serv - ice,
dawn - ing day, How it makes the cross grow light - er,
How it makes the spir - it strong. Just one touch of the
How it lifts the load of care. Just one line of the
How it speeds us on our way. Just one word of our
seam-less gar - ment, Just one clasp of the nail-pierced hand, How it
prom - ise giv - en, Just one tho't of the Friend so near, How it
Lord's ap-pear - ing, Just one glance of the white-robed throng, How it
calms the fe - vered pul - ses, How it helps the weak to stand.
lifts our hearts to heav - en, How it seems to soothe and cheer.
thrills our hearts with rap - ture, How it wakes the sweet - est song.

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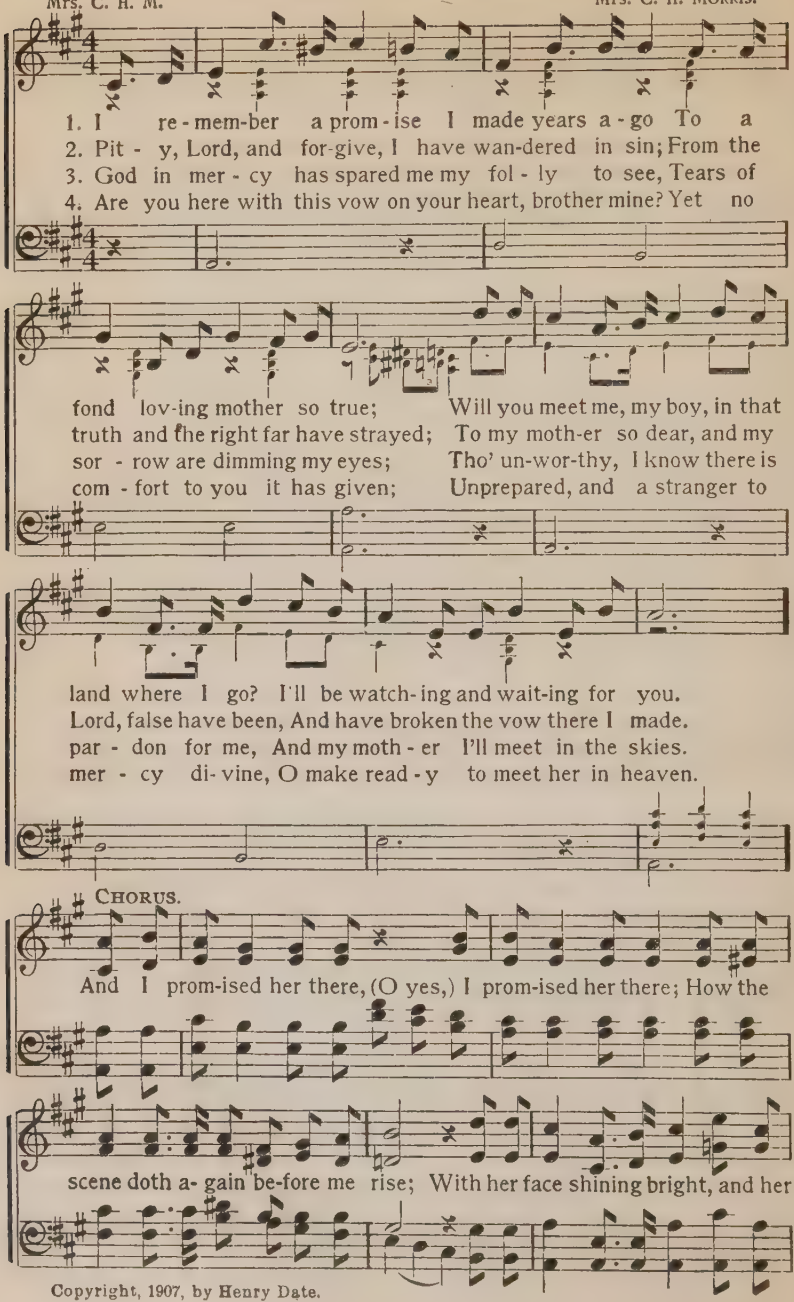
377 (34) I Promised I Would Meet Her.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I re-mem-ber a prom-ise I made years a-go To a
2. Pit-y, Lord, and for-give, I have wan-dered in sin; From the
3. God in mer-cy has spared me my fol-ly to see, Tears of
4. Are you here with this vow on your heart, brother mine? Yet no
fond lov-ing mother so true; Will you meet me, my boy, in that
truth and the right far have strayed; To my moth-er so dear, and my
sor-row are dimming my eyes; Tho' un-wor-thy, I know there is
com-fort to you it has given; Unprepared, and a stranger to
land where I go? I'll be watch-ing and wait-ing for you.
Lord, false have been, And have broken the vow there I made.
par-don for me, And my moth-er I'll meet in the skies.
mer-cy di-vine, O make read-y to meet her in heaven.
Chorus.
And I prom-ised her there, (O yes,) I prom-ised her there; How the
scene doth a-gain be-fore me rise; With her face shining bright, and her

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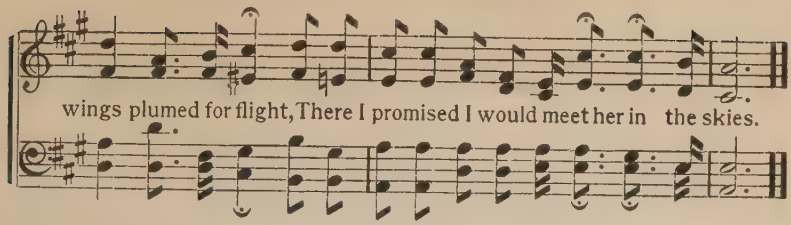
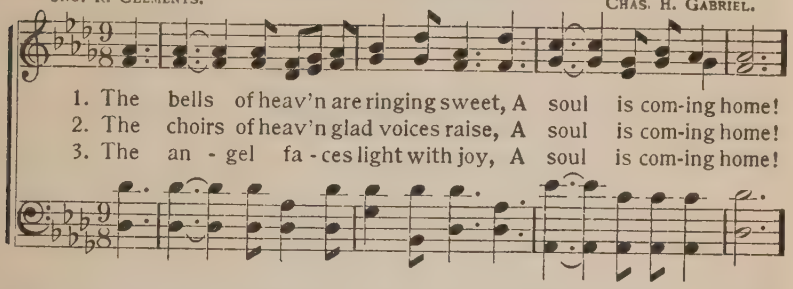
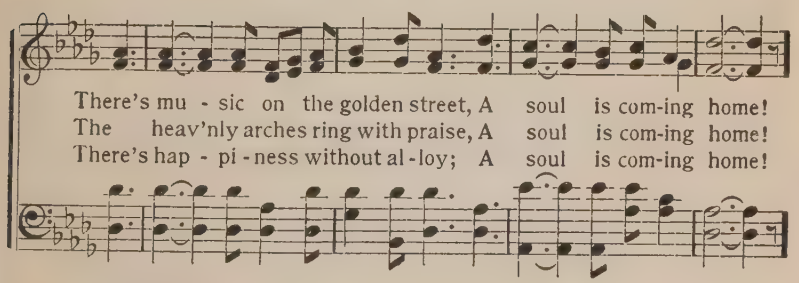
I Promised I Would Meet Her.

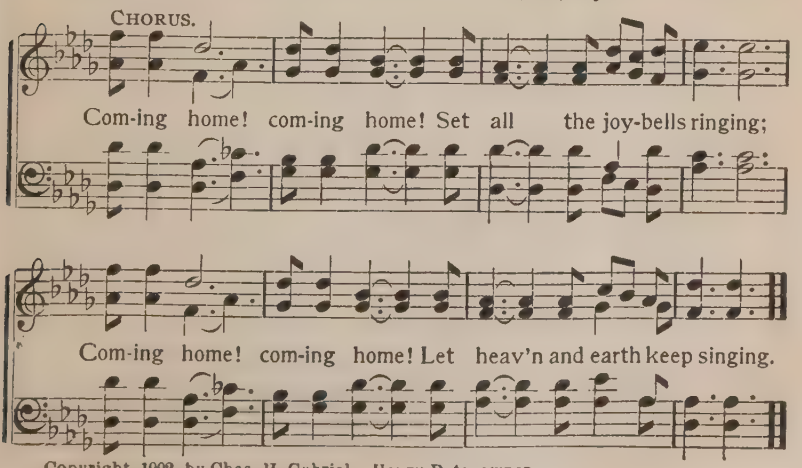


378 (35) A Soul is Coming Home.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. The bells of heav'n are ringing sweet, A soul is com-ing home!
2. The choirs of heav'n glad voices raise, A soul is com-ing home!
3. The an - gel fa - ces light with joy, A soul is com-ing home!


There's mu - sic on the golden street, A soul is com-ing home!
The heav'nly arches ring with praise, A soul is com-ing home!
There's hap - pi - ness without al - loy; A soul is com-ing home!



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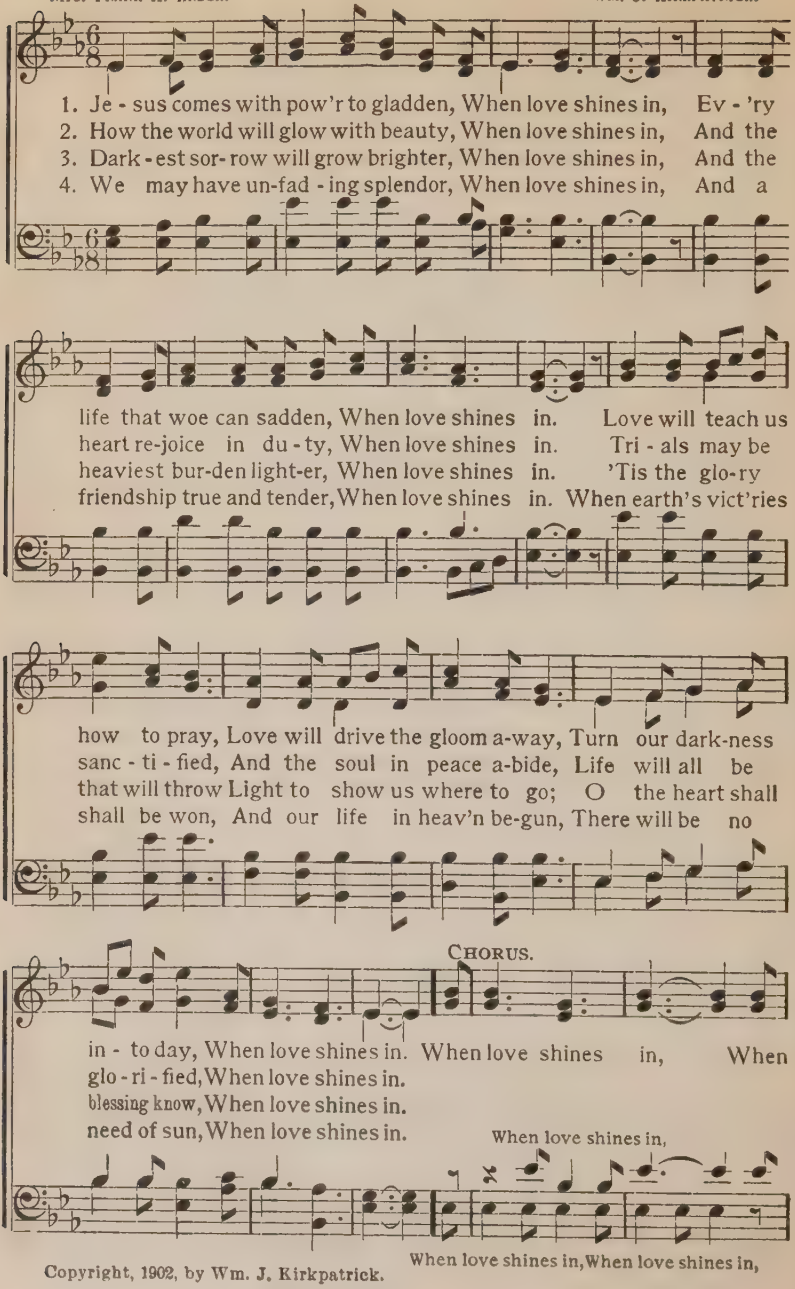
379 (36) When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the
3. Dark - est sor- row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the
4. We may have un-fad - ing splendor, When love shines in, And a
life that woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us
heart re-joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be
heaviest bur-den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo-ry
friendship true and tender, When love shines in. When earth's vict'ries
how to pray, Love will drive the gloom a-way, Turn our dark-ness
sanc - ti - fied, And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be
that will throw Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall
shall be won, And our life in heav'n be-gun, There will be no
CHORUS.
in - to day, When love shines in. When love shines in, When
glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.
blessing know, When love shines in.
need of sun, When love shines in.
When love shines in,
When love shines in, When love shines in,

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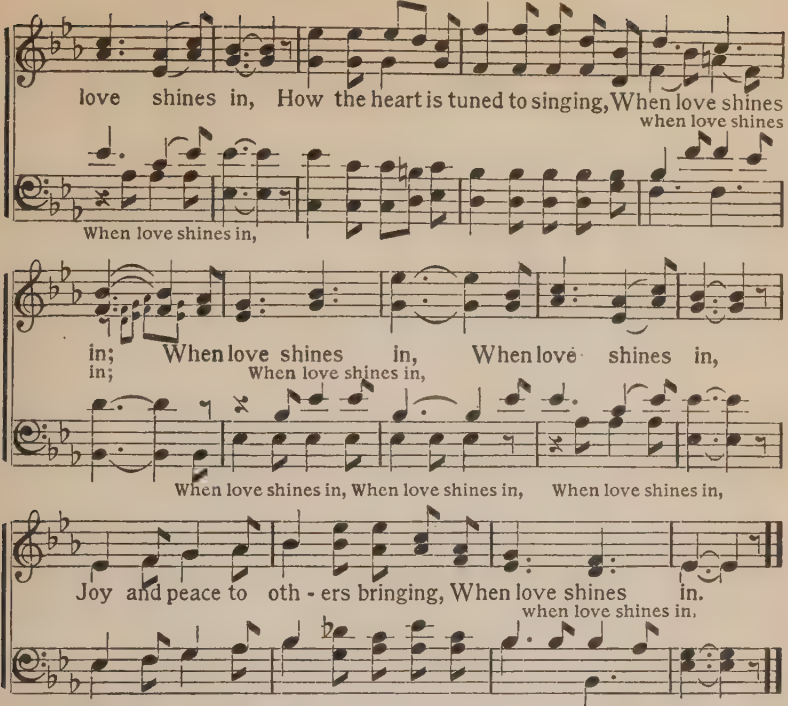
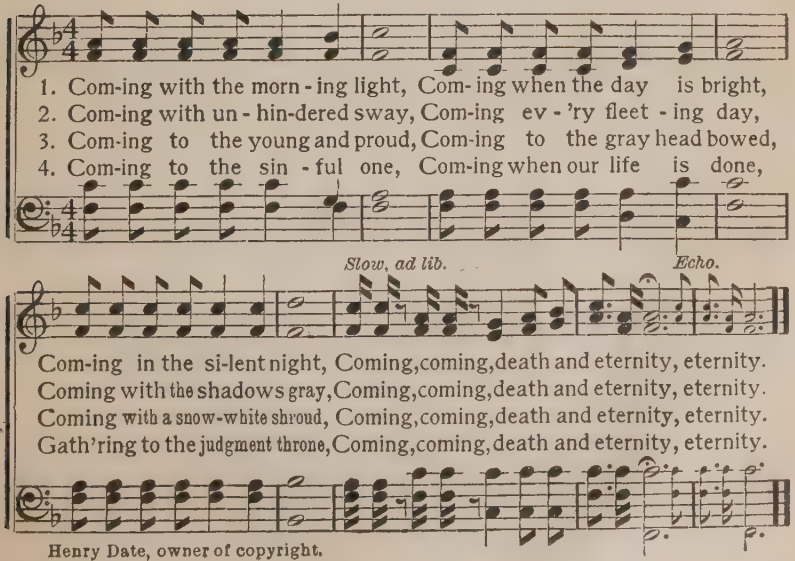
When Love Shines In.


love shines in, How the heart is tuned to singing, When love shines
when love shines
When love shines in,
in; When love shines in, When love shines in,
in; When love shines in,
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,
Joy and peace to oth - ers bringing, When love shines in.
when love shines in.

380 (37) Death and Eternity.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Com-ing with the morn - ing light, Com- ing when the day is bright,
2. Com-ing with un - hin-dered sway, Com-ing ev - 'ry fleet - ing day,
3. Com-ing to the young and proud, Com-ing to the gray head bowed,
4. Com-ing to the sin - ful one, Com-ing when our life is done,
Slow, ad lib.
Echo.
Com-ing in the si-lent night, Coming, coming, death and eternity, eternity.
Coming with the shadows gray, Coming, coming, death and eternity, eternity.
Coming with a snow-white shroud, Coming, coming, death and eternity, eternity.
Gath'ring to the judgment throne, Coming, coming, death and eternity, eternity.

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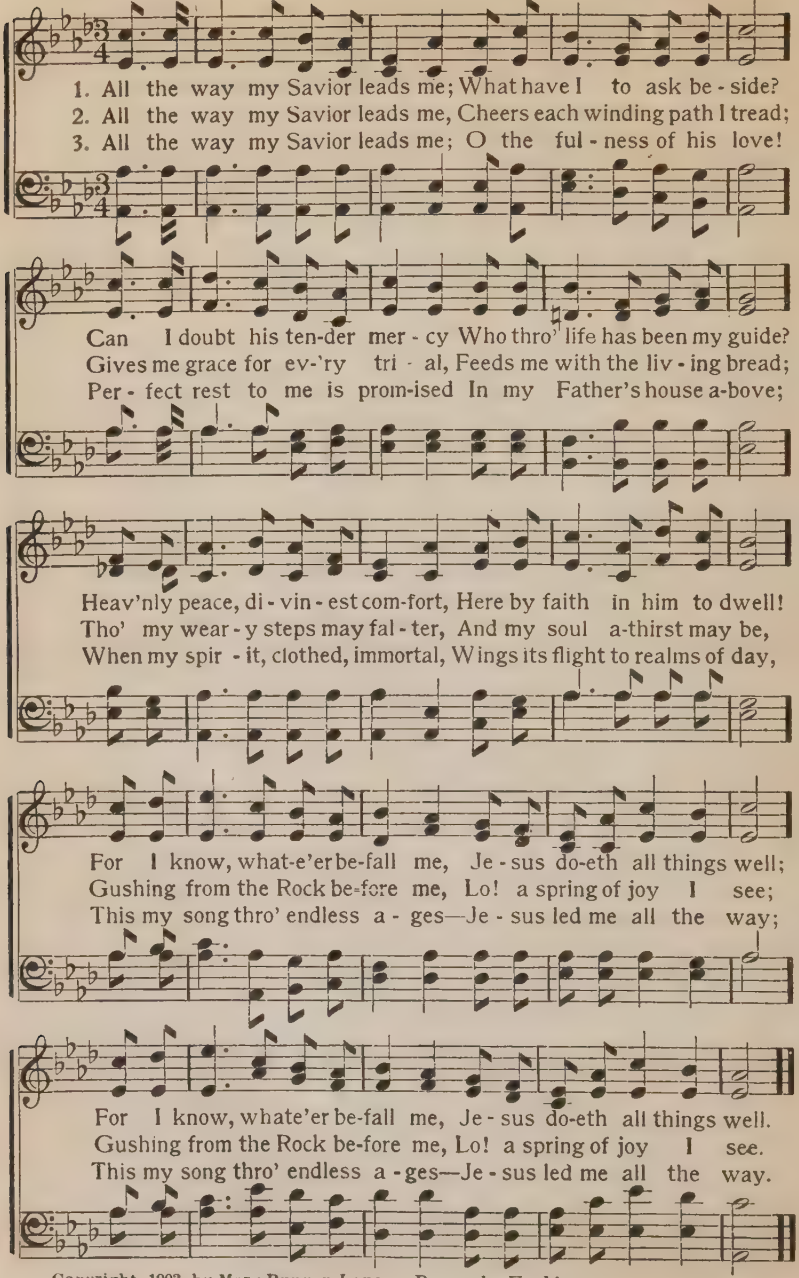
381 (38) All the Way My Savior Leads.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. All the way my Savior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Savior leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Savior leads me; O the ful - ness of his love!
Can I doubt his ten-der mer - cy Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
Per - fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Father's house a-bove;
Heav'nly peace, di - vin - est com-fort, Here by faith in him to dwell!
Tho' my wear - y steps may fal - ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed, immortal, Wings its flight to realms of day,
For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je - sus do-eth all things well;
Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' endless a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way;
For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je - sus do-eth all things well.
Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' endless a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way.

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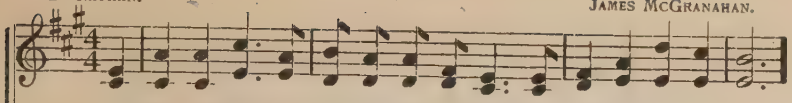
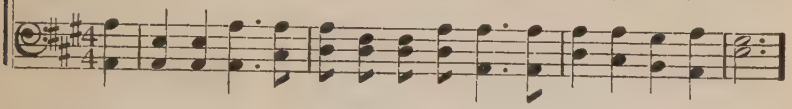
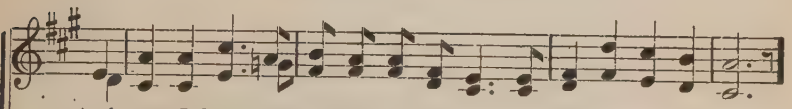
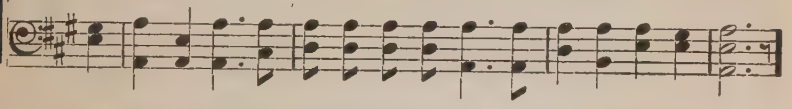
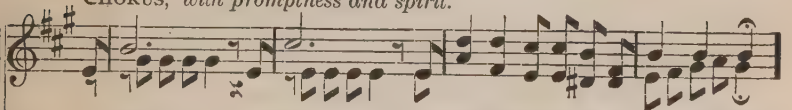
I Will.

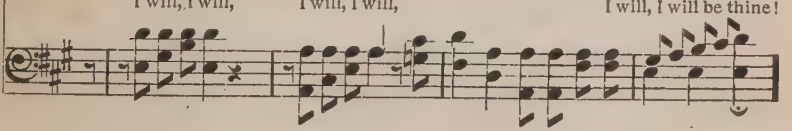
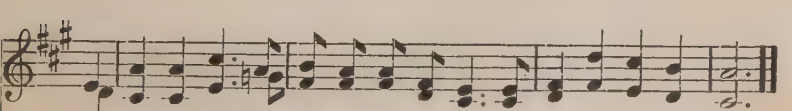
EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



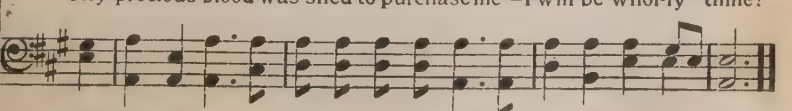
1. Once more, my soul, thy Savior, thro' the Word, Is offered full and free;
2. By grace I will thy mer-cy now receive, Thy love my heart hath won;
3. Thou knowest, Lord, how very weak I am, And how I fear to stray;
4. And now, O Lord, give all with us to-day The grace to join our song;
5. To all who came, when thou wast here below, And said, "O Lord, wilt thou?"

And now, O Lord, I must, I must de-cide; Shall I ac-cept of thee?
On thee, O Christ, I will, I will be-lieve, And trust in thee a-lone!
For strength to serve I look to thee a-lone—The strength thou must supply!
And from the heart to glad-ly with us say: "I will to Christ belong!"
To them "I will" was ev-er thy re-ply: We rest up-on it now.

CHORUS, *with promptness and spirit.*



I will, I will, I will, God helping me, I will be thine!
I will, I will, I will, I will, I will, I will be thine!



Thy precious blood was shed to purchase me—I will be whol-ly thine!



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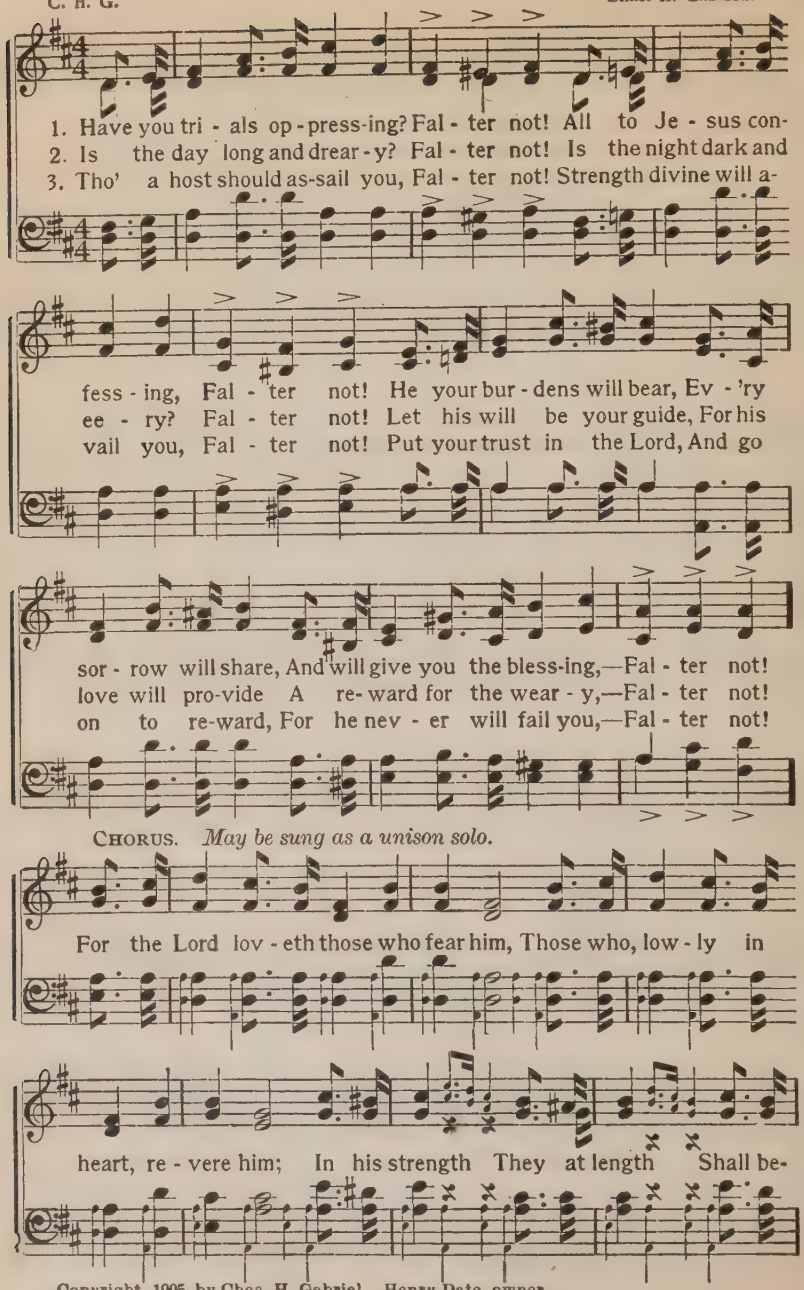
383 (40) Falter Not.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Have you tri - als op - press-ing? Fal - ter not! All to Je - sus con-
2. Is the day long and drear - y? Fal - ter not! Is the night dark and
3. Tho' a host should as-sail you, Fal - ter not! Strength divine will a-
fess - ing, Fal - ter not! He your bur - dens will bear, Ev - 'ry
ee - ry? Fal - ter not! Let his will be your guide, For his
vail you, Fal - ter not! Put your trust in the Lord, And go
sor - row will share, And will give you the bless-ing,—Fal - ter not!
love will pro-vide A re-ward for the wear - y,—Fal - ter not!
on to re-ward, For he nev - er will fail you,—Fal - ter not!
CHORUS. *May be sung as a unison solo.*
For the Lord lov - eth those who fear him, Those who, low - ly in
heart, re - vere him; In his strength They at length Shall be-

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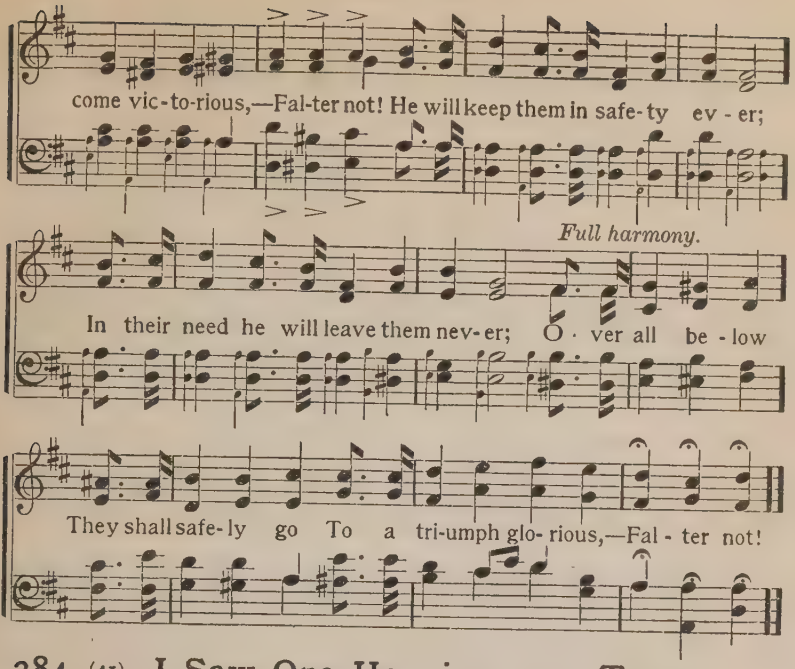
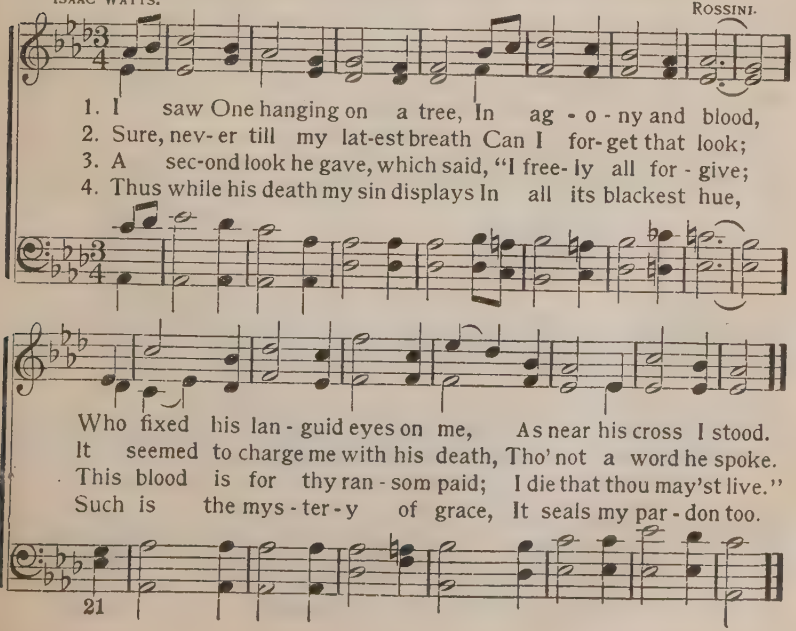
Falter Not.


come vic-to-rious,—Fal-ter not! He will keep them in safe-ty ev-er;
Full harmony.
In their need he will leave them nev-er; O-ver all be-low
They shall safe-ly go To a tri-umph glo-rious,—Fal-ter not!

384 (41) I Saw One Hanging on a Tree.

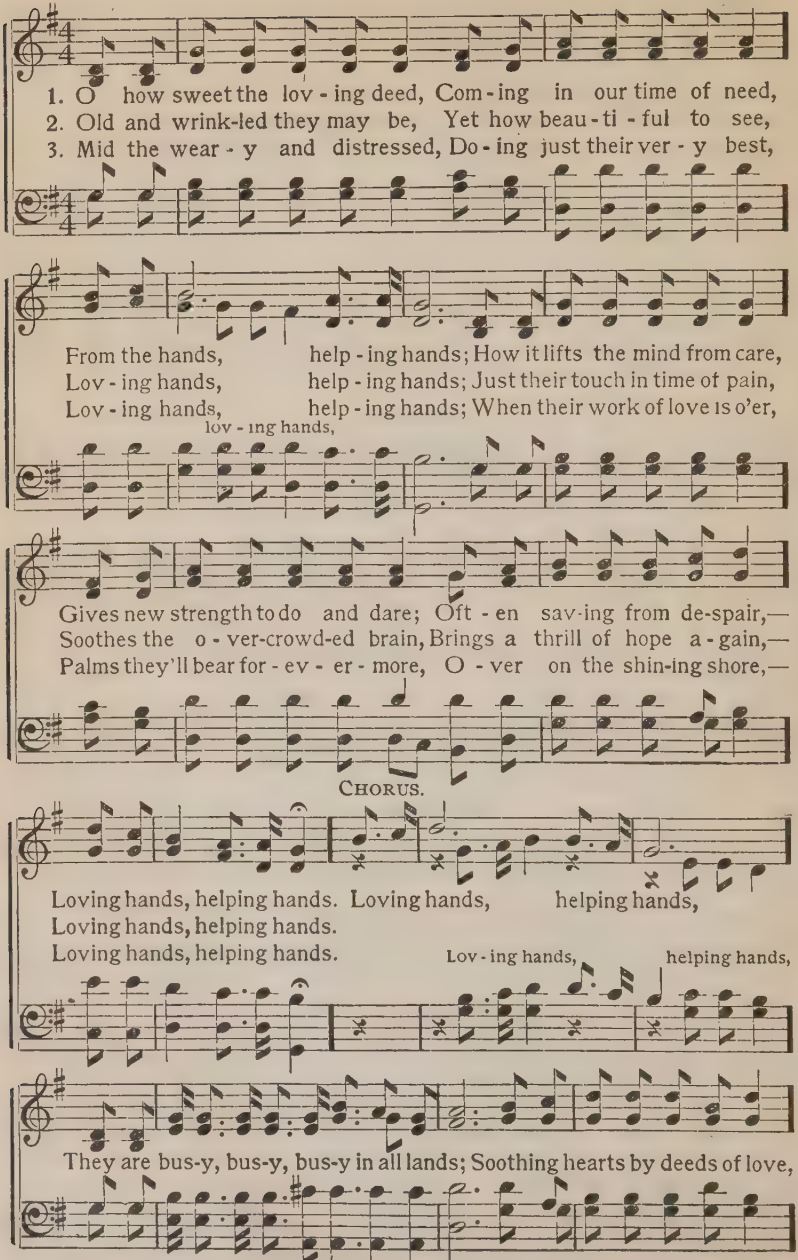
ISAAC WATTS. ROSSINI.


1. I saw One hanging on a tree, In ag-o-ny and blood,
2. Sure, nev-er till my lat-est breath Can I for-get that look;
3. A sec-ond look he gave, which said, "I free-ly all for-give;
4. Thus while his death my sin displays In all its blackest hue,
Who fixed his lan-guid eyes on me, As near his cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with his death, Tho' not a word he spoke.
This blood is for thy ran-som paid; I die that thou may'st live."
Such is the mys-ter-y of grace, It seals my par-don too.

385 (42)

Helping Hands.

Mrs. H. E. Jones. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. O how sweet the lov - ing deed, Com - ing in our time of need,
2. Old and wrink-led they may be, Yet how beau - ti - ful to see,
3. Mid the wear - y and distressed, Do - ing just their ver - y best,
From the hands, help - ing hands; How it lifts the mind from care,
Lov - ing hands, help - ing hands; Just their touch in time of pain,
Lov - ing hands, help - ing hands; When their work of love is o'er,
lov - ing hands,
Gives new strength to do and dare; Oft - en sav-ing from de-spair,—
Soothes the o - ver-crowd-ed brain, Brings a thrill of hope a - gain,—
Palms they'll bear for - ev - er - more, O - ver on the shin-ing shore,—
CHORUS.
Loving hands, helping hands. Loving hands, helping hands,
Loving hands, helping hands.
Loving hands, helping hands.
Lov - ing hands, helping hands,
They are bus-y, bus-y, bus-y in all lands; Soothing hearts by deeds of love,

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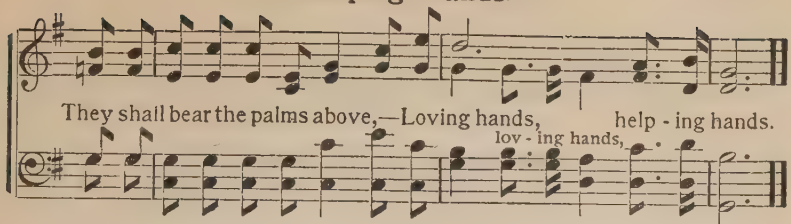
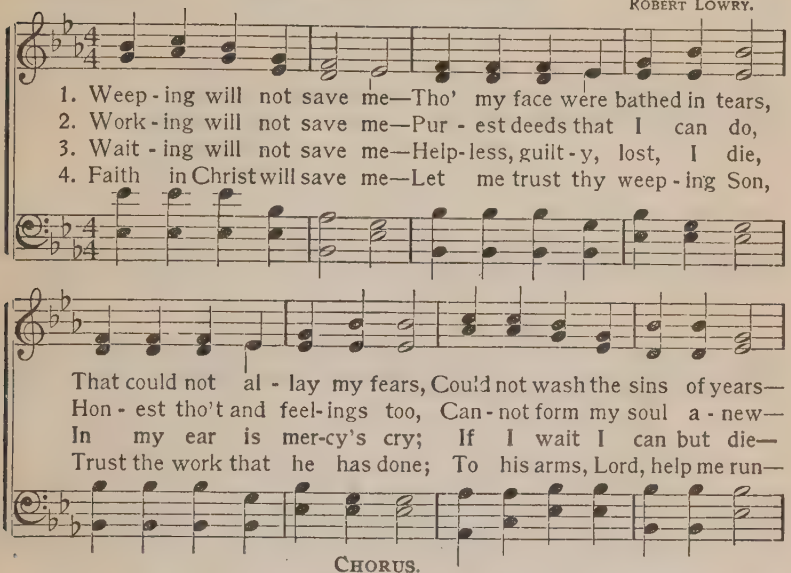
Helping Hands.

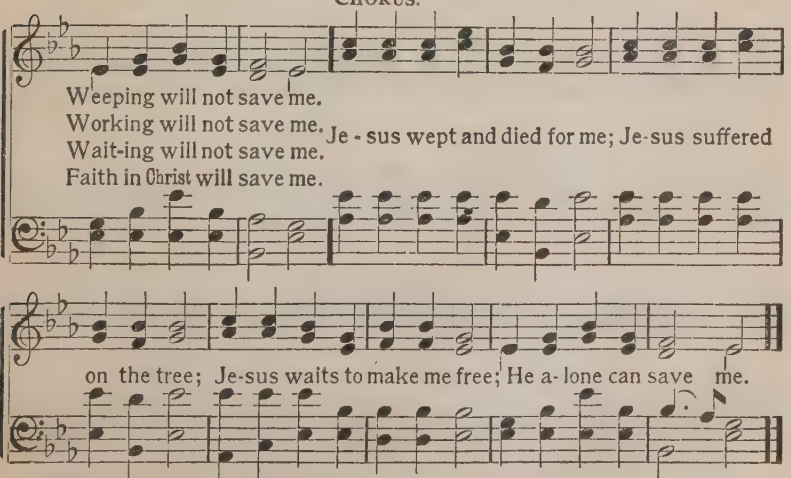


386 (43) None but Jesus.

ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Weep - ing will not save me—Tho' my face were bathed in tears,
2. Work - ing will not save me—Pur - est deeds that I can do,
3. Wait - ing will not save me—Help - less, guilt - y, lost, I die,
4. Faith in Christ will save me—Let me trust thy weep - ing Son,
That could not al - lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years—
Hon - est tho't and feel - ings too, Can - not form my soul a - new—
In my ear is mer-cy's cry; If I wait I can but die—
Trust the work that he has done; To his arms, Lord, help me run—

CHORUS.


Weeping will not save me.
Working will not save me.
Wait-ing will not save me.
Faith in Christ will save me.
Je - sus wept and died for me; Je-sus suffered
on the tree; Je-sus waits to make me free; He a - lone can save me.

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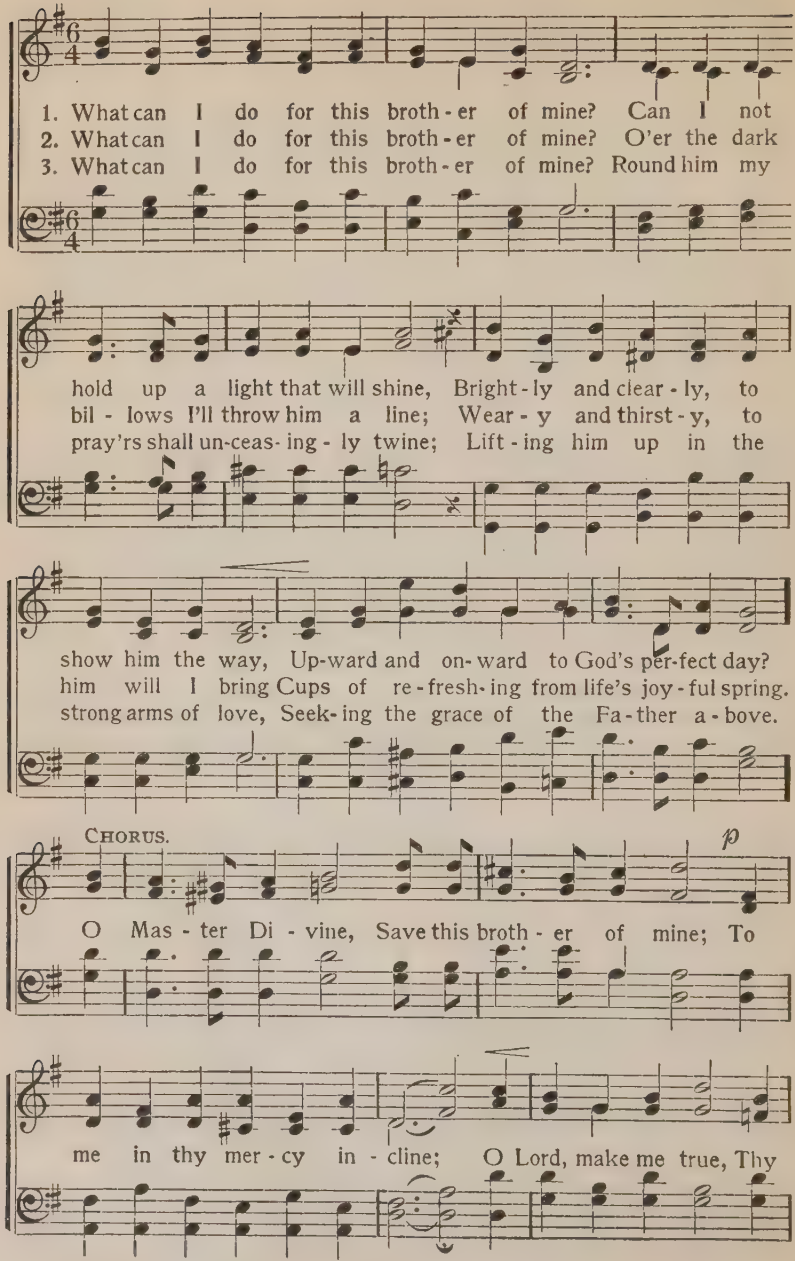
387 (44) This Brother of Mine.

E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Post.


1. What can I do for this broth-er of mine? Can I not hold up a light that will shine, Bright-ly and clear-ly, to show him the way, Up-ward and on-ward to God's per-fect day?
2. What can I do for this broth-er of mine? O'er the dark bil-lows I'll throw him a line; Wear-y and thirst-y, to him will I bring Cups of re-fresh-ing from life's joy-ful spring.
3. What can I do for this broth-er of mine? Round him my pray'rs shall un-ceas-ing-ly twine; Lift-ing him up in the strong arms of love, Seek-ing the grace of the Fa-ther a-bove.
Chorus.
O Mas-ter Di-vine, Save this broth-er of mine; To me in thy mer-cy in-cline; O Lord, make me true, Thy
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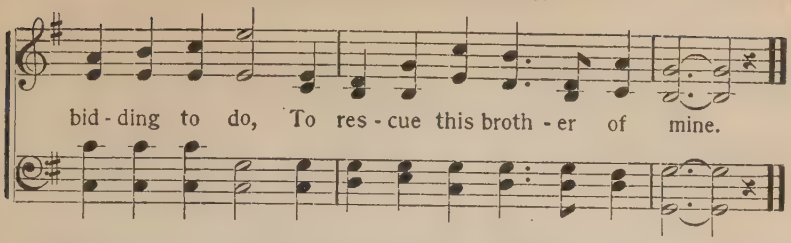
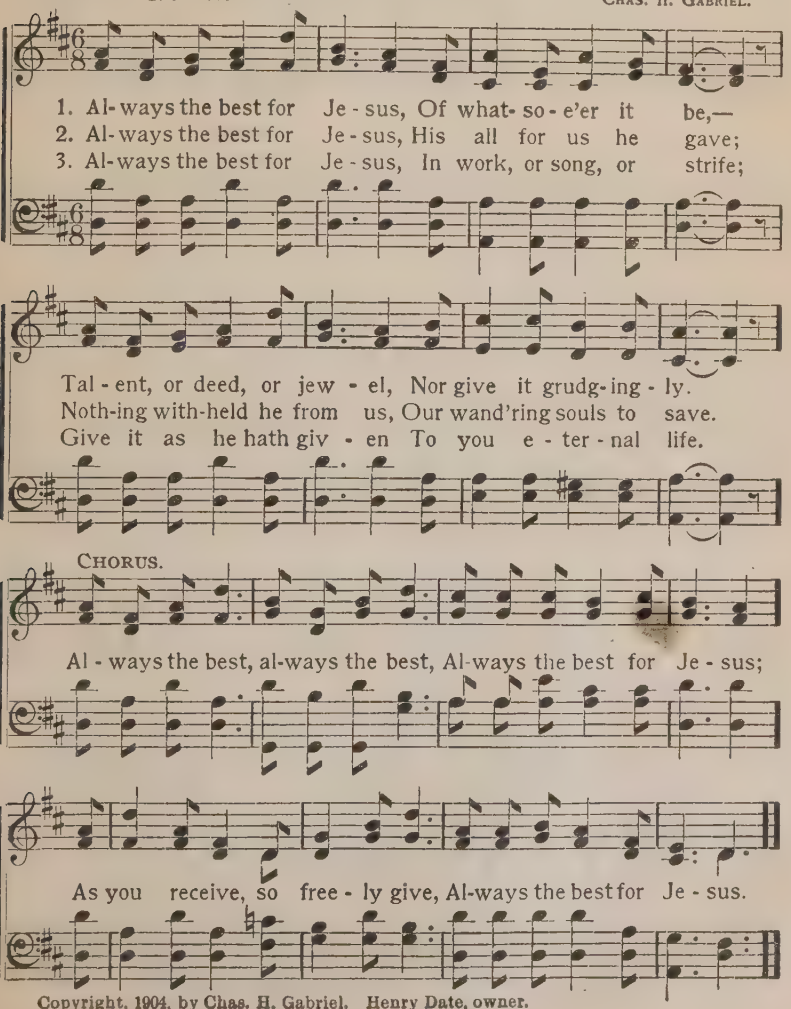
This Brother of Mine.



388 (45) The Best for Jesus.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Al-ways the best for Je - sus, Of what-so-e'er it be,—
2. Al-ways the best for Je - sus, His all for us he gave;
3. Al-ways the best for Je - sus, In work, or song, or strife;
Tal - ent, or deed, or jew - el, Nor give it grudg-ing - ly.
Noth-ing with-held he from us, Our wand'ring souls to save.
Give it as he hath giv - en To you e - ter - nal life.
CHORUS.
Al - ways the best, al-ways the best, Al-ways the best for Je - sus;
As you receive, so free - ly give, Al-ways the best for Je - sus.

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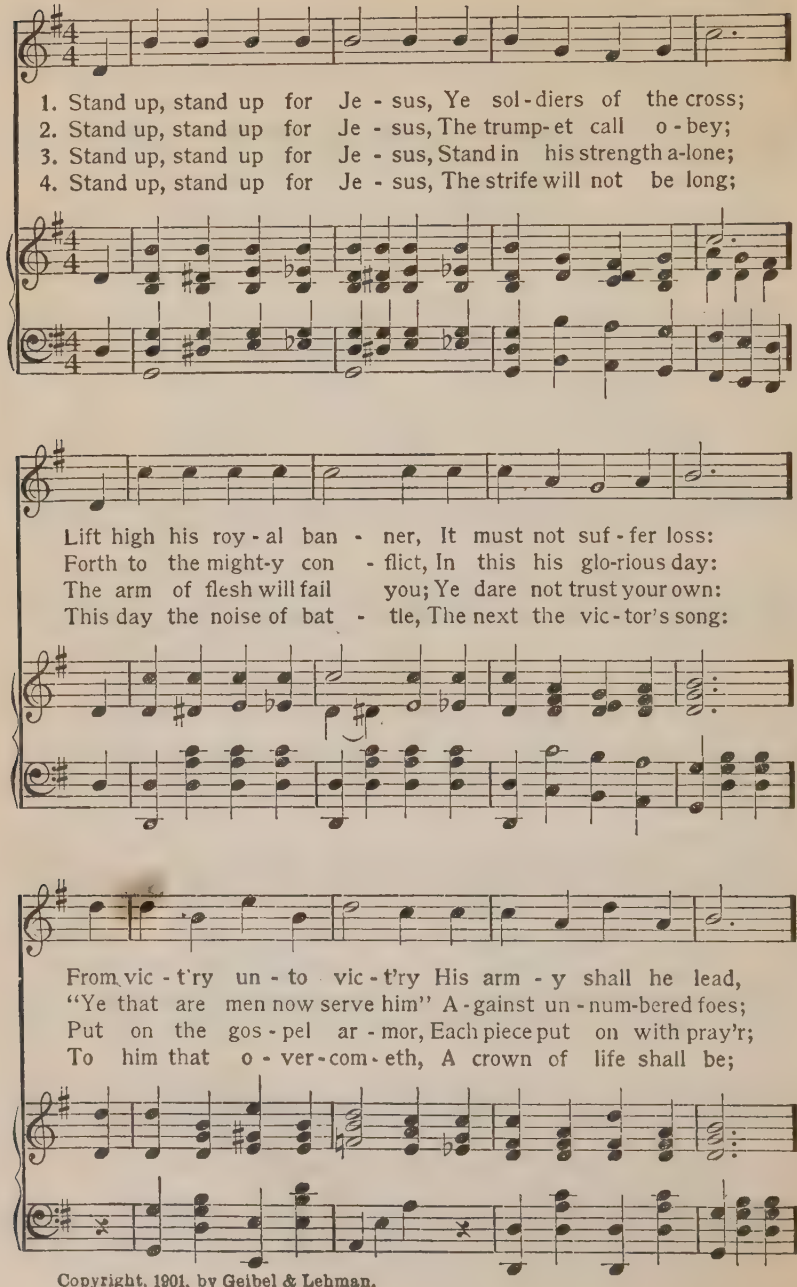
389 (46) Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump - et call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a-lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;
Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this his glo-rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall he lead,
"Ye that are men now serve him" A - gainst un - num-bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

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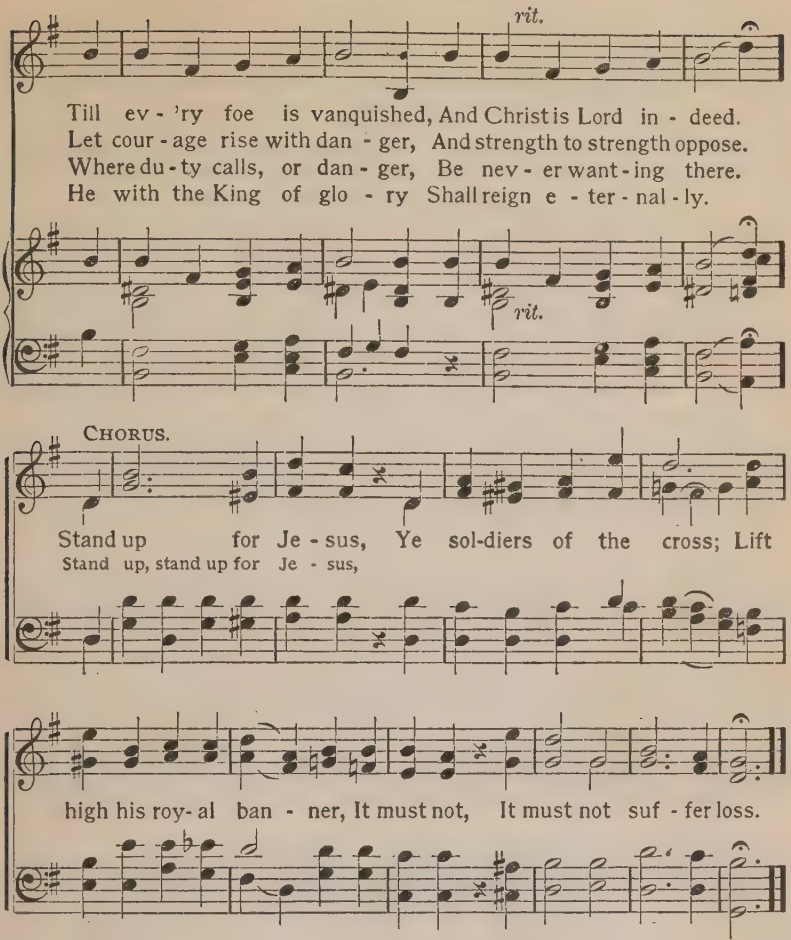
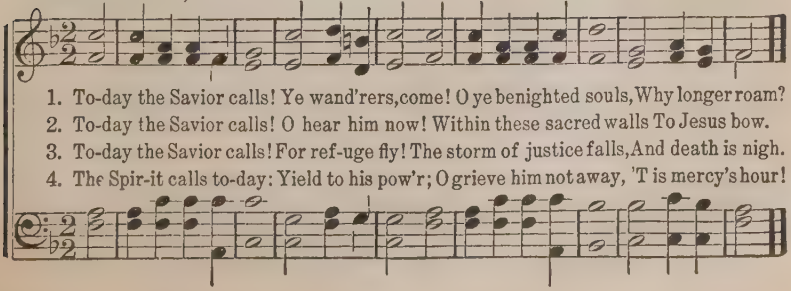
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.


rit.
Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
rit.
CHORUS.
Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,
high his roy- al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

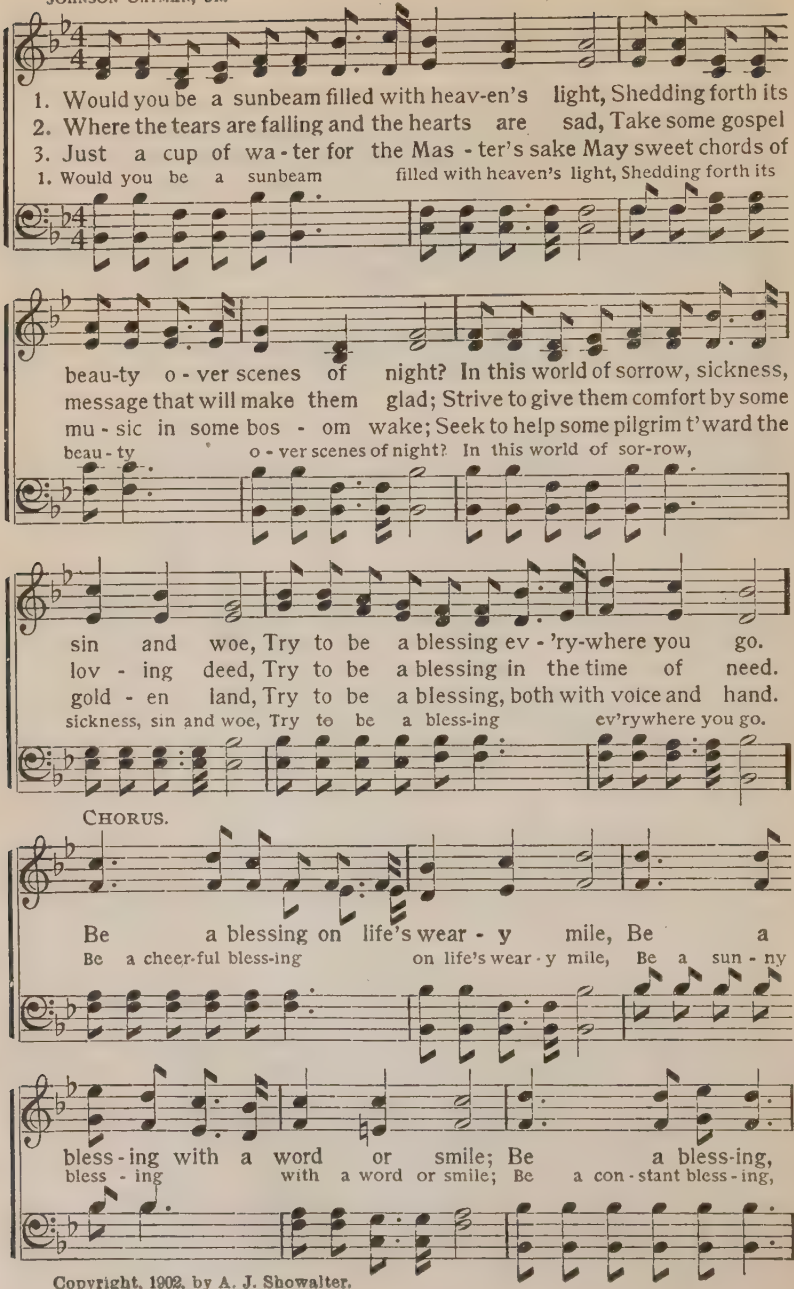
390 (47) To-day!

SAMUEL F. SMITH, alt. LOWELL MASON.


1. To-day the Savior calls! Ye wand'rers, come! O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Savior calls! O hear him now! Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
3. To-day the Savior calls! For ref-uge fly! The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir-it calls to-day: Yield to his pow'r; O grieve him not away, 'T is mercy's hour!

391 (48) Be a Blessing.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. A. J. SHOWALTER.


1. Would you be a sunbeam filled with heav-en's light, Shedding forth its
2. Where the tears are falling and the hearts are sad, Take some gospel
3. Just a cup of wa-ter for the Mas-ter's sake May sweet chords of
1. Would you be a sunbeam filled with heaven's light, Shedding forth its
beau-ty o-ver scenes of night? In this world of sorrow, sickness,
message that will make them glad; Strive to give them comfort by some
mu-sic in some bos-om wake; Seek to help some pilgrim t'ward the
beau-ty o-ver scenes of night? In this world of sor-row,
sin and woe, Try to be a blessing ev-'ry-where you go.
lov-ing deed, Try to be a blessing in the time of need.
gold-en land, Try to be a blessing, both with voice and hand.
sickness, sin and woe, Try to be a bless-ing ev'rywhere you go.
CHORUS.
Be a blessing on life's wear-y mile, Be a
Be a cheer-ful bless-ing on life's wear-y mile, Be a sun-ny
bless-ing with a word or smile; Be a bless-ing,
bless-ing with a word or smile; Be a con-stant bless-ing,

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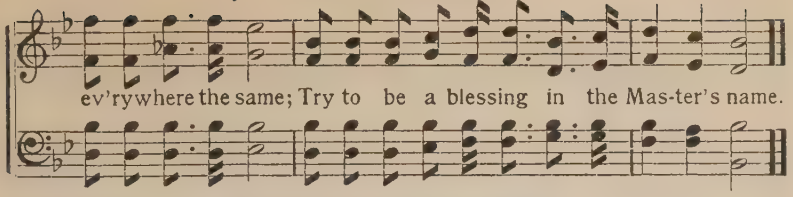
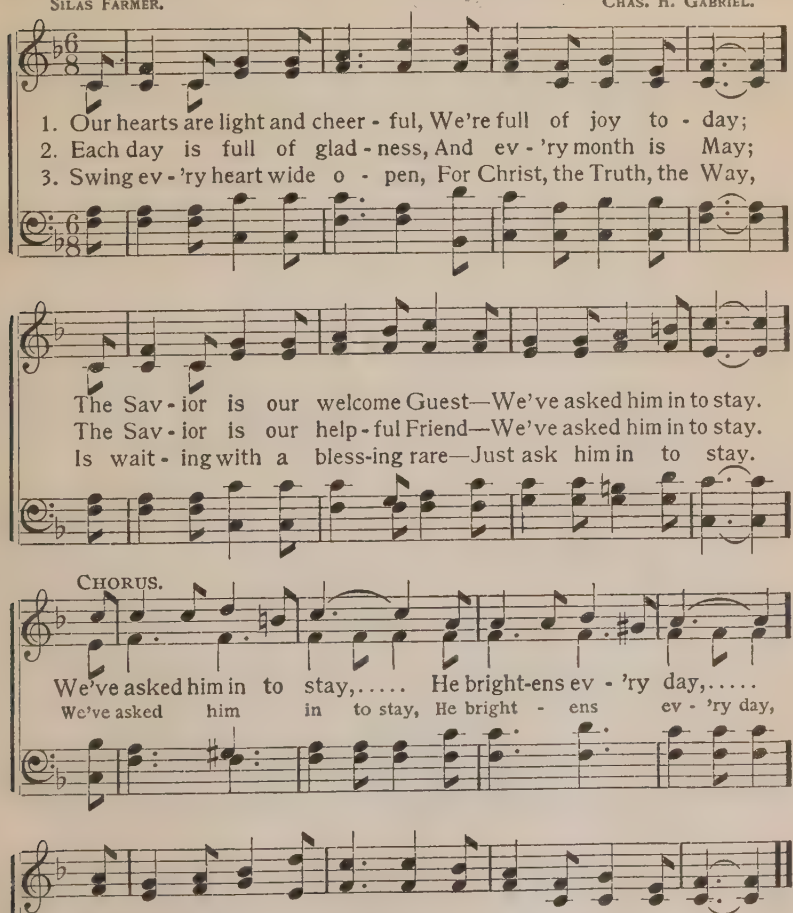
Be a Blessing.



392 (49) Ask Him In to Stay.

SILAS FARMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Our hearts are light and cheer - ful, We're full of joy to - day;
2. Each day is full of glad - ness, And ev - 'ry month is May;
3. Swing ev - 'ry heart wide o - pen, For Christ, the Truth, the Way,
The Sav - ior is our welcome Guest—We've asked him in to stay.
The Sav - ior is our help - ful Friend—We've asked him in to stay.
Is wait - ing with a bless-ing rare—Just ask him in to stay.
CHORUS.
We've asked him in to stay,..... He bright-ens ev - 'ry day,.....
We've asked him in to stay, He bright - ens ev - 'ry day,
His grace is so a - bound-ing, He drives all gloom a - way.

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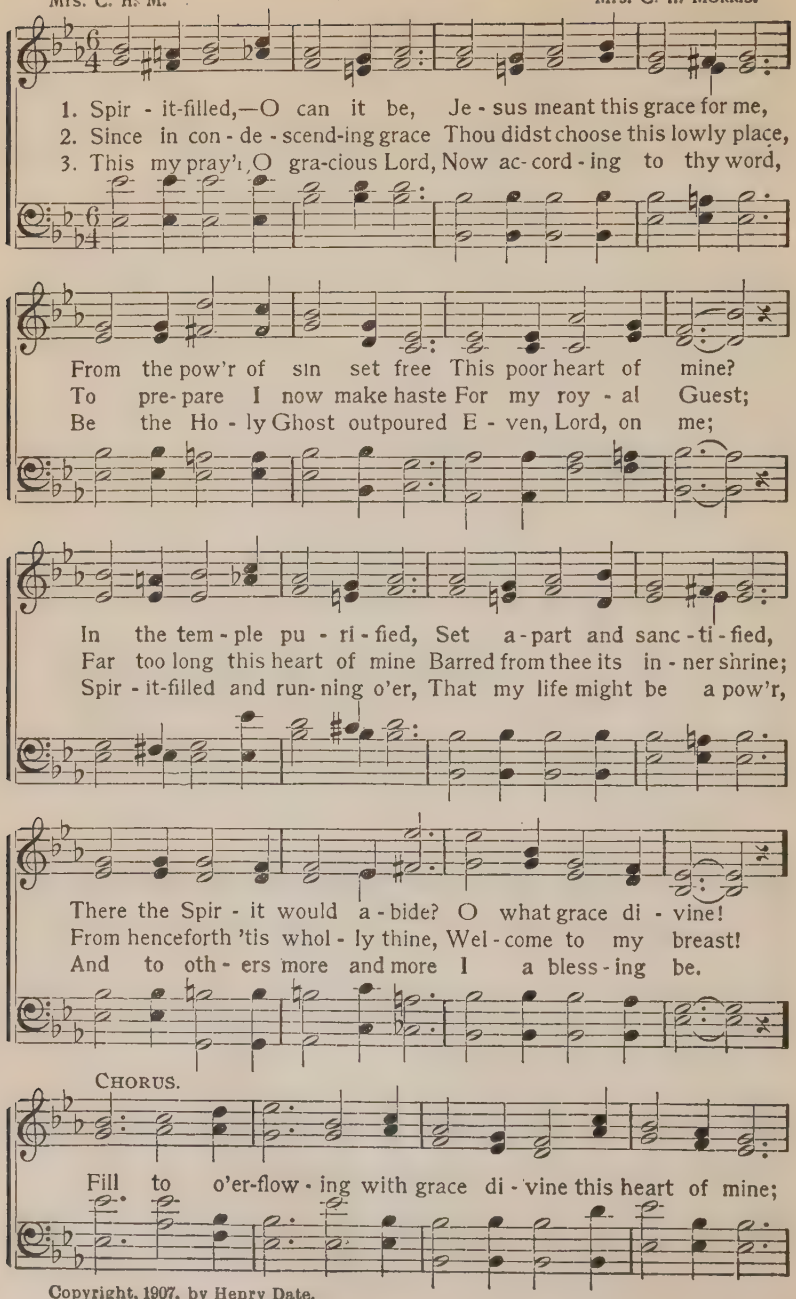
393 (50) Spirit-Filled.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Spir - it-filled,—O can it be, Je - sus meant this grace for me,
From the pow'r of sin set free This poor heart of mine?
In the tem - ple pu - ri - fied, Set a - part and sanc - ti - fied,
There the Spir - it would a - bide? O what grace di - vine!
Chorus.
Fill to o'er-flow - ing with grace di - vine this heart of mine;
2. Since in con - de - scend-ing grace Thou didst choose this lowly place,
To pre- pare I now make haste For my roy - al Guest;
Far too long this heart of mine Barred from thee its in - ner shrine;
From henceforth 'tis whol - ly thine, Wel - come to my breast!
3. This my pray'r, O gra-cious Lord, Now ac- cord - ing to thy word,
Be the Ho - ly Ghost outpoured E - ven, Lord, on me;
Spir - it-filled and run-ning o'er, That my life might be a pow'r,
And to oth - ers more and more I a bless - ing be.

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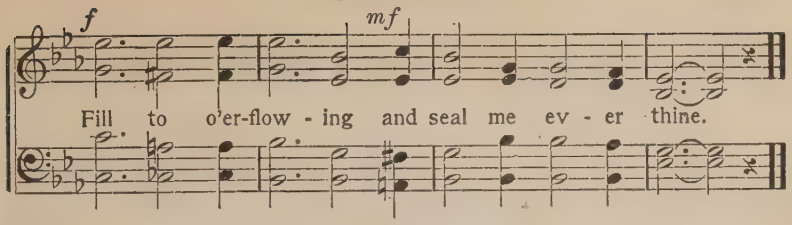
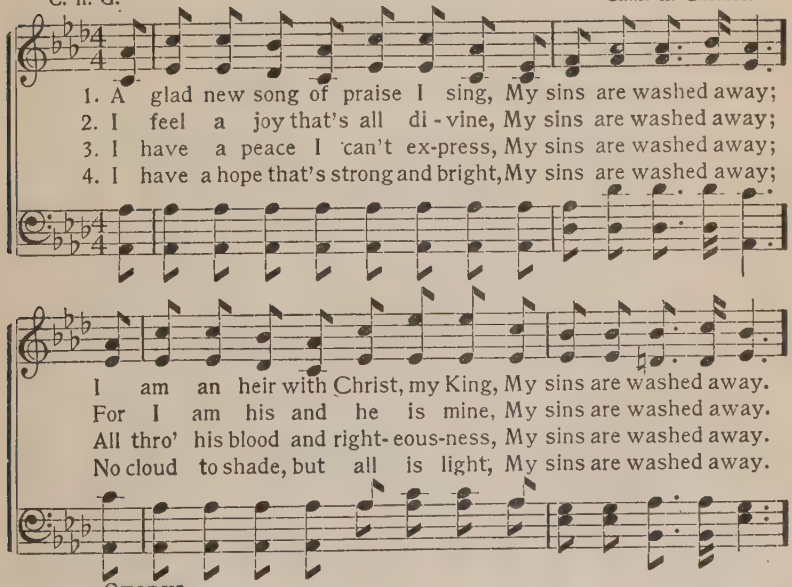
Spirit-Filled.

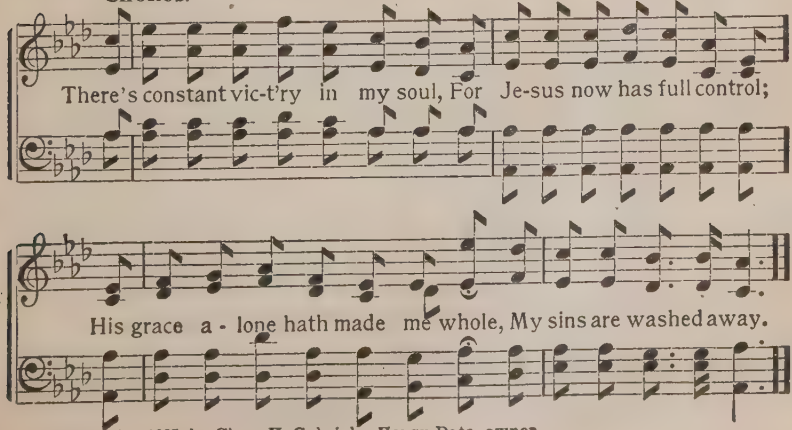


394 (51) My Sins are Washed Away.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. A glad new song of praise I sing, My sins are washed away;
2. I feel a joy that's all di - vine, My sins are washed away;
3. I have a peace I can't ex-press, My sins are washed away;
4. I have a hope that's strong and bright, My sins are washed away;
I am an heir with Christ, my King, My sins are washed away.
For I am his and he is mine, My sins are washed away.
All thro' his blood and right- eous-ness, My sins are washed away.
No cloud to shade, but all is light, My sins are washed away.

CHORUS.


There's constant vic-t'ry in my soul, For Je-sus now has full control;
His grace a - lone hath made me whole, My sins are washed away.

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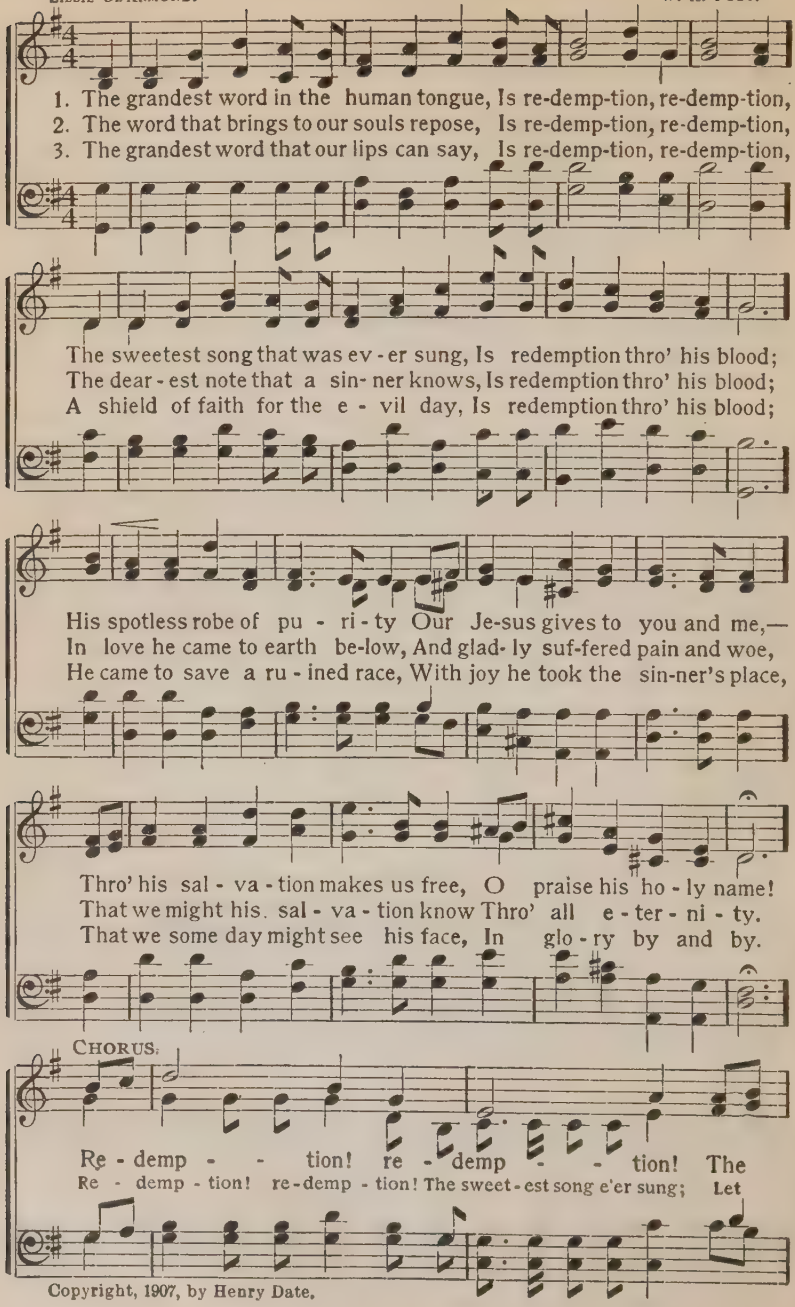
395 (52) The Grandest Word.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. W. A. POST.


1. The grandest word in the human tongue, Is re-demp-tion, re-demp-tion,
2. The word that brings to our souls repose, Is re-demp-tion, re-demp-tion,
3. The grandest word that our lips can say, Is re-demp-tion, re-demp-tion,
The sweetest song that was ev - er sung, Is redemption thro' his blood;
The dear - est note that a sin- ner knows, Is redemption thro' his blood;
A shield of faith for the e - vil day, Is redemption thro' his blood;
His spotless robe of pu - ri - ty Our Je-sus gives to you and me,—
In love he came to earth be-low, And glad- ly suf-fered pain and woe,
He came to save a ru - ined race, With joy he took the sin-ner's place,
Thro' his sal - va - tion makes us free, O praise his ho - ly name!
That we might his sal - va - tion know Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
That we some day might see his face, In glo - ry by and by.
CHORUS.
Re - demp - - tion! re - demp - - tion! The
Re - demp - tion! re-demp - tion! The sweet - est song e'er sung; Let

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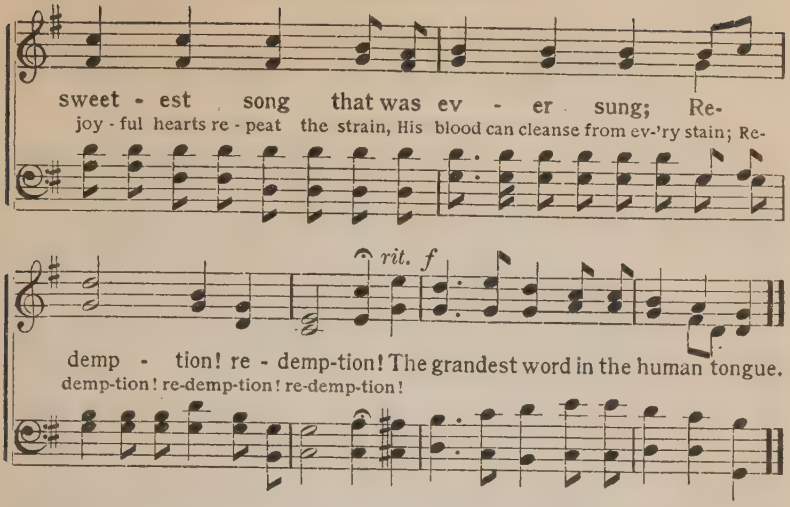
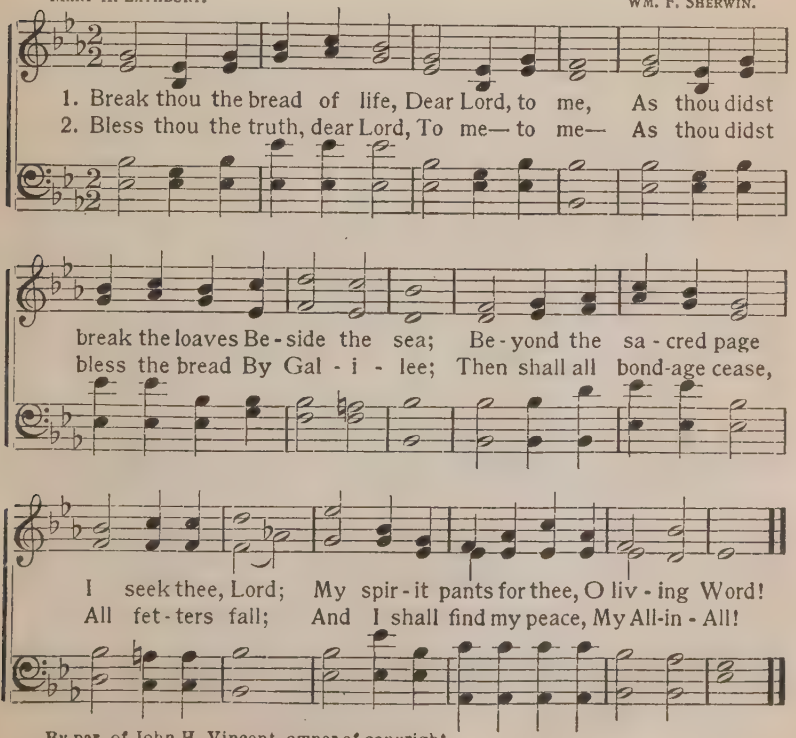
The Grandest Word.


sweet - est song that was ev - er sung; Re-
joy - ful hearts re - peat the strain, His blood can cleanse from ev-'ry stain; Re-
rit. f
demp - tion! re - demp-tion! The grandest word in the human tongue.
demp-tion! re-demp-tion! re-demp-tion!

396 (53) Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN.


1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst
2. Bless thou the truth, dear Lord, To me— to me— As thou didst
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,
I seek thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for thee, O liv - ing Word!
All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All-in - All!

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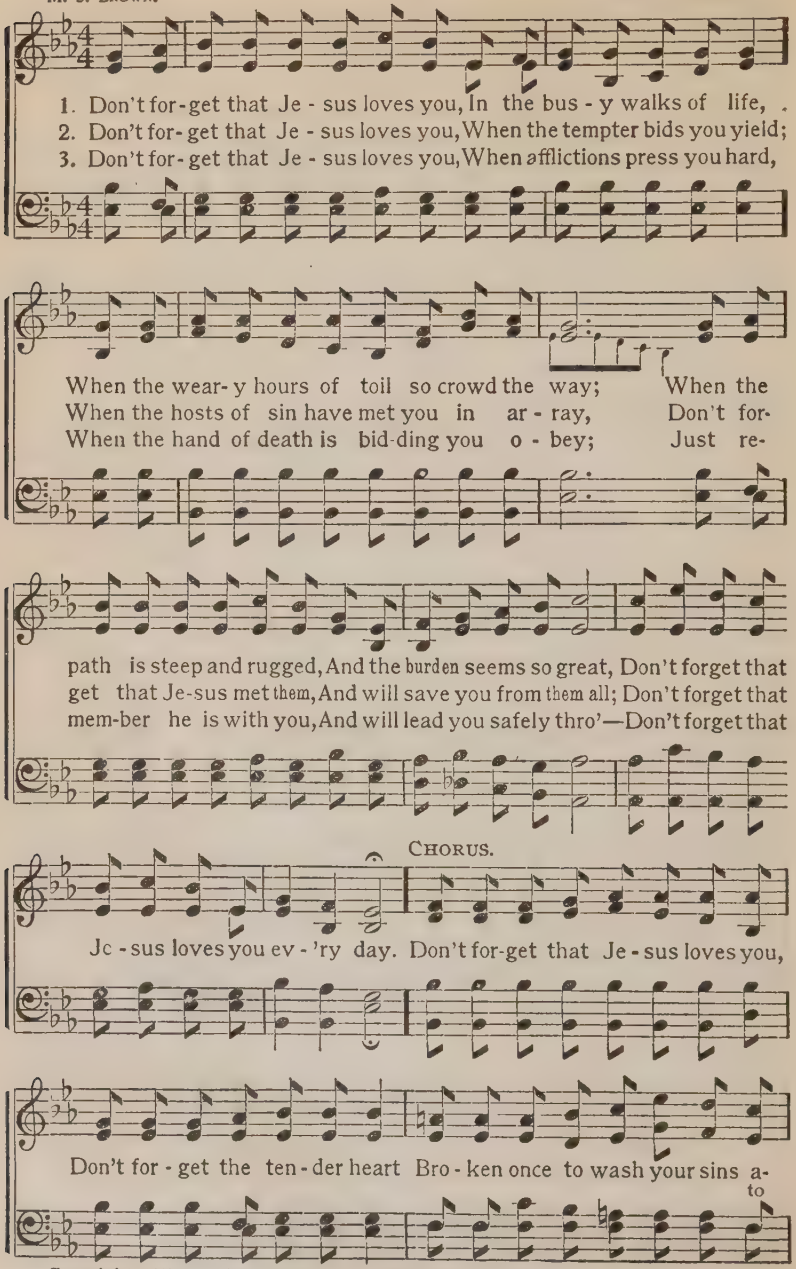
397 (54) Don't Forget That Jesus Loves You.

M. S. BROWN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Don't for-get that Je - sus loves you, In the bus - y walks of life,
2. Don't for- get that Je - sus loves you, When the tempter bids you yield;
3. Don't for- get that Je - sus loves you, When afflictions press you hard,
When the wear- y hours of toil so crowd the way; When the
When the hosts of sin have met you in ar - ray, Don't for-
When the hand of death is bid-ding you o - bey; Just re-
path is steep and rugged, And the burden seems so great, Don't forget that
get that Je-sus met them, And will save you from them all; Don't forget that
mem-ber he is with you, And will lead you safely thro'—Don't forget that
CHORUS.
Je - sus loves you ev - 'ry day. Don't for-get that Je - sus loves you,
Don't for - get the ten - der heart Bro - ken once to wash your sins a-
to

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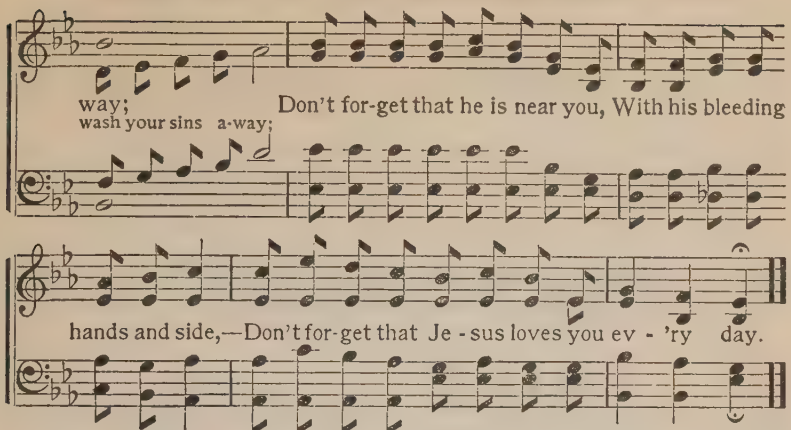
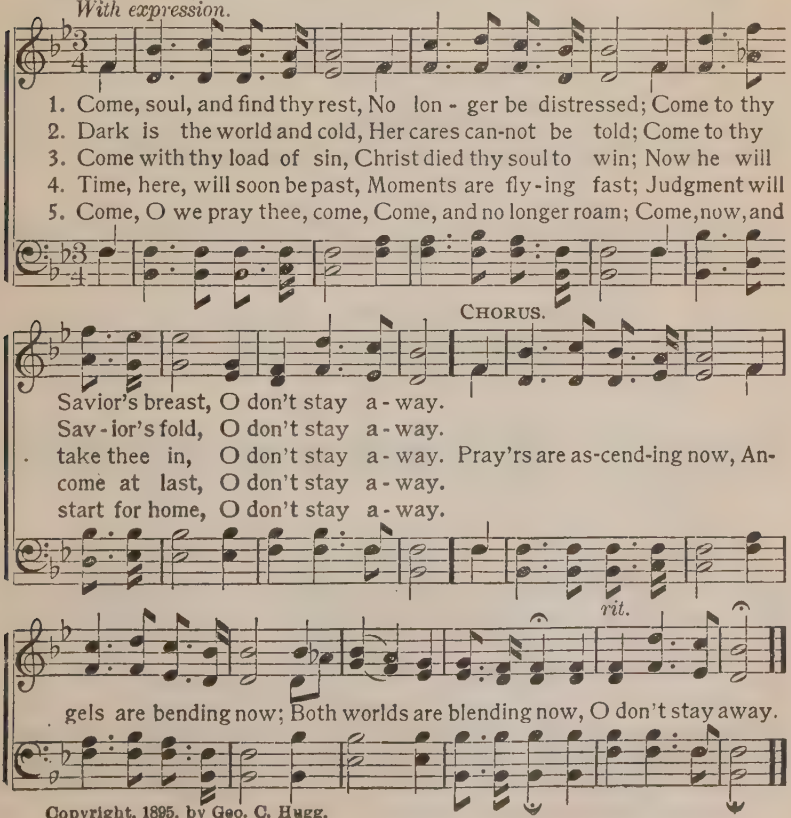
Don't Forget That Jesus Loves You.


way; Don't for-get that he is near you, With his bleeding
wash your sins a-way;
hands and side,—Don't for-get that Je - sus loves you ev - 'ry day.

398 (55) O Don't Stay Away.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. W. J. STUART.

With expression.


1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No lon - ger be distressed; Come to thy
2. Dark is the world and cold, Her cares can-not be told; Come to thy
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now he will
4. Time, here, will soon be past, Moments are fly-ing fast; Judgment will
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come, and no longer roam; Come, now, and
CHORUS.
Savior's breast, O don't stay a - way.
Sav - ior's fold, O don't stay a - way.
take thee in, O don't stay a - way. Pray'rs are as-cend-ing now, An-
come at last, O don't stay a - way.
start for home, O don't stay a - way.
rit.
gels are bending now; Both worlds are blending now, O don't stay away.

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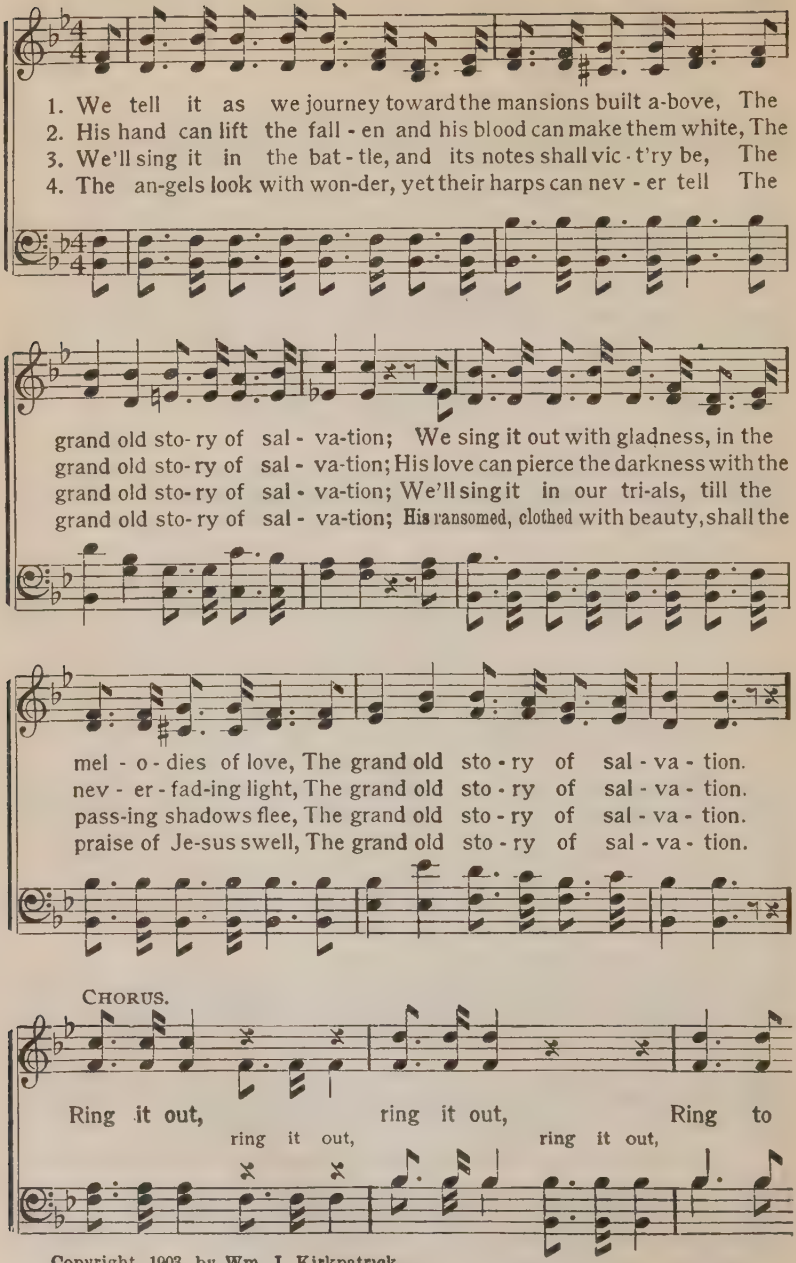
399 (56) The Grand Old Story of Salvation.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. We tell it as we journey toward the mansions built a-bove, The
2. His hand can lift the fall - en and his blood can make them white, The
3. We'll sing it in the bat - tle, and its notes shall vic - t'ry be, The
4. The an-gels look with won-der, yet their harps can nev - er tell The
grand old sto- ry of sal - va-tion; We sing it out with gladness, in the
grand old sto- ry of sal - va-tion; His love can pierce the darkness with the
grand old sto- ry of sal - va-tion; We'll sing it in our tri-als, till the
grand old sto- ry of sal - va-tion; His ransomed, clothed with beauty, shall the
mel - o - dies of love, The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.
nev - er - fad-ing light, The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.
pass-ing shadows flee, The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.
praise of Je-sus swell, The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.
Chorus.
Ring it out, ring it out, Ring to
ring it out, ring it out,

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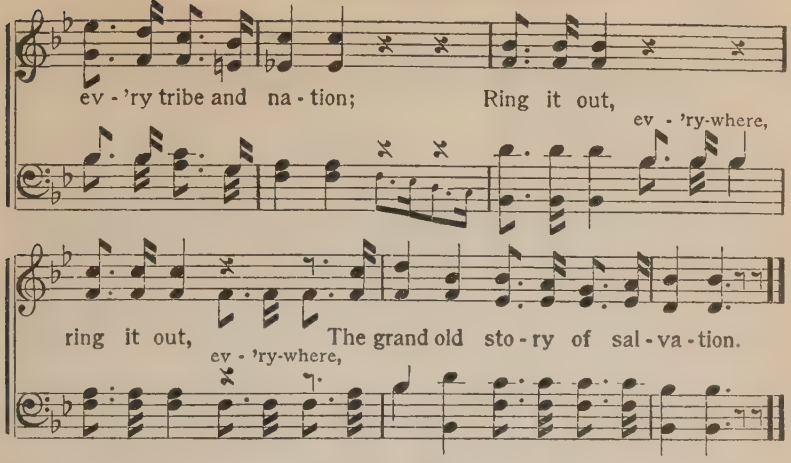
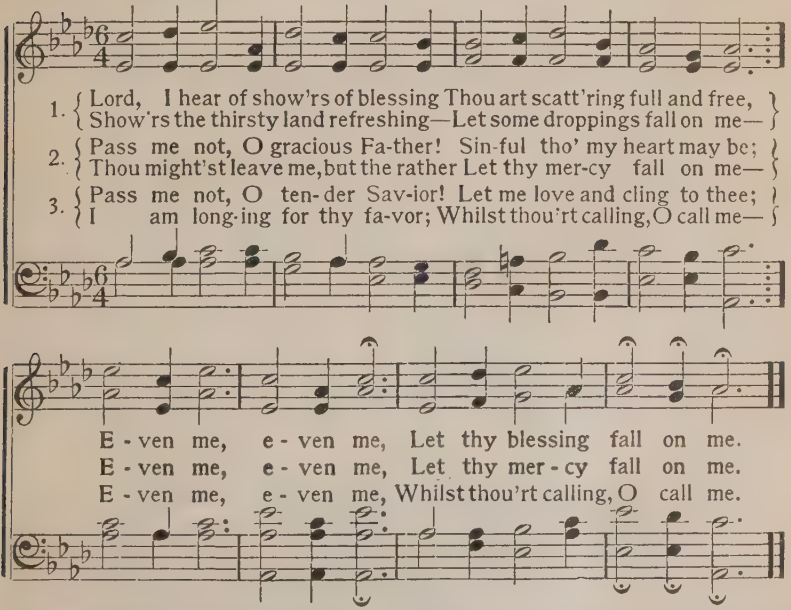
The Grand Old Story of Salvation.



400 (57) Even Me.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

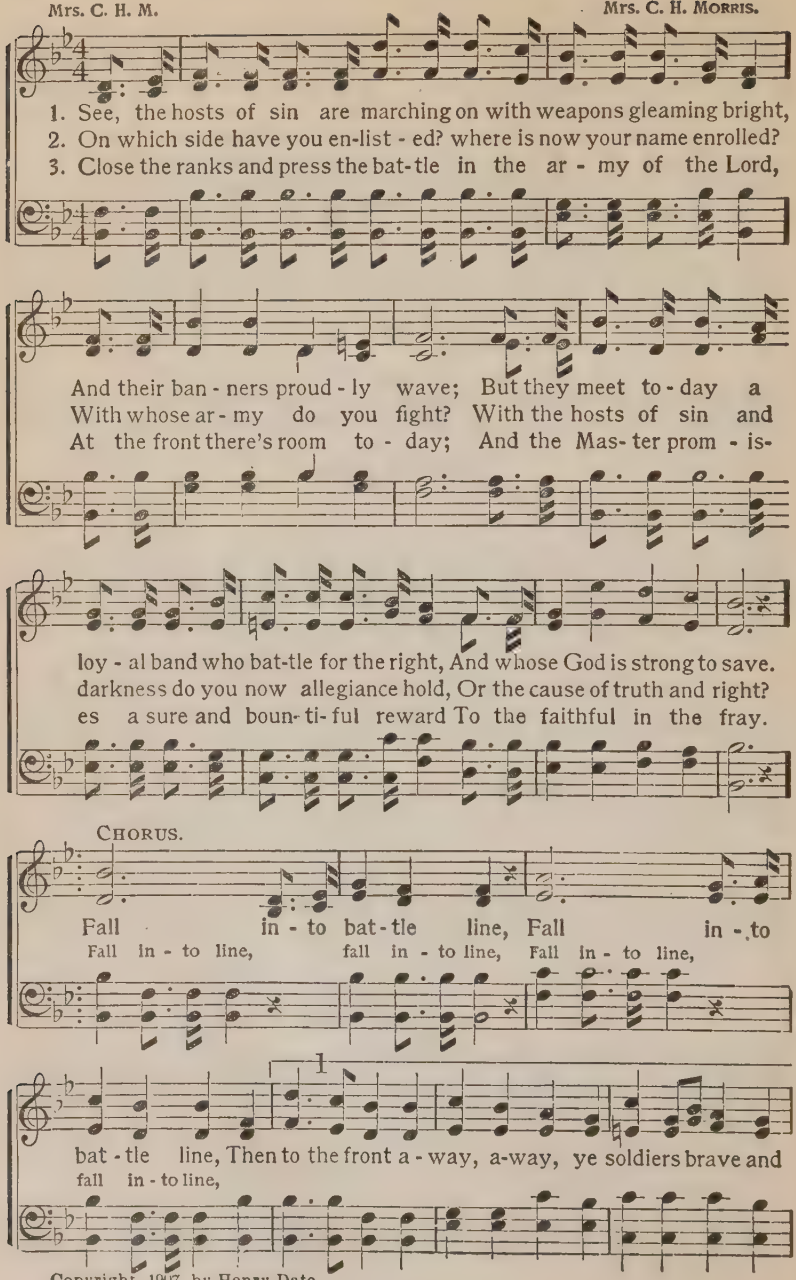

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring full and free,
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing—Let some droppings fall on me—
2. Pass me not, O gracious Fa-ther! Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather Let thy mer-cy fall on me—
3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-ior! Let me love and cling to thee;
I am long-ing for thy fa-vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me—
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let thy blessing fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let thy mer - cy fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me, etc.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify them all in me—
Even me, etc.

Fall Into Battle Line.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. See, the hosts of sin are marching on with weapons gleaming bright,
2. On which side have you en-list - ed? where is now your name enrolled?
3. Close the ranks and press the bat-tle in the ar - my of the Lord,
And their ban - ners proud - ly wave; But they meet to - day a
With whose ar - my do you fight? With the hosts of sin and
At the front there's room to - day; And the Mas- ter prom - is-
loy - al band who bat-tle for the right, And whose God is strong to save.
darkness do you now allegiance hold, Or the cause of truth and right?
es a sure and boun- ti- ful reward To the faithful in the fray.
Chorus.
Fall in - to bat - tle line, Fall in - to
Fall in - to line, fall in - to line, Fall in - to line,
1
bat - tle line, Then to the front a - way, a-way, ye soldiers brave and
fall in - to line,

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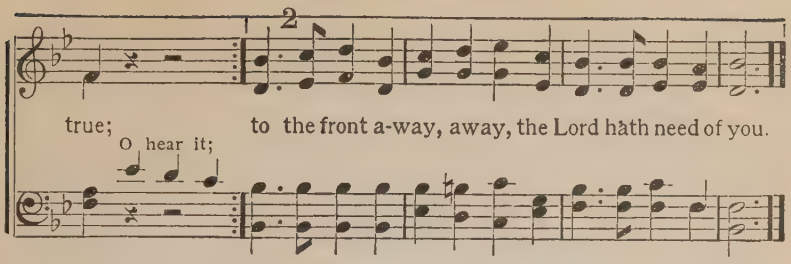
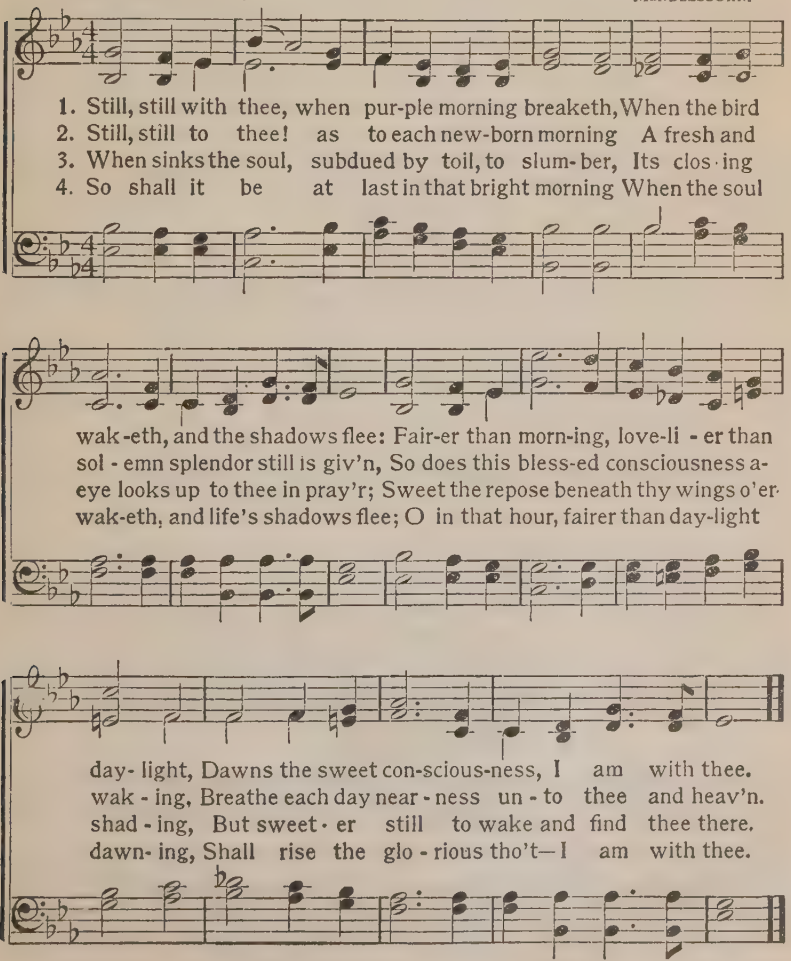
Fall Into Battle Line.



402 (59) Still, Still With Thee.

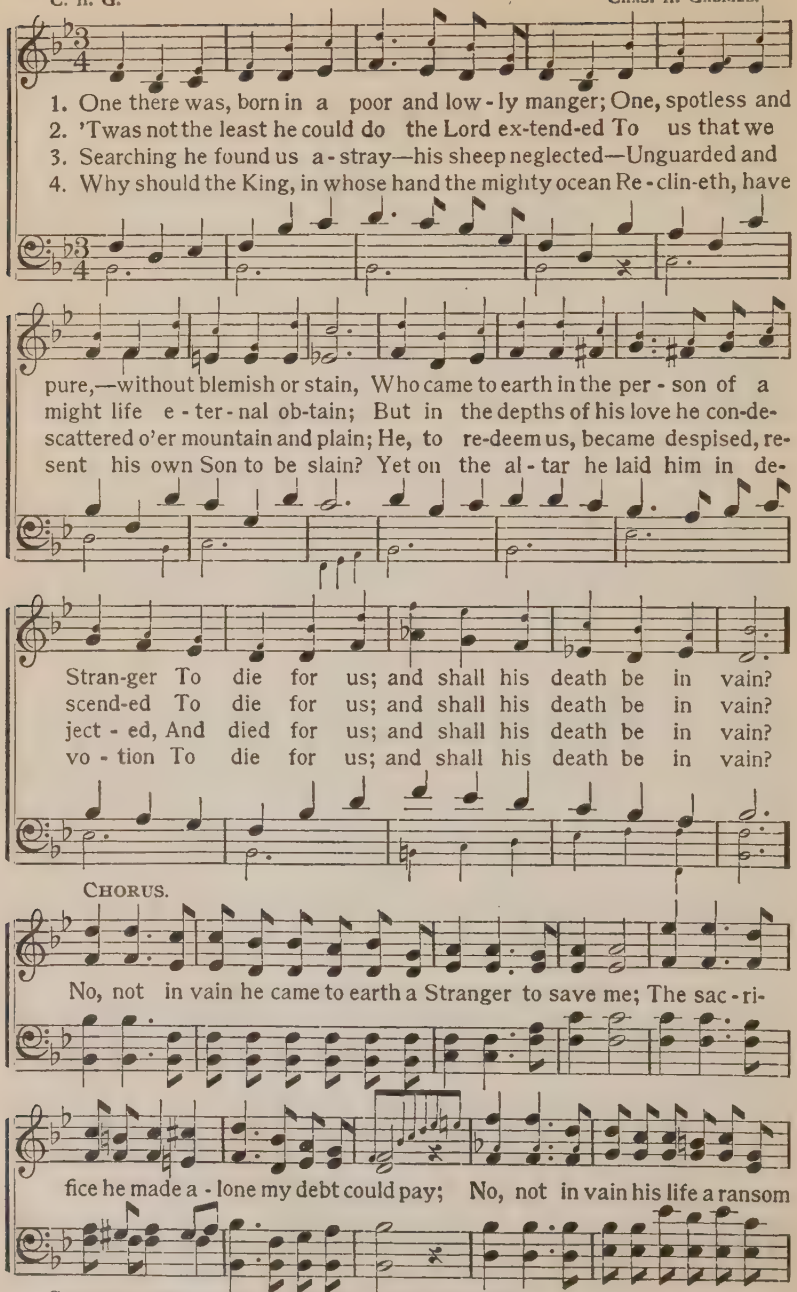
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. MENDELSSOHN.


1. Still, still with thee, when pur-ple morning breaketh, When the bird
2. Still, still to thee! as to each new-born morning A fresh and
3. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slum-ber, Its clos-ing
4. So shall it be at last in that bright morning When the soul
wak-eth, and the shadows flee: Fair-er than morn-ing, love-li-er than
sol-emn splendor still is giv'n, So does this bless-ed consciousness a-
eye looks up to thee in pray'r; Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'er
wak-eth, and life's shadows flee; O in that hour, fairer than day-light
day-light, Dawns the sweet con-scious-ness, I am with thee.
wak-ing, Breathe each day near-ness un-to thee and heav'n.
shad-ing, But sweet-er still to wake and find thee there.
dawn-ing, Shall rise the glo-rious tho't—I am with thee.

403 (60)

Not in Vain.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. One there was, born in a poor and low - ly manger; One, spotless and
2. 'Twas not the least he could do the Lord ex-tend-ed To us that we
3. Searching he found us a - stray—his sheep neglected—Unguarded and
4. Why should the King, in whose hand the mighty ocean Re - clin-eth, have
pure,—without blemish or stain, Who came to earth in the per - son of a
might life e - ter - nal ob-tain; But in the depths of his love he con-de-
scattered o'er mountain and plain; He, to re-deem us, became despised, re-
sent his own Son to be slain? Yet on the al - tar he laid him in de-
Stran-ger To die for us; and shall his death be in vain?
scend-ed To die for us; and shall his death be in vain?
ject - ed, And died for us; and shall his death be in vain?
vo - tion To die for us; and shall his death be in vain?
CHORUS.
No, not in vain he came to earth a Stranger to save me; The sac - ri-
fice he made a - lone my debt could pay; No, not in vain his life a ransom

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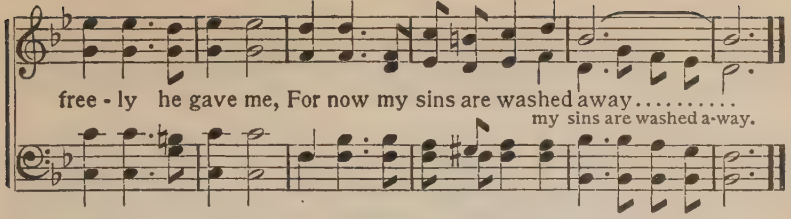
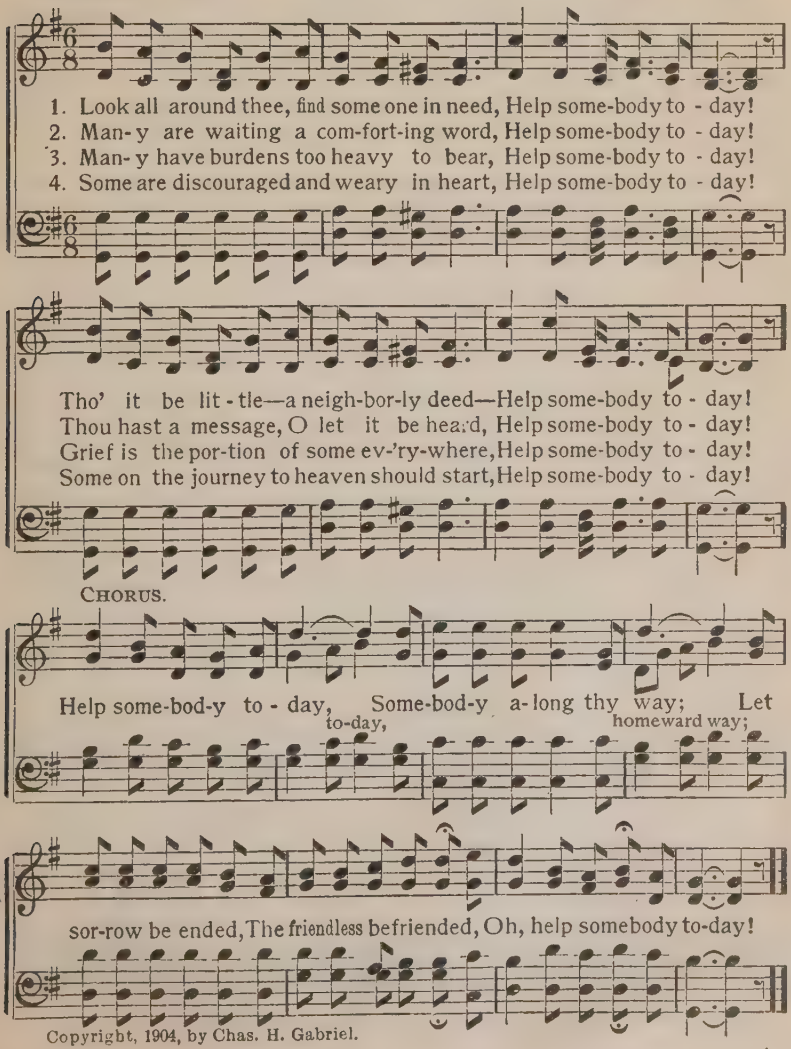
Not in Vain.



404 (61) Help Somebody To-day.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Look all around thee, find some one in need, Help some-body to - day!
2. Man-y are waiting a com-fort-ing word, Help some-body to - day!
3. Man-y have burdens too heavy to bear, Help some-body to - day!
4. Some are discouraged and weary in heart, Help some-body to - day!
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor-ly deed—Help some-body to - day!
Thou hast a message, O let it be heard, Help some-body to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev-'ry-where, Help some-body to - day!
Some on the journey to heaven should start, Help some-body to - day!
CHORUS.
Help some-bod-y to - day, Some-bod-y a-long thy way; Let
to-day, homeward way;
sor-row be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day!

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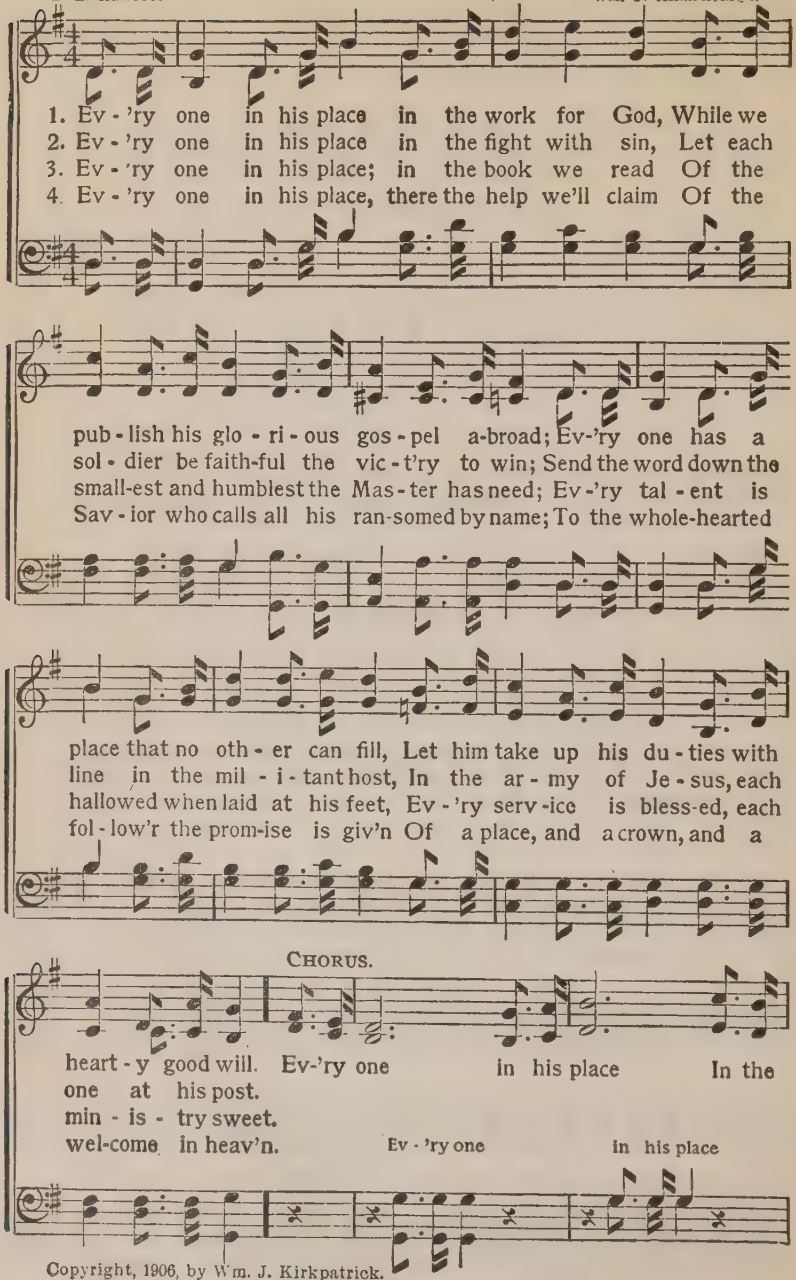
405 (62) Every One In His Place.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Ev - 'ry one in his place in the work for God, While we
2. Ev - 'ry one in his place in the fight with sin, Let each
3. Ev - 'ry one in his place; in the book we read Of the
4. Ev - 'ry one in his place, there the help we'll claim Of the
pub - lish his glo - ri - ous gos - pel a-broad; Ev-'ry one has a
sol - dier be faith-ful the vic - t'ry to win; Send the word down the
small-est and humblest the Mas - ter has need; Ev - 'ry tal - ent is
Sav - ior who calls all his ran-somed by name; To the whole-hearted
place that no oth - er can fill, Let him take up his du - ties with
line in the mil - i - tant host, In the ar - my of Je - sus, each
hallowed when laid at his feet, Ev - 'ry serv - ice is bless-ed, each
fol - low'r the prom-ise is giv'n Of a place, and a crown, and a
CHORUS.
heart - y good will. Ev-'ry one in his place In the
one at his post.
min - is - try sweet.
wel-come in heav'n. Ev - 'ry one in his place

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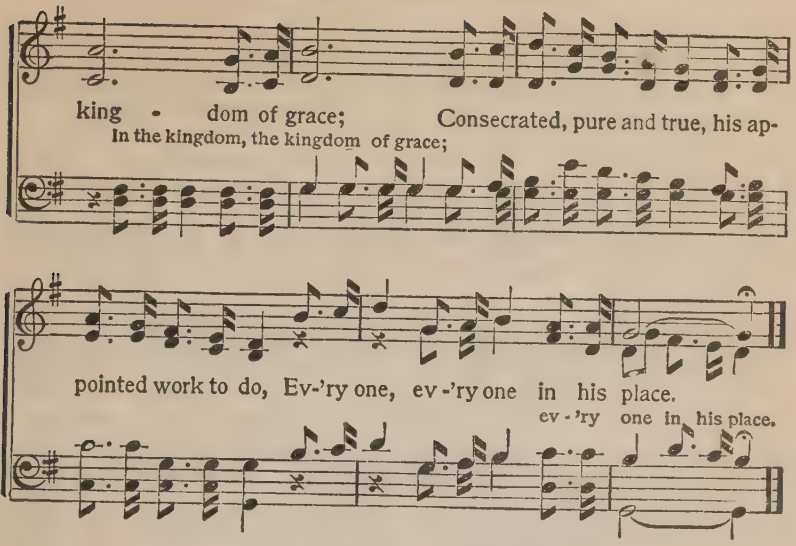
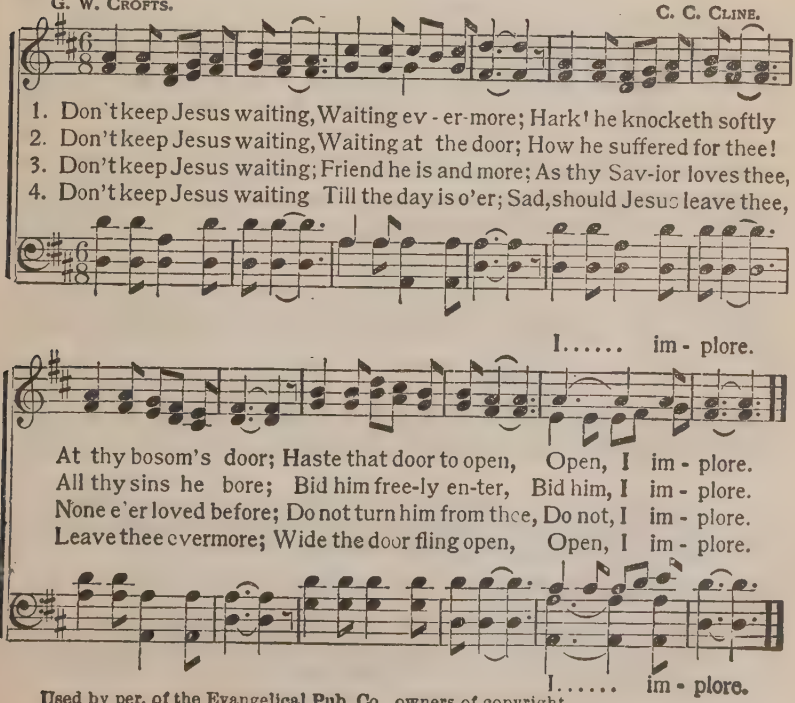
Every One In His Place.


king - dom of grace; Consecrated, pure and true, his ap-
In the kingdom, the kingdom of grace;
pointed work to do, Ev-'ry one, ev-'ry one in his place.
ev-'ry one in his place.

406 (63) Don't Keep Jesus Waiting.

G. W. CROFTS. C. C. CLINE.


1. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Waiting ev - er-more; Hark! he knocketh softly
2. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Waiting at the door; How he suffered for thee!
3. Don't keep Jesus waiting; Friend he is and more; As thy Sav-ior loves thee,
4. Don't keep Jesus waiting Till the day is o'er; Sad, should Jesus leave thee,
I..... im - plore.
At thy bosom's door; Haste that door to open, Open, I im - plore.
All thy sins he bore; Bid him free-ly en-ter, Bid him, I im - plore.
None e'er loved before; Do not turn him from thee, Do not, I im - plore.
Leave thee evermore; Wide the door fling open, Open, I im - plore.
I..... im - plore.

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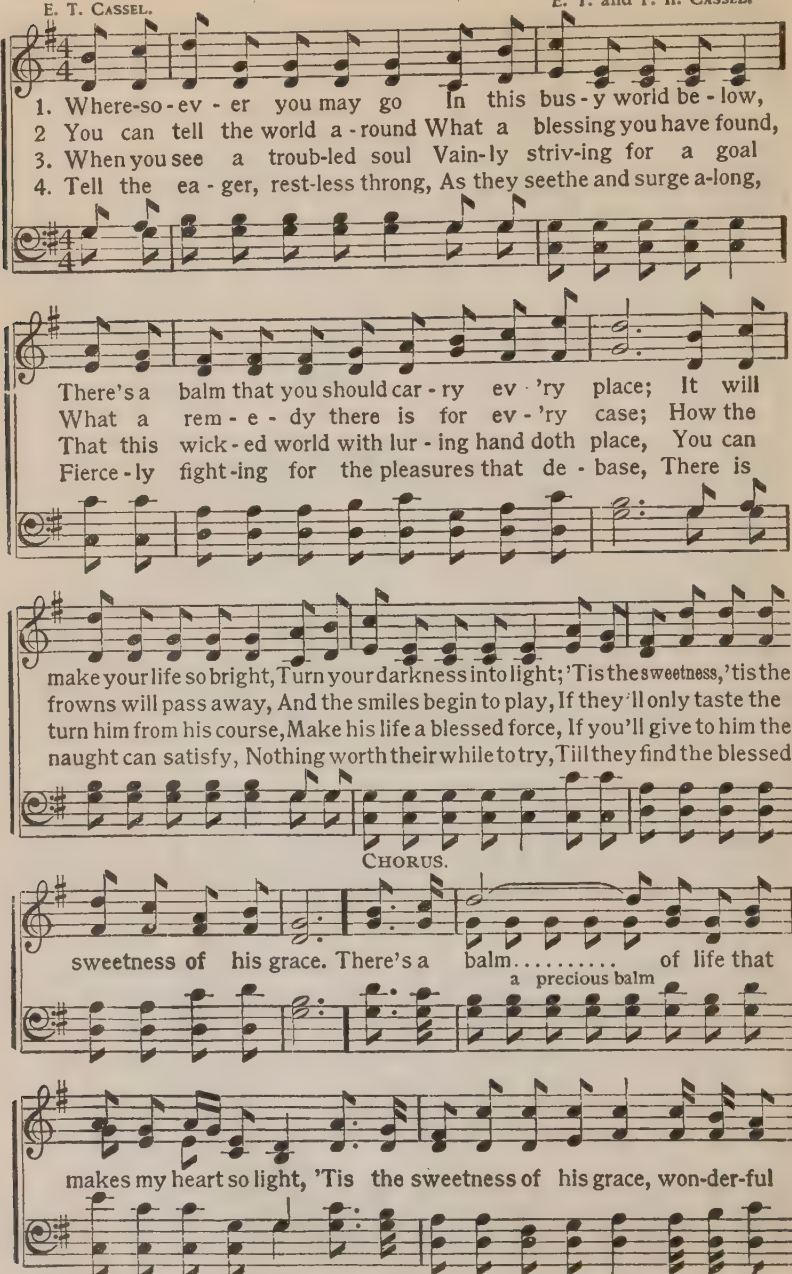
407 (64) The Sweetness of His Grace.

E. T. CASSEL. E. T. and F. H. CASSEL.


1. Where-so-ev-er you may go In this bus-y world be-low,
2 You can tell the world a-round What a blessing you have found,
3. When you see a troub-led soul Vain-ly striv-ing for a goal
4. Tell the ea-ger, rest-less throng, As they seethe and surge a-long,
There's a balm that you should car-ry ev-'ry place; It will
What a rem-e-dy there is for ev-'ry case; How the
That this wick-ed world with lur-ing hand doth place, You can
Fierce-ly fight-ing for the pleasures that de-base, There is
make your life so bright, Turn your darkness into light; 'Tis the sweetness, 'tis the
frowns will pass away, And the smiles begin to play, If they'll only taste the
turn him from his course, Make his life a blessed force, If you'll give to him the
naught can satisfy, Nothing worth their while to try, Till they find the blessed
CHORUS.
sweetness of his grace. There's a balm..... of life that
a precious balm
makes my heart so light, 'Tis the sweetness of his grace, won-der-ful

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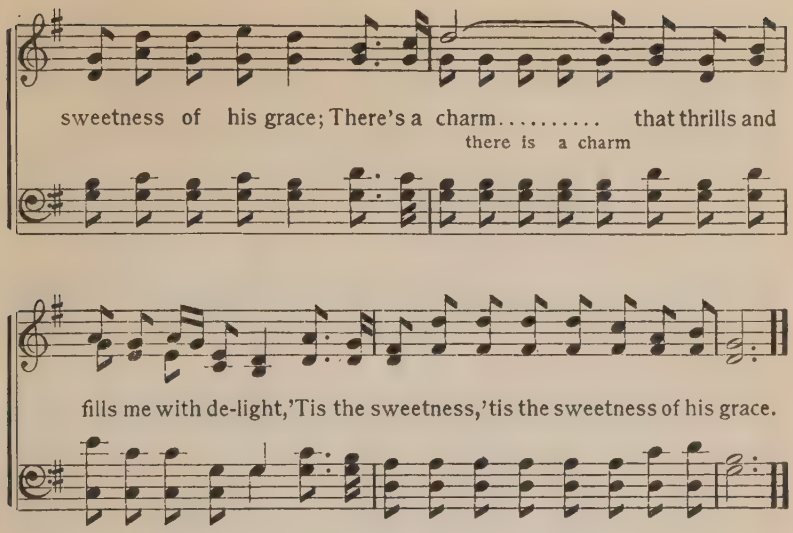
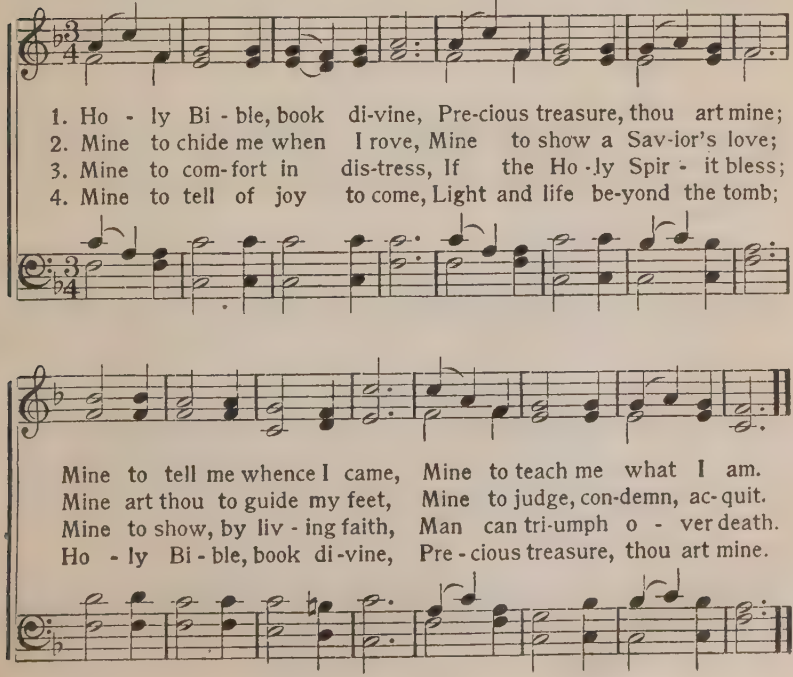
The Sweetness of His Grace.


sweetness of his grace; There's a charm..... that thrills and
there is a charm
fills me with de-light,'Tis the sweetness,'tis the sweetness of his grace.

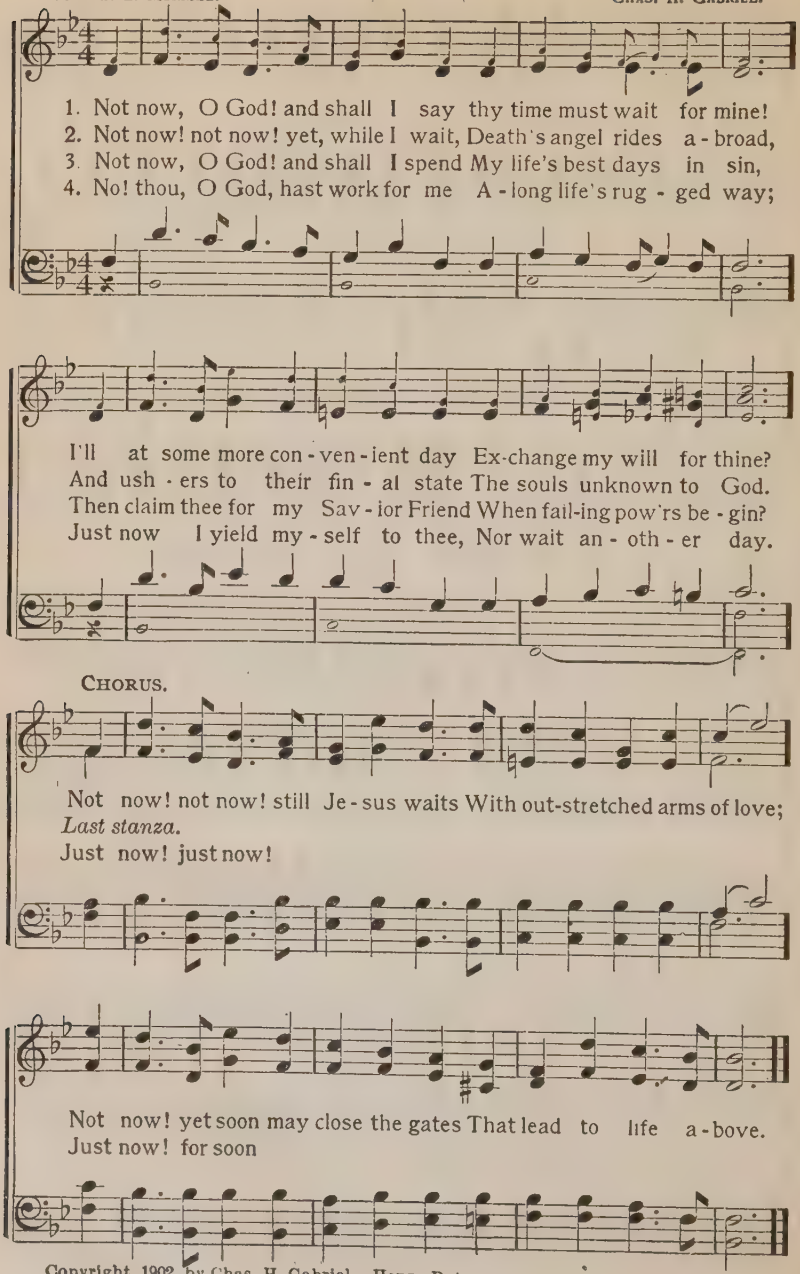
408 (65) Holy Bible, Book Divine.

JOHN BURTON. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di-vine, Pre-cious treasure, thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav-ior's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in dis-tress, If the Ho-ly Spir - it bless;
4. Mine to tell of joy to come, Light and life be-yond the tomb;
Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to teach me what I am.
Mine art thou to guide my feet, Mine to judge, con-demn, ac-quit.
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri-umph o - ver death.
Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di-vine, Pre - cious treasure, thou art mine.

Not Now

Miss B. E. Merrill. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Not now, O God! and shall I say thy time must wait for mine!
2. Not now! not now! yet, while I wait, Death's angel rides a-broad,
3. Not now, O God! and shall I spend My life's best days in sin,
4. No! thou, O God, hast work for me A-long life's rug-ged way;
I'll at some more con-ven-ient day Ex-change my will for thine?
And ush-ers to their fin-al state The souls unknown to God.
Then claim thee for my Sav-ior Friend When fail-ing pow'rs be-gin?
Just now I yield my-self to thee, Nor wait an-oth-er day.
Chorus.
Not now! not now! still Je-sus waits With out-stretched arms of love;
Last stanza.
Just now! just now!
Not now! yet soon may close the gates That lead to life a-bove.
Just now! for soon

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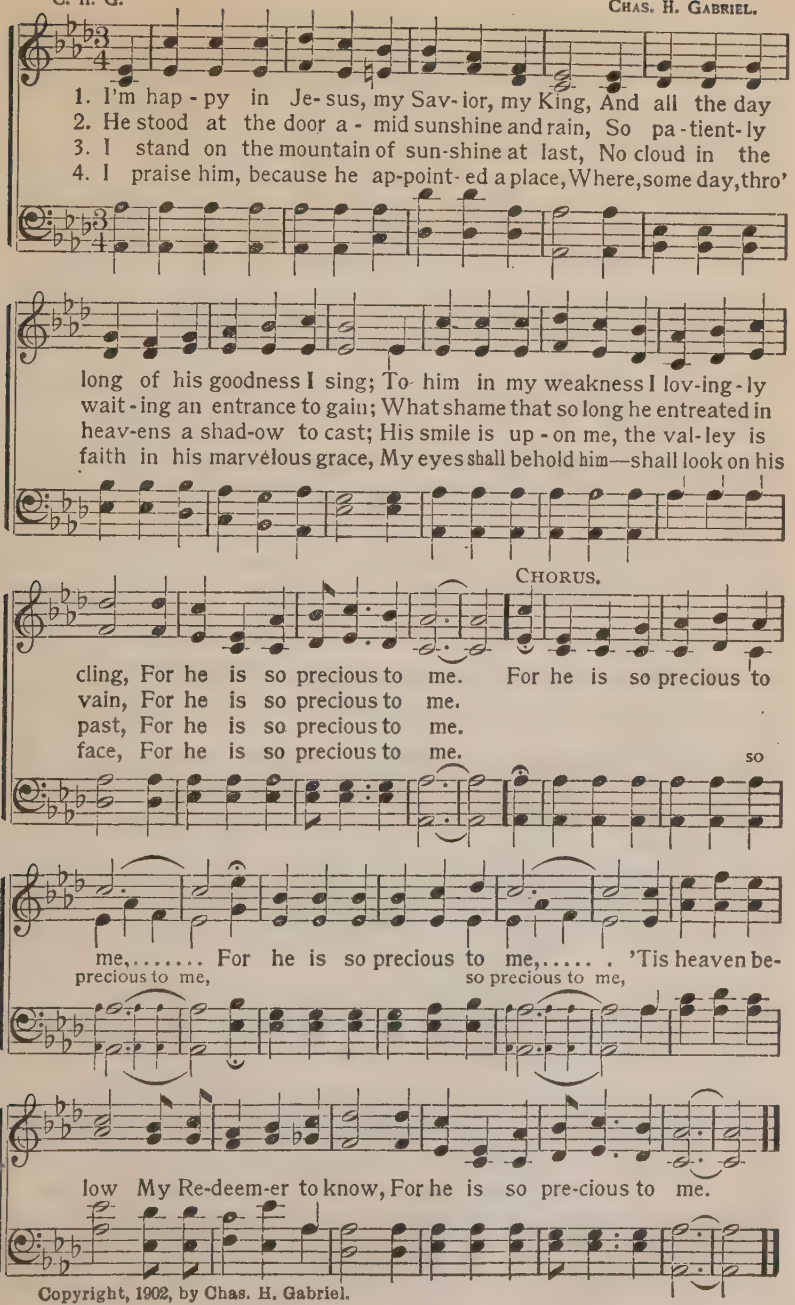
410 (67) He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I'm hap - py in Je- sus, my Sav- ior, my King, And all the day
2. He stood at the door a - mid sunshine and rain, So pa - tient - ly
3. I stand on the mountain of sun-shine at last, No cloud in the
4. I praise him, because he ap-point- ed a place, Where, some day, thro'
long of his goodness I sing; To him in my weakness I lov-ing - ly
wait - ing an entrance to gain; What shame that so long he entreated in
heav-ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val-ley is
faith in his marvelous grace, My eyes shall behold him—shall look on his
CHORUS.
cling, For he is so precious to me. For he is so precious to
vain, For he is so precious to me.
past, For he is so precious to me.
face, For he is so precious to me.
so
me,..... For he is so precious to me,..... 'Tis heaven be-
precious to me,
so precious to me,
low My Re-deem-er to know, For he is so pre-cious to me.

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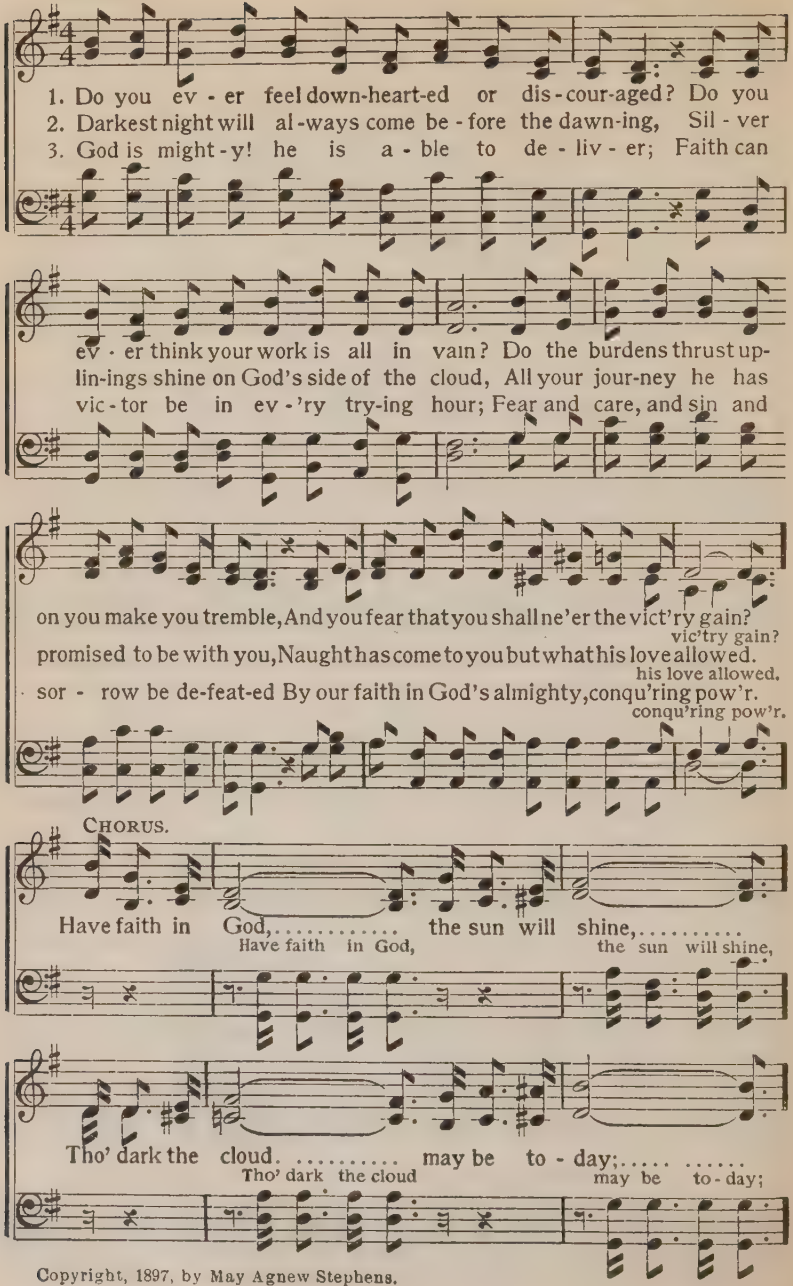
411 (68) Have Faith In God.

M. A. S. MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.


1. Do you ev - er feel down-heart-ed or dis - cour-aged? Do you
2. Darkest night will al - ways come be - fore the dawn-ing, Sil - ver
3. God is might - y! he is a - ble to de - liv - er; Faith can
ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do the burdens thrust up-
lin-ings shine on God's side of the cloud, All your jour-ney he has
vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try-ing hour; Fear and care, and sin and
on you make you tremble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vict'ry gain?
vic'try gain?
promised to be with you, Naught has come to you but what his love allowed.
his love allowed.
sor - row be de-feat-ed By our faith in God's almighty, conqu'ring pow'r.
conqu'ring pow'r.
CHORUS.
Have faith in God, ... the sun will shine, ...
Have faith in God, the sun will shine,
Tho' dark the cloud. . . . . may be to - day; . . . . . .
Tho' dark the cloud may be to - day;

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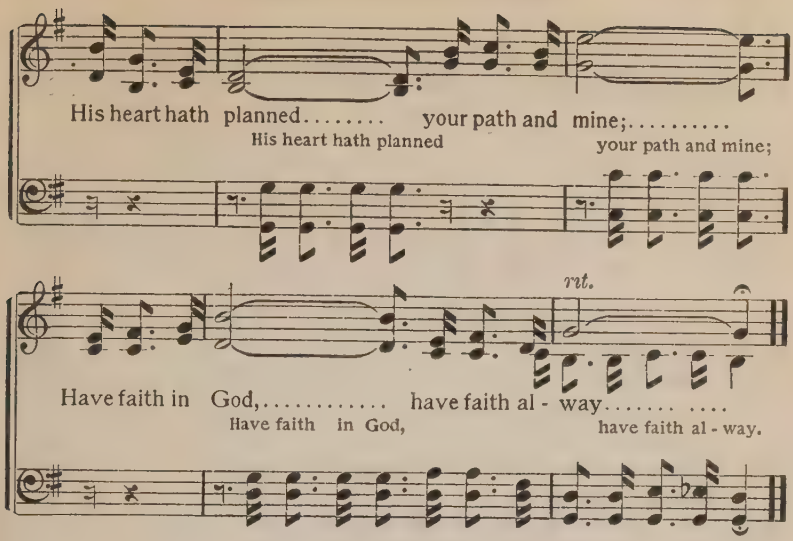
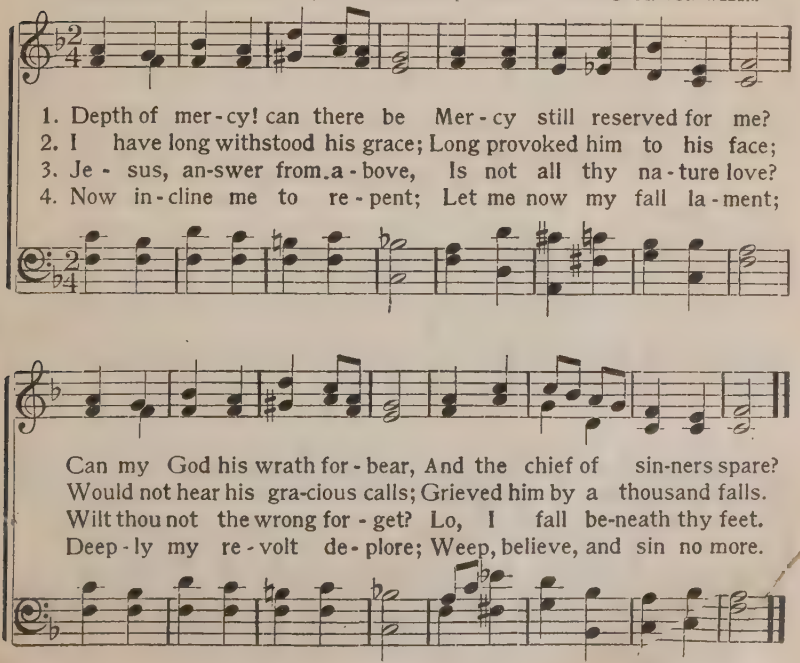
Have Faith In God.


His heart hath planned..... your path and mine;.....
His heart hath planned
your path and mine;
rit.
Have faith in God,..... have faith al - way.....
Have faith in God,
have faith al - way.

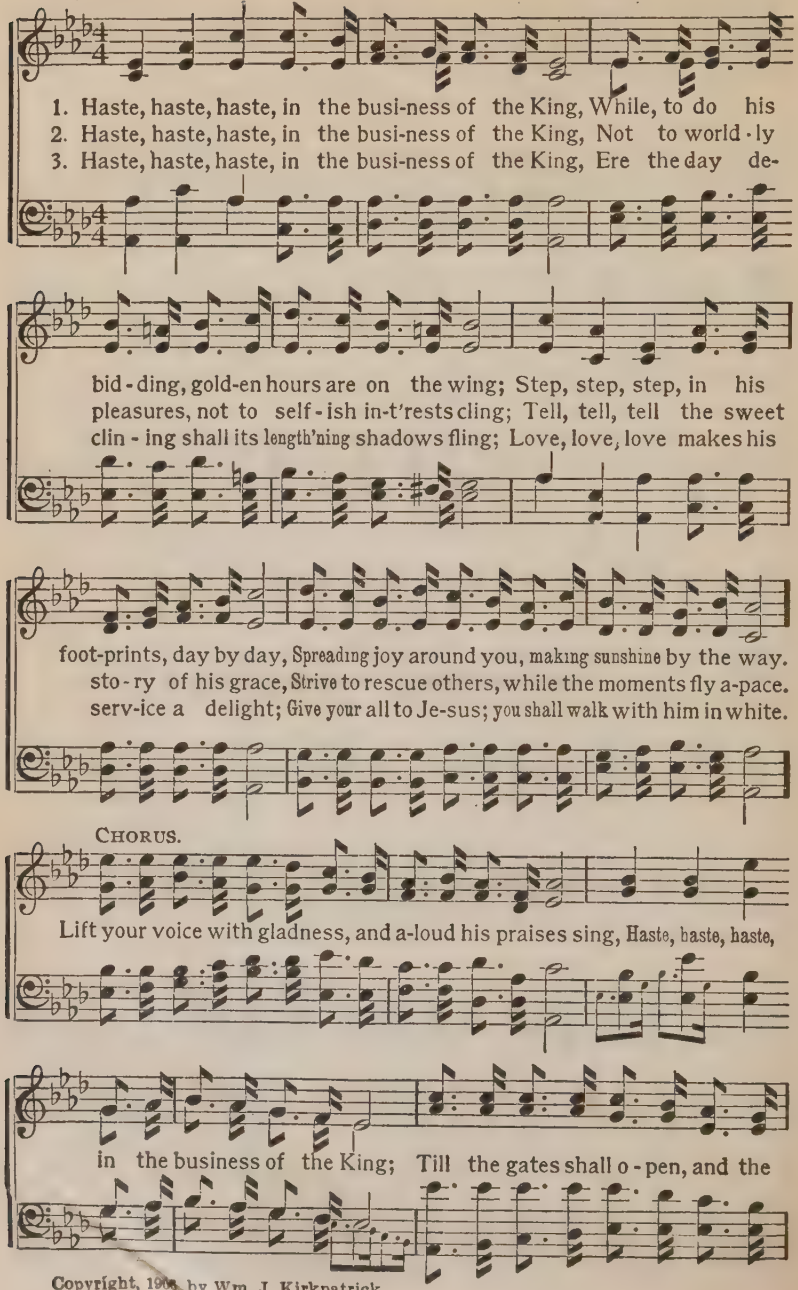
412 (69) Depth of Mercy.

CHARLES WESLEY. C. M. VON WEBER.


1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood his grace; Long provoked him to his face;
3. Je - sus, an-swer from a - bove, Is not all thy na - ture love?
4. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my fall la - ment;
Can my God his wrath for - bear, And the chief of sin-ners spare?
Would not hear his gra-cious calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.
Wilt thou not the wrong for - get? Lo, I fall be-neath thy feet.
Deep - ly my re - volt de - plore; Weep, believe, and sin no more.

413 (70) Haste, Haste, Haste.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Haste, haste, haste, in the busi-ness of the King, While, to do his
2. Haste, haste, haste, in the busi-ness of the King, Not to world-ly
3. Haste, haste, haste, in the busi-ness of the King, Ere the day de-
bid-ding, gold-en hours are on the wing; Step, step, step, in his
pleasures, not to self-ish in-t'rests cling; Tell, tell, tell the sweet
clin-ing shall its length'ning shadows fling; Love, love, love makes his
foot-prints, day by day, Spreading joy around you, making sunshine by the way.
sto-ry of his grace, Strive to rescue others, while the moments fly a-pace.
serv-ice a delight; Give your all to Je-sus; you shall walk with him in white.
Chorus.
Lift your voice with gladness, and a-loud his praises sing, Haste, haste, haste,
in the business of the King; Till the gates shall o-pen, and the

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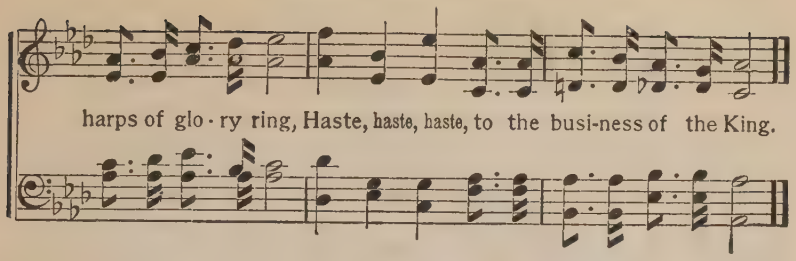
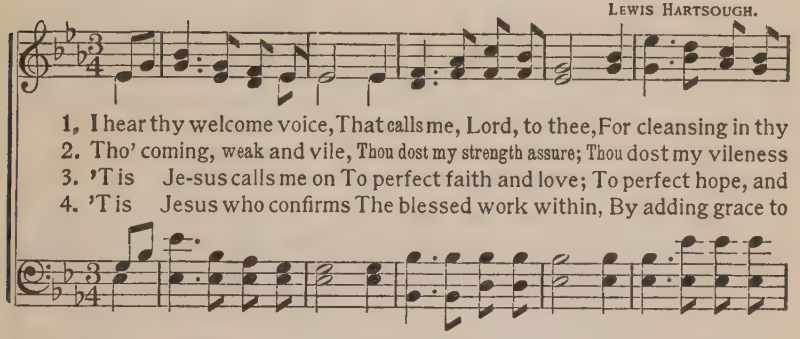
Haste, Haste, Haste.

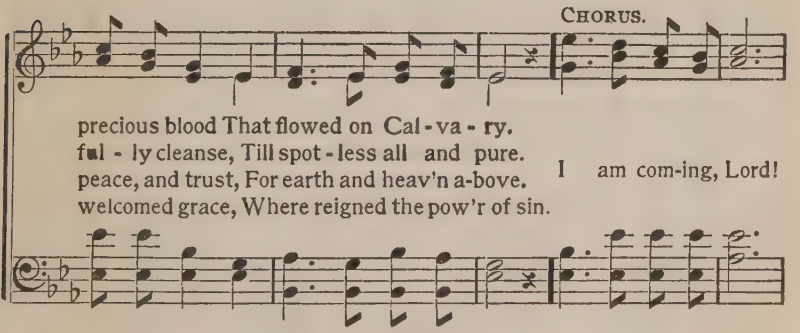


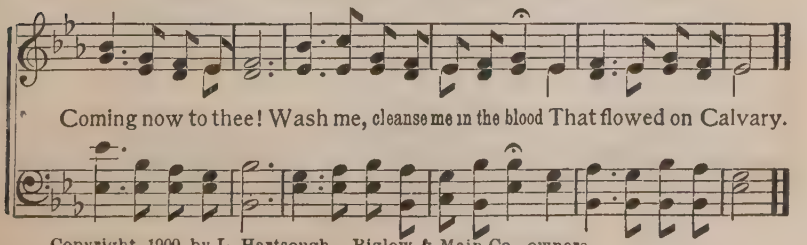
414 (71) I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

LEWIS HARTSOUGH.


1, I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee, For cleansing in thy
2. Tho' coming, weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'T is Je-sus calls me on To perfect faith and love; To perfect hope, and
4. 'T is Jesus who confirms The blessed work within, By adding grace to

CHORUS.


precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
welcomed grace, Where reigned the pow'r of sin.
I am com-ing, Lord!



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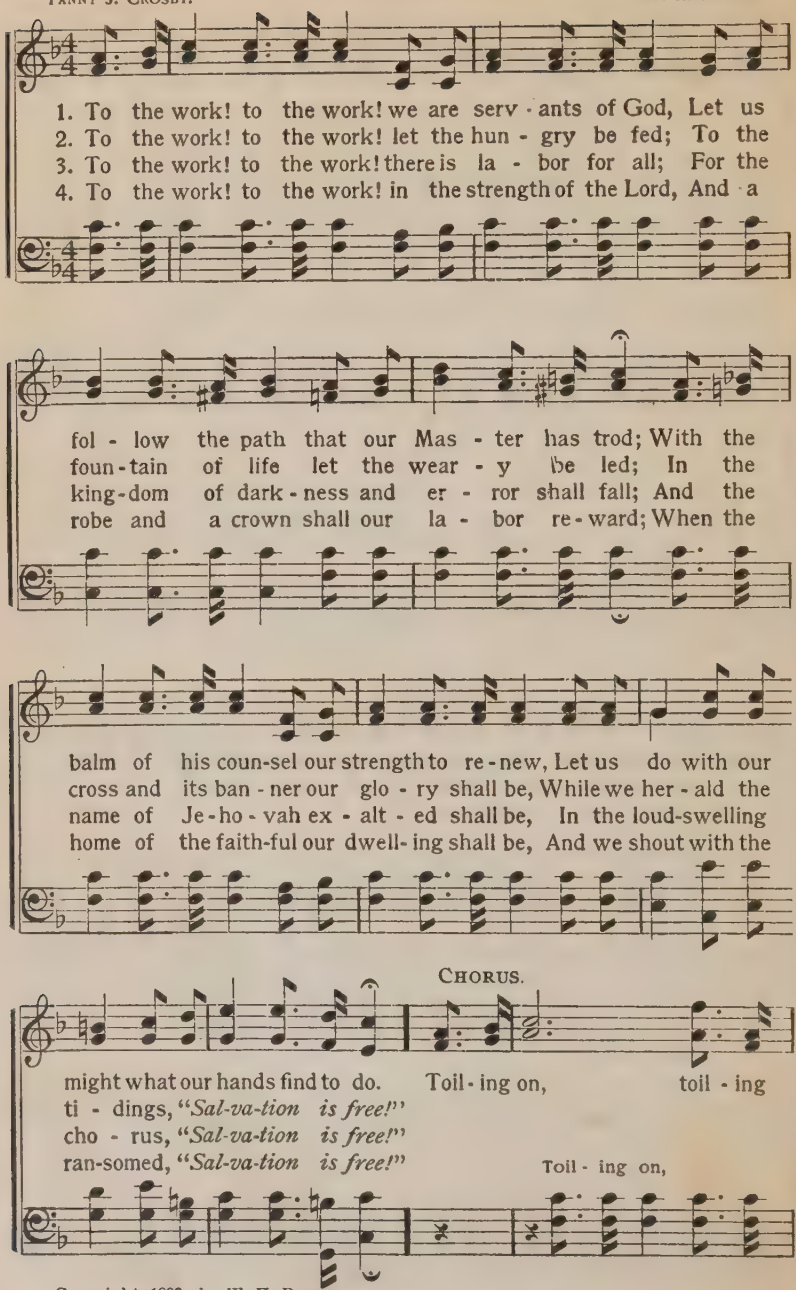
415 (72)

To the Work.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a
fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the
foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the
king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the
balm of his coun-sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our
cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the
name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud-swelling
home of the faith-ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the
CHORUS.
might what our hands find to do. Toil - ing on, toil - ing
ti - dings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
cho - rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
ran-somed, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
Toil - ing on,

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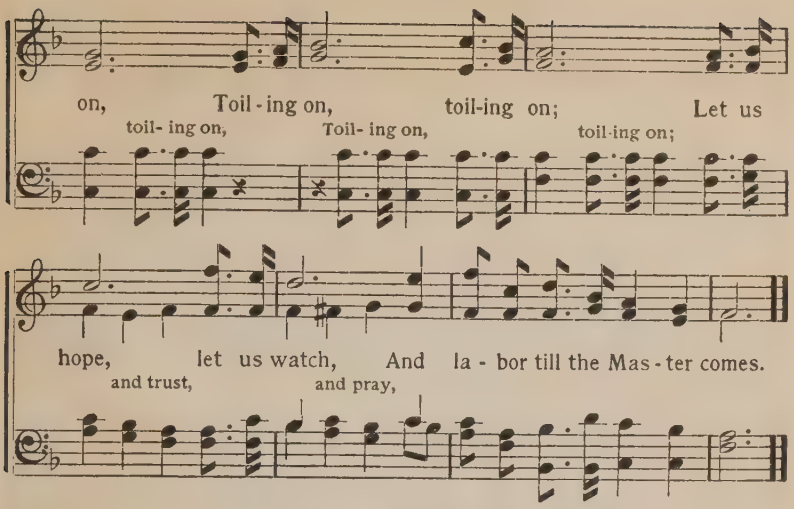
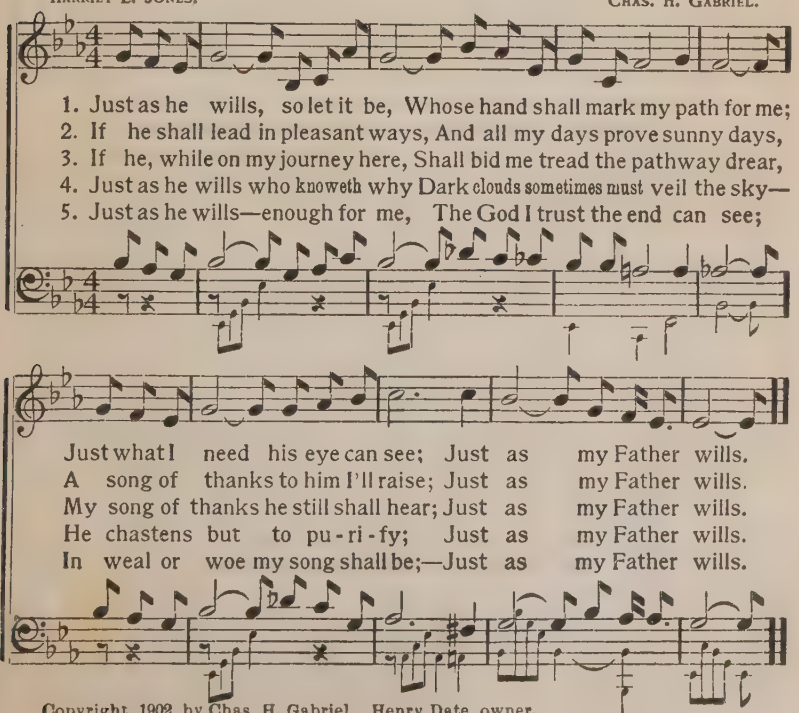
To the Work.


on, Toil - ing on, toil-ing on; Let us
toil- ing on, Toil- ing on, toil-ing on;
hope, let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.
and trust, and pray,

416 (73) Just as My Father Wills.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Just as he wills, so let it be, Whose hand shall mark my path for me;
2. If he shall lead in pleasant ways, And all my days prove sunny days,
3. If he, while on my journey here, Shall bid me tread the pathway drear,
4. Just as he wills who knoweth why Dark clouds sometimes must veil the sky—
5. Just as he wills—enough for me, The God I trust the end can see;
Just what I need his eye can see; Just as my Father wills.
A song of thanks to him I'll raise; Just as my Father wills.
My song of thanks he still shall hear; Just as my Father wills.
He chastens but to pu - ri - fy; Just as my Father wills.
In weal or woe my song shall be;—Just as my Father wills.

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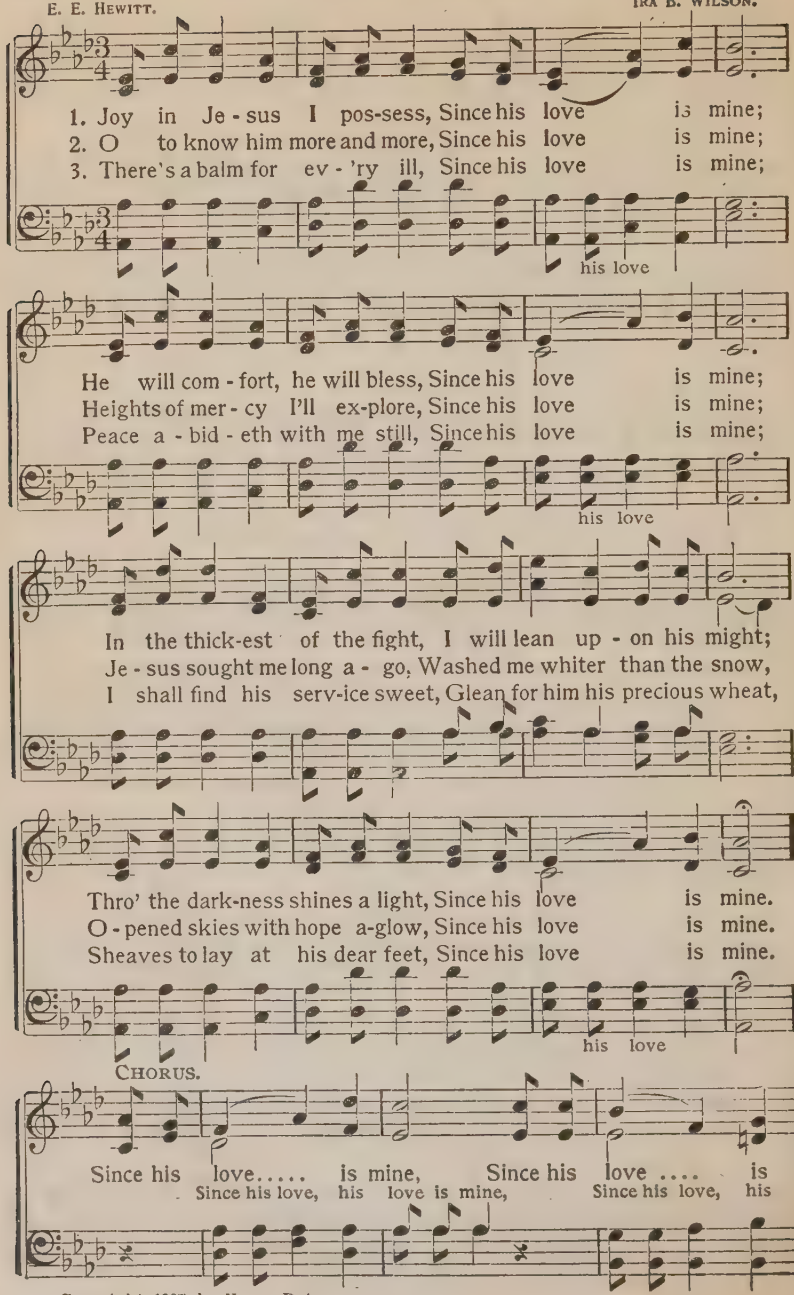
417 (74) Since His Love Is Mine.

E. E. HEWITT. IRA B. WILSON.


1. Joy in Je - sus I pos-sess, Since his love is mine;
2. O to know him more and more, Since his love is mine;
3. There's a balm for ev - 'ry ill, Since his love is mine;
his love
He will com - fort, he will bless, Since his love is mine;
Heights of mer - cy I'll ex-plore, Since his love is mine;
Peace a - bid - eth with me still, Since his love is mine;
his love
In the thick-est of the fight, I will lean up - on his might;
Je - sus sought me long a - go, Washed me whiter than the snow,
I shall find his serv-ice sweet, Glean for him his precious wheat,
Thro' the dark-ness shines a light, Since his love is mine.
O - pened skies with hope a-glow, Since his love is mine.
Sheaves to lay at his dear feet, Since his love is mine.
his love
CHORUS.
Since his love..... is mine, Since his love .... is
Since his love, his love is mine, Since his love, his

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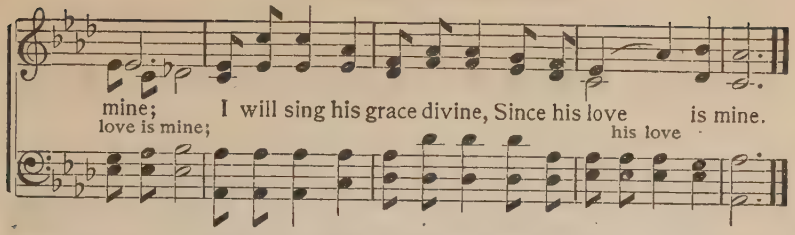
Since His Love Is Mine.



418 (75) Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty,
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en,
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er,

Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

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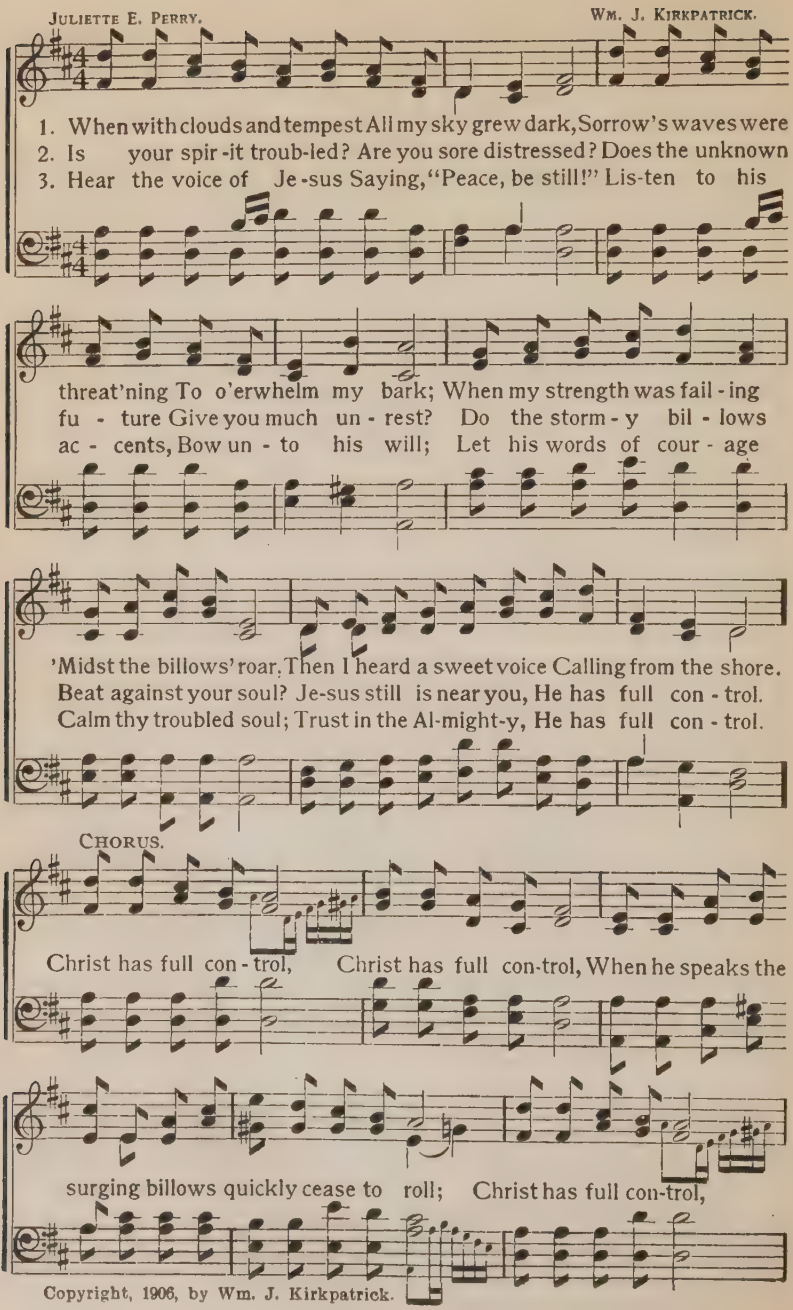
419 (76) Christ Has Full Control.

JULIETTE E. PERRY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. When with clouds and tempest All my sky grew dark, Sorrow's waves were
2. Is your spir-it troub-led? Are you sore distressed? Does the unknown
3. Hear the voice of Je-sus Saying, "Peace, be still!" Lis-ten to his
threat'ning To o'erwhelm my bark; When my strength was fail-ing
fu - ture Give you much un - rest? Do the storm-y bil - lows
ac - cents, Bow un - to his will; Let his words of cour - age
'Midst the billows' roar, Then I heard a sweet voice Calling from the shore.
Beat against your soul? Je-sus still is near you, He has full con - trol.
Calm thy troubled soul; Trust in the Al-might-y, He has full con - trol.
CHORUS.
Christ has full con - trol, Christ has full con-trol, When he speaks the
surging billows quickly cease to roll; Christ has full con-trol,

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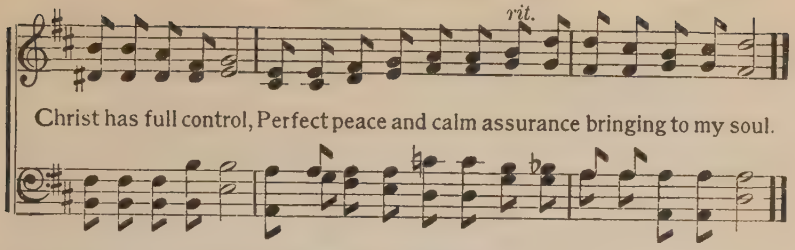
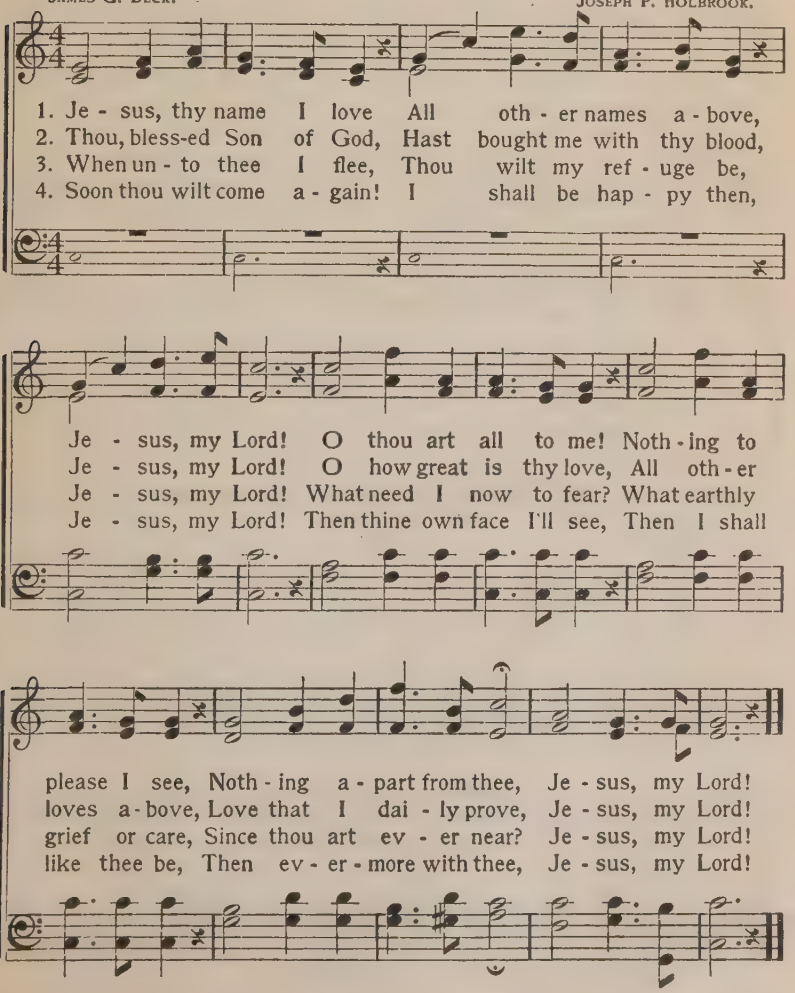
Christ Has Full Control.



420 (77) Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

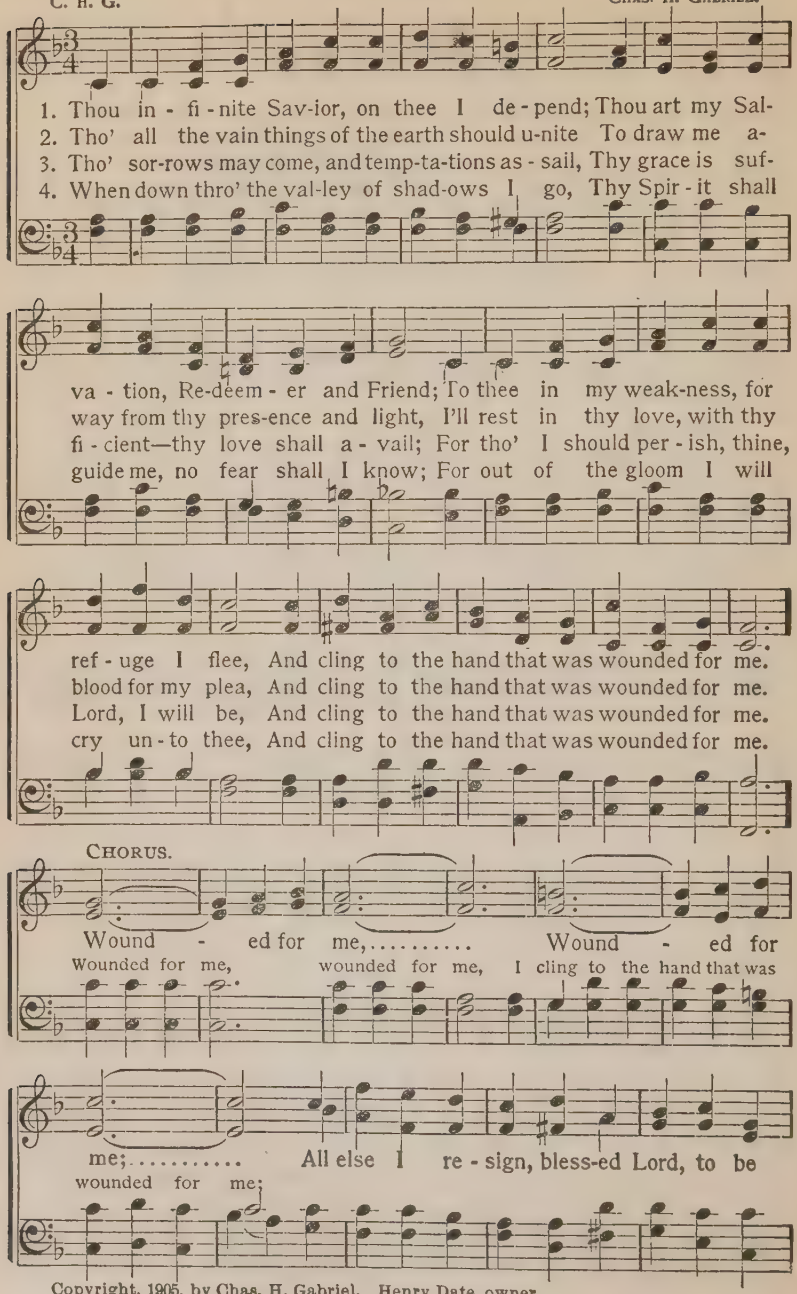
JAMES G. DECK. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, thy name I love All oth - er names a - bove,
2. Thou, bless-ed Son of God, Hast bought me with thy blood,
3. When un - to thee I flee, Thou wilt my ref - uge be,
4. Soon thou wilt come a - gain! I shall be hap - py then,
Je - sus, my Lord! O thou art all to me! Noth - ing to
Je - sus, my Lord! O how great is thy love, All oth - er
Je - sus, my Lord! What need I now to fear? What earthly
Je - sus, my Lord! Then thine own face I'll see, Then I shall
please I see, Noth - ing a - part from thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
loves a - bove, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
grief or care, Since thou art ev - er near? Je - sus, my Lord!
like thee be, Then ev - er - more with thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

421 (78)

Wounded for Me.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Thou in - fi - nite Sav-ior, on thee I de - pend; Thou art my Sal-
va - tion, Re-deem - er and Friend; To thee in my weak-ness, for
ref - uge I flee, And cling to the hand that was wounded for me.
2. Tho' all the vain things of the earth should u-nite To draw me a-
way from thy pres-ence and light, I'll rest in thy love, with thy
blood for my plea, And cling to the hand that was wounded for me.
3. Tho' sor-rows may come, and temp-ta-tions as - sail, Thy grace is suf-
fi - cient—thy love shall a - vail; For tho' I should per - ish, thine,
Lord, I will be, And cling to the hand that was wounded for me.
4. When down thro' the val-ley of shad-ows I go, Thy Spir - it shall
guide me, no fear shall I know; For out of the gloom I will
cry un - to thee, And cling to the hand that was wounded for me.
CHORUS.
Wound - ed for me,..... Wound - ed for
Wounded for me, wounded for me, I cling to the hand that was
me;..... All else I re - sign, bless-ed Lord, to be
wounded for me;

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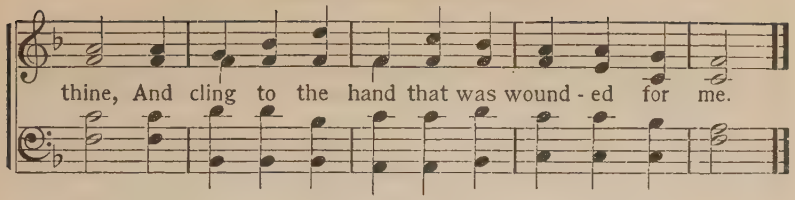
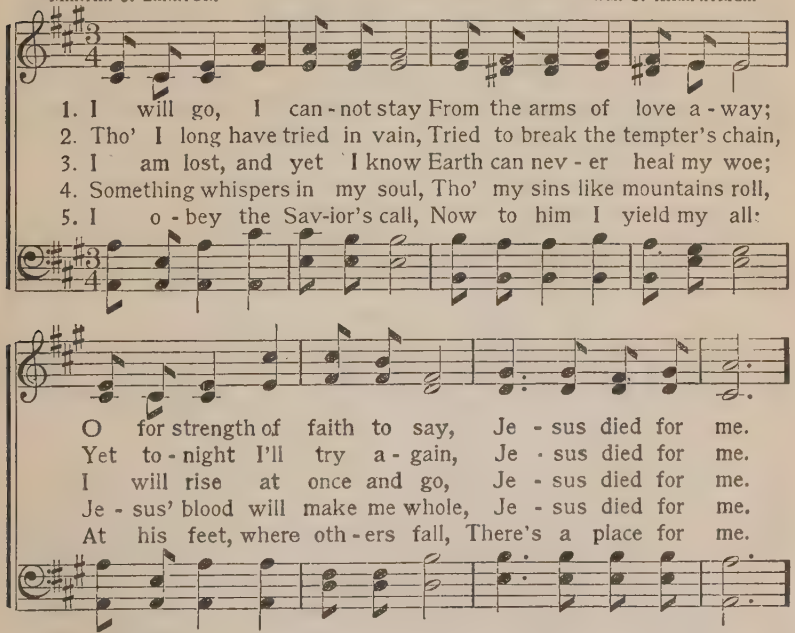
Wounded for Me.

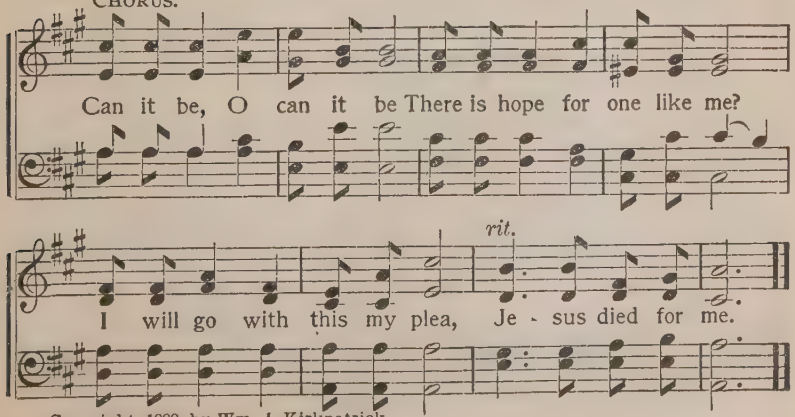


422 (79) I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I will go, I can - not stay From the arms of love a - way;
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain,
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev - er heal my woe;
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll,
5. I o - bey the Sav-ior's call, Now to him I yield my all:
O for strength of faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
Yet to - night I'll try a - gain, Je - sus died for me.
I will rise at once and go, Je - sus died for me.
Je - sus' blood will make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
At his feet, where oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.

CHORUS.



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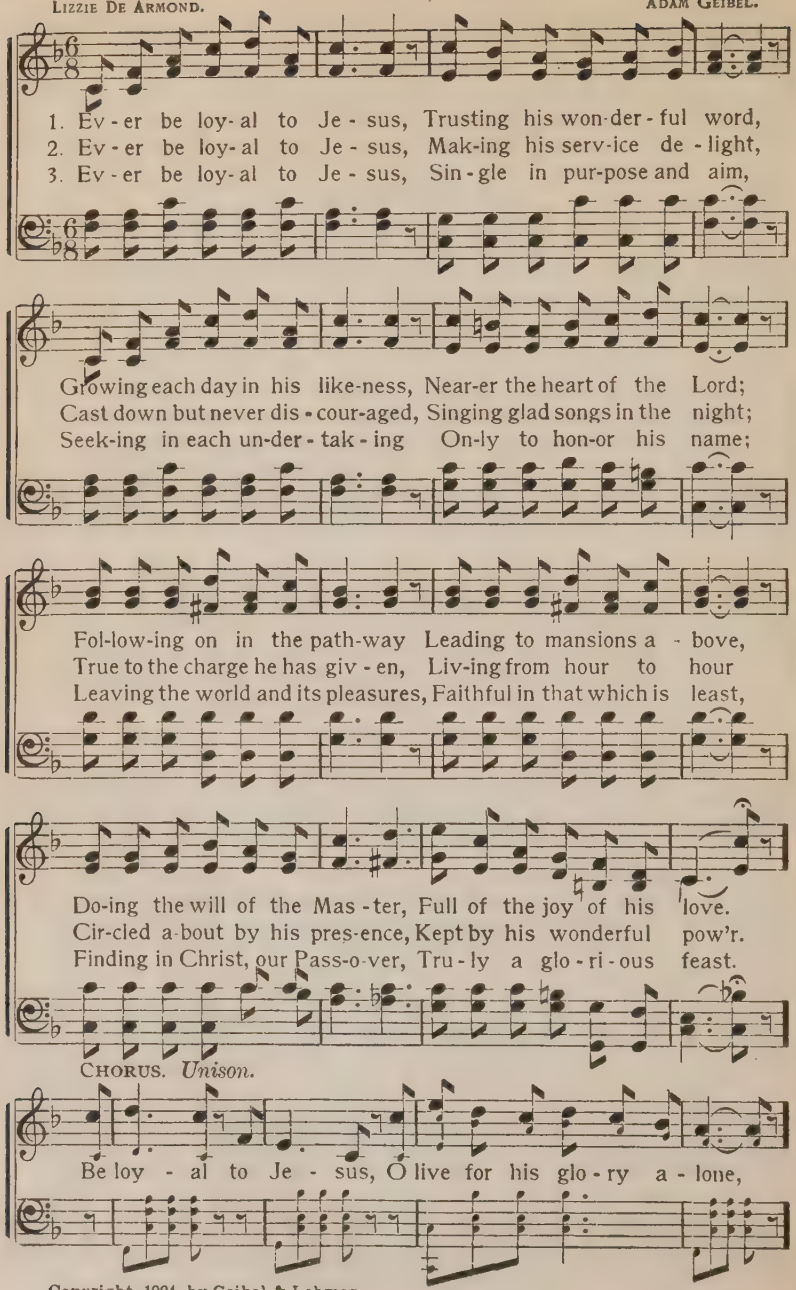
423 (80) Be Loyal to Jesus.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Ev-er be loy-al to Je-sus, Trusting his won-der-ful word,
2. Ev-er be loy-al to Je-sus, Mak-ing his serv-ice de-light,
3. Ev-er be loy-al to Je-sus, Sin-gle in pur-pose and aim,
Growing each day in his like-ness, Near-er the heart of the Lord;
Cast down but never dis-cour-aged, Singing glad songs in the night;
Seek-ing in each un-der-tak-ing On-ly to hon-or his name;
Fol-low-ing on in the path-way Leading to mansions a-bove,
True to the charge he has giv-en, Liv-ing from hour to hour
Leaving the world and its pleasures, Faithful in that which is least,
Do-ing the will of the Mas-ter, Full of the joy of his love.
Cir-cled a-bout by his pres-ence, Kept by his wonderful pow'r.
Finding in Christ, our Pass-o-ver, Tru-ly a glo-ri-ous feast.
CHORUS. Unison.
Be loy-al to Je-sus, O live for his glo-ry a-lone,

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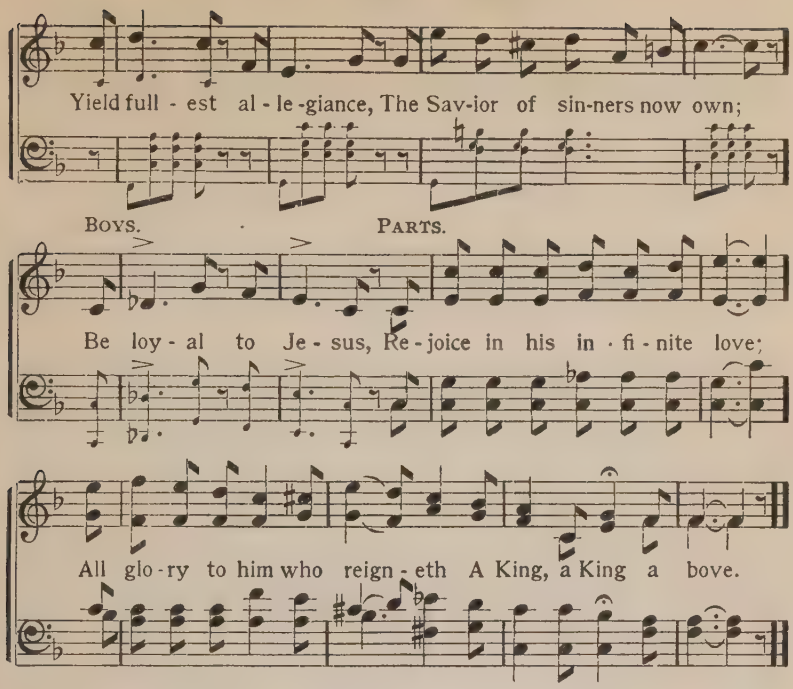
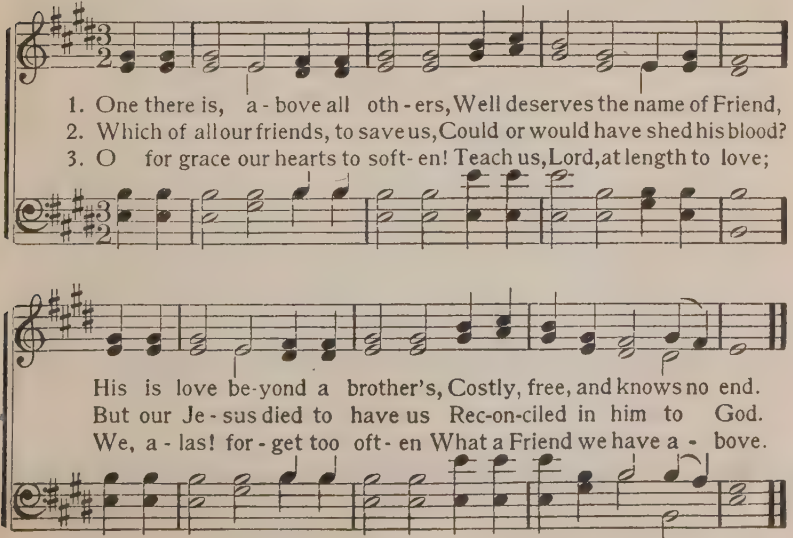
Be Loyal to Jesus.

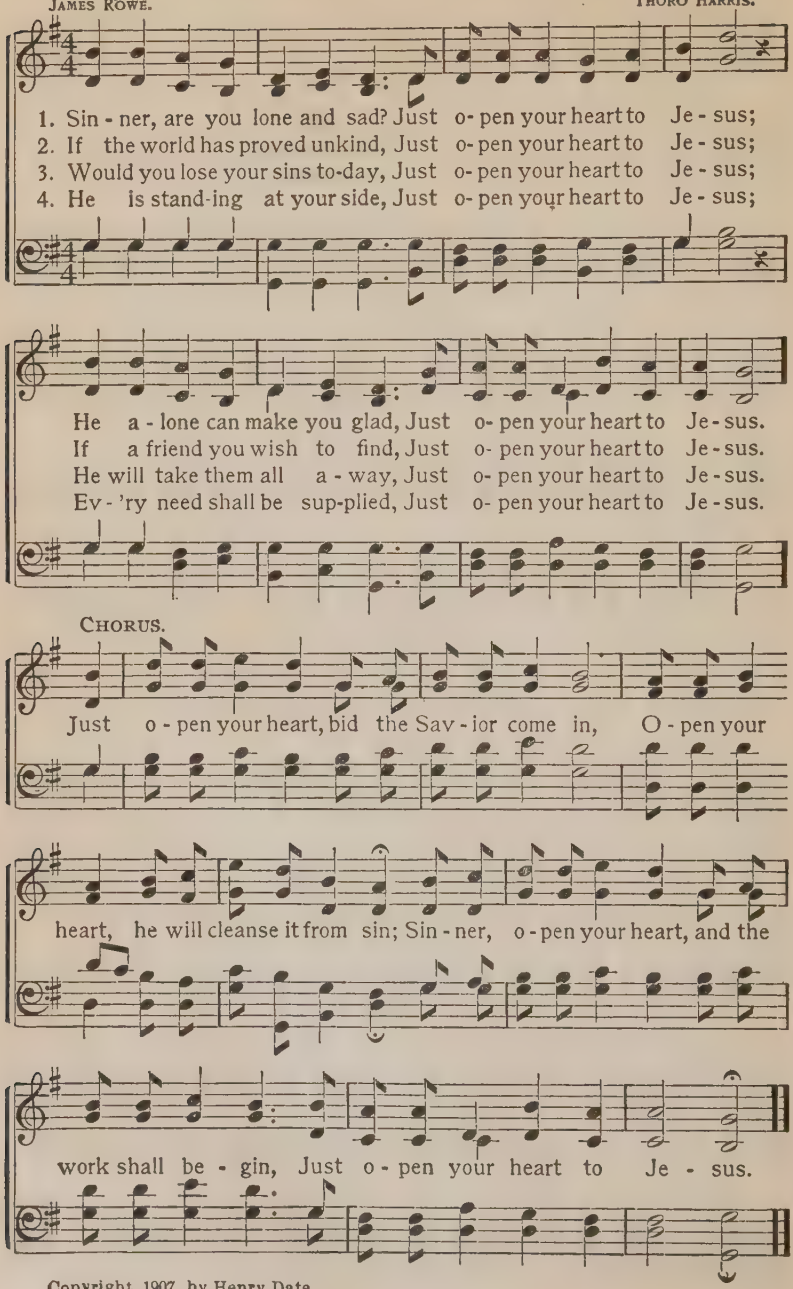

Yield full - est al - le - giance, The Sav-ior of sin-ners now own;
Boys.
Parts.
Be loy - al to Je - sus, Re - joice in his in - fi - nite love;
All glo - ry to him who reign - eth A King, a King a bove.

424 (81) One There Is, Above All Others.

John Newton. I. B. Woodbury.


1. One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of Friend,
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?
3. O for grace our hearts to soft - en! Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
His is love be-yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end.
But our Je - sus died to have us Rec-on-ciled in him to God.
We, a - las! for - get too oft - en What a Friend we have a - bove.

425 (82) Open Your Heart to Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. THORO HARRIS.

1. Sin - ner, are you lone and sad? Just o - pen your heart to Je - sus;
2. If the world has proved unkind, Just o - pen your heart to Je - sus;
3. Would you lose your sins to-day, Just o - pen your heart to Je - sus;
4. He is stand-ing at your side, Just o - pen your heart to Je - sus;
He a - lone can make you glad, Just o - pen your heart to Je - sus.
If a friend you wish to find, Just o - pen your heart to Je - sus.
He will take them all a - way, Just o - pen your heart to Je - sus.
Ev - 'ry need shall be sup-plied, Just o - pen your heart to Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Just o - pen your heart, bid the Sav - ior come in, O - pen your
heart, he will cleanse it from sin; Sin - ner, o - pen your heart, and the
work shall be - gin, Just o - pen your heart to Je - sus.

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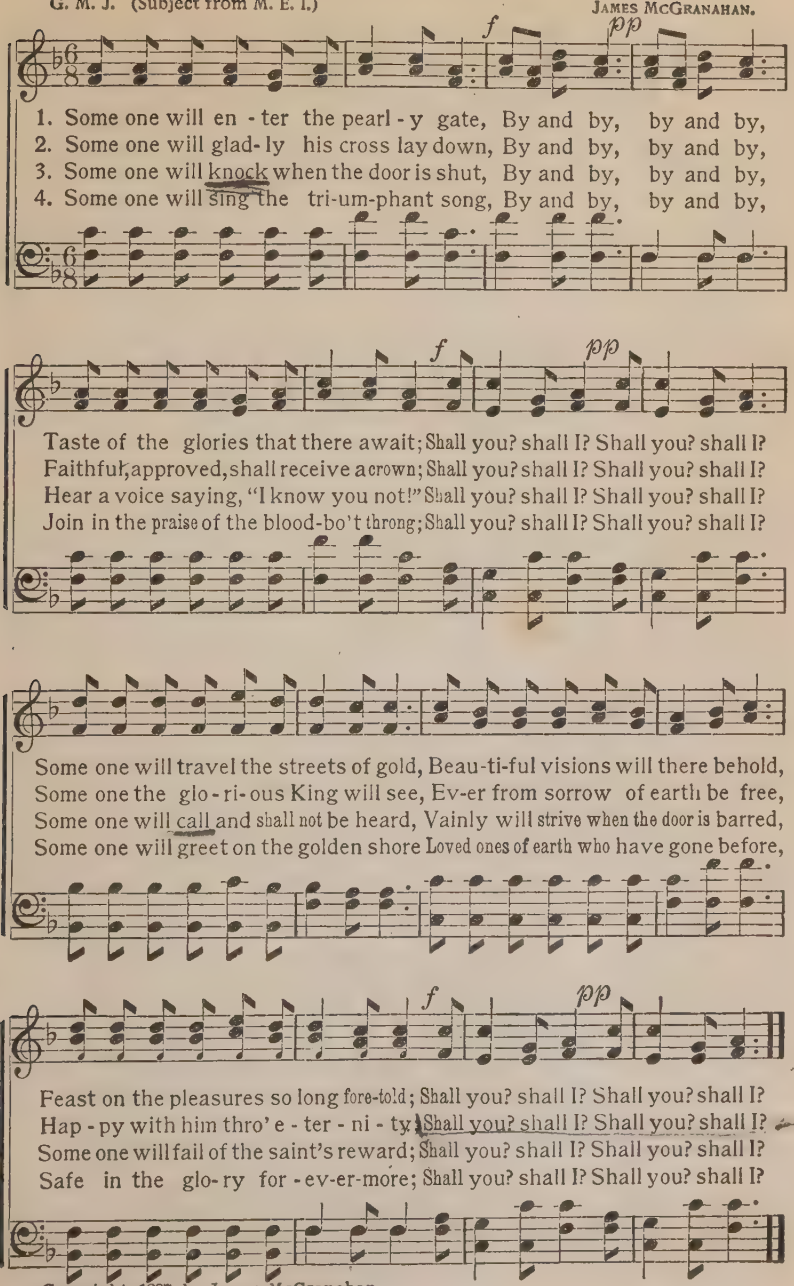
426 (83) Shall You? Shall I?

G. M. J. (Subject from M. E. I.)

JAMES McGRANAHAN.


f
pp
1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate, By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down, By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut, By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri-um-phant song, By and by, by and by,
Taste of the glories that there await; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Faithful, approved, shall receive a crown; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Hear a voice saying, "I know you not!" Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Join in the praise of the blood-bo't throng; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Some one will travel the streets of gold, Beau-ti-ful visions will there behold,
Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev-er from sorrow of earth be free,
Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vainly will strive when the door is barred,
Some one will greet on the golden shore Loved ones of earth who have gone before,
Feast on the pleasures so long fore-told; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Hap - py with him thro' e - ter - ni - ty; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Some one will fail of the saint's reward; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Safe in the glo-ry for - ev-er-more; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

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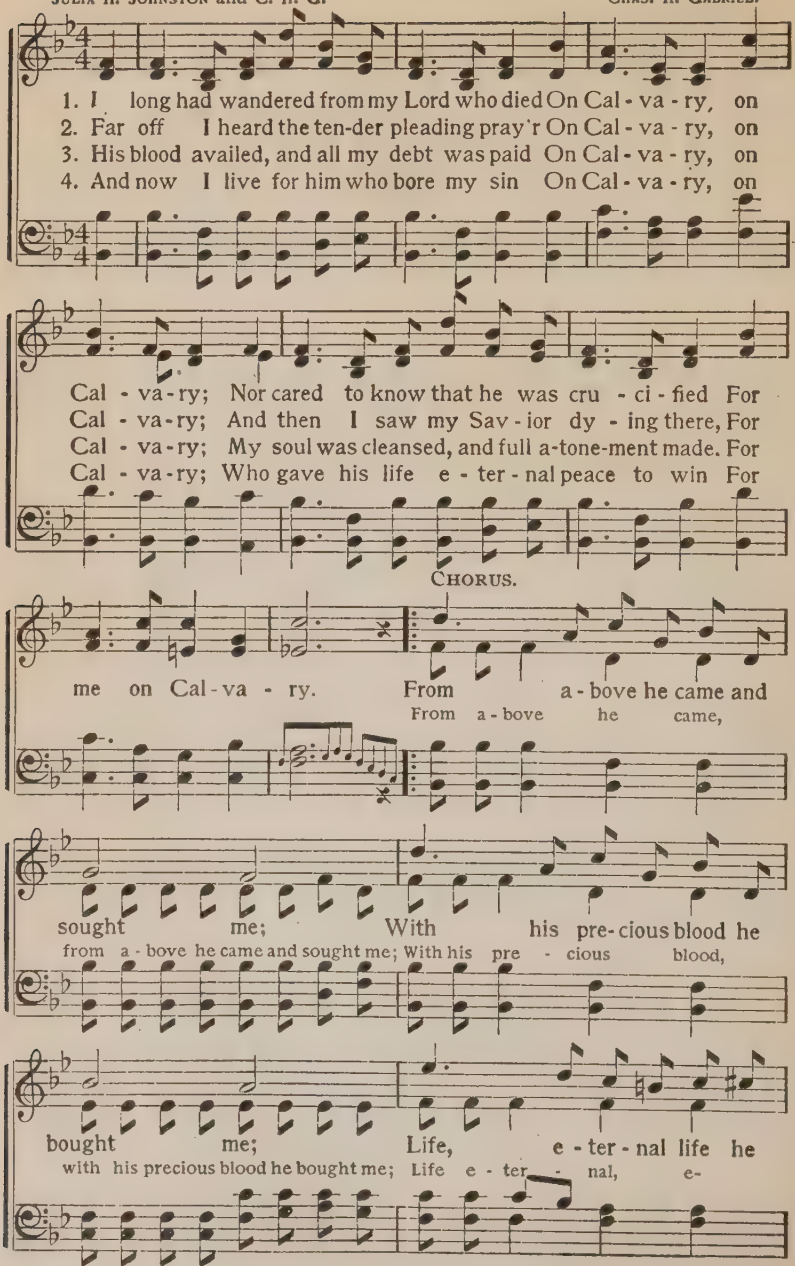
427 (84) On Calvary.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON and C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I long had wandered from my Lord who died On Cal - va - ry, on
2. Far off I heard the ten-der pleading pray'r On Cal - va - ry, on
3. His blood availed, and all my debt was paid On Cal - va - ry, on
4. And now I live for him who bore my sin On Cal - va - ry, on
Cal - va - ry; Nor cared to know that he was cru - ci - fied For
Cal - va - ry; And then I saw my Sav - ior dy - ing there, For
Cal - va - ry; My soul was cleansed, and full a-tone-ment made. For
Cal - va - ry; Who gave his life e - ter - nal peace to win For
CHORUS.
me on Cal - va - ry. From a - bove he came and
From a - bove he came,
sought me; With his pre - cious blood he
from a - bove he came and sought me; With his pre - cious blood,
bought me; Life, e - ter - nal life he
with his precious blood he bought me; Life e - ter - nal, e-

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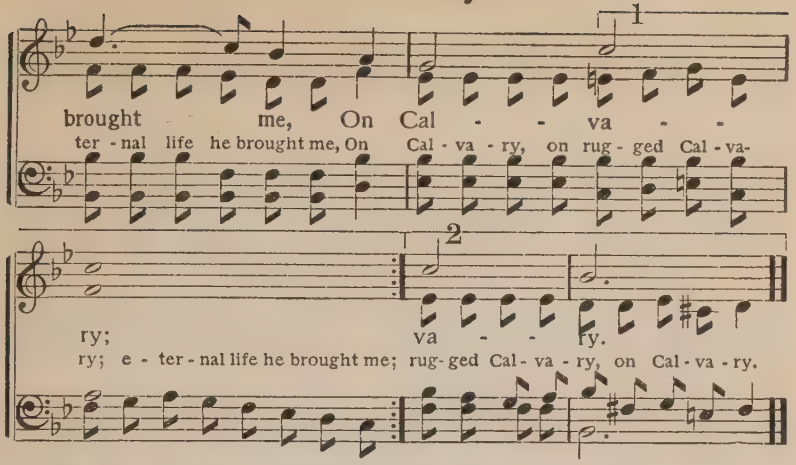
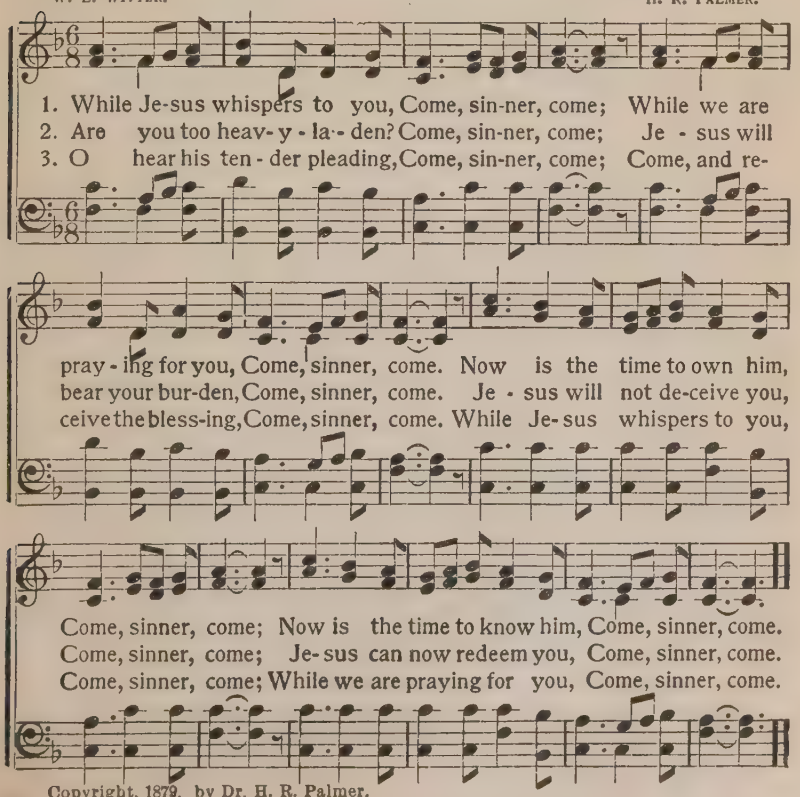
On Calvary.


1
brought me, On Cal - va -
ter - nal life he brought me, On Cal - va - ry, on rug - ged Cal - va-
2
ry;
va - ry.
ry; e - ter - nal life he brought me; rug - ged Cal - va - ry, on Cal - va - ry.

428 (85) While Jesus Whispers to You.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.


1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come; While we are
2. Are you too heav-y - la - den? Come, sin-ner, come; Je - sus will
3. O hear his ten - der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come; Come, and re-
pray - ing for you, Come, sinner, come. Now is the time to own him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sinner, come. Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sinner, come. While Je-sus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come; Now is the time to know him, Come, sinner, come.
Come, sinner, come; Je-sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come.
Come, sinner, come; While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come.

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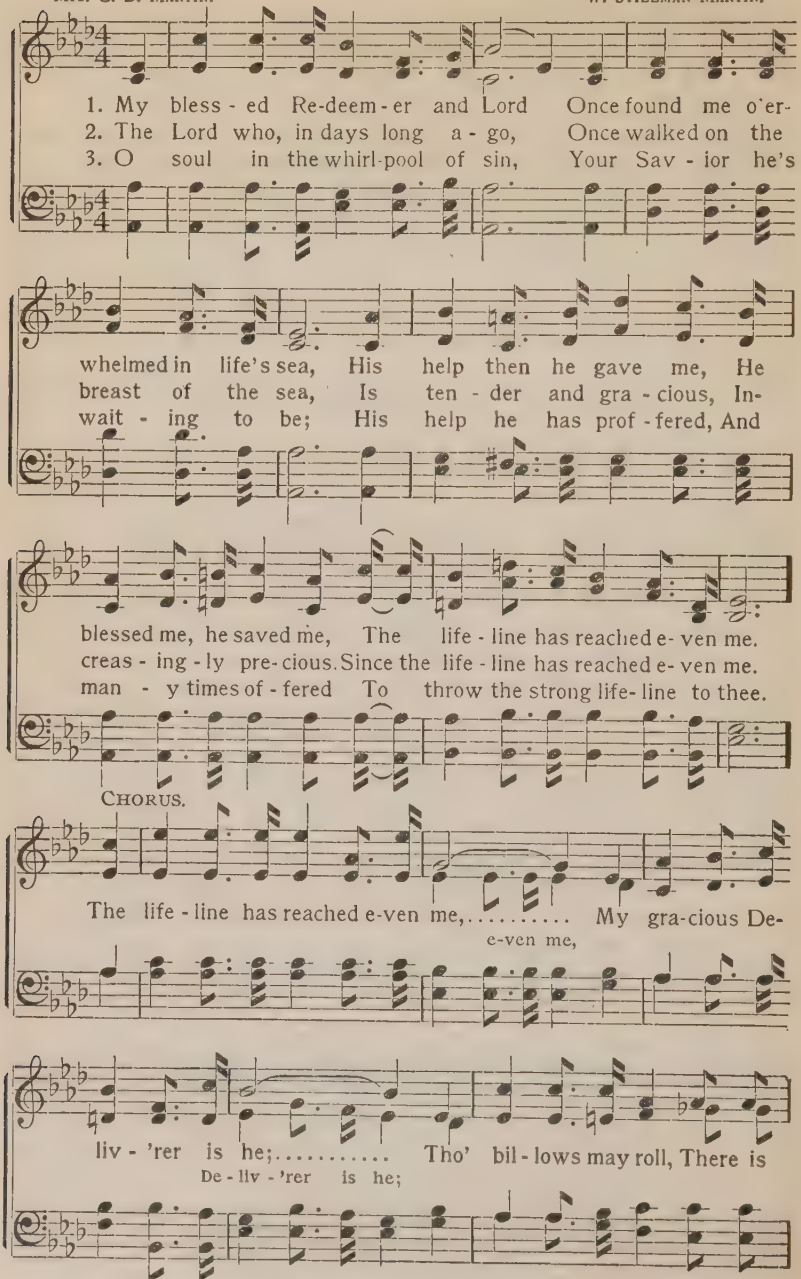
429 (86) The Life-Line Has Reached Even Me.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.


1. My bless - ed Re-deem - er and Lord Once found me o'er-
2. The Lord who, in days long a - go, Once walked on the
3. O soul in the whirl-pool of sin, Your Sav - ior he's
whelmed in life's sea, His help then he gave me, He
breast of the sea, Is ten - der and gra - cious, In-
wait - ing to be; His help he has prof - fered, And
blessed me, he saved me, The life - line has reached e- ven me.
creas - ing - ly pre- cious. Since the life - line has reached e- ven me.
man - y times of - fered To throw the strong life- line to thee.
CHORUS.
The life - line has reached e-ven me,..... My gra-cious De-
e-ven me,
liv - 'rer is he;..... Tho' bil - lows may roll, There is
De - liv - 'rer is he;

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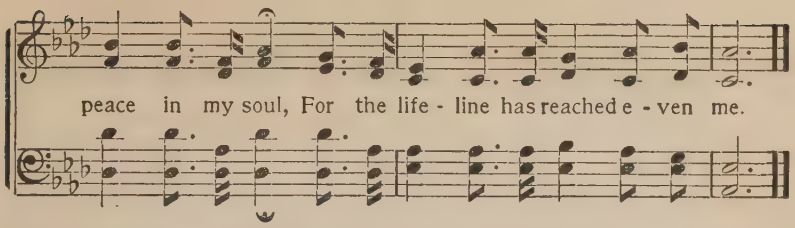
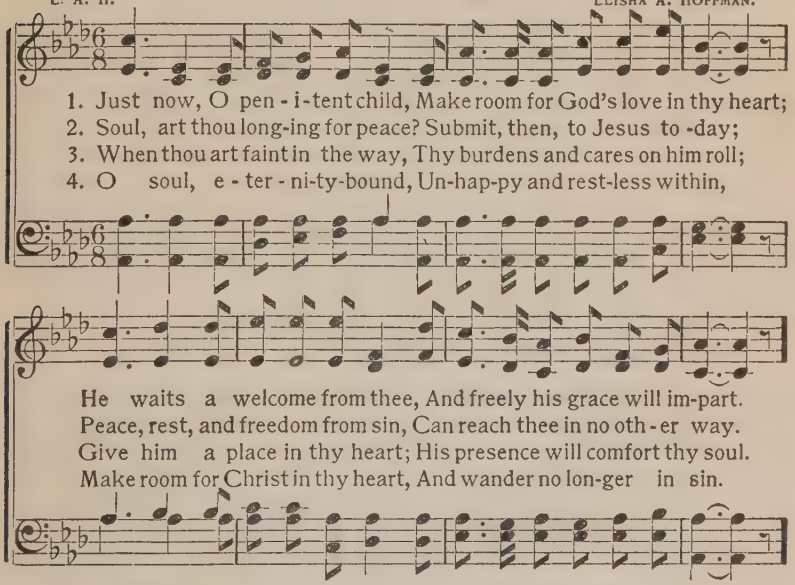
The Life-Line Has Reached Even Me.

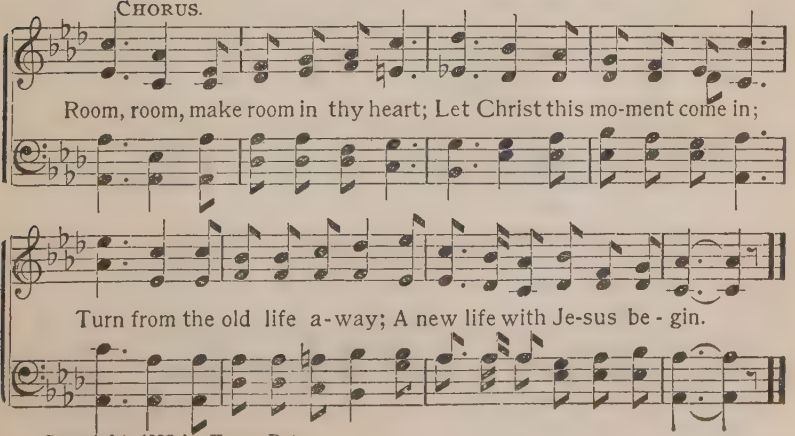


430 (87) Make Room in Thy Heart.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Just now, O pen - i - tent child, Make room for God's love in thy heart;
2. Soul, art thou long-ing for peace? Submit, then, to Jesus to -day;
3. When thou art faint in the way, Thy burdens and cares on him roll;
4. O soul, e - ter - ni-ty-bound, Un-hap-py and rest-less within,
He waits a welcome from thee, And freely his grace will im-part.
Peace, rest, and freedom from sin, Can reach thee in no oth - er way.
Give him a place in thy heart; His presence will comfort thy soul.
Make room for Christ in thy heart, And wander no lon-ger in sin.

CHORUS.



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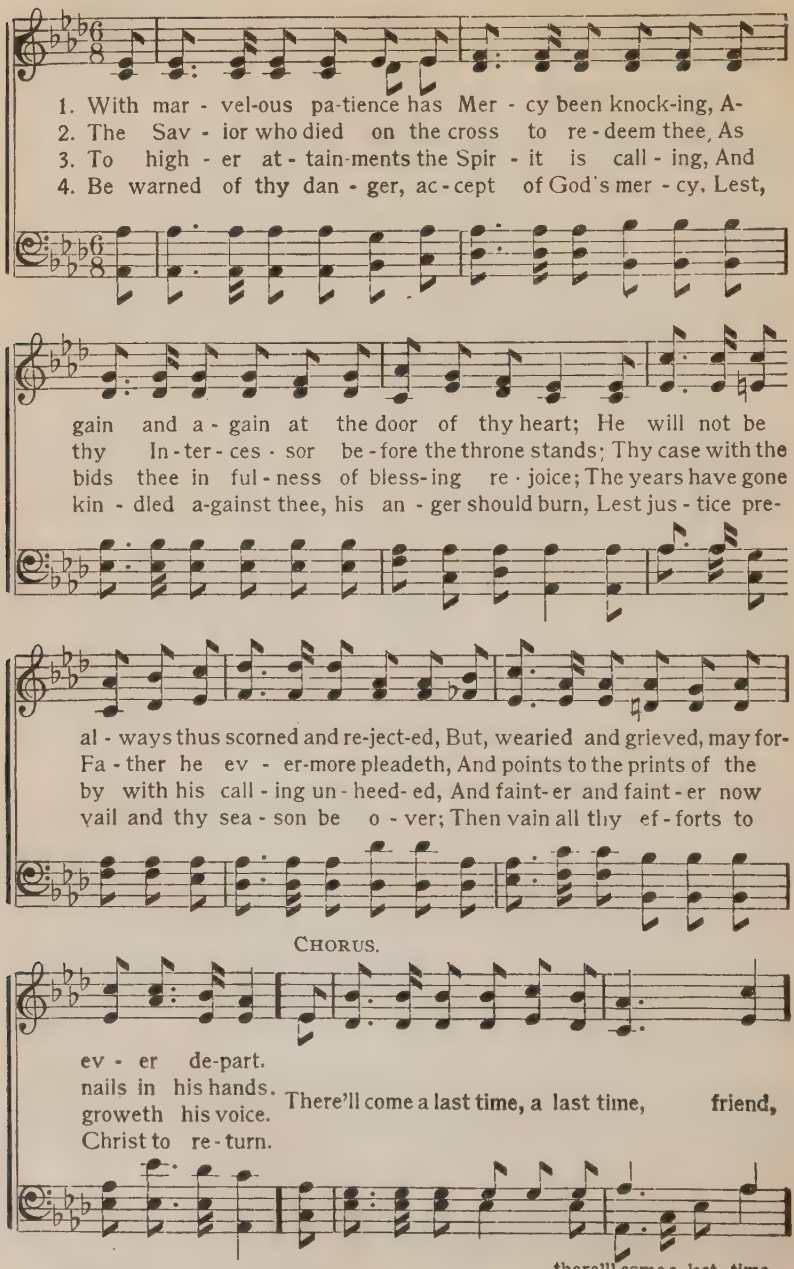
431 (88) There Will Come a Last Time.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. With mar - vel-ous pa-tience has Mer - cy been knock-ing, A-
2. The Sav - ior who died on the cross to re - deem thee, As
3. To high - er at - tain-ments the Spir - it is call - ing, And
4. Be warned of thy dan - ger, ac - cept of God's mer - cy, Lest,
gain and a - gain at the door of thy heart; He will not be
thy In - ter - ces - sor be - fore the throne stands; Thy case with the
bids thee in ful - ness of bless-ing re - joice; The years have gone
kin - dled a-gainst thee, his an - ger should burn, Lest jus - tice pre-
al - ways thus scorned and re-ject-ed, But, wearied and grieved, may for-
Fa - ther he ev - er-more pleadeth, And points to the prints of the
by with his call - ing un - heed - ed, And faint-er and faint - er now
vail and thy sea - son be o - ver; Then vain all thy ef - forts to
Chorus.
ev - er de-part.
nails in his hands.
groweth his voice.
Christ to re - turn.
There'll come a last time, a last time, friend,
there'll come a last time,

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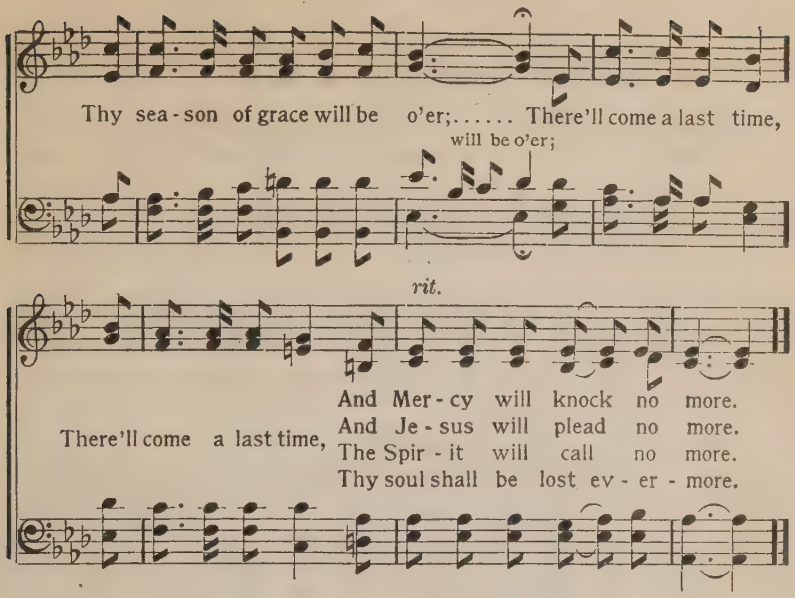
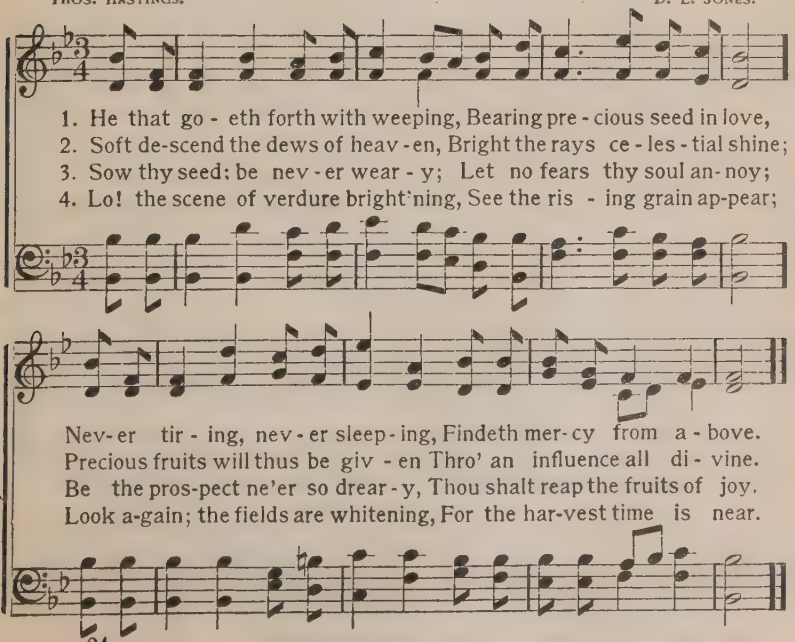
There Will Come a Last Time.

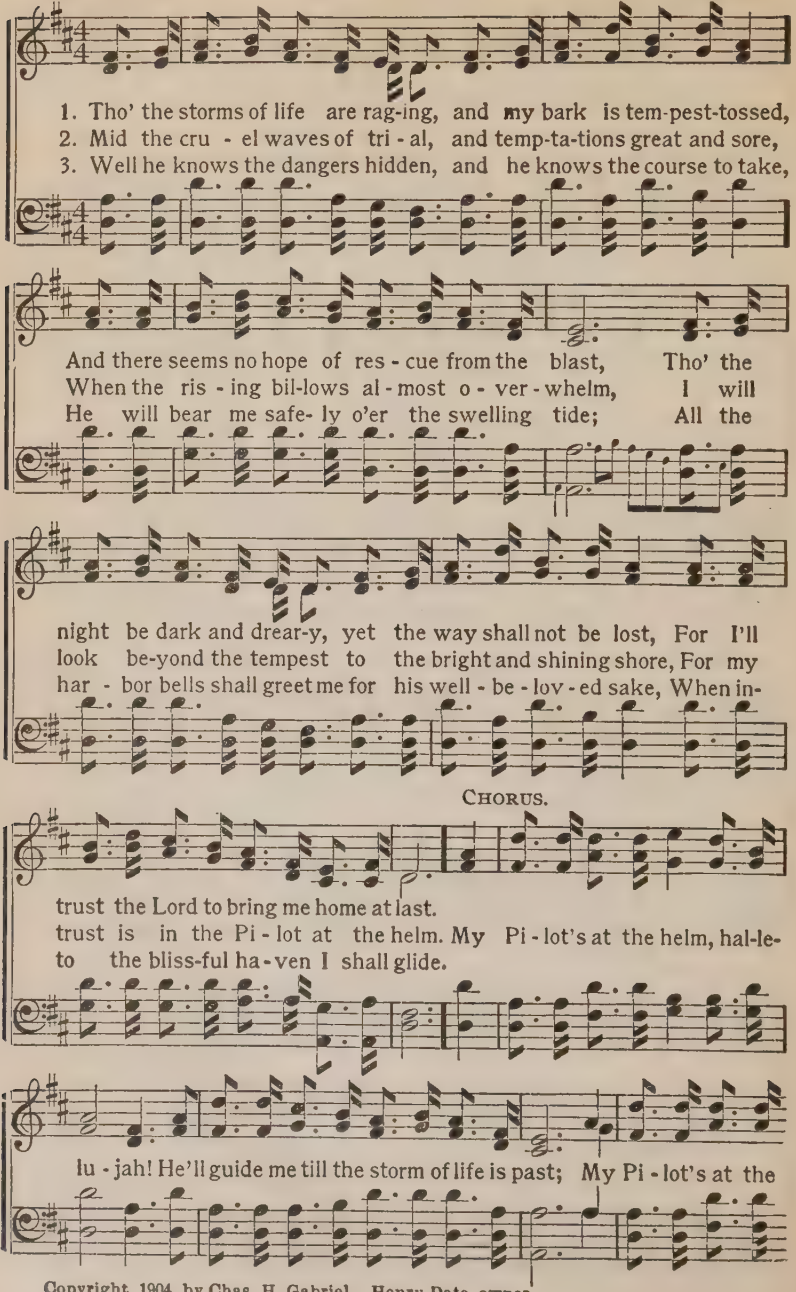

Thy sea - son of grace will be o'er;..... There'll come a last time,
will be o'er;
rit.
And Mer - cy will knock no more.
There'll come a last time, And Je - sus will plead no more.
The Spir - it will call no more.
Thy soul shall be lost ev - er - more.

432 (89) He That Goeth Forth With Weeping.

THOS. HASTINGS. D. E. JONES.


1. He that go - eth forth with weeping, Bearing pre - cious seed in love,
2. Soft de-scend the dews of heav - en, Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine;
3. Sow thy seed; be nev - er wear - y; Let no fears thy soul an - noy;
4. Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning, See the ris - ing grain ap-pear;
Nev-er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Findeth mer-cy from a - bove.
Precious fruits will thus be giv - en Thro' an influence all di - vine.
Be the pros-pect ne'er so drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
Look a-gain; the fields are whitening, For the har-vest time is near.

433 (90) My Pilot's at the Helm.

Wm. C. Stokes. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Tho' the storms of life are rag-ing, and my bark is tem-pest-tossed,
2. Mid the cru - el waves of tri - al, and temp-ta-tions great and sore,
3. Well he knows the dangers hidden, and he knows the course to take,
And there seems no hope of res - cue from the blast, Tho' the
When the ris - ing bil-lows al - most o - ver - whelm, I will
He will bear me safe- ly o'er the swelling tide; All the
night be dark and drear-y, yet the way shall not be lost, For I'll
look be-yond the tempest to the bright and shining shore, For my
har - bor bells shall greet me for his well - be - lov - ed sake, When in-
Chorus.
trust the Lord to bring me home at last.
trust is in the Pi - lot at the helm. My Pi - lot's at the helm, hal-le-
to the bliss-ful ha - ven I shall glide.
lu - jah! He'll guide me till the storm of life is past; My Pi - lot's at the

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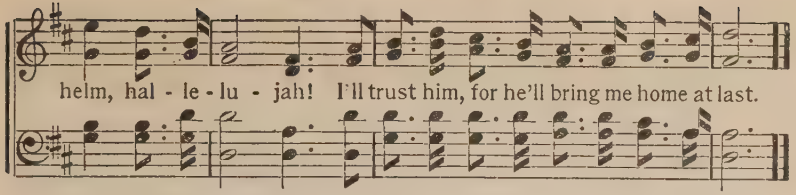
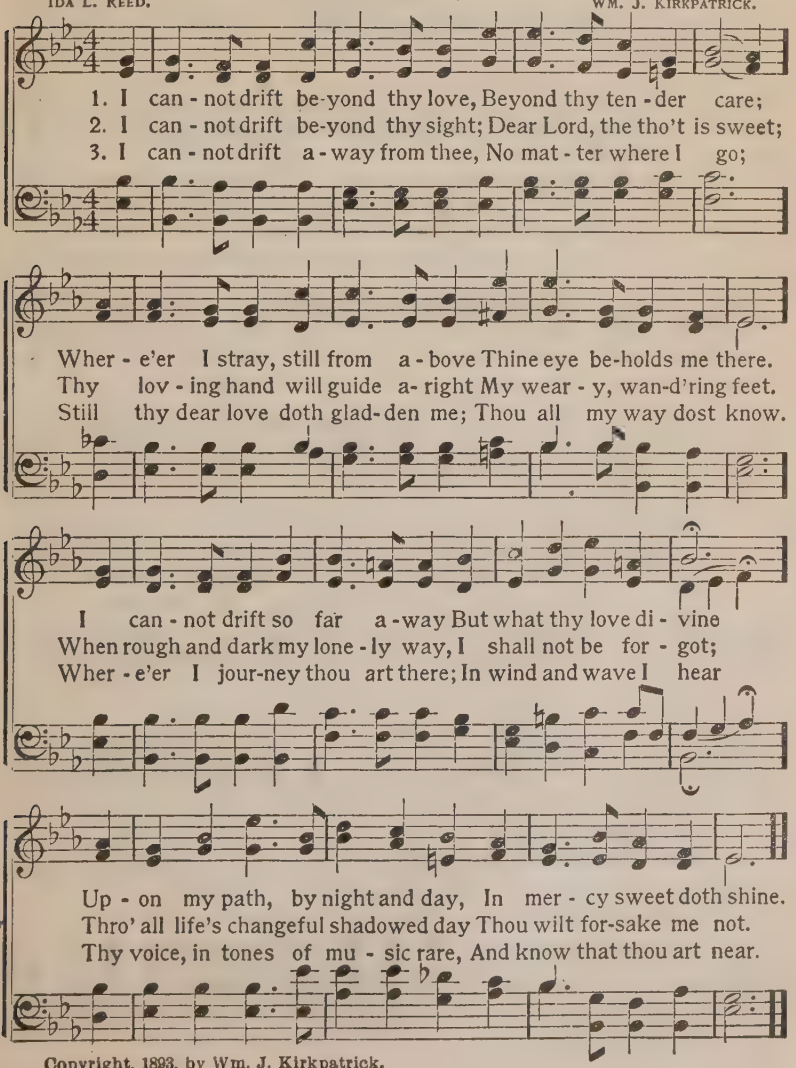
My Pilot's at the Helm.



434 (91) I Cannot Drift Beyond Thy Love.

IDA L. REED. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I can - not drift be-yond thy love, Beyond thy ten - der care;
2. I can - not drift be-yond thy sight; Dear Lord, the tho't is sweet;
3. I can - not drift a - way from thee, No mat - ter where I go;
Wher - e'er I stray, still from a - bove Thine eye be-holds me there.
Thy lov - ing hand will guide a- right My wear - y, wan-d'ring feet.
Still thy dear love doth glad-den me; Thou all my way dost know.
I can - not drift so far a - way But what thy love di - vine
When rough and dark my lone - ly way, I shall not be for - got;
Wher - e'er I jour-ney thou art there; In wind and wave I hear
Up - on my path, by night and day, In mer - cy sweet doth shine.
Thro' all life's changeful shadowed day Thou wilt for-sake me not.
Thy voice, in tones of mu - sic rare, And know that thou art near.

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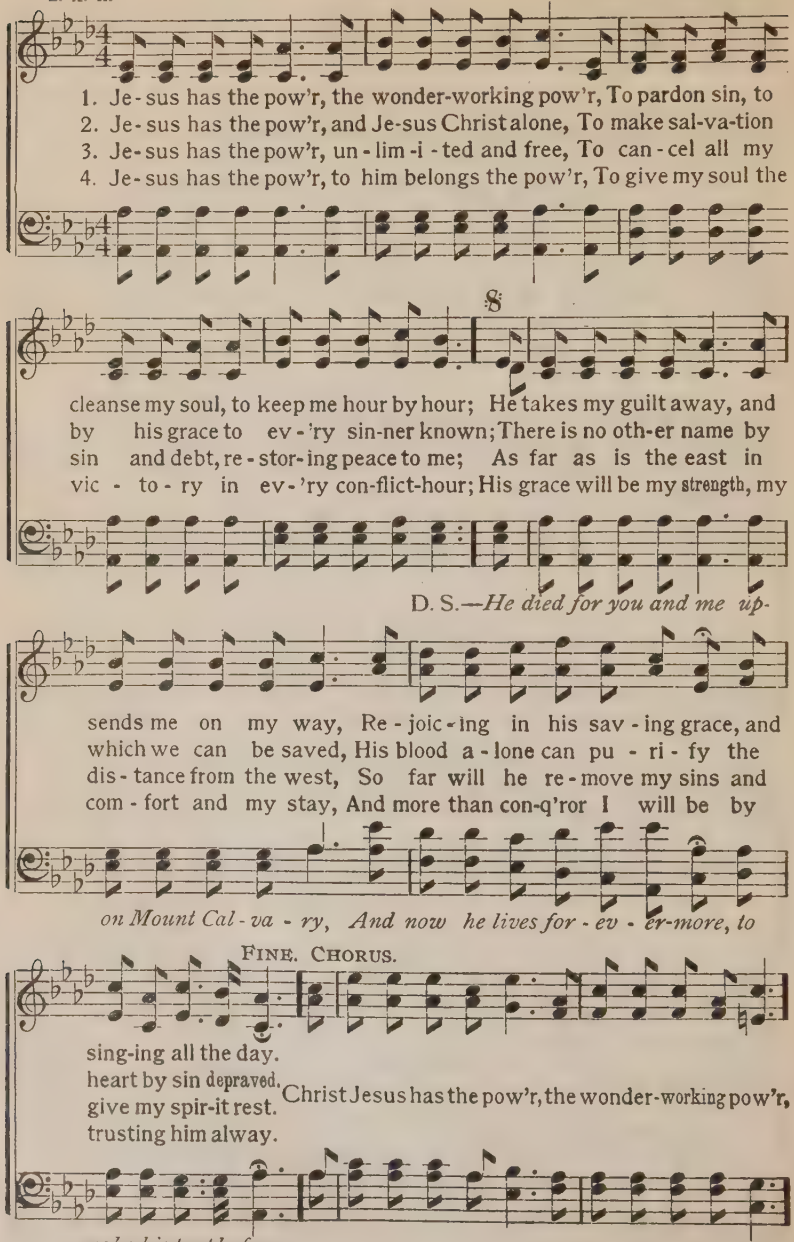
435 (92) Jesus Has the Power.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Je - sus has the pow'r, the wonder-working pow'r, To pardon sin, to
2. Je - sus has the pow'r, and Je-sus Christ alone, To make sal-va-tion
3. Je - sus has the pow'r, un - lim - i - ted and free, To can - cel all my
4. Je - sus has the pow'r, to him belongs the pow'r, To give my soul the
8
cleanse my soul, to keep me hour by hour; He takes my guilt away, and
by his grace to ev - 'ry sin-ner known; There is no oth-er name by
sin and debt, re - stor - ing peace to me; As far as is the east in
vic - to - ry in ev - 'ry con-flict-hour; His grace will be my strength, my
D. S.—He died for you and me up-
sends me on my way, Re - joic - ing in his sav - ing grace, and
which we can be saved, His blood a - lone can pu - ri - fy the
dis - tance from the west, So far will he re - move my sins and
com - fort and my stay, And more than con-q'ror I will be by
on Mount Cal - va - ry, And now he lives for - ev - er-more, to
FINE. CHORUS.
sing-ing all the day.
heart by sin depraved.
give my spir-it rest.
trusting him alway.
Christ Jesus has the pow'r, the wonder-working pow'r,
make his people free.

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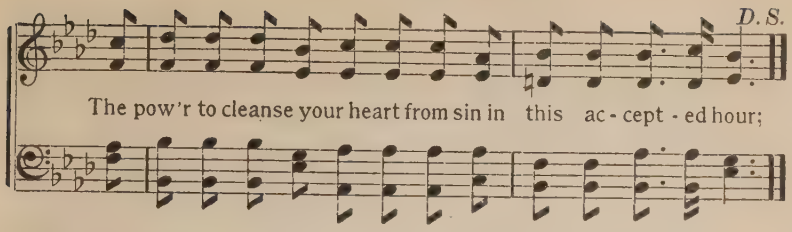
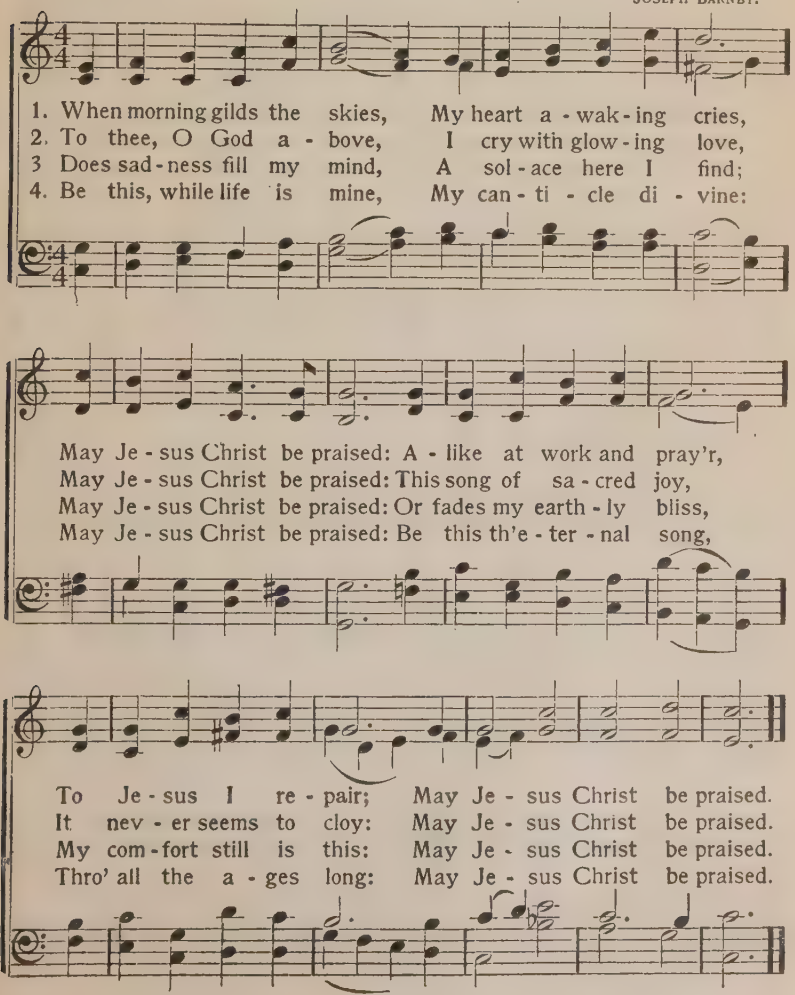
Jesus Has the Power.



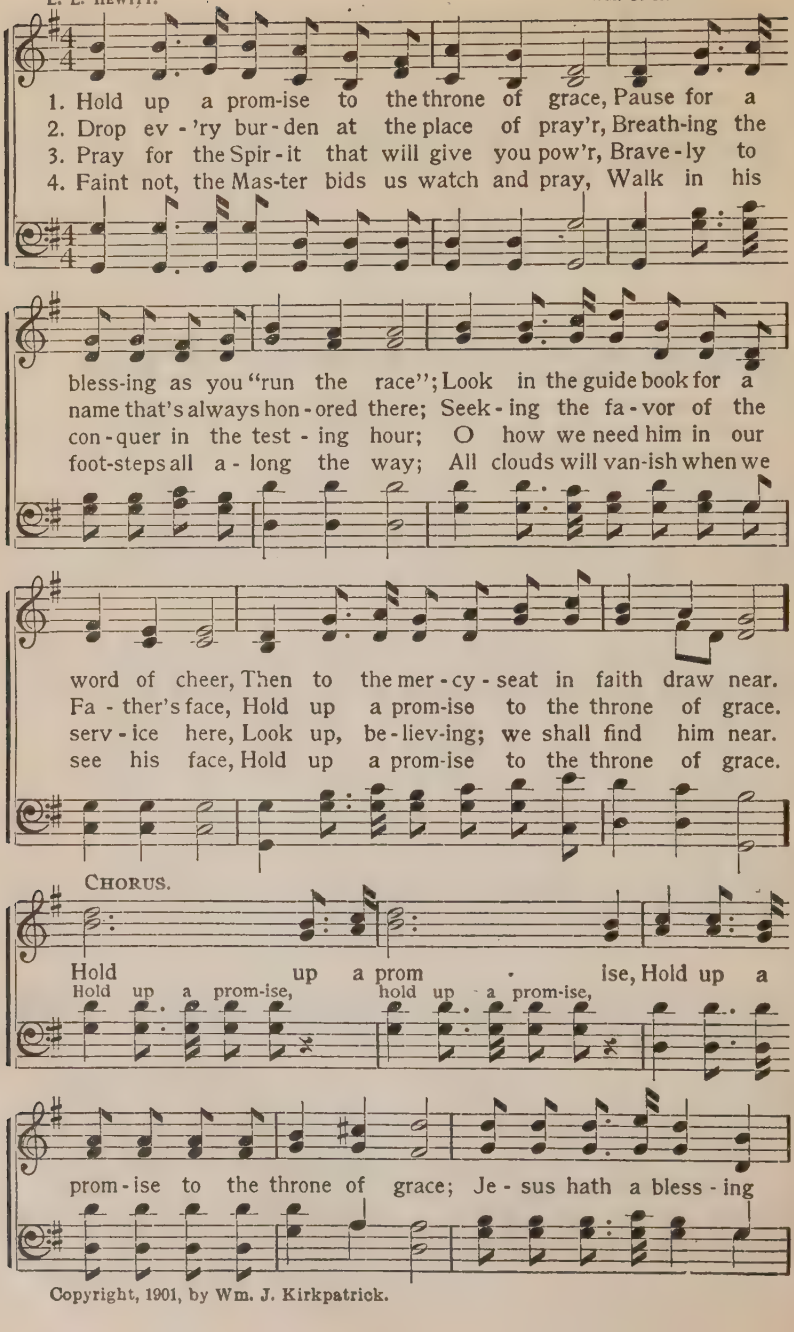
436 (93) When Morning Gilds the Skies.

EDWARD CASWALL. JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
2. To thee, O God a - bove, I cry with glow - ing love,
3 Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find;
4. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine:
May Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like at work and pray'r,
May Je - sus Christ be praised: This song of sa - cred joy,
May Je - sus Christ be praised: Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
May Je - sus Christ be praised: Be this th'e - ter - nal song,
To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
It nev - er seems to cloy: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Thro' all the a - ges long: May Je - sus Christ be praised.

437 (94) Hold Up a Promise.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Hold up a prom-ise to the throne of grace, Pause for a
2. Drop ev-'ry bur-den at the place of pray'r, Breath-ing the
3. Pray for the Spir-it that will give you pow'r, Brave-ly to
4. Faint not, the Mas-ter bids us watch and pray, Walk in his
bless-ing as you "run the race"; Look in the guide book for a
name that's always hon-ored there; Seek-ing the fa-vor of the
con-quer in the test-ing hour; O how we need him in our
foot-steps all a-long the way; All clouds will van-ish when we
word of cheer, Then to the mer-cy-seat in faith draw near.
Fa-ther's face, Hold up a prom-ise to the throne of grace.
serv-ice here, Look up, be-liev-ing; we shall find him near.
see his face, Hold up a prom-ise to the throne of grace.
Chorus.
Hold up a prom-ise, Hold up a
Hold up a prom-ise, hold up a prom-ise,
prom-ise to the throne of grace; Je-sus hath a bless-ing

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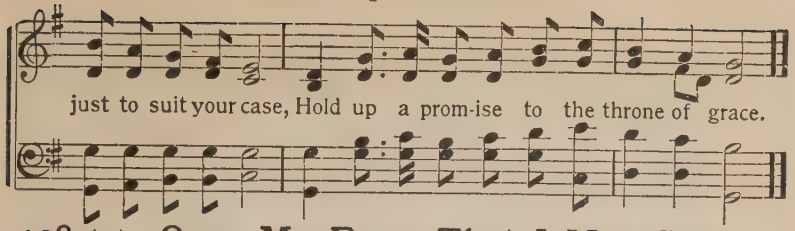
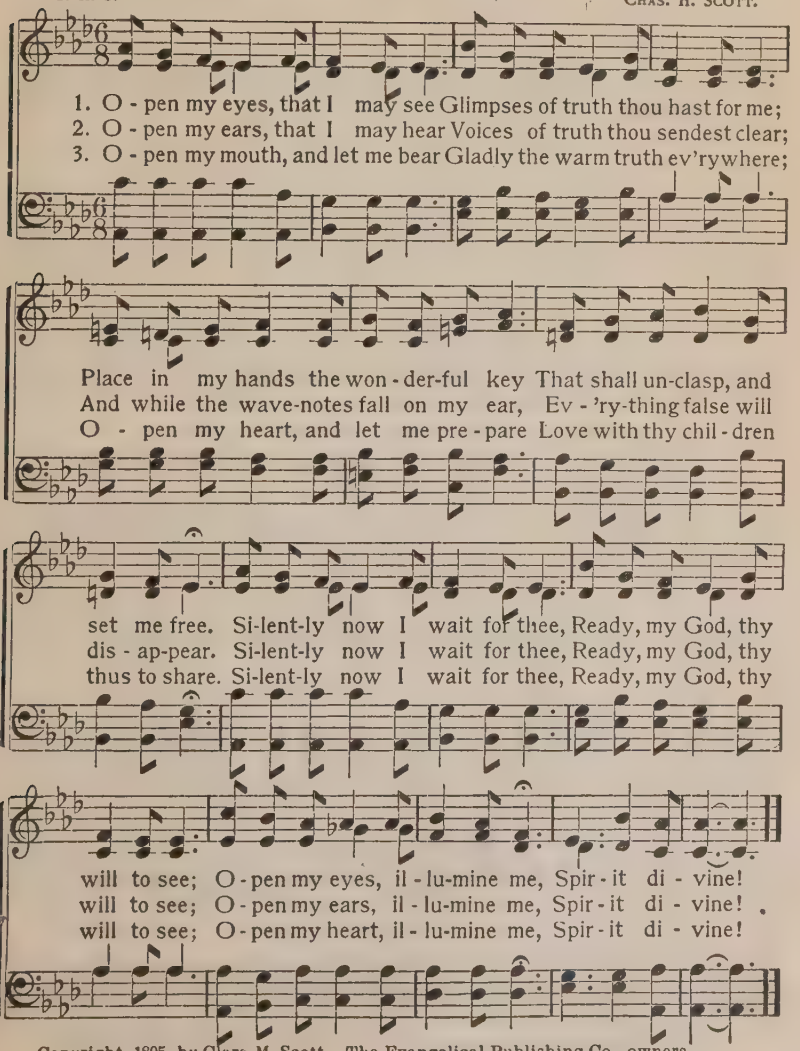
Hold Up a Promise.



438 (95) Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S. CHAS. H. SCOTT.


1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voices of truth thou sendest clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Gladly the warm truth ev'rywhere;
Place in my hands the won - der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will
O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare Love with thy chil - dren
set me free. Si-lent-ly now I wait for thee, Ready, my God, thy
dis - ap-pear. Si-lent-ly now I wait for thee, Ready, my God, thy
thus to share. Si-lent-ly now I wait for thee, Ready, my God, thy
will to see; O - pen my eyes, il - lu-mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
will to see; O - pen my ears, il - lu-mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
will to see; O - pen my heart, il - lu-mine me, Spir - it di - vine!

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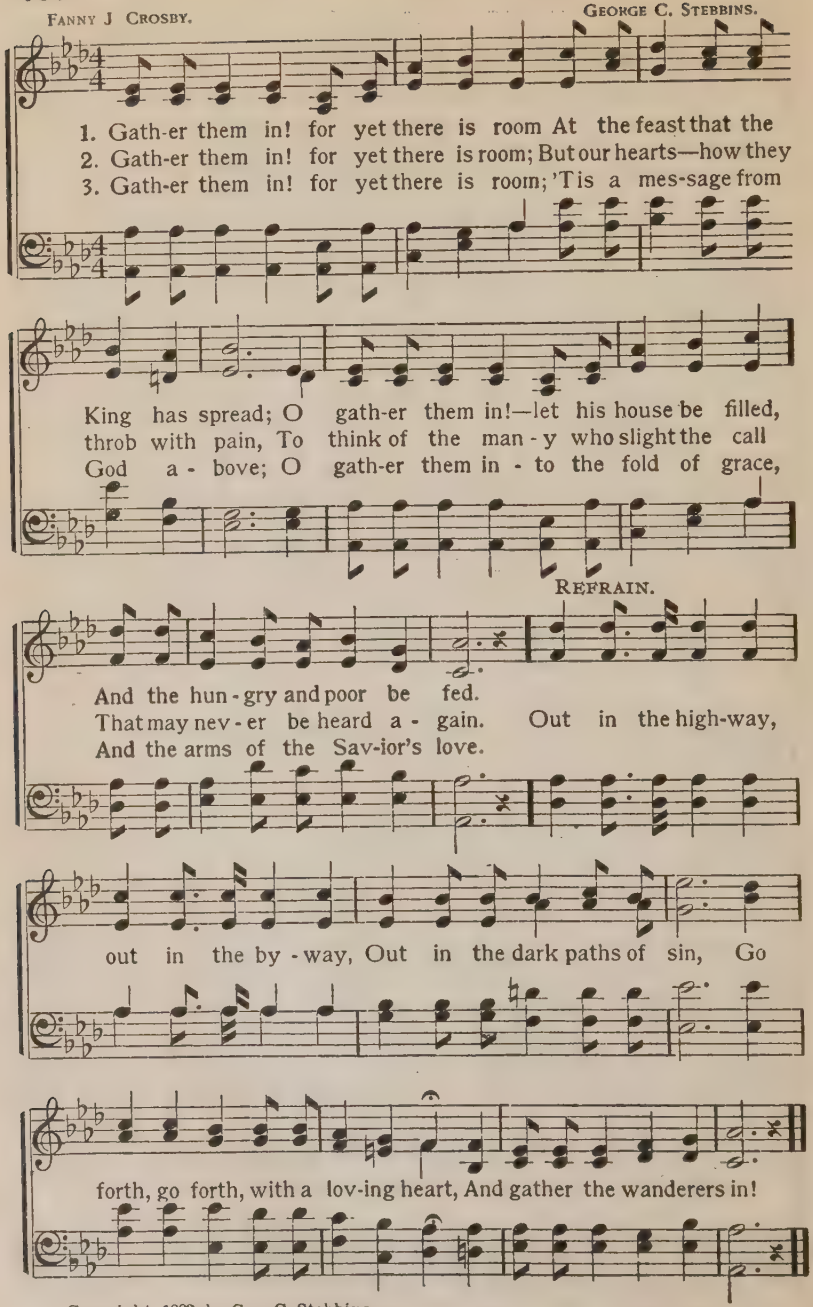
439 (96)

Gather Them In.

FANNY J CROSBY. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.


1. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room At the feast that the
2. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room; But our hearts—how they
3. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room; 'Tis a mes-sage from
King has spread; O gath-er them in!—let his house be filled,
throb with pain, To think of the man - y who slight the call
God a - bove; O gath-er them in - to the fold of grace,
REFRAIN.
And the hun - gry and poor be fed.
That may nev - er be heard a - gain. Out in the high-way,
And the arms of the Sav-ior's love.
out in the by - way, Out in the dark paths of sin, Go
forth, go forth, with a lov-ing heart, And gather the wanderers in!

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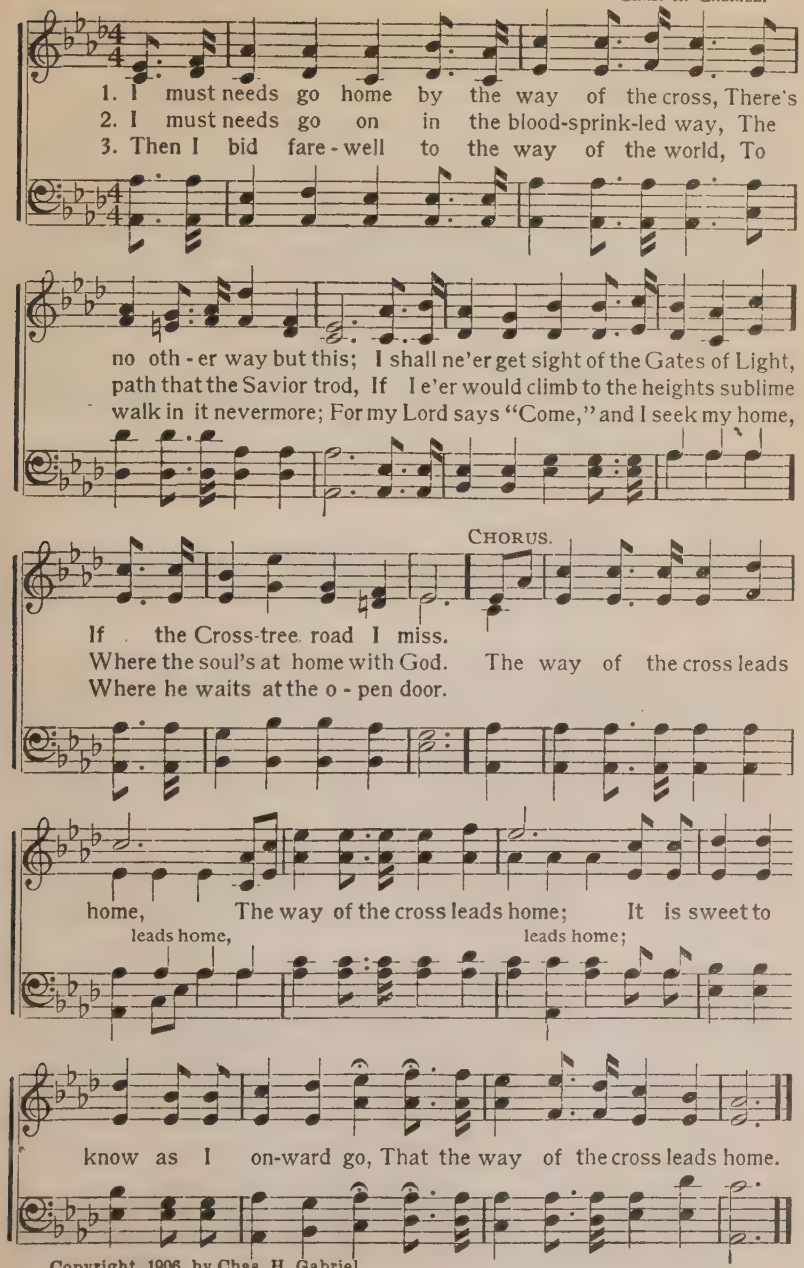
440 (97) The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprink-led way, The
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To
no oth-er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
path that the Savior trod, If I e'er would climb to the heights sublime
walk in it nevermore; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the Cross-tree road I miss.
Where the soul's at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where he waits at the o-pen door.
home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to
leads home, leads home;
know as I on-ward go, That the way of the cross leads home.

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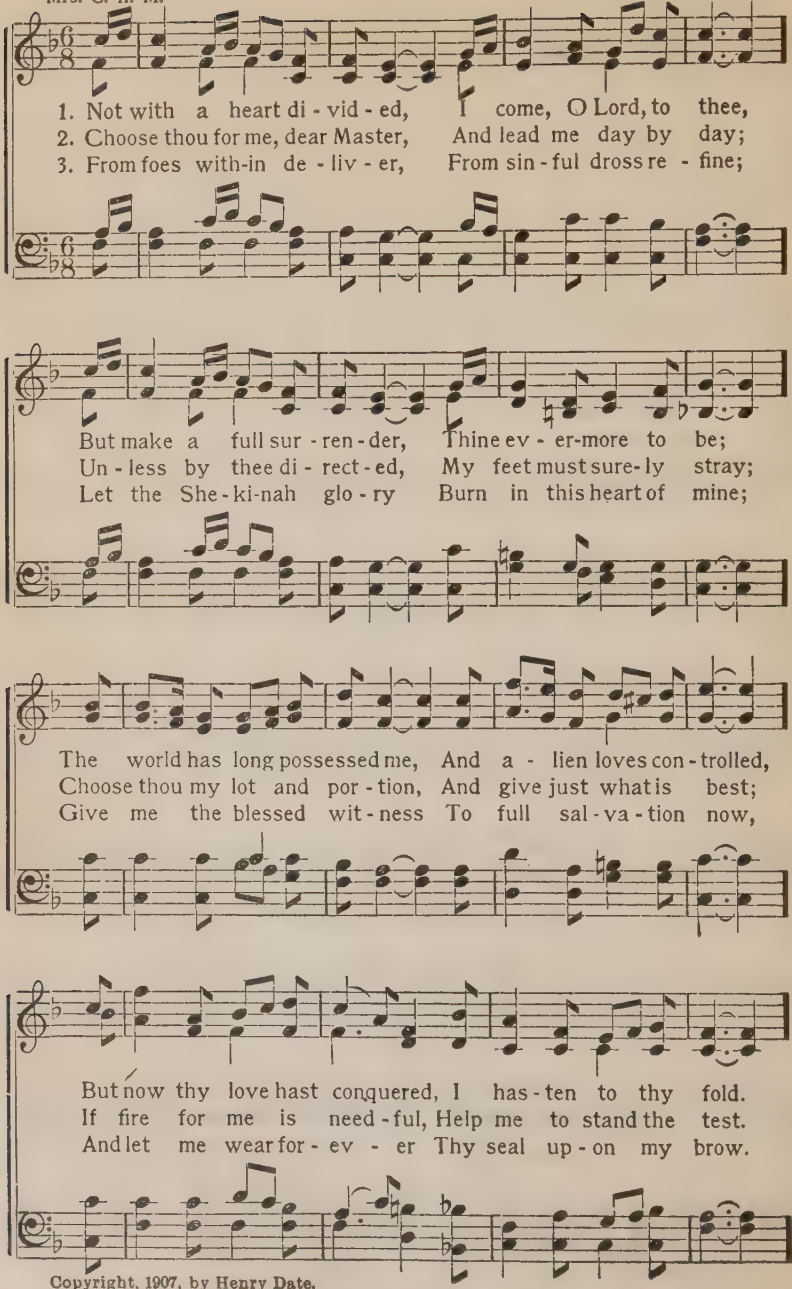
Wholly Thine.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Not with a heart di - vid - ed, I come, O Lord, to thee,
2. Choose thou for me, dear Master, And lead me day by day;
3. From foes with-in de - liv - er, From sin - ful dross re - fine;
But make a full sur - ren - der, Thine ev - er-more to be;
Un - less by thee di - rect - ed, My feet must sure-ly stray;
Let the She - ki-nah glo - ry Burn in this heart of mine;
The world has long possessed me, And a - lien loves con - trolled,
Choose thou my lot and por - tion, And give just what is best;
Give me the blessed wit - ness To full sal - va - tion now,
But now thy love hast conquered, I has - ten to thy fold.
If fire for me is need - ful, Help me to stand the test.
And let me wear for - ev - er Thy seal up - on my brow.

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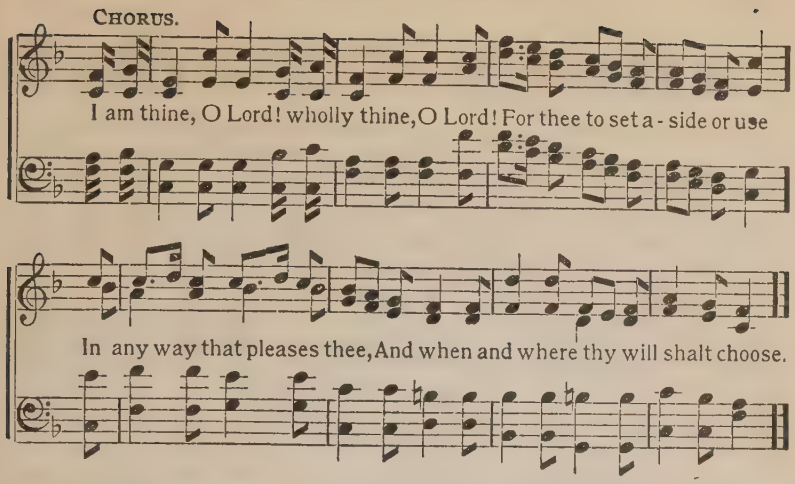
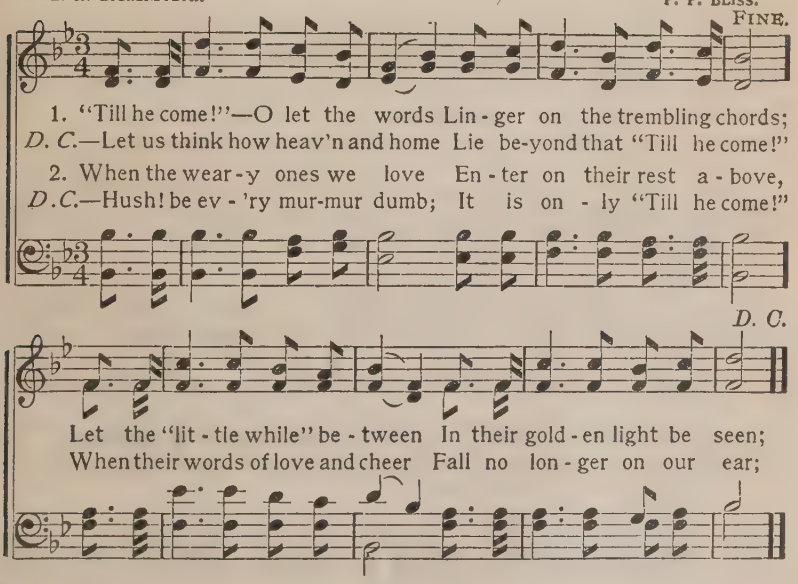
Wholly Thine.


CHORUS.
I am thine, O Lord! wholly thine, O Lord! For thee to set a - side or use
In any way that pleases thee, And when and where thy will shalt choose.

442 (99) Till He Come.

E. H. BICKERSTETH. P. P. BLISS.


FINE.
1. "Till he come!"—O let the words Lin - ger on the trembling chords;
D. C.—Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "Till he come!"
2. When the wear - y ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,
D. C.—Hush! be ev - 'ry mur-mur dumb; It is on - ly "Till he come!"
D. C.
Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
When their words of love and cheer Fall no lon - ger on our ear;

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness and the tomb,
Pain us only "Till he come!"

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till he come!"

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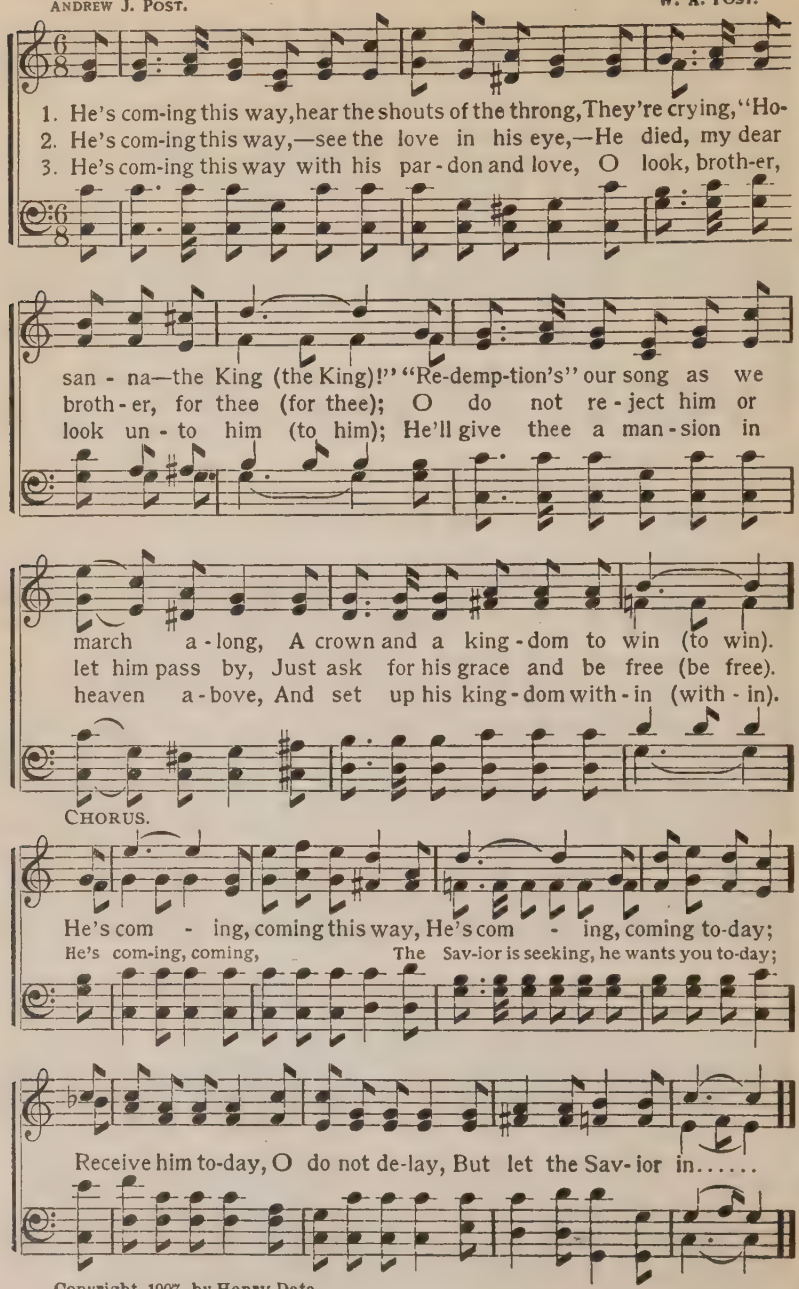
443 (100) He is Coming This Way.

ANDREW J. POST. W. A. POST.


1. He's com-ing this way, hear the shouts of the throng, They're cry-ing, "Ho-
2. He's com-ing this way,—see the love in his eye,—He died, my dear
3. He's com-ing this way with his par-don and love, O look, broth-er,
san-na—the King (the King)!" "Re-demp-tion's" our song as we
broth-er, for thee (for thee); O do not re-ject him or
look un-to him (to him); He'll give thee a man-sion in
march a-long, A crown and a king-dom to win (to win).
let him pass by, Just ask for his grace and be free (be free).
heaven a-bove, And set up his king-dom with-in (with-in).
CHORUS.
He's com-ing, coming this way, He's com-ing, coming to-day;
He's com-ing, coming, The Sav-ior is seeking, he wants you to-day;
Receive him to-day, O do not de-lay, But let the Sav-ior in.....

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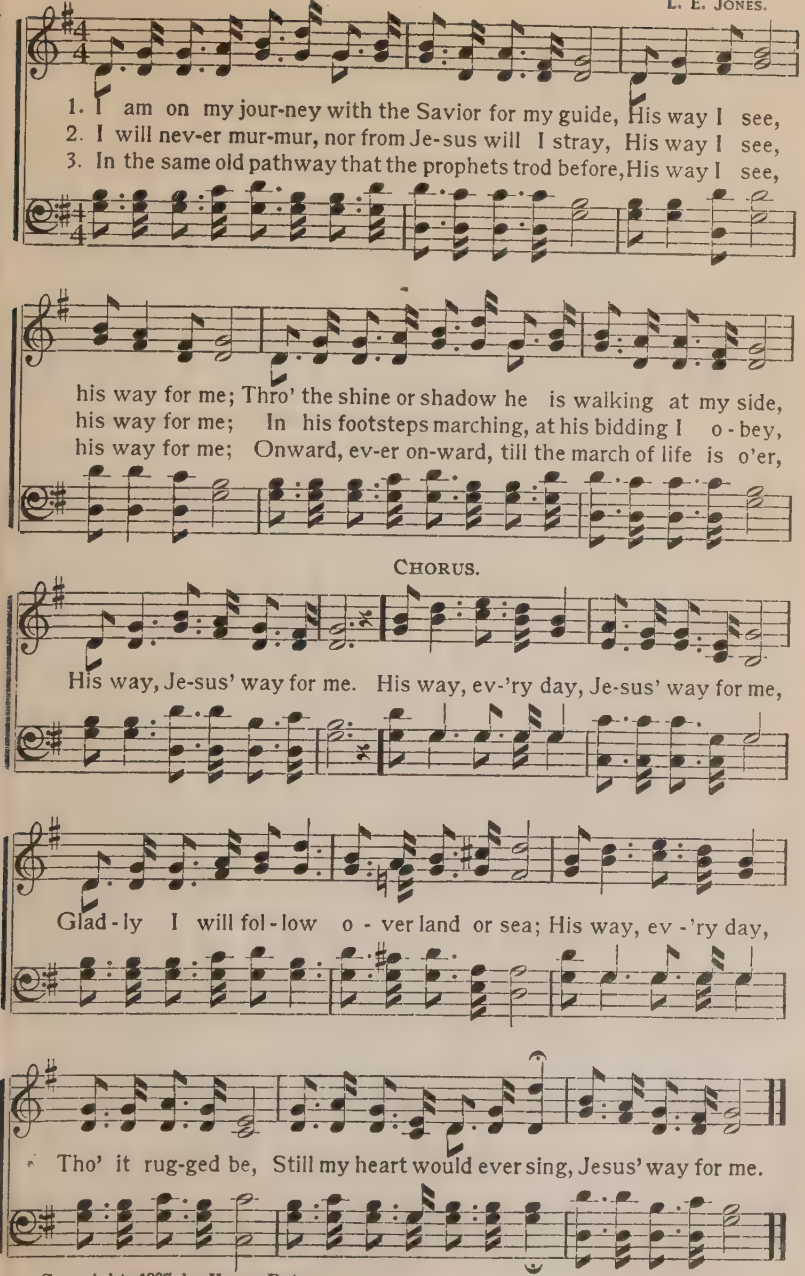
444 (101) Jesus' Way for Me.

MARY SLATER. L. E. JONES.


1. I am on my jour-ney with the Savior for my guide, His way I see,
2. I will nev-er mur-mur, nor from Je-sus will I stray, His way I see,
3. In the same old pathway that the prophets trod before, His way I see,
his way for me; Thro' the shine or shadow he is walking at my side,
his way for me; In his footsteps marching, at his bidding I o-bey,
his way for me; Onward, ev-er on-ward, till the march of life is o'er,
CHORUS.
His way, Je-sus' way for me. His way, ev-'ry day, Je-sus' way for me,
Glad-ly I will fol-low o-ver land or sea; His way, ev-'ry day,
Tho' it rug-ged be, Still my heart would ever sing, Jesus' way for me.

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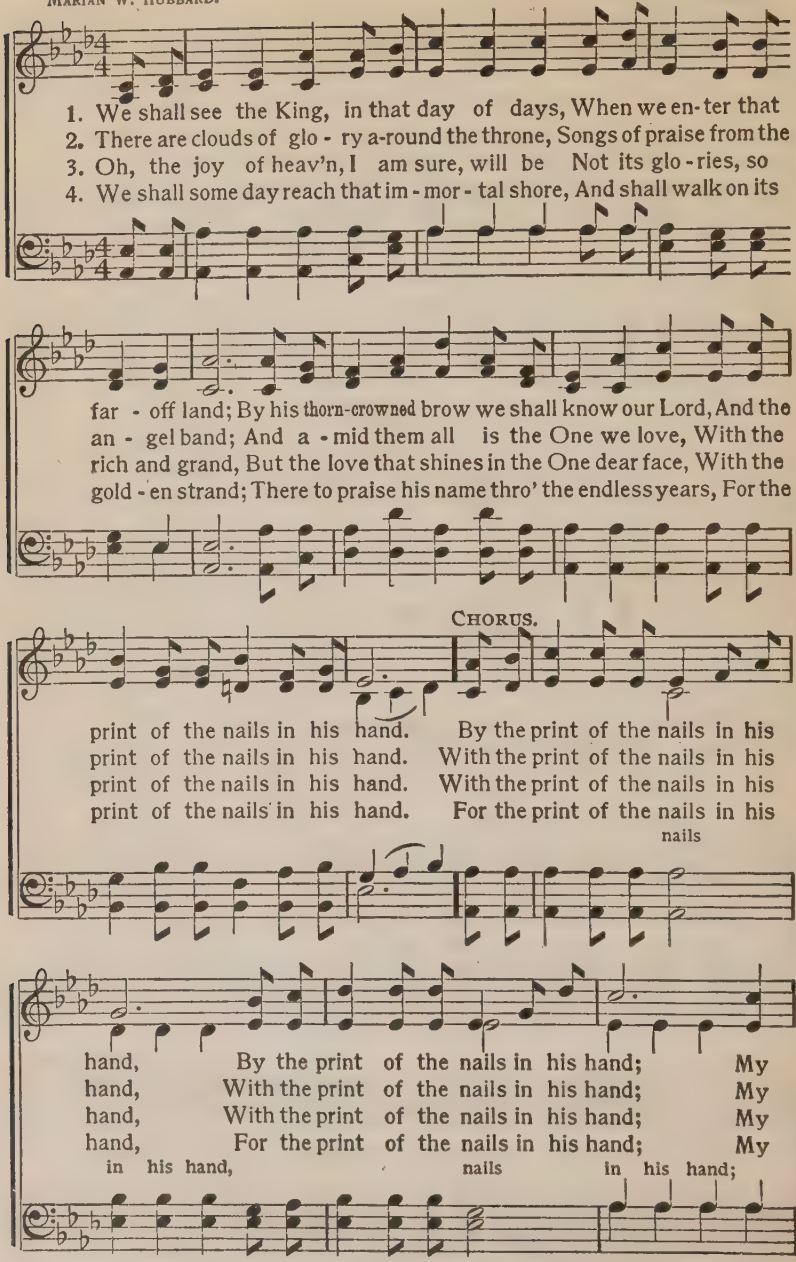
445 (102) The Print of the Nails.

MARIAN W. HUBBARD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. We shall see the King, in that day of days, When we en-ter that
2. There are clouds of glo - ry a-round the throne, Songs of praise from the
3. Oh, the joy of heav'n, I am sure, will be Not its glo - ries, so
4. We shall some day reach that im - mor - tal shore, And shall walk on its
far - off land; By his thorn-crowned brow we shall know our Lord, And the
an - gel band; And a - mid them all is the One we love, With the
rich and grand, But the love that shines in the One dear face, With the
gold - en strand; There to praise his name thro' the endless years, For the
CHORUS.
print of the nails in his hand. By the print of the nails in his
print of the nails in his hand. With the print of the nails in his
print of the nails in his hand. With the print of the nails in his
print of the nails in his hand. For the print of the nails in his
nails
hand, By the print of the nails in his hand; My
hand, With the print of the nails in his hand; My
hand, With the print of the nails in his hand; My
hand, For the print of the nails in his hand; My
in his hand, nails in his hand;

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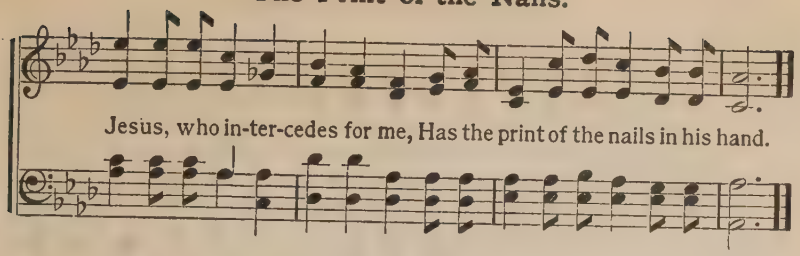
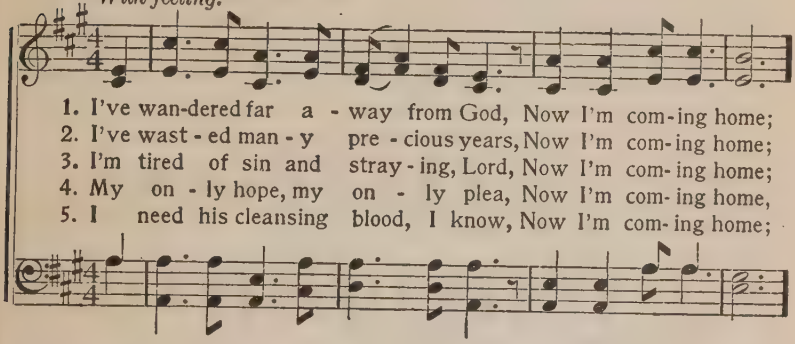
The Print of the Nails.

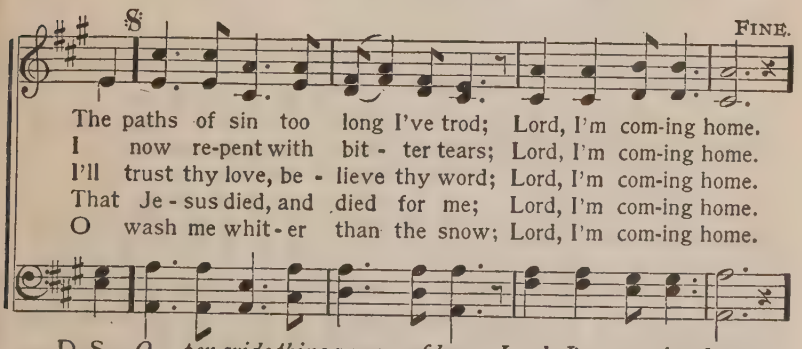


446 (103) Lord, I'm Coming Home.

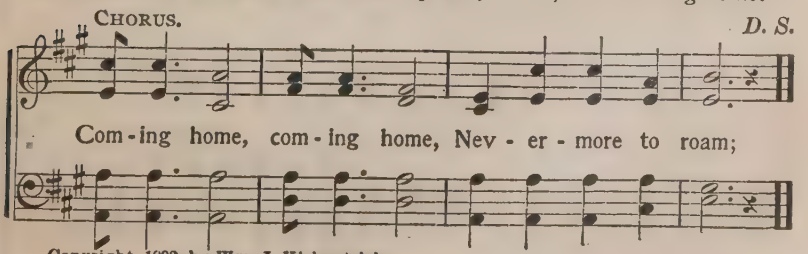
W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

With feeling.


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home,
5. I need his cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;


S.
Fine.
The paths of sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow; Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.—*O - pen wide thine arms of love; Lord, I'm com - ing home.*



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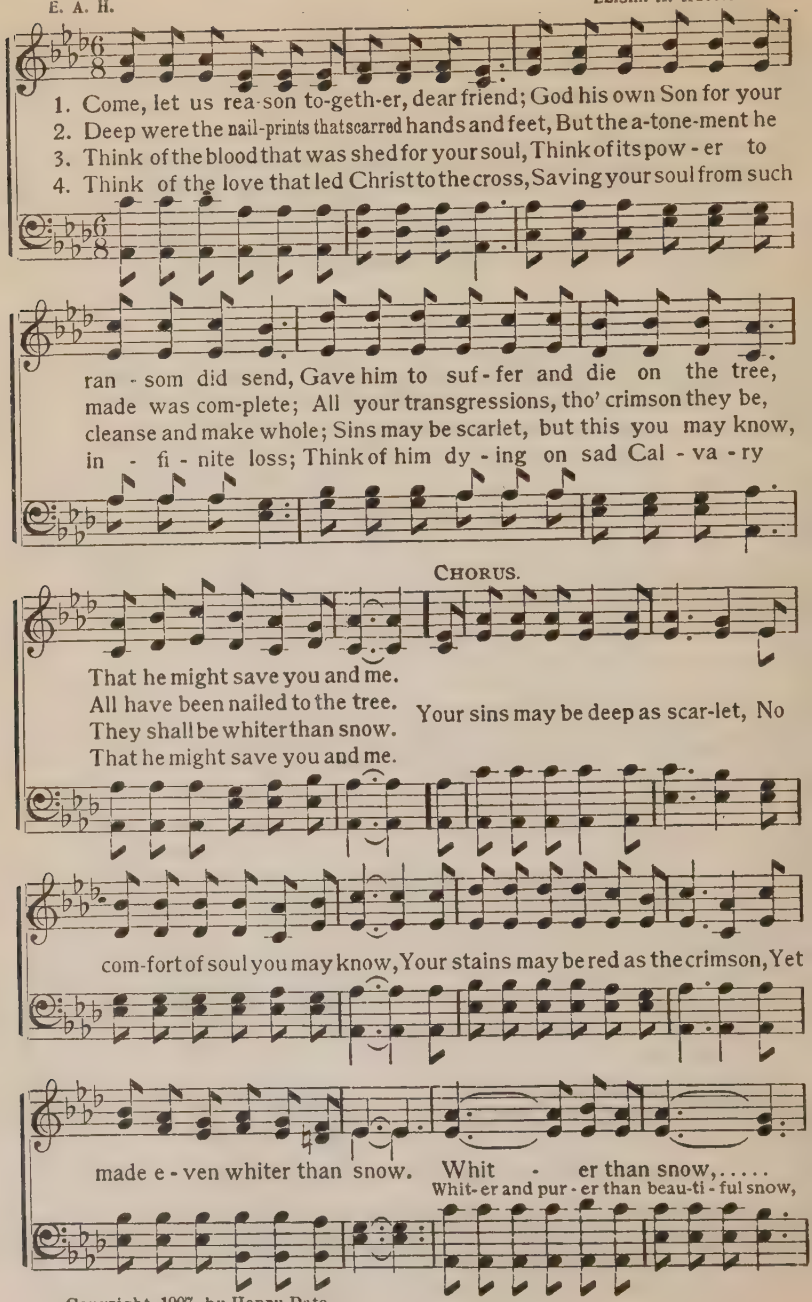
447 (104) **Scarlet and Crimson.**

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Come, let us rea-son to-geth-er, dear friend; God his own Son for your
2. Deep were the nail-prints that scarred hands and feet, But the a-tone-ment he
3. Think of the blood that was shed for your soul, Think of its pow - er to
4. Think of the love that led Christ to the cross, Saving your soul from such
ran - som did send, Gave him to suf - fer and die on the tree,
made was com-plete; All your transgressions, tho' crimson they be,
cleanse and make whole; Sins may be scarlet, but this you may know,
in - fi - nite loss; Think of him dy - ing on sad Cal - va - ry
CHORUS.
That he might save you and me.
All have been nailed to the tree.
They shall be whiter than snow.
That he might save you and me.
Your sins may be deep as scar-let, No
com-fort of soul you may know, Your stains may be red as the crimson, Yet
made e - ven whiter than snow. Whit - er than snow,.....
Whit-er and pur - er than beau-ti - ful snow,

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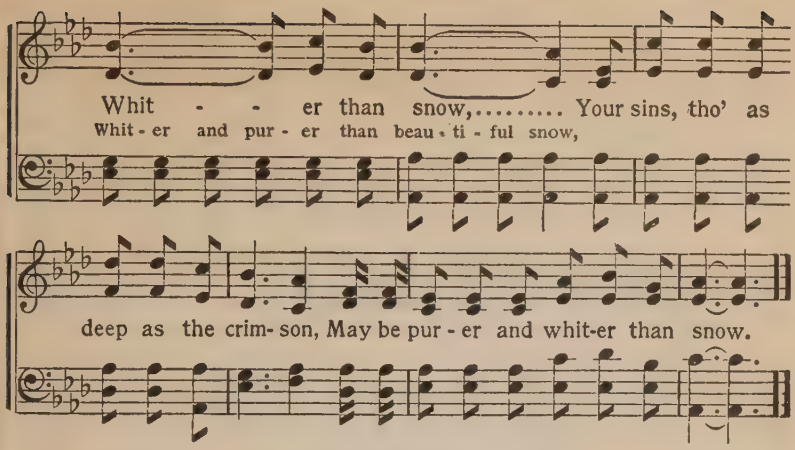
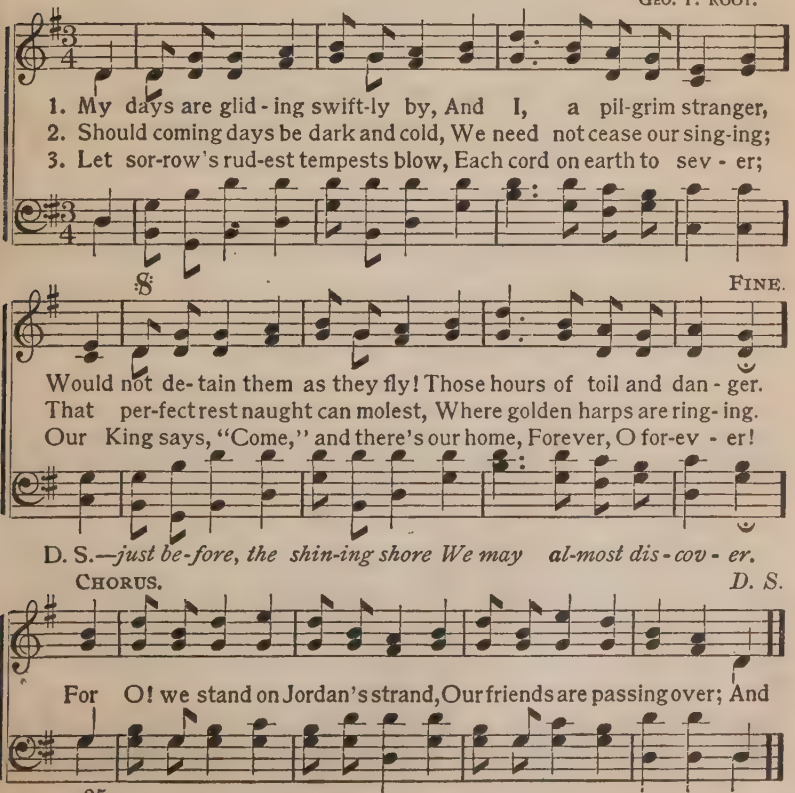
Scarlet and Crimson.


Whit - - - er than snow,..... Your sins, tho' as
Whit - er and pur - er than beau - ti - ful snow,
deep as the crim- son, May be pur - er and whit-er than snow.

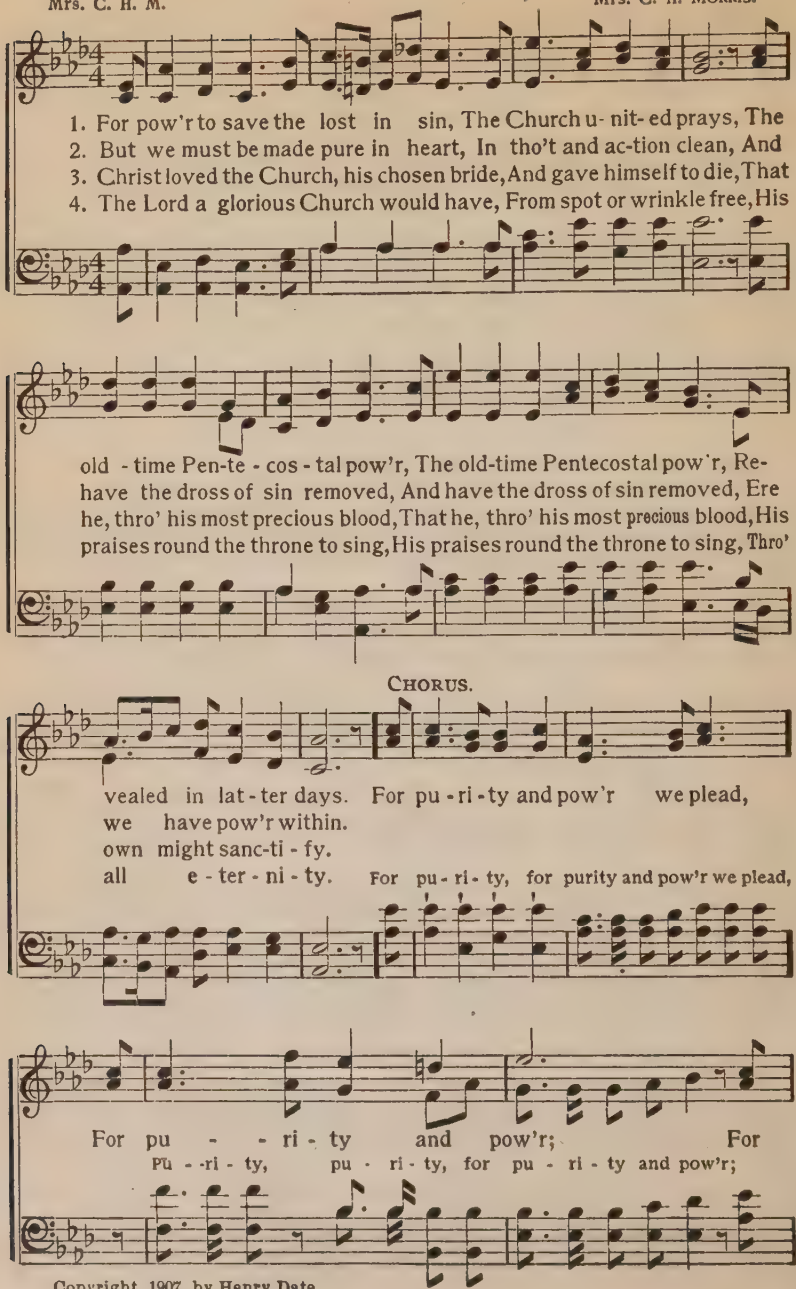
448 (105) The Shining Shore.

GEO. F. ROOT.


1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger,
2. Should coming days be dark and cold, We need not cease our sing-ing;
3. Let sor-row's rud-est tempests blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;
FINE.
Would not de-tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
That per-fect rest naught can molest, Where golden harps are ring- ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, Forever, O for-ev - er!
D. S.—just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis - cov - er.
CHORUS.
D. S.
For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over; And

449 (106) **Purity and Power.**

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. For pow'r to save the lost in sin, The Church u-nit-ed prays, The
2. But we must be made pure in heart, In tho't and ac-tion clean, And
3. Christ loved the Church, his chosen bride, And gave himself to die, That
4. The Lord a glorious Church would have, From spot or wrinkle free, His
old-time Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r, The old-time Pentecostal pow'r, Re-
have the dross of sin removed, And have the dross of sin removed, Ere
he, thro' his most precious blood, That he, thro' his most precious blood, His
praises round the throne to sing, His praises round the throne to sing, Thro'
Chorus.
vealed in lat-ter days. For pu-ri-ty and pow'r we plead,
we have pow'r within.
own might sanc-ti-fy.
all e-ter-ni-ty. For pu-ri-ty, for purity and pow'r we plead,
For pu - - ri-ty and pow'r; For
Pu - -ri-ty, pu-ri-ty, for pu-ri-ty and pow'r;

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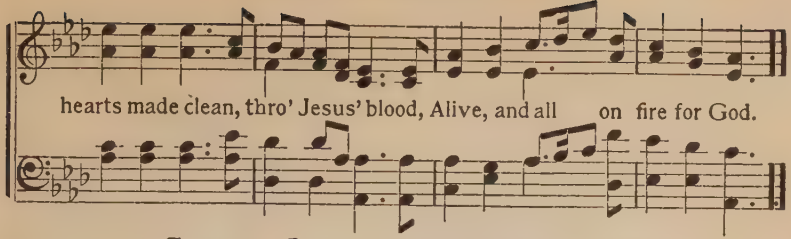

450 (107) Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. O hear my cry, be gra-cious now to me, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
3. My path is lone, and wear-y are my feet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;

My soul bowed down is longing now for thee, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
One look from thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
Mine eyes look up thy lov-ing smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
Re-gard my pray'r, and hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

CHORUS.

I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far away from home;
O take me now, and bring me to thy fold, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

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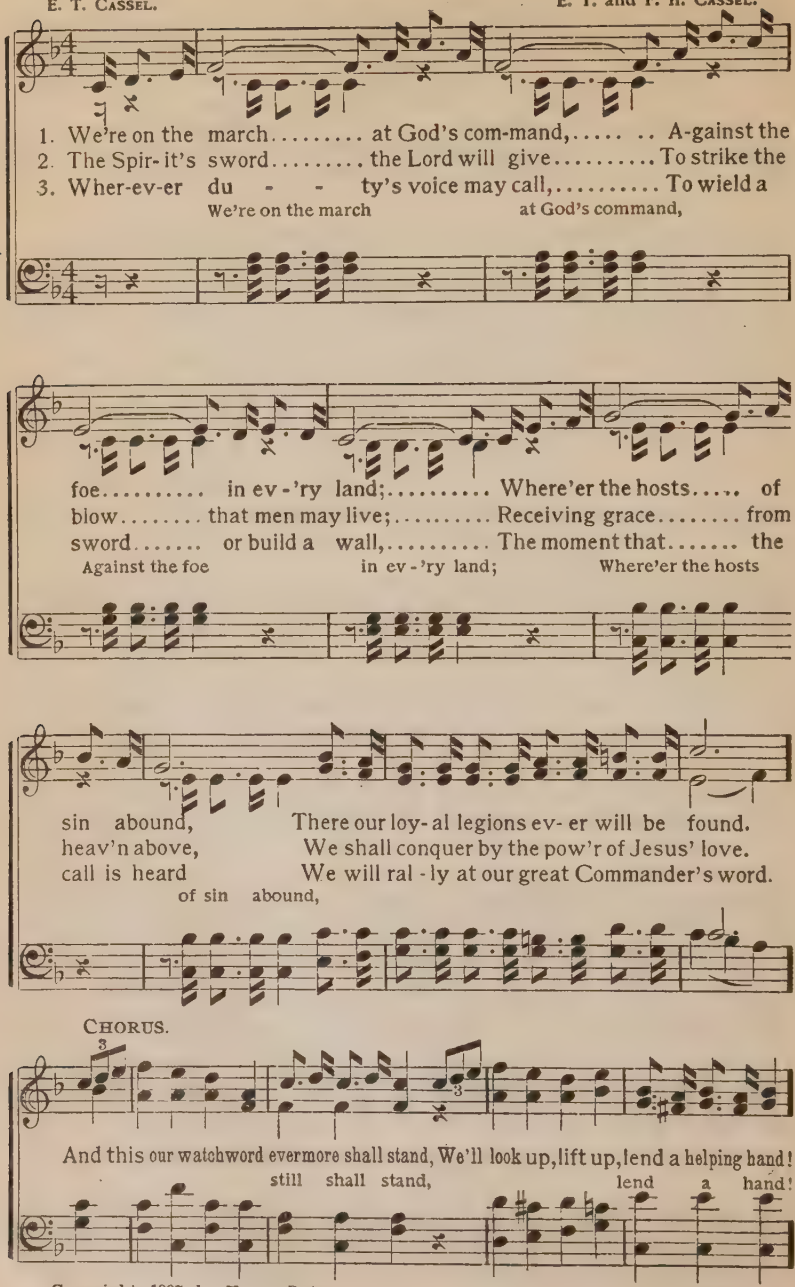
451 (108) Lend a Helping Hand.

E. T. CASSEL. E. T. and F. H. CASSEL.


1. We're on the march..... at God's com-mand,..... .. A-gainst the
2. The Spir-it's sword..... the Lord will give..... To strike the
3. Wher-ev-er du - - ty's voice may call,..... To wield a
We're on the march at God's command,
foe..... in ev-'ry land;..... Where'er the hosts..... of
blow..... that men may live;..... Receiving grace..... from
sword..... or build a wall,..... The moment that..... the
Against the foe in ev-'ry land; Where'er the hosts
sin abound, There our loy-al legions ev-er will be found.
heav'n above, We shall conquer by the pow'r of Jesus' love.
call is heard We will ral-ly at our great Commander's word.
of sin abound,
CHORUS.
3
3
And this our watchword evermore shall stand, We'll look up, lift up, lend a helping hand!
still shall stand, lend a hand!

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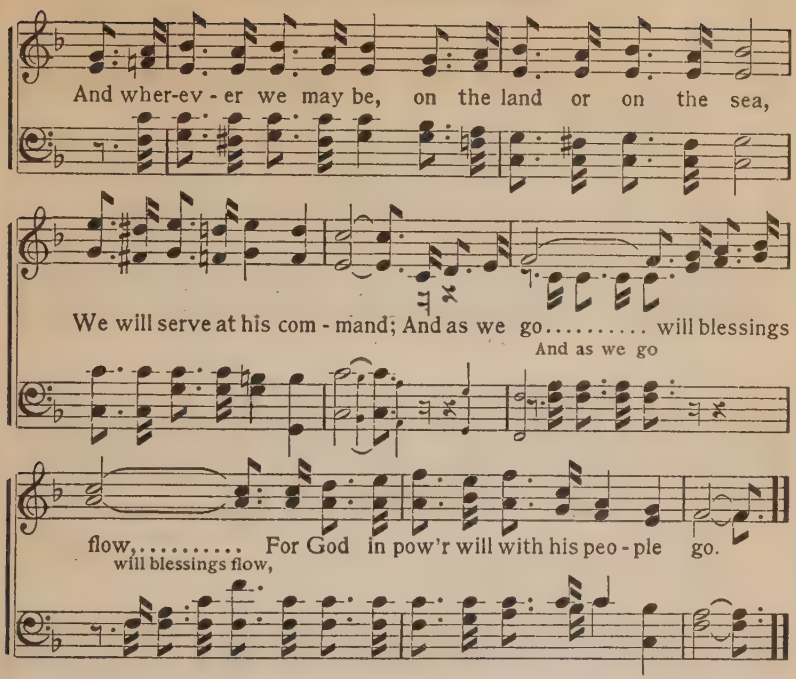
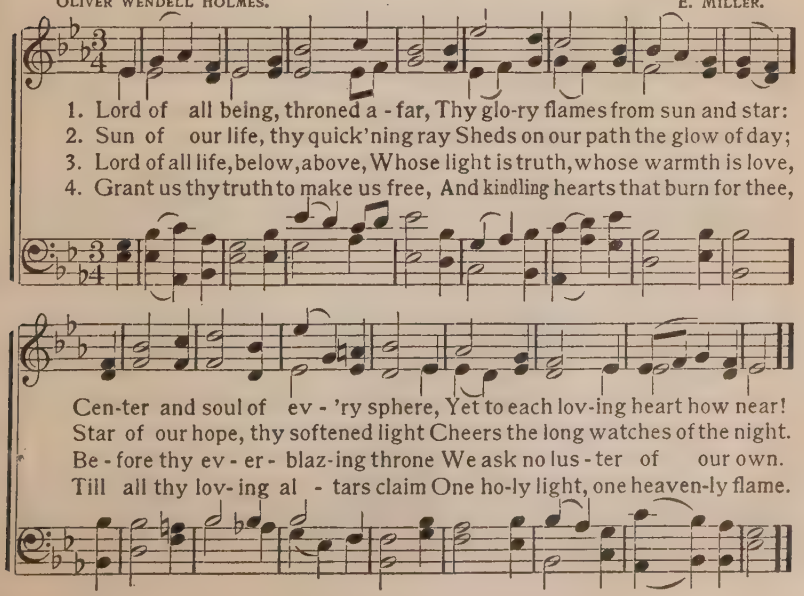
Lend a Helping Hand.


And wher-ev - er we may be, on the land or on the sea,
We will serve at his com - mand; And as we go..... will blessings
And as we go
flow,..... For God in pow'r will with his peo - ple go.
will blessings flow,

452 (109) Lord of All Being, Throned Afar.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. E. MILLER.

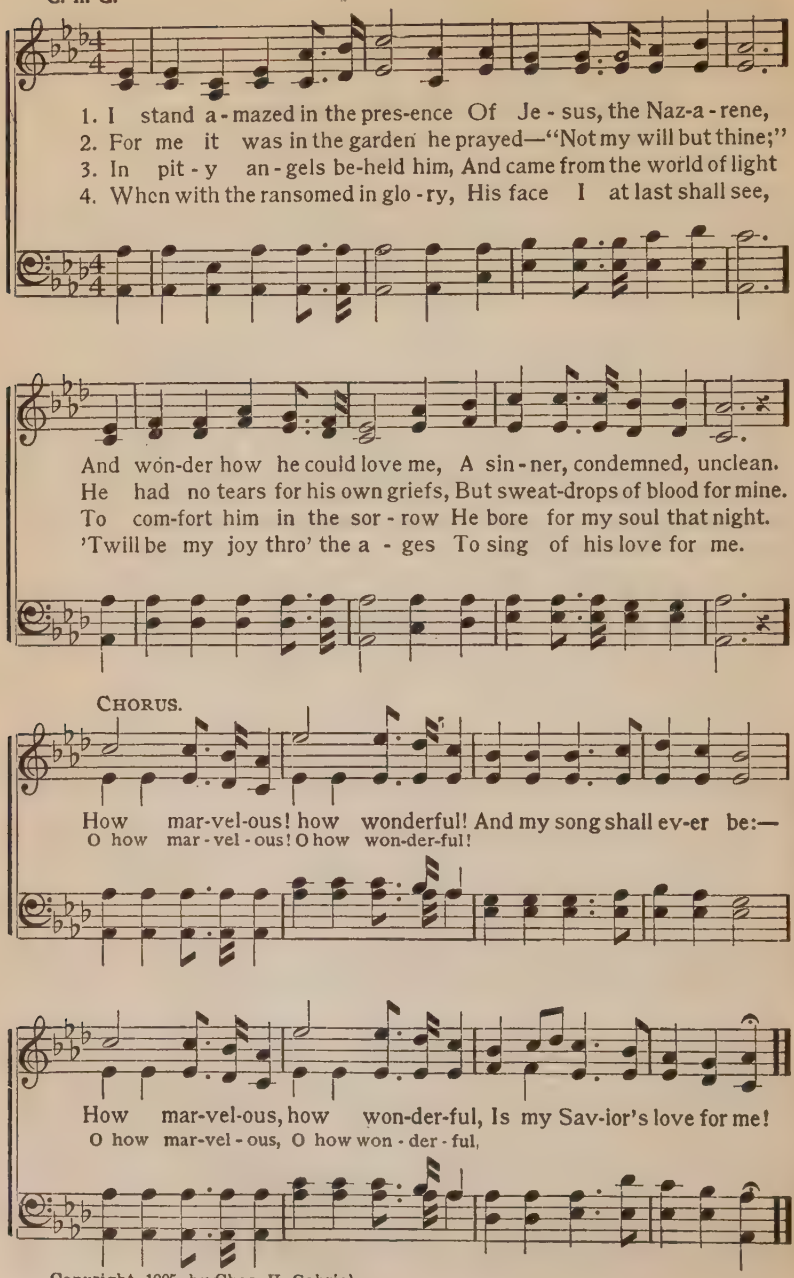

1. Lord of all being, throned a - far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star:
2. Sun of our life, thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
3. Lord of all life, below, above, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
4. Grant us thy truth to make us free, And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Cen-ter and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near!
Star of our hope, thy softened light Cheers the long watches of the night.
Be - fore thy ev - er - blaz-ing throne We ask no lus - ter of our own.
Till all thy lov-ing al - tars claim One ho-ly light, one heaven-ly flame.

453 (110)

My Savior's Love.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I stand a - mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus, the Naz-a - rene,
2. For me it was in the garden he prayed—"Not my will but thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be-held him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransomed in glo - ry, His face I at last shall see,
And won-der how he could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, unclean.
He had no tears for his own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort him in the sor - row He bore for my soul that night.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of his love for me.
CHORUS.
How mar-vel-ous! how wonderful! And my song shall ev-er be:—
O how mar - vel - ous! O how won-der-ful!
How mar-vel-ous, how won-der-ful, Is my Sav-ior's love for me!
O how mar-vel - ous, O how won - der - ful,

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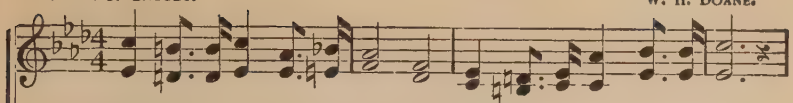
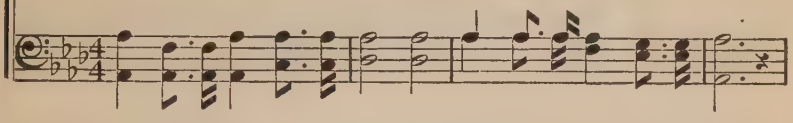
454 (III) Speed for Thy Life.

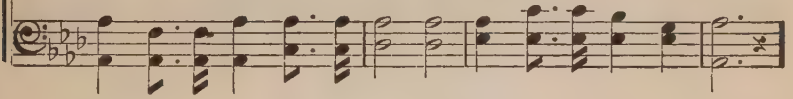
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



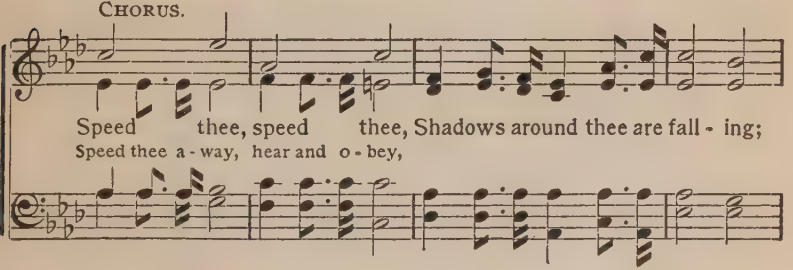
1. Speed for thy life to the moun-tain, Slight not the message di-vine,
2. Speed for thy life to the moun-tain, List to the warn-ing a-gain;
3. Speed, for the day is de-clin-ing, Soon its bright moments will fade;
4. Speed for thy life to the moun-tain, Fly like a bird to its nest,



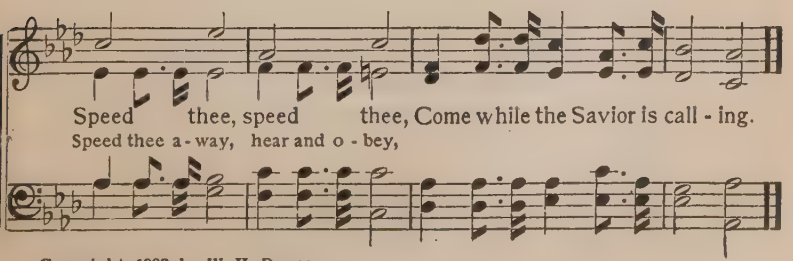
Dan-ger and death are be-fore thee, Haste, while the hours are thine.
For-ward, and look not be-hind thee, Stay not in all the plain.
What if a storm should o'er-take thee, Where would thou turn for aid?
Fly to the arms of the Sav-ior: There is thy on-ly rest.



CHORUS.



Speed thee, speed thee, Shadows around thee are fall-ing;
Speed thee a-way, hear and o-bey,



Speed thee, speed thee, Come while the Savior is call-ing.
Speed thee a-way, hear and o-bey,

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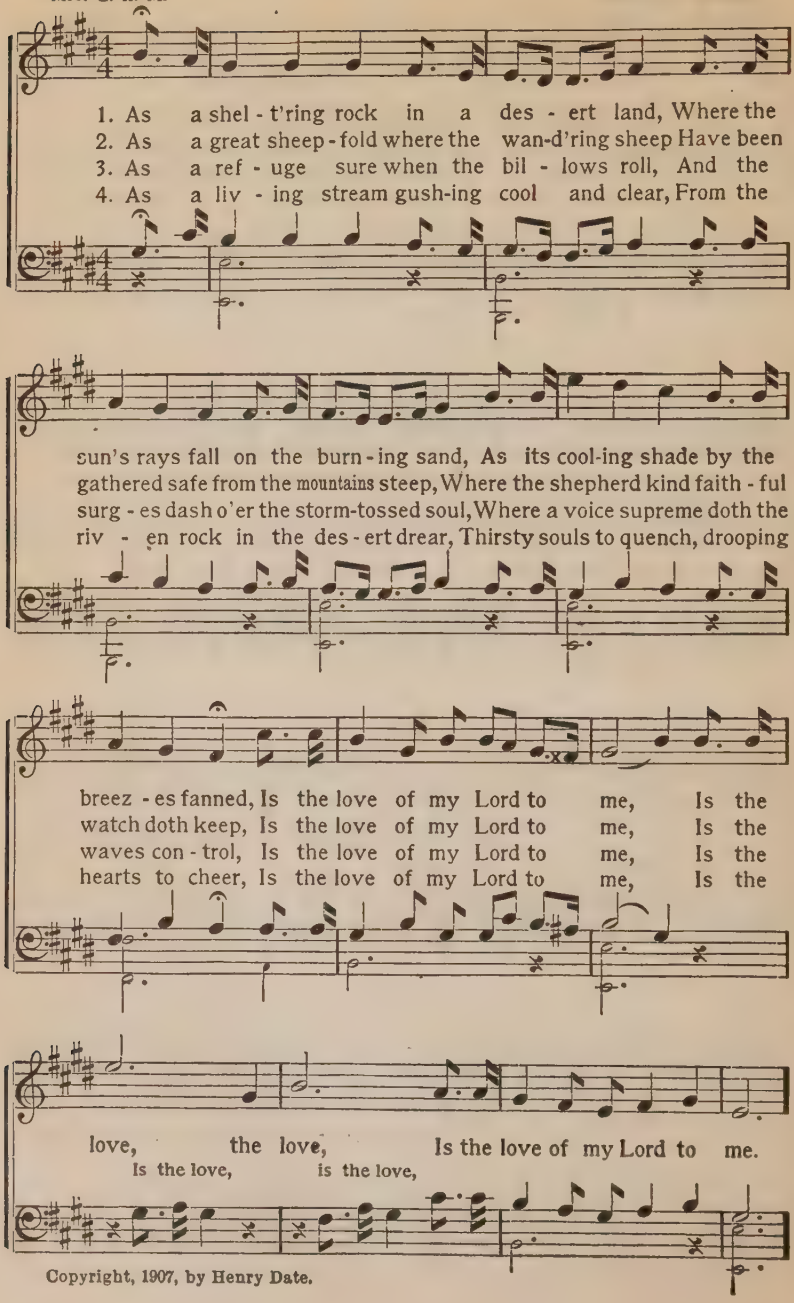
455 (112) The Love of My Lord.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. As a shel - t'ring rock in a des - ert land, Where the
2. As a great sheep - fold where the wan-d'ring sheep Have been
3. As a ref - uge sure when the bil - lows roll, And the
4. As a liv - ing stream gush-ing cool and clear, From the
sun's rays fall on the burn - ing sand, As its cool-ing shade by the
gathered safe from the mountains steep, Where the shepherd kind faith - ful
surg - es dash o'er the storm-tossed soul, Where a voice supreme doth the
riv - en rock in the des - ert drear, Thirsty souls to quench, drooping
breez - es fanned, Is the love of my Lord to me, Is the
watch doth keep, Is the love of my Lord to me, Is the
waves con - trol, Is the love of my Lord to me, Is the
hearts to cheer, Is the love of my Lord to me, Is the
love, the love, Is the love of my Lord to me.
Is the love, is the love,

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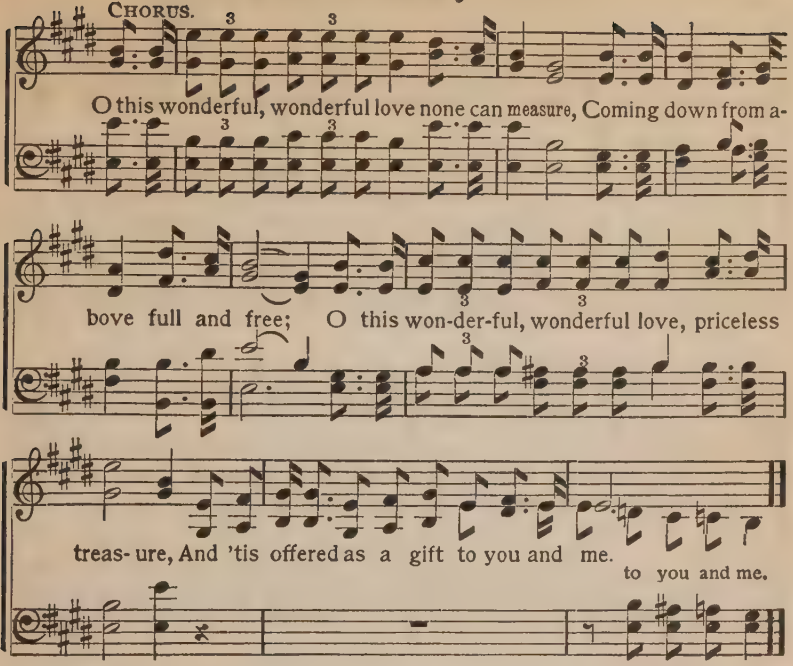
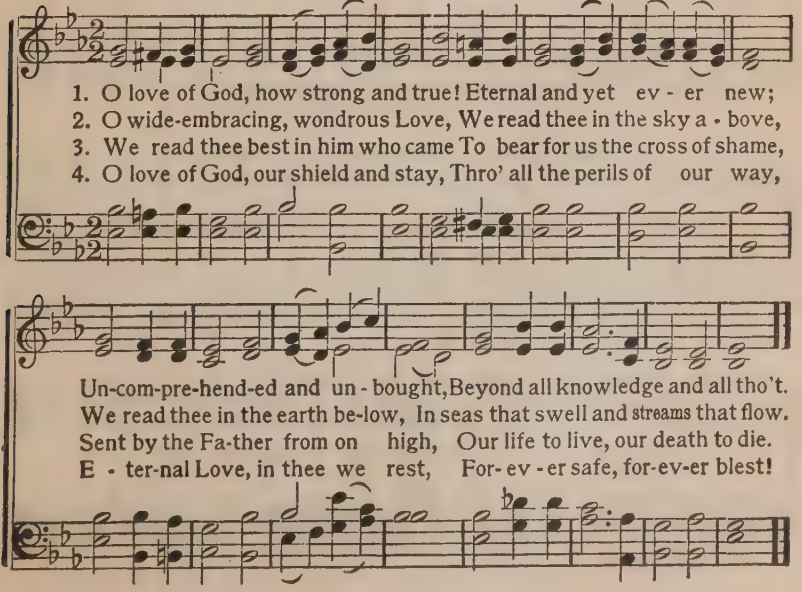
The Love of My Lord.


CHORUS.
O this wonderful, wonderful love none can measure, Coming down from a-
bove full and free; O this won-der-ful, wonderful love, priceless
treas- ure, And 'tis offered as a gift to you and me.
to you and me.

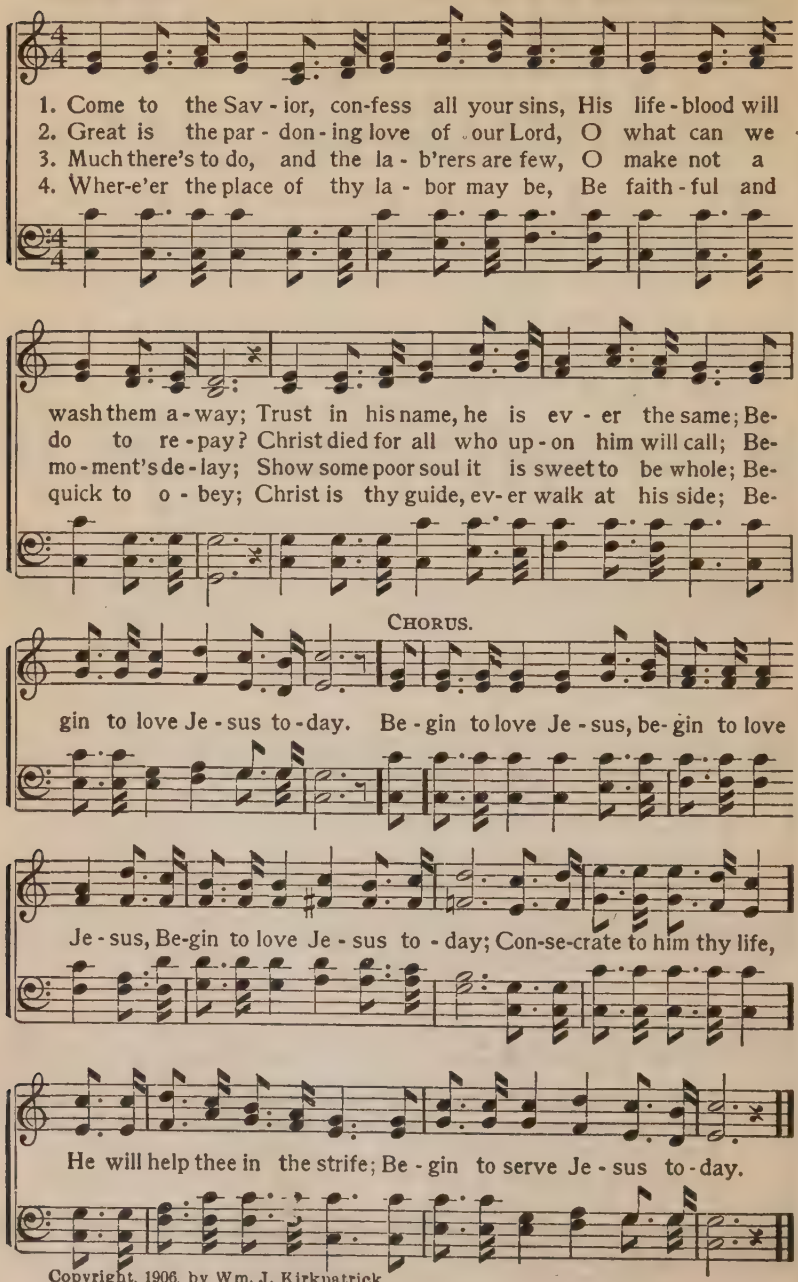
456 (113) O Love of God.

H. BONAR. GEORGE HEWS.


1. O love of God, how strong and true! Eternal and yet ev - er new;
2. O wide-embracing, wondrous Love, We read thee in the sky a - bove,
3. We read thee best in him who came To bear for us the cross of shame,
4. O love of God, our shield and stay, Thro' all the perils of our way,
Un-com-pre-hend-ed and un - bought, Beyond all knowledge and all tho't.
We read thee in the earth be-low, In seas that swell and streams that flow.
Sent by the Fa-ther from on high, Our life to live, our death to die.
E - ter-nal Love, in thee we rest, For- ev - er safe, for-ev-er blest!

457 (114) Begin to Love Jesus To-day.

FLORA E. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Come to the Sav - ior, con-fess all your sins, His life-blood will wash them a-way; Trust in his name, he is ev - er the same; Be-
2. Great is the par - don - ing love of our Lord, O what can we do to re - pay? Christ died for all who up - on him will call; Be-
3. Much there's to do, and the la - b'rers are few, O make not a mo - ment's de - lay; Show some poor soul it is sweet to be whole; Be-
4. Wher-e'er the place of thy la - bor may be, Be faith - ful and quick to o - bey; Christ is thy guide, ev-er walk at his side; Be-
CHORUS.
gin to love Je - sus to - day. Be - gin to love Je - sus, be - gin to love
Je - sus, Be-gin to love Je - sus to - day; Con-se-crate to him thy life,
He will help thee in the strife; Be - gin to serve Je - sus to - day.

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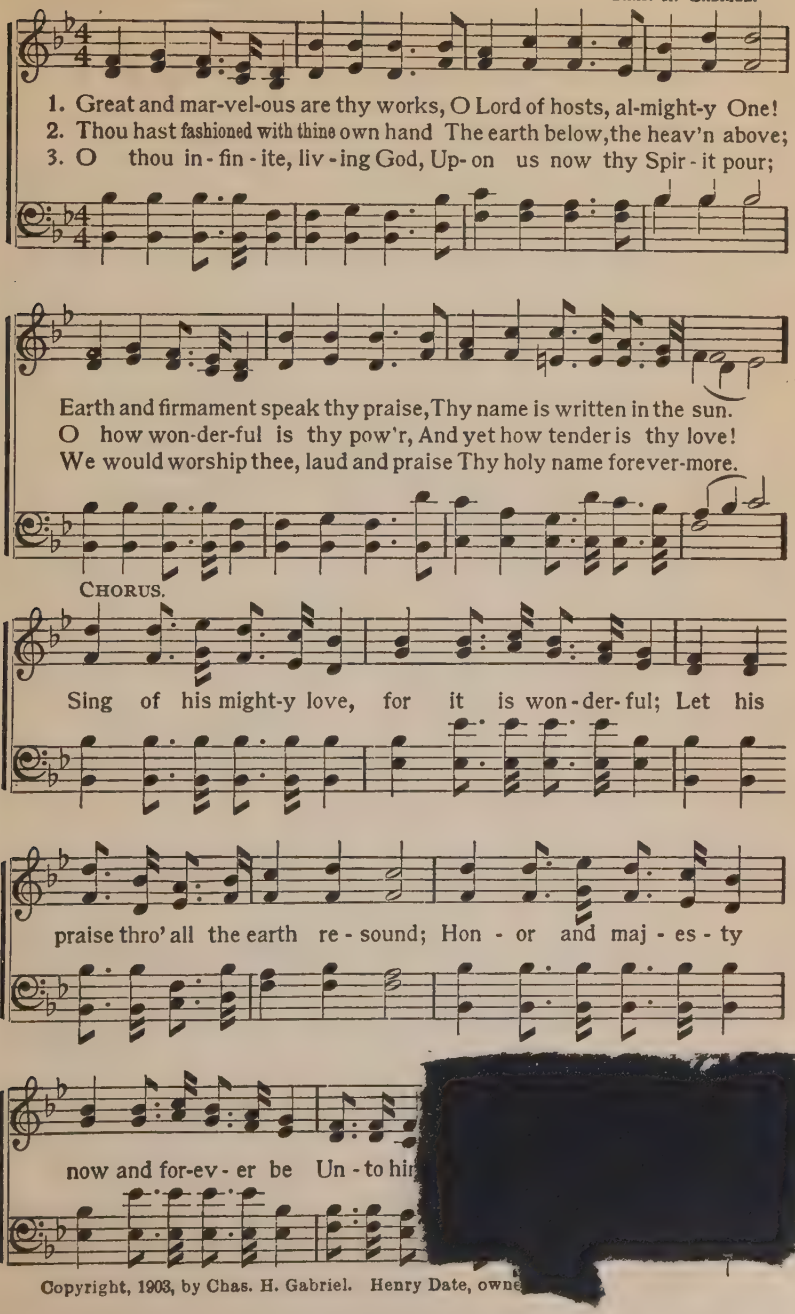
458 (115) Sing of His Mighty Love.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Great and mar-vel-ous are thy works, O Lord of hosts, al-might-y One!
2. Thou hast fashioned with thine own hand The earth below, the heav'n above;
3. O thou in-fin-ite, liv-ing God, Up-on us now thy Spir-it pour;
Earth and firmament speak thy praise, Thy name is written in the sun.
O how won-der-ful is thy pow'r, And yet how tender is thy love!
We would worship thee, laud and praise Thy holy name forever-more.
CHORUS.
Sing of his might-y love, for it is won-der-ful; Let his
praise thro' all the earth re-sound; Hon-or and maj-es-ty
now and for-ev-er be Un-to hi

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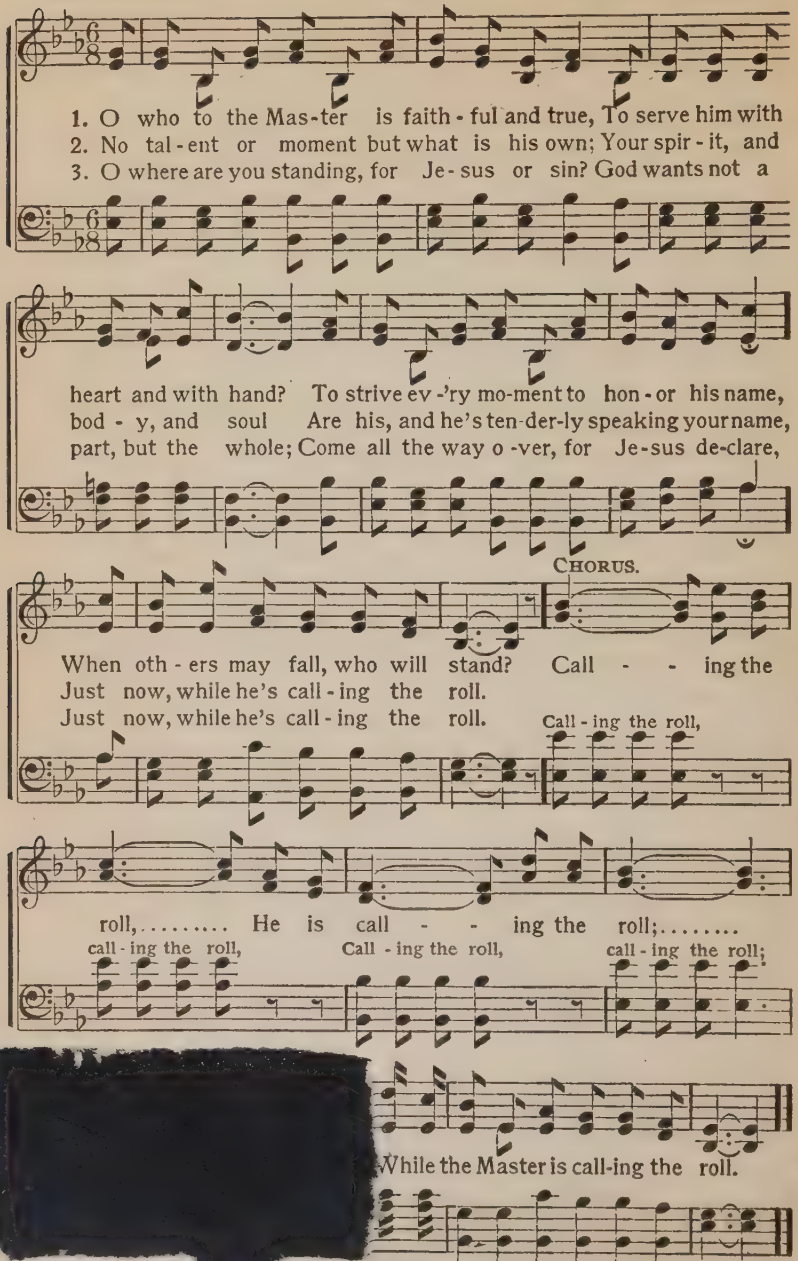
459 (116) He is Calling the Roll.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. O who to the Mas-ter is faith-ful and true, To serve him with
2. No tal-ent or moment but what is his own; Your spir-it, and
3. O where are you standing, for Je-sus or sin? God wants not a
heart and with hand? To strive ev-'ry mo-ment to hon-or his name,
bod-y, and soul Are his, and he's ten-der-ly speaking your name,
part, but the whole; Come all the way o-ver, for Je-sus de-clare,
CHORUS.
When oth-ers may fall, who will stand? Call - - ing the
Just now, while he's call-ing the roll.
Just now, while he's call-ing the roll.
Call-ing the roll,
roll,..... He is call - - ing the roll;.....
call-ing the roll, Call-ing the roll, call-ing the roll;
While the Master is call-ing the roll.

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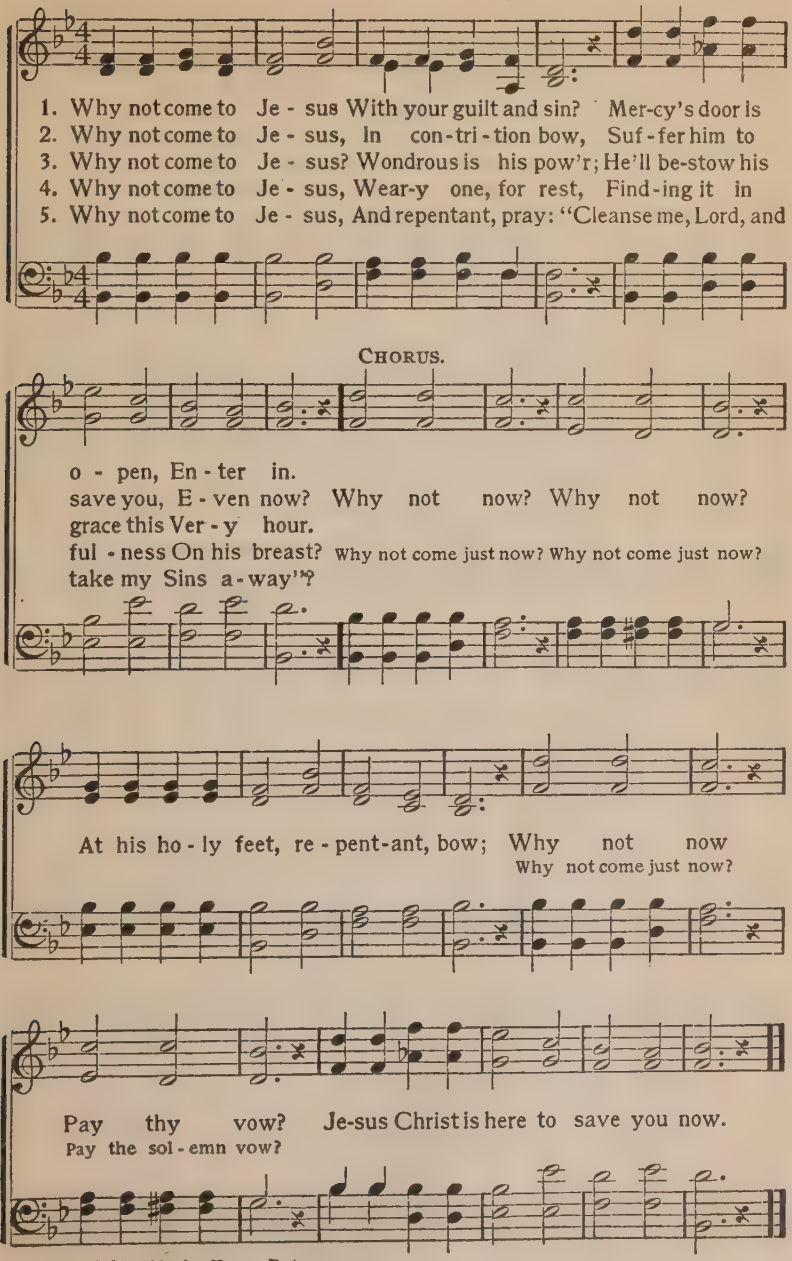
460 (117) Why Not Come Just Now?

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Why not come to Je - sus With your guilt and sin? Mer-cy's door is
2. Why not come to Je - sus, In con-tri-tion bow, Suf-fer him to
3. Why not come to Je - sus? Wondrous is his pow'r; He'll be-stow his
4. Why not come to Je - sus, Wear-y one, for rest, Find-ing it in
5. Why not come to Je - sus, And repentant, pray: "Cleanse me, Lord, and
CHORUS.
o - pen, En - ter in.
save you, E - ven now? Why not now? Why not now?
grace this Ver - y hour.
ful - ness On his breast? Why not come just now? Why not come just now?
take my Sins a - way"?
At his ho - ly feet, re - pent-ant, bow; Why not now
Why not come just now?
Pay thy vow? Je-sus Christ is here to save you now.
Pay the sol - emn vow?

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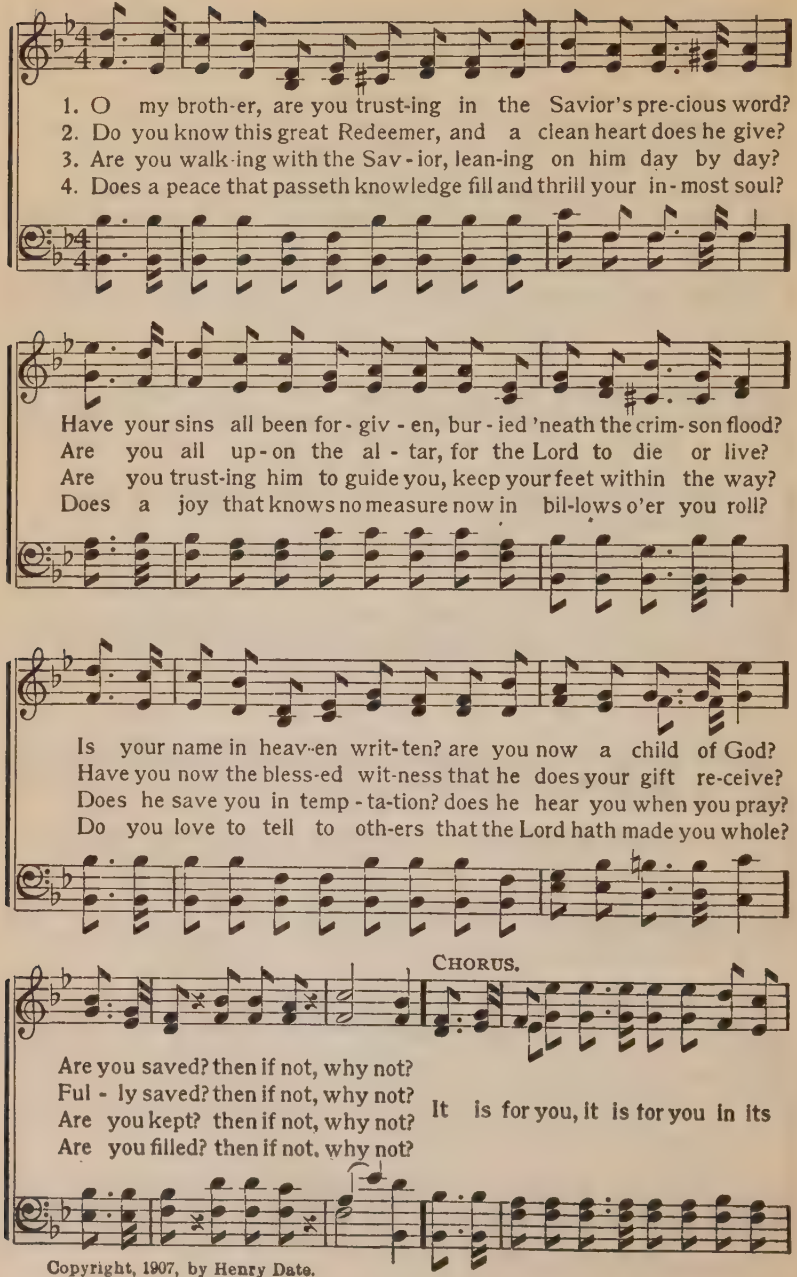
461 (118) It Is For You.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. O my broth-er, are you trust-ing in the Savior's pre-cious word?
2. Do you know this great Redeemer, and a clean heart does he give?
3. Are you walk-ing with the Sav-ior, lean-ing on him day by day?
4. Does a peace that passeth knowledge fill and thrill your in-most soul?
Have your sins all been for-giv-en, bur-ied 'neath the crim-son flood?
Are you all up-on the al-tar, for the Lord to die or live?
Are you trust-ing him to guide you, keep your feet within the way?
Does a joy that knows no measure now in bil-lows o'er you roll?
Is your name in heav-en writ-ten? are you now a child of God?
Have you now the bless-ed wit-ness that he does your gift re-ceive?
Does he save you in temp-ta-tion? does he hear you when you pray?
Do you love to tell to oth-ers that the Lord hath made you whole?
Chorus.
Are you saved? then if not, why not?
Ful-ly saved? then if not, why not?
Are you kept? then if not, why not?
Are you filled? then if not, why not?
It is for you, it is for you in its

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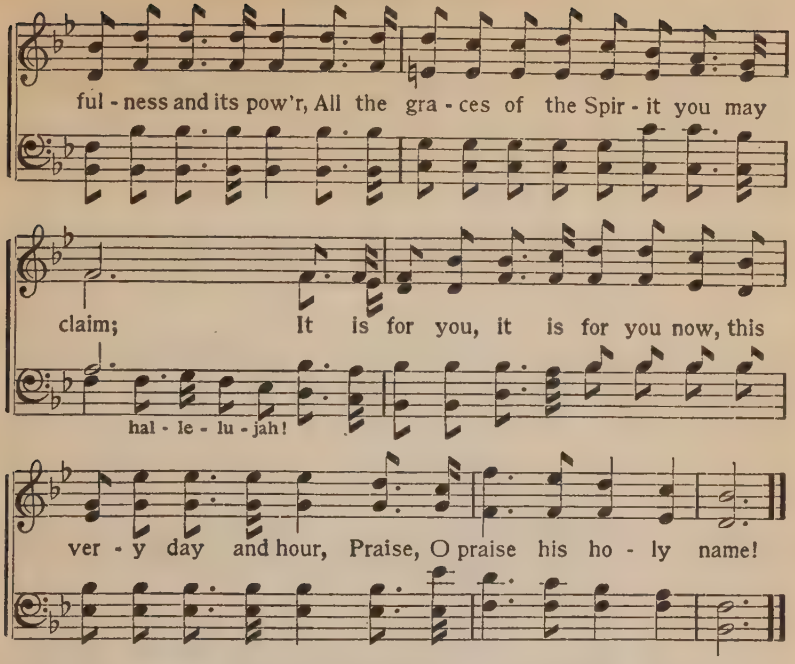
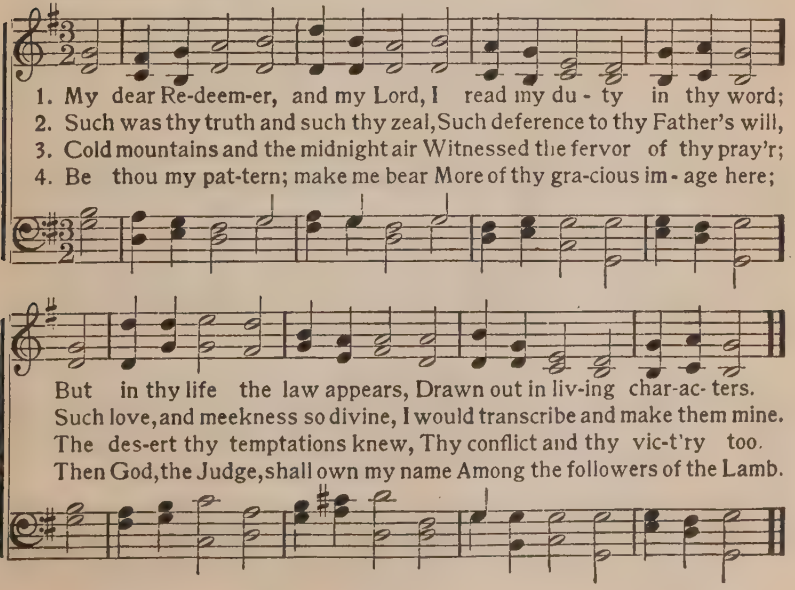
It Is For You.


ful - ness and its pow'r, All the gra - ces of the Spir - it you may
claim; It is for you, it is for you now, this
hal - le - lu - jah!
ver - y day and hour, Praise, O praise his ho - ly name!

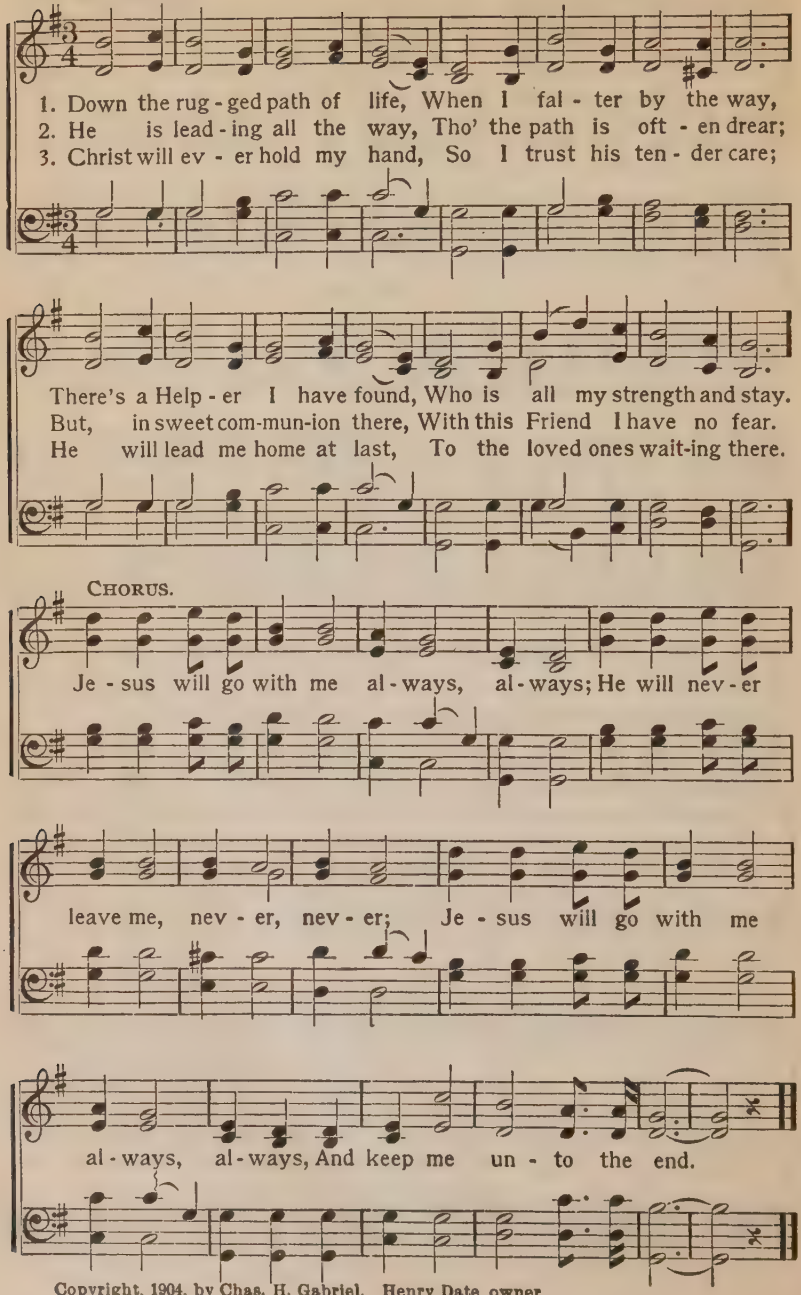
462 (119) My Dear Redeemer, and My Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. My dear Re-deem-er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word;
2. Such was thy truth and such thy zeal, Such deference to thy Father's will,
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fervor of thy pray'r;
4. Be thou my pat-tern; make me bear More of thy gra-cious im - age here;
But in thy life the law appears, Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac- ters.
Such love, and meekness so divine, I would transcribe and make them mine.
The des-ert thy temptations knew, Thy conflict and thy vic-t'ry too.
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Among the followers of the Lamb.

463 (120) Jesus Will Go With Me.

JULIETTE E. PERRY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Down the rug - ged path of life, When I fal - ter by the way,
2. He is lead - ing all the way, Tho' the path is oft - en drear;
3. Christ will ev - er hold my hand, So I trust his ten - der care;
There's a Help - er I have found, Who is all my strength and stay.
But, in sweet com-mun-ion there, With this Friend I have no fear.
He will lead me home at last, To the loved ones wait-ing there.
CHORUS.
Je - sus will go with me al - ways, al - ways; He will nev - er
leave me, nev - er, nev - er; Je - sus will go with me
al - ways, al - ways, And keep me un - to the end.

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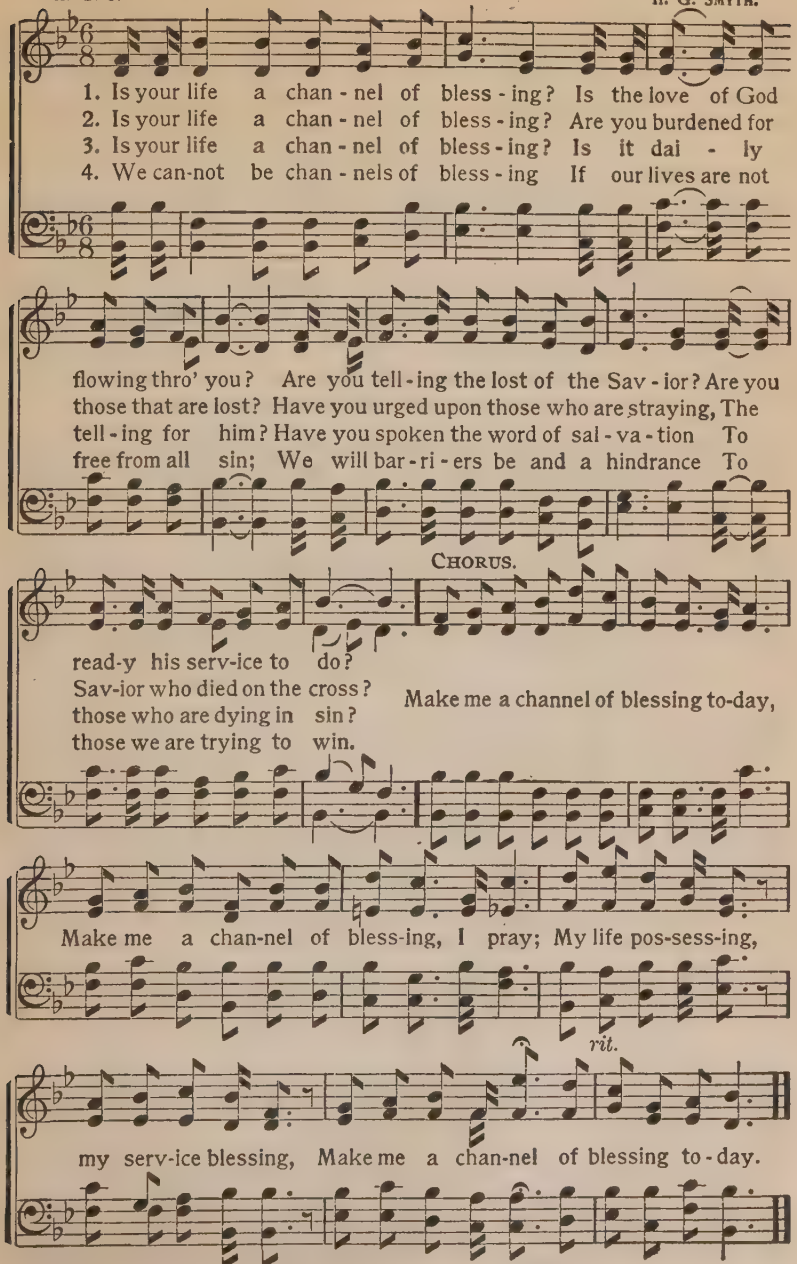
464 (121) Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S. H. G. Smyth.


1. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Are you burdened for
3. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
4. We can-not be chan - nels of bless - ing If our lives are not
flowing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
those that are lost? Have you urged upon those who are straying, The
tell - ing for him? Have you spoken the word of sal - va - tion To
free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hindrance To
Chorus.
read-y his serv-ice to do?
Sav-ior who died on the cross?
those who are dying in sin?
those we are trying to win.
Make me a channel of blessing to-day,
Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,
rit.
my serv-ice blessing, Make me a chan-nel of blessing to - day.

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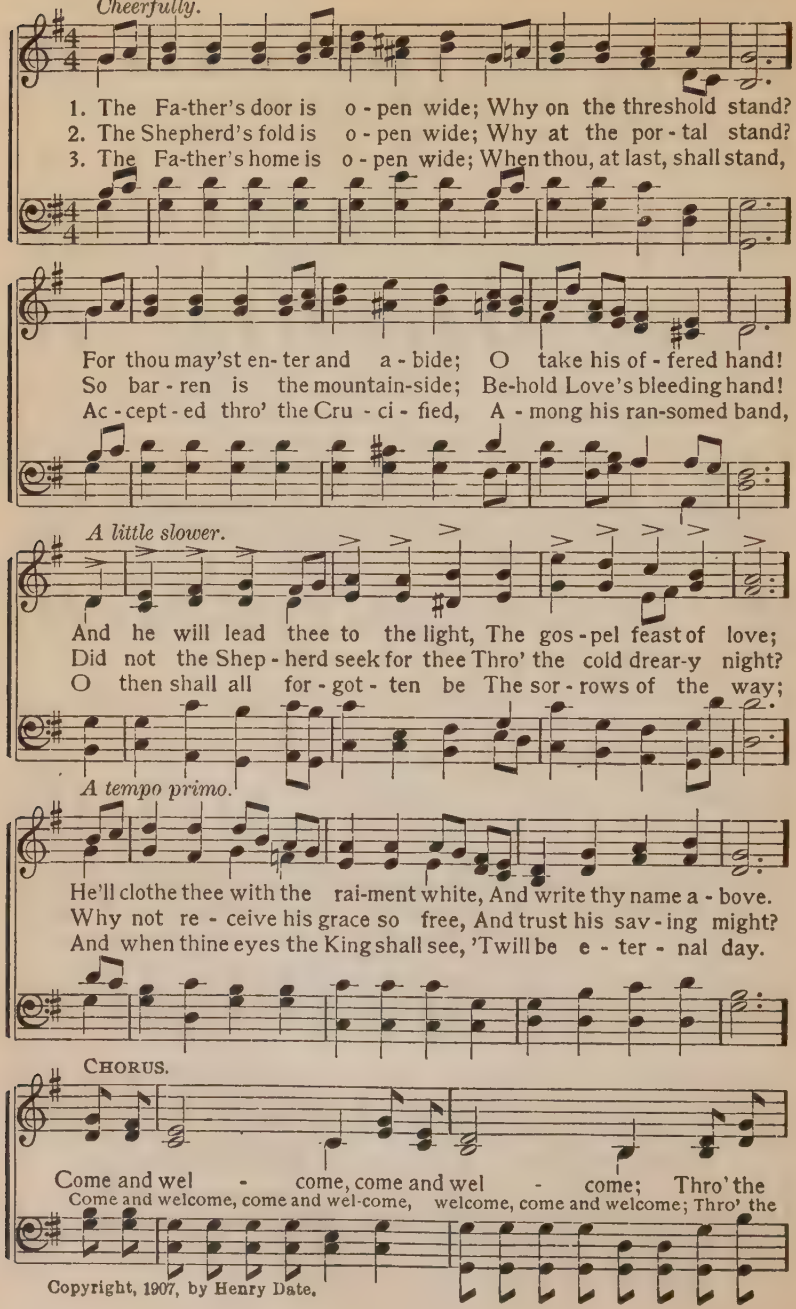
465 (122) Come and Welcome.

E. E. Hewitt. W A. Post.

Cheerfully.


1. The Fa-ther's door is o - pen wide; Why on the threshold stand?
2. The Shepherd's fold is o - pen wide; Why at the por - tal stand?
3. The Fa-ther's home is o - pen wide; When thou, at last, shall stand,
For thou may'st en- ter and a - bide; O take his of - fered hand!
So bar - ren is the mountain-side; Be-hold Love's bleeding hand!
Ac - cept - ed thro' the Cru - ci - fied, A - mong his ran-somed band,
A little slower.
And he will lead thee to the light, The gos - pel feast of love;
Did not the Shep - herd seek for thee Thro' the cold drear-y night?
O then shall all for - got - ten be The sor - rows of the way;
A tempo primo.
He'll clothe thee with the rai-ment white, And write thy name a - bove.
Why not re - ceive his grace so free, And trust his sav - ing might?
And when thine eyes the King shall see, 'Twill be e - ter - nal day.
Chorus.
Come and wel - come, come and wel - come; Thro' the
Come and welcome, come and wel-come, welcome, come and welcome; Thro' the

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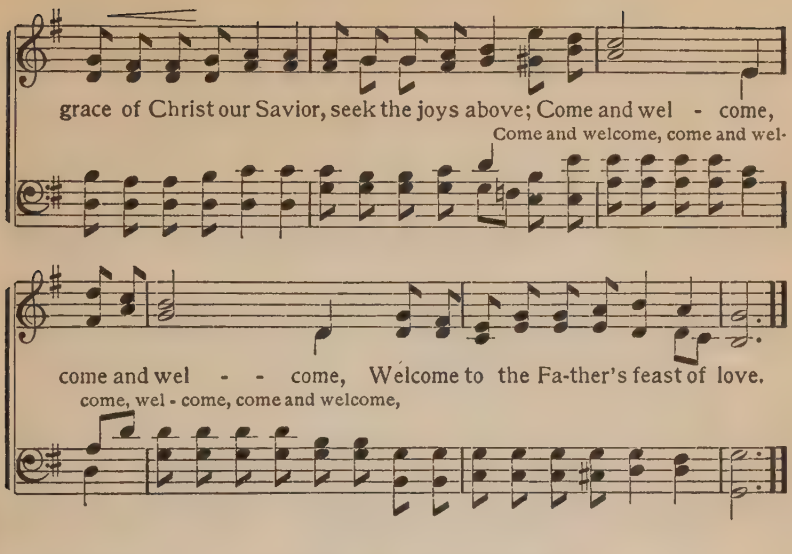
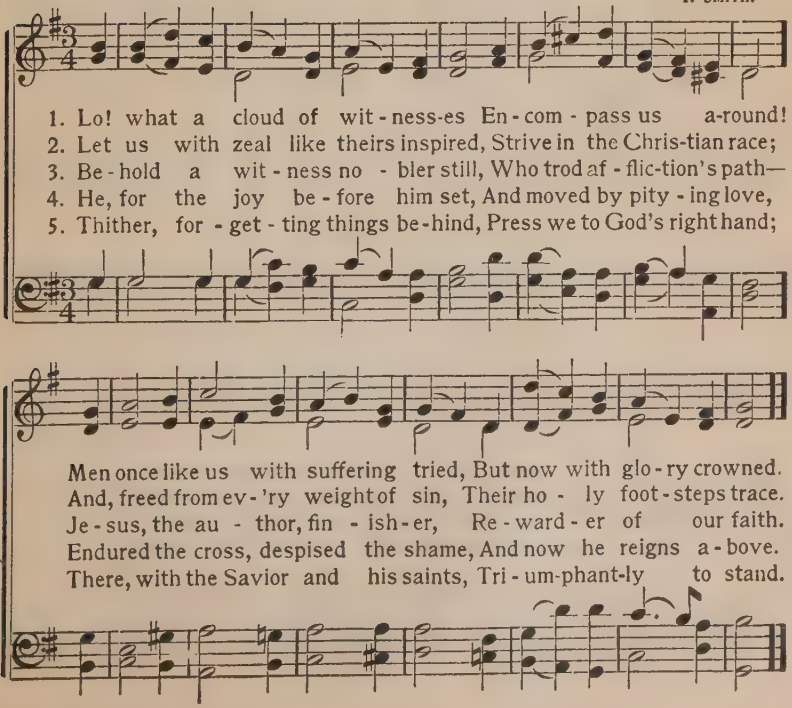
Come and Welcome.

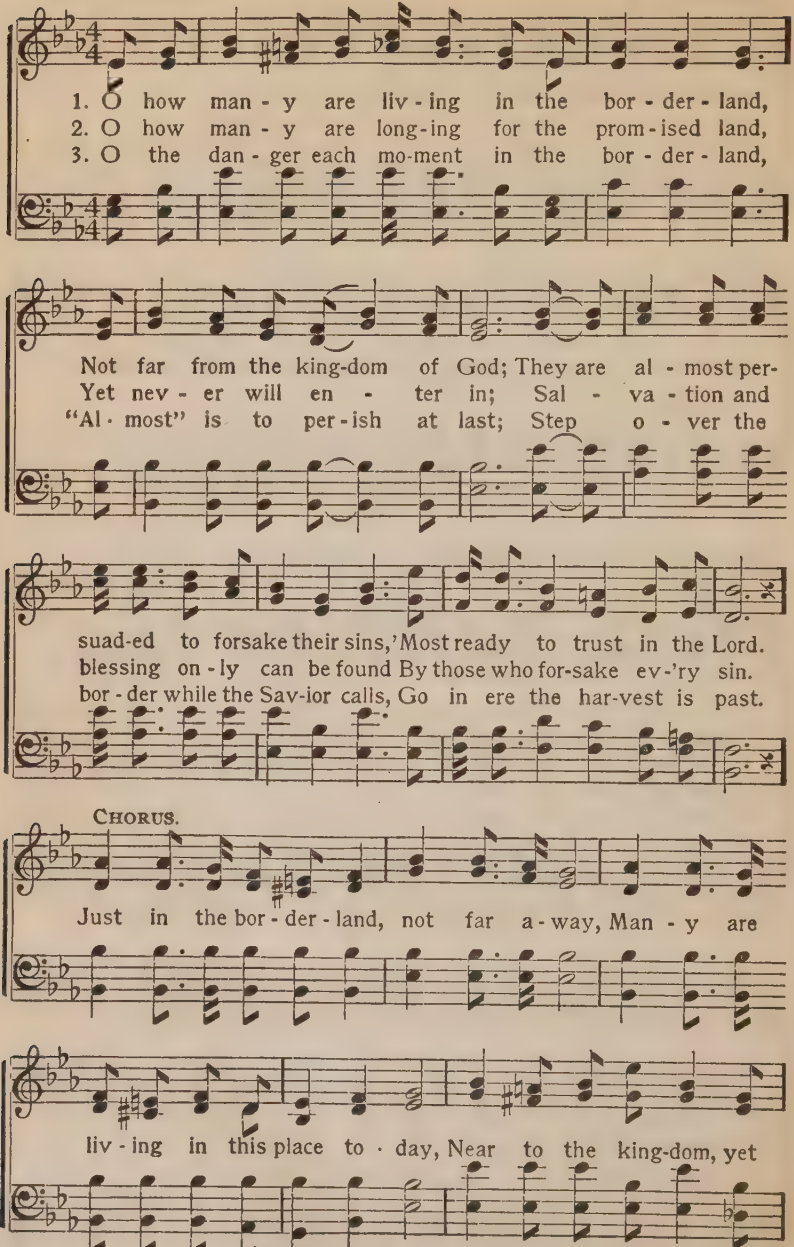

grace of Christ our Savior, seek the joys above; Come and wel - come,
Come and welcome, come and wel-
come and wel - - come, Welcome to the Fa-ther's feast of love.
come, wel - come, come and welcome,

466 (123) A Cloud of Witnesses.

I. Smith.


1. Lo! what a cloud of wit - ness-es En - com - pass us a-round!
2. Let us with zeal like theirs inspired, Strive in the Chris-tian race;
3. Be - hold a wit - ness no - bler still, Who trod af - flic-tion's path—
4. He, for the joy be - fore him set, And moved by pity - ing love,
5. Thither, for - get - ting things be-hind, Press we to God's right hand;
Men once like us with suffering tried, But now with glo - ry crowned.
And, freed from ev - 'ry weight of sin, Their ho - ly foot - steps trace.
Je - sus, the au - thor, fin - ish - er, Re - ward - er of our faith.
Endured the cross, despised the shame, And now he reigns a - bove.
There, with the Savior and his saints, Tri - um-phant-ly to stand.

467 (124) Just In the Border-land.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. H. B. Overpeck.

1. O how man - y are liv - ing in the bor - der - land,
2. O how man - y are long - ing for the prom - ised land,
3. O the dan - ger each mo - ment in the bor - der - land,
Not far from the king-dom of God; They are al - most per-
Yet nev - er will en - ter in; Sal - va - tion and
"Al - most" is to per - ish at last; Step o - ver the
suad-ed to forsake their sins,' Most ready to trust in the Lord.
blessing on - ly can be found By those who for-sake ev-'ry sin.
bor - der while the Sav-ior calls, Go in ere the har-vest is past.
Chorus.
Just in the bor - der - land, not far a - way, Man - y are
liv - ing in this place to - day, Near to the king-dom, yet

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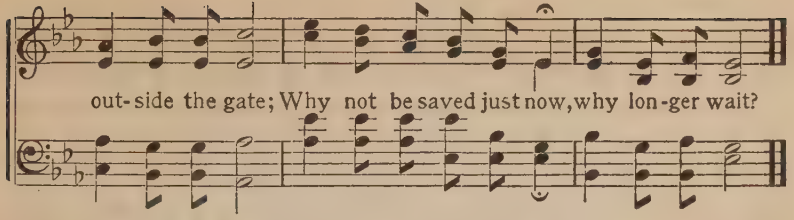
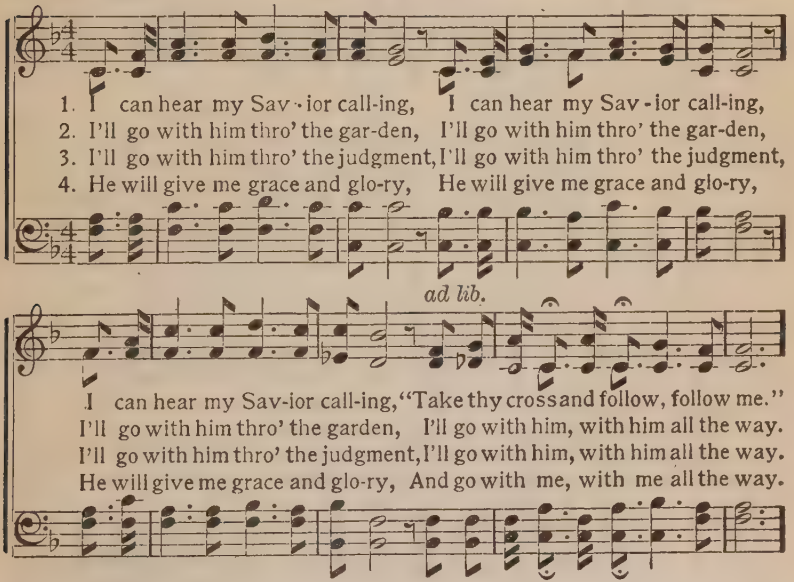
Just In the Border-land.

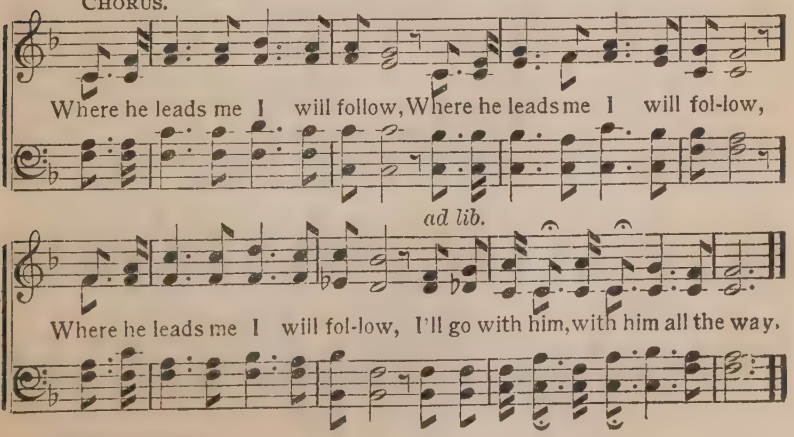


468 (125) Where He Leads Me.

E. W. BLANDLY. Arr. by J. S. NORRIS.


1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,
ad lib.
I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
I'll go with him thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

CHORUS.


Where he leads me I will follow, Where he leads me I will fol-low,
ad lib.
Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

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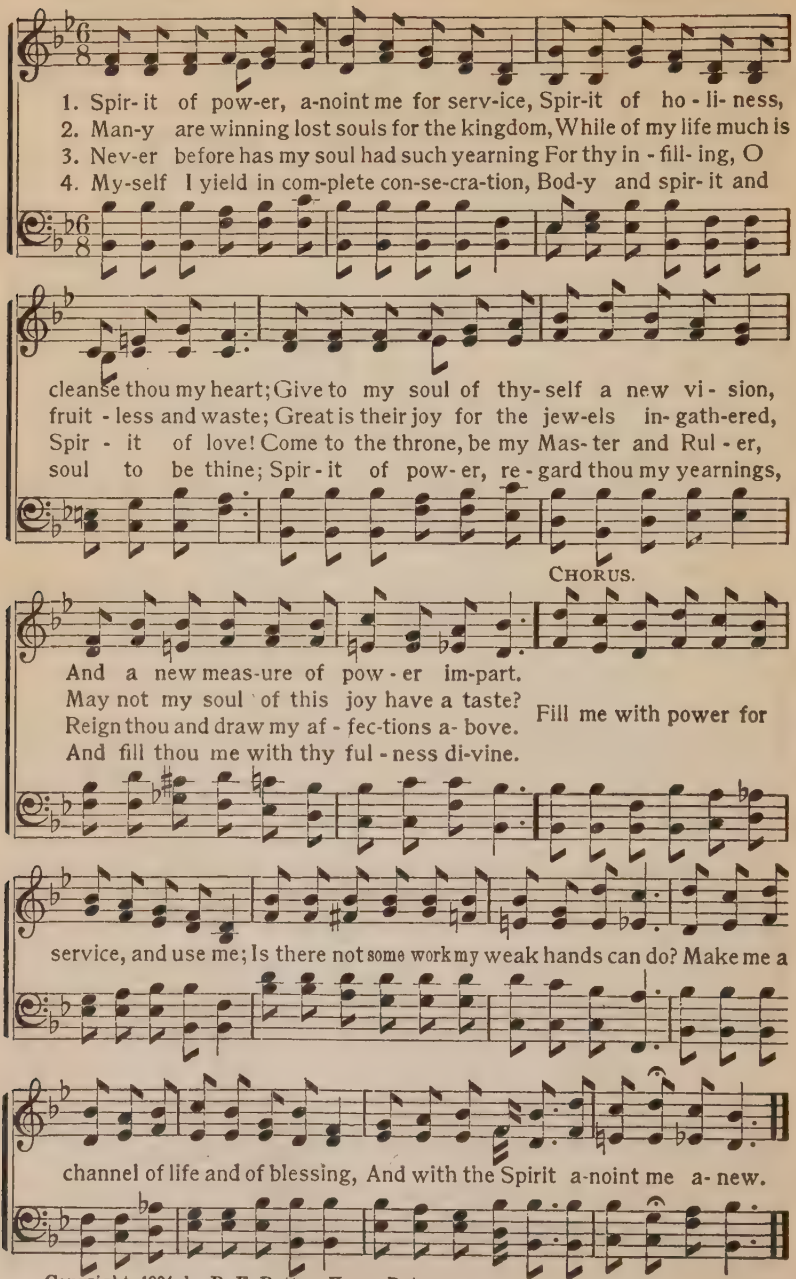
469 (126) Power for Service.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.


1. Spir-it of pow-er, a-noint me for serv-ice, Spir-it of ho-li-ness,
2. Man-y are winning lost souls for the kingdom, While of my life much is
3. Nev-er before has my soul had such yearning For thy in-fill-ing, O
4. My-self I yield in com-plete con-se-cra-tion, Bod-y and spir-it and
cleanse thou my heart; Give to my soul of thy-self a new vi-sion,
fruit-less and waste; Great is their joy for the jew-els in-gath-ered,
Spir-it of love! Come to the throne, be my Mas-ter and Rul-er,
soul to be thine; Spir-it of pow-er, re-gard thou my yearnings,
CHORUS.
And a new meas-ure of pow-er im-part.
May not my soul of this joy have a taste?
Reign thou and draw my af-fec-tions a-bove.
And fill thou me with thy ful-ness di-vine.
Fill me with power for
service, and use me; Is there not some work my weak hands can do? Make me a
channel of life and of blessing, And with the Spirit a-noint me a-new.

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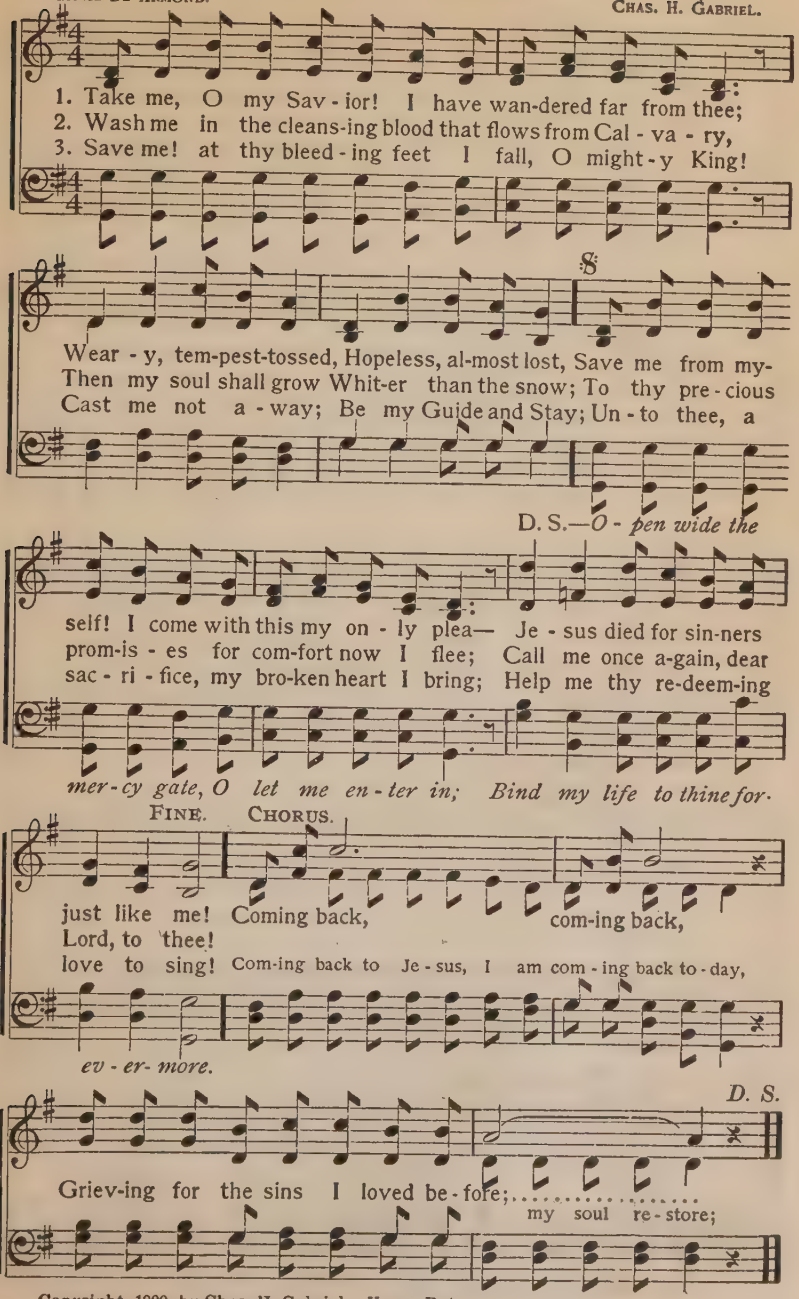
470 (127) Coming Back to Jesus.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Take me, O my Sav - ior! I have wan-dered far from thee;
2. Wash me in the cleans-ing blood that flows from Cal - va - ry,
3. Save me! at thy bleed - ing feet I fall, O might - y King!
Wear - y, tem-pest-tossed, Hopeless, al-most lost, Save me from my-
Then my soul shall grow Whit-er than the snow; To thy pre - cious
Cast me not a - way; Be my Guide and Stay; Un - to thee, a
D. S.—O - pen wide the
self! I come with this my on - ly plea— Je - sus died for sin-ners
prom-is - es for com-fort now I flee; Call me once a-gain, dear
sac - ri - fice, my bro-ken heart I bring; Help me thy re-deem-ing
mer - cy gate, O let me en - ter in; Bind my life to thine for-
FINE. CHORUS.
just like me! Coming back, com-ing back,
Lord, to thee!
love to sing! Com-ing back to Je - sus, I am com - ing back to - day,
ev - er- more.
D. S.
Griev-ing for the sins I loved be - fore;
my soul re - store;

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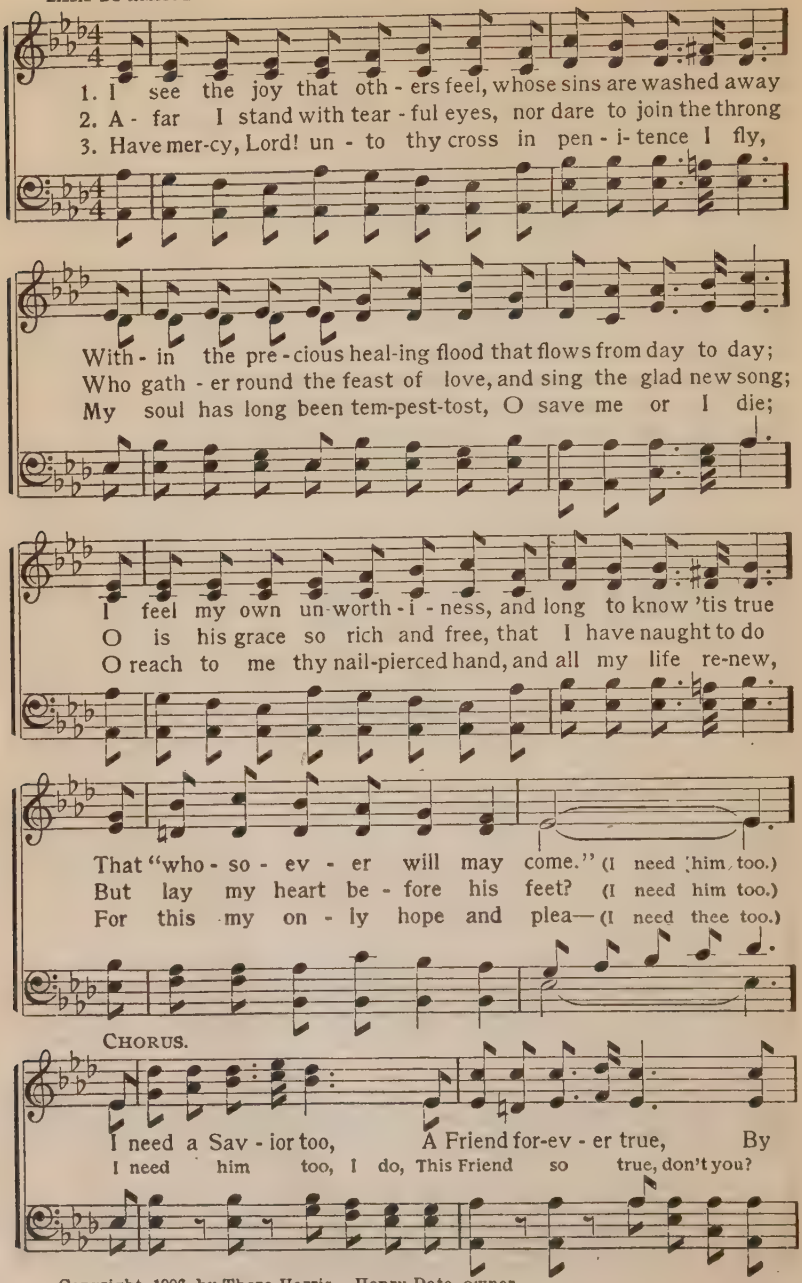
471 (128) I Need a Savior Too.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. THORO HARRIS.

1. I see the joy that oth - ers feel, whose sins are washed away
2. A - far I stand with tear - ful eyes, nor dare to join the throng
3. Have mer-cy, Lord! un - to thy cross in pen - i- tence I fly,
With - in the pre - cious heal-ing flood that flows from day to day;
Who gath - er round the feast of love, and sing the glad new song;
My soul has long been tem-pest-tost, O save me or I die;
I feel my own un-worth - i - ness, and long to know 'tis true
O is his grace so rich and free, that I have naught to do
O reach to me thy nail-pierced hand, and all my life re-new,
That "who - so - ev - er will may come." (I need him too.)
But lay my heart be - fore his feet? (I need him too.)
For this my on - ly hope and plea— (I need thee too.)
CHORUS.
I need a Sav - ior too, A Friend for-ev - er true, By
I need him too, I do, This Friend so true, don't you?

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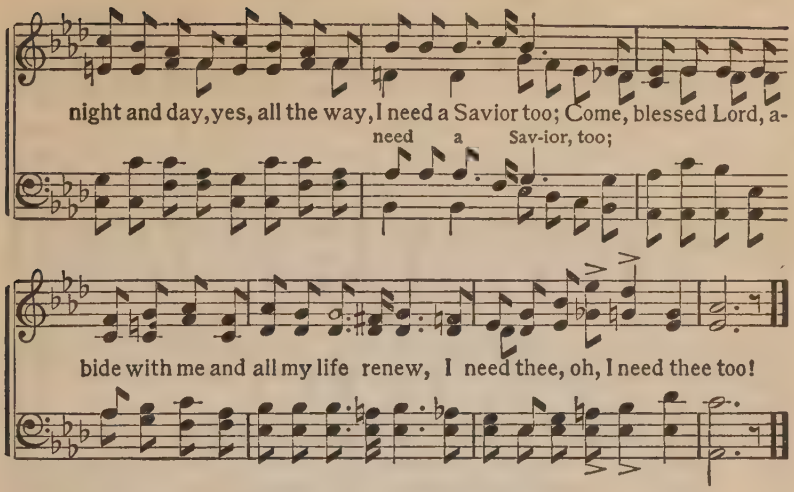
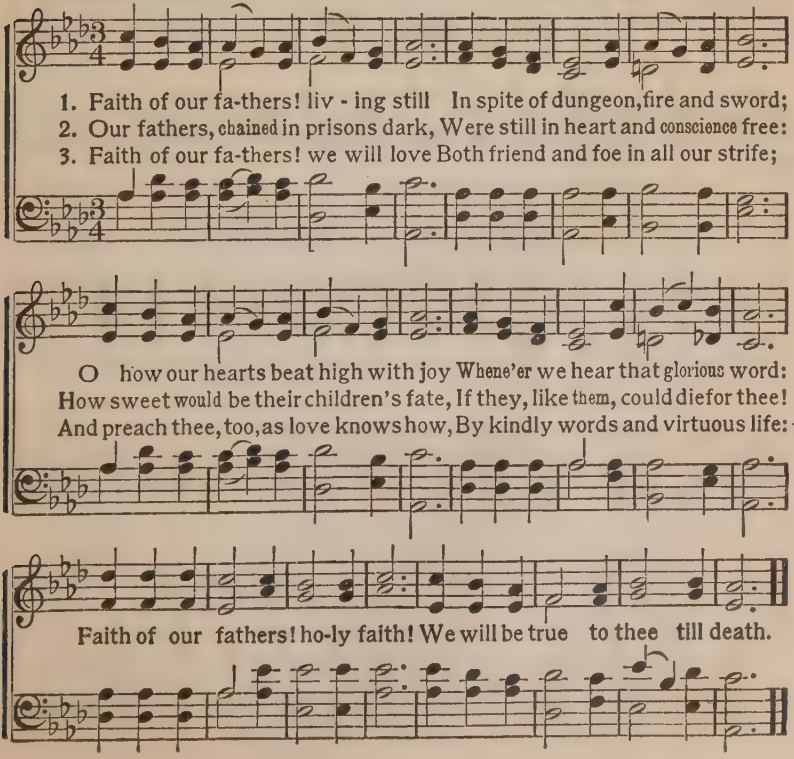
I Need a Savior Too.


night and day, yes, all the way, I need a Savior too; Come, blessed Lord, a-
need a Sav-ior, too;
bide with me and all my life renew, I need thee, oh, I need thee too!

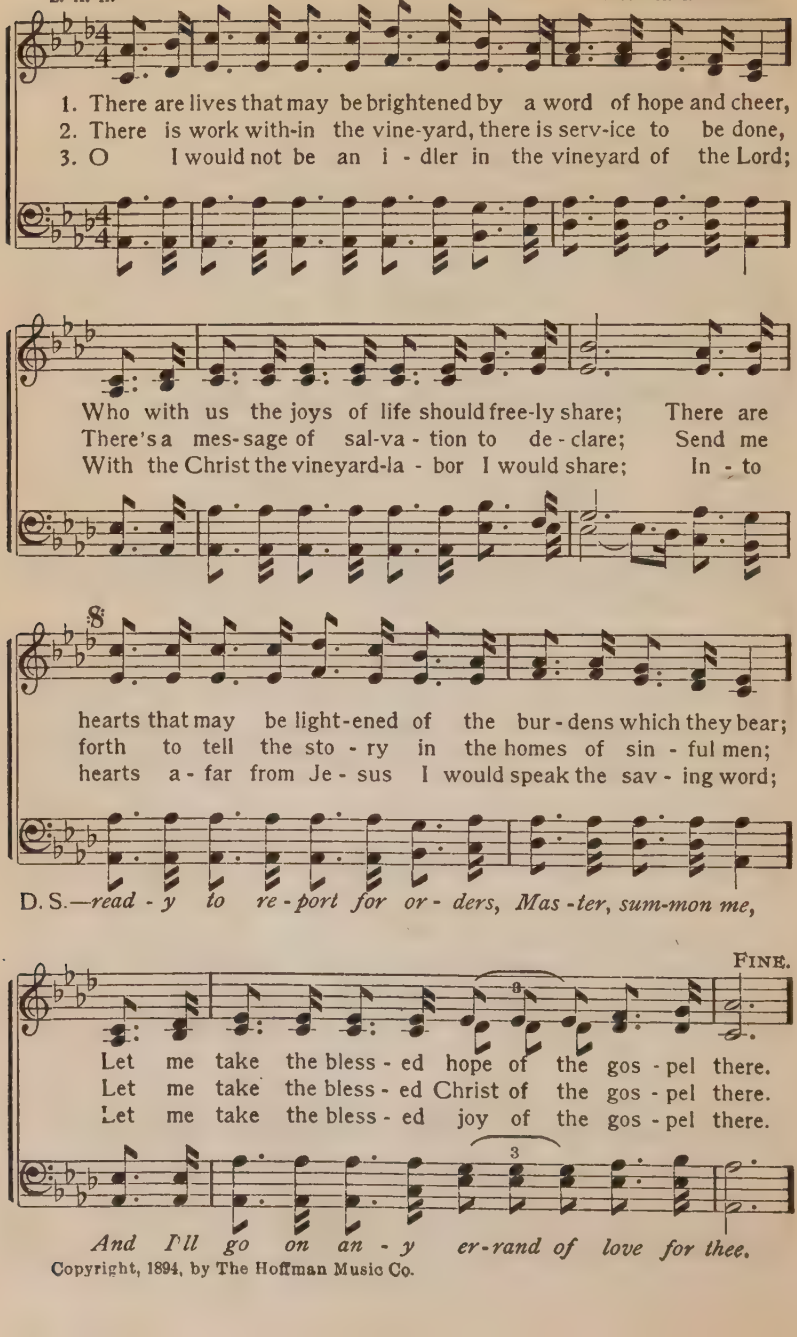
472 (129) Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. Adapted by J. G. WALTON.


1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;
O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

473 (130) Master, Use Me.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. There are lives that may be brightened by a word of hope and cheer,
2. There is work with-in the vine-yard, there is serv-ice to be done,
3. O I would not be an i - dler in the vineyard of the Lord;
Who with us the joys of life should free-ly share; There are
There's a mes-sage of sal-va - tion to de - clare; Send me
With the Christ the vineyard-la - bor I would share; In - to
8
hearts that may be light-ened of the bur - dens which they bear;
forth to tell the sto - ry in the homes of sin - ful men;
hearts a - far from Je - sus I would speak the sav - ing word;
D. S.—read - y to re - port for or - ders, Mas - ter, sum-mon me,
FINE.
8
Let me take the bless - ed hope of the gos - pel there.
Let me take the bless - ed Christ of the gos - pel there.
Let me take the bless - ed joy of the gos - pel there.
3
And I'll go on an - y er-rand of love for thee.

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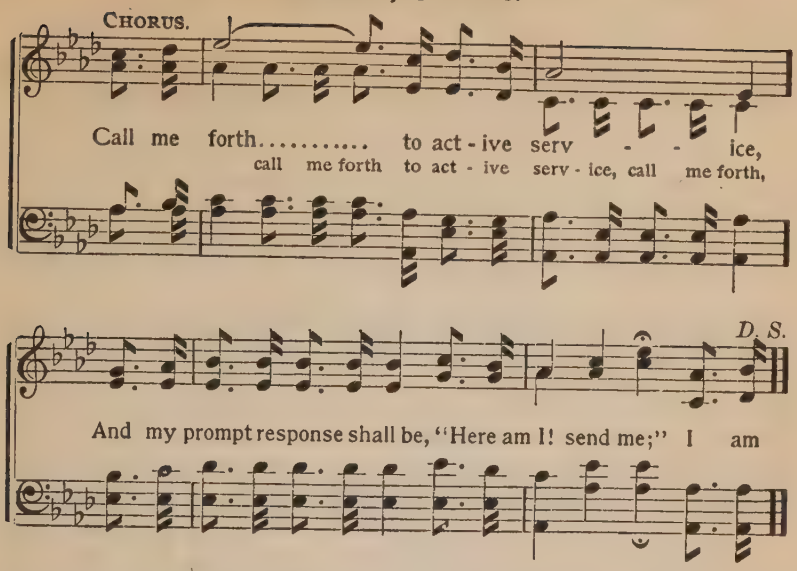
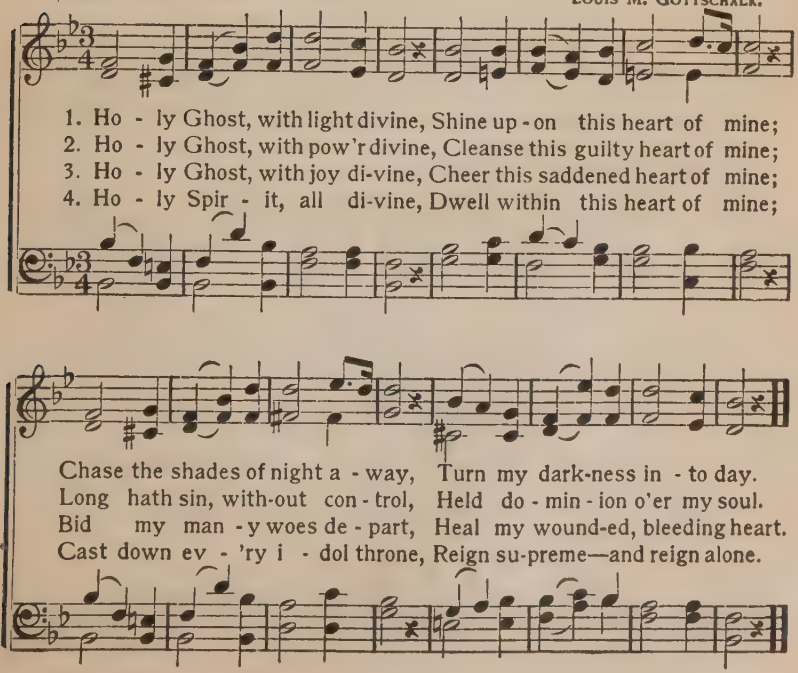
Master, Use Me.


CHORUS.
Call me forth..... to act - ive serv - - ice,
call me forth to act - ive serv - ice, call me forth,
D. S.
And my prompt response shall be, "Here am I! send me;" I am

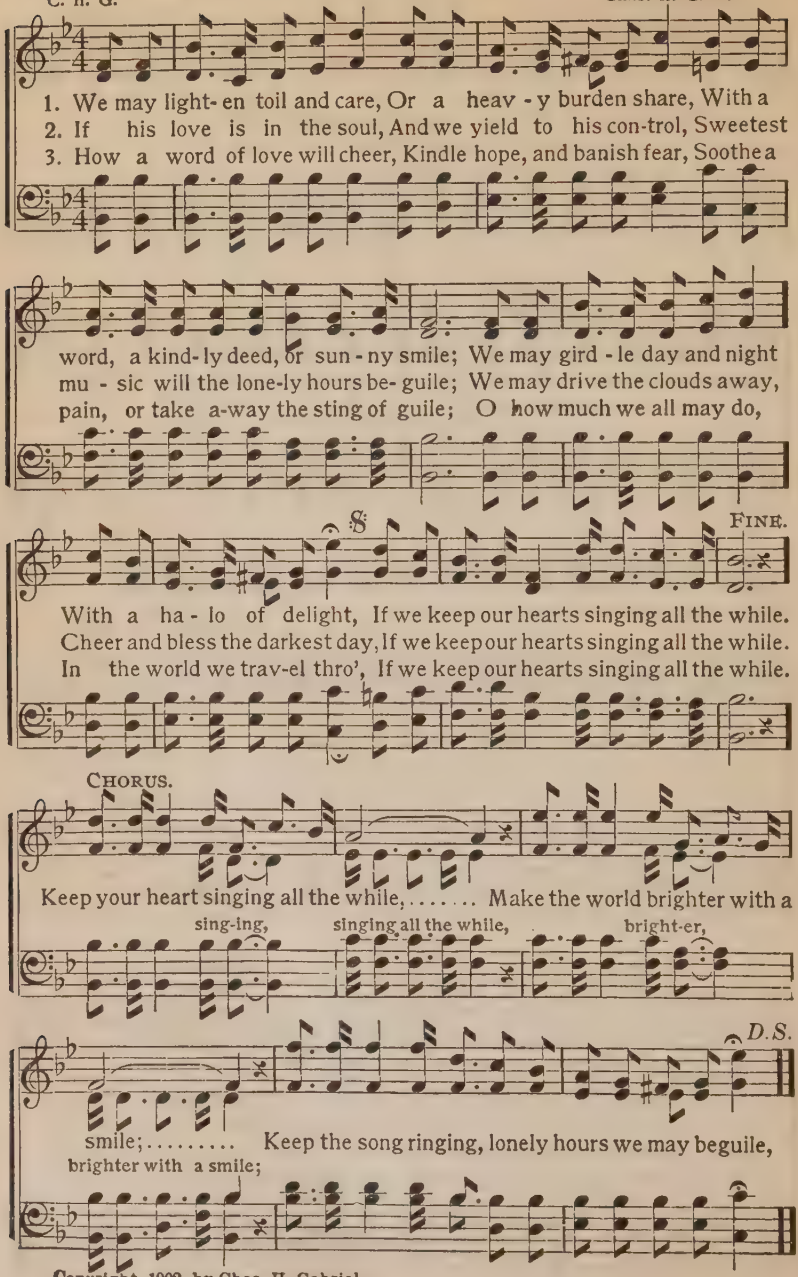
474 (131) Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. REED. LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK.


1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di-vine, Dwell within this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su-preme—and reign alone.

475 (132) Keep Your Heart Singing.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. We may light- en toil and care, Or a heav - y burden share, With a
2. If his love is in the soul, And we yield to his con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kindle hope, and banish fear, Soothe a
word, a kind- ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gird - le day and night
mu - sic will the lone-ly hours be- guile; We may drive the clouds away,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; O how much we all may do,
With a ha - lo of delight, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
FINE.
CHORUS.
Keep your heart singing all the while, ... Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing,
singing all the while,
bright-er,
D.S.
smile; . . . . . Keep the song ringing, lonely hours we may beguile,
brighter with a smile;

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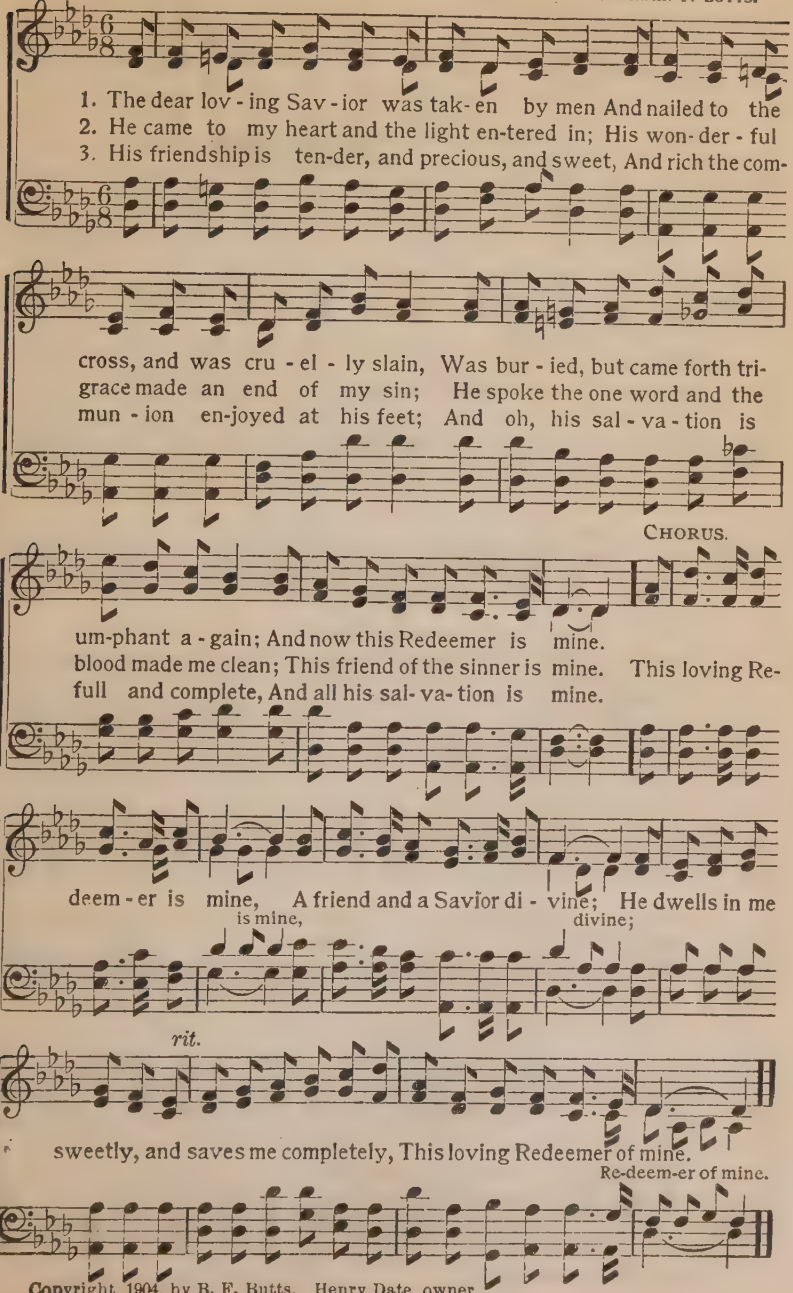
476 (133) This Loving Redeemer is Mine.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.


1. The dear lov - ing Sav - ior was tak - en by men And nailed to the
2. He came to my heart and the light en-tered in; His won - der - ful
3. His friendship is ten-der, and precious, and sweet, And rich the com-
cross, and was cru - el - ly slain, Was bur - ied, but came forth tri-
grace made an end of my sin; He spoke the one word and the
mun - ion en-joyed at his feet; And oh, his sal - va - tion is
CHORUS.
um-phant a - gain; And now this Redeemer is mine.
blood made me clean; This friend of the sinner is mine. This loving Re-
full and complete, And all his sal - va - tion is mine.
deem - er is mine, A friend and a Savior di - vine; He dwells in me
is mine, divine;
rit.
sweetly, and saves me completely, This loving Redeemer of mine.
Re-deem-er of mine.

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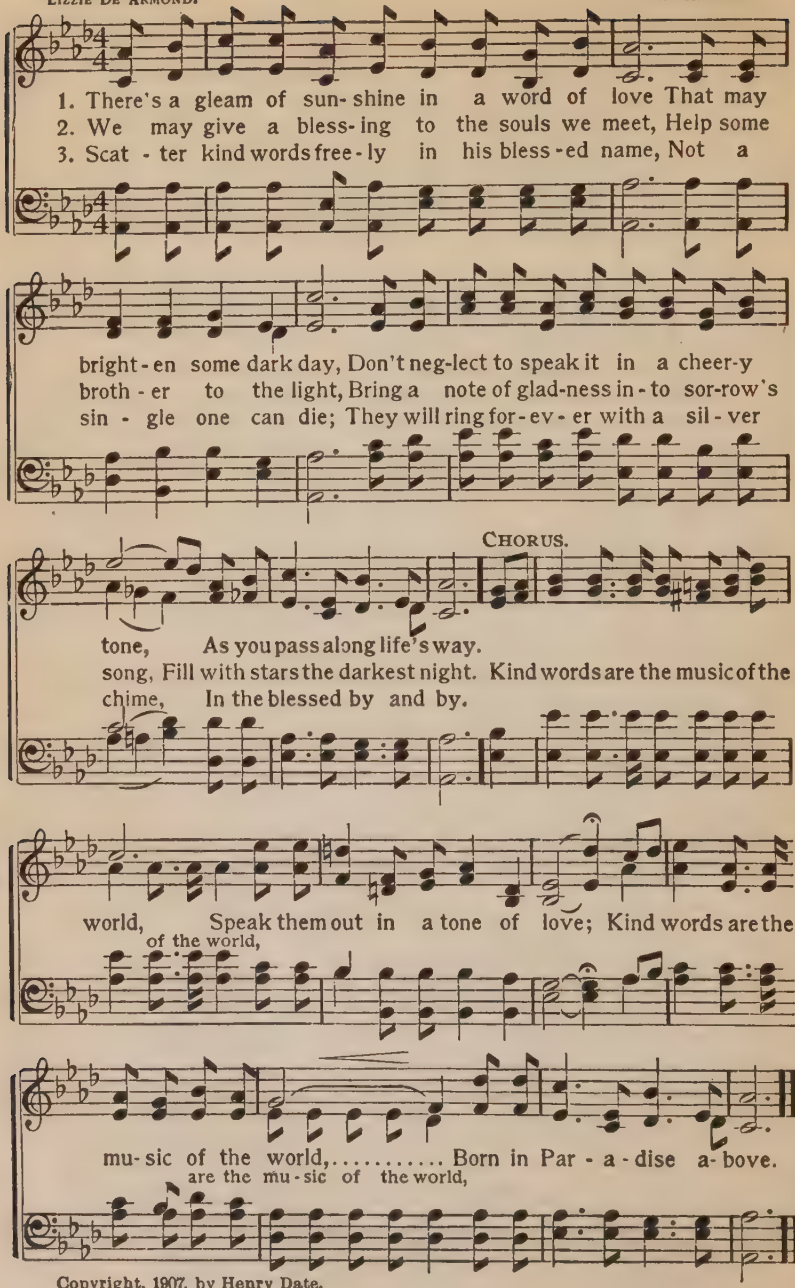
477 (134) Kind Words.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. W. A. POST.


1. There's a gleam of sun-shine in a word of love That may
2. We may give a bless-ing to the souls we meet, Help some
3. Scat-ter kind words free-ly in his bless-ed name, Not a
bright-en some dark day, Don't neg-lect to speak it in a cheer-y
broth-er to the light, Bring a note of glad-ness in-to sor-row's
sin-gle one can die; They will ring for-ev-er with a sil-ver
CHORUS.
tone, As you pass along life's way.
song, Fill with stars the darkest night. Kind words are the music of the
chime, In the blessed by and by.
world, Speak them out in a tone of love; Kind words are the
of the world,
mu-sic of the world,..... Born in Par-a-dise a-bove.
are the mu-sic of the world,

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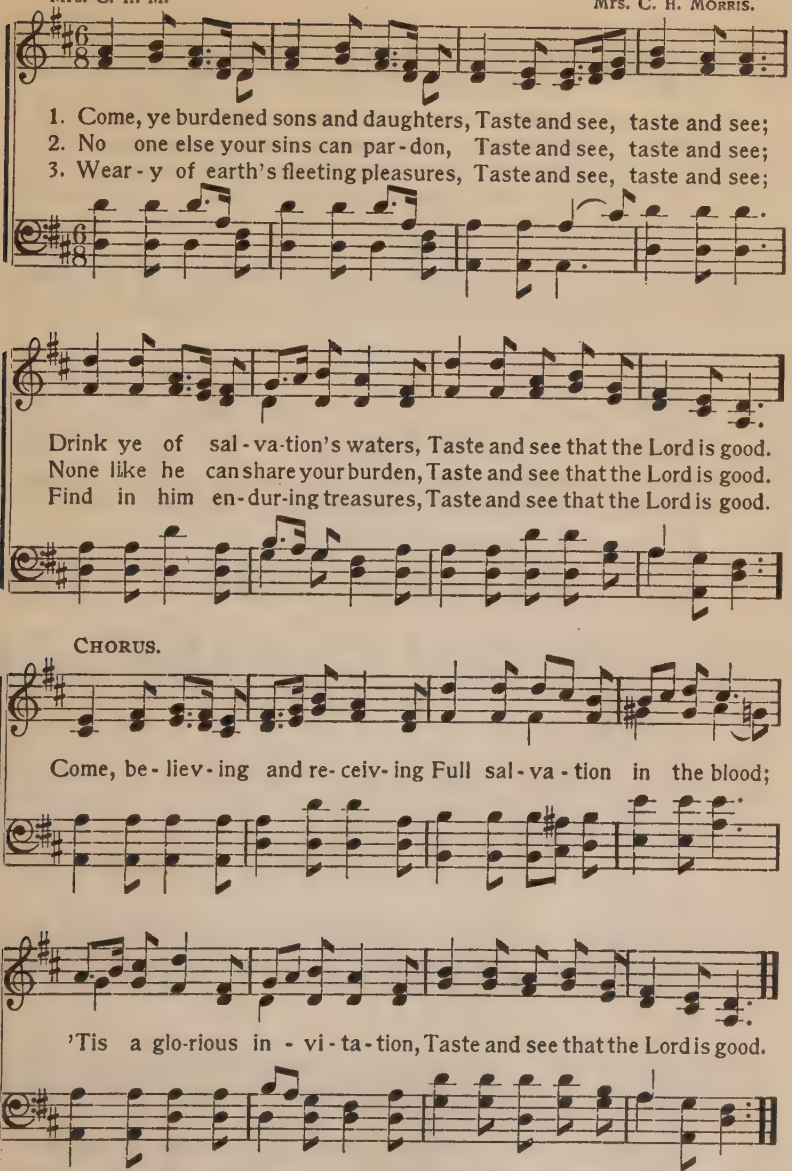
478 (135) Taste and See.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Come, ye burdened sons and daughters, Taste and see, taste and see;
2. No one else your sins can par-don, Taste and see, taste and see;
3. Wear-y of earth's fleeting pleasures, Taste and see, taste and see;
Drink ye of sal-va-tion's waters, Taste and see that the Lord is good.
None like he can share your burden, Taste and see that the Lord is good.
Find in him en-dur-ing treasures, Taste and see that the Lord is good.
Chorus.
Come, be-liev-ing and re-ceiv-ing Full sal-va-tion in the blood;
'Tis a glo-rious in-vi-ta-tion, Taste and see that the Lord is good.

4 Claim each promise he hath spoken,
Taste and see, taste and see;
Never shall his word be broken,
Taste and see that the Lord is good.

5 He's a friend that faileth never,
Taste and see, taste and see;
Saving fully and forever,
Taste and see that the Lord is good.

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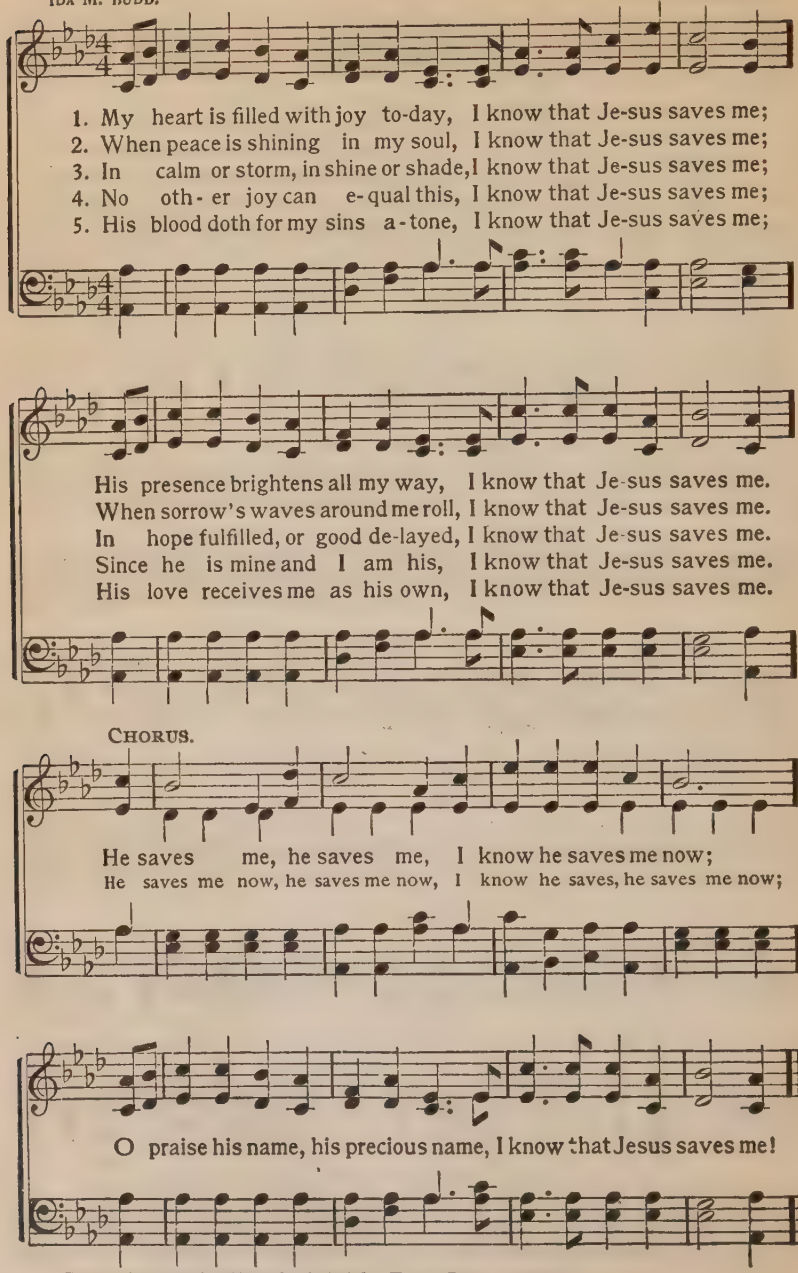
479 (136) I Know That Jesus Saves Me.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. My heart is filled with joy to-day, I know that Je-sus saves me;
2. When peace is shining in my soul, I know that Je-sus saves me;
3. In calm or storm, in shine or shade, I know that Je-sus saves me;
4. No oth-er joy can e-qual this, I know that Je-sus saves me;
5. His blood doth for my sins a-tone, I know that Je-sus saves me;
His presence brightens all my way, I know that Je-sus saves me.
When sorrow's waves around me roll, I know that Je-sus saves me.
In hope fulfilled, or good de-layed, I know that Je-sus saves me.
Since he is mine and I am his, I know that Je-sus saves me.
His love receives me as his own, I know that Je-sus saves me.
CHORUS.
He saves me, he saves me, I know he saves me now;
He saves me now, he saves me now, I know he saves, he saves me now;
O praise his name, his precious name, I know that Jesus saves me!

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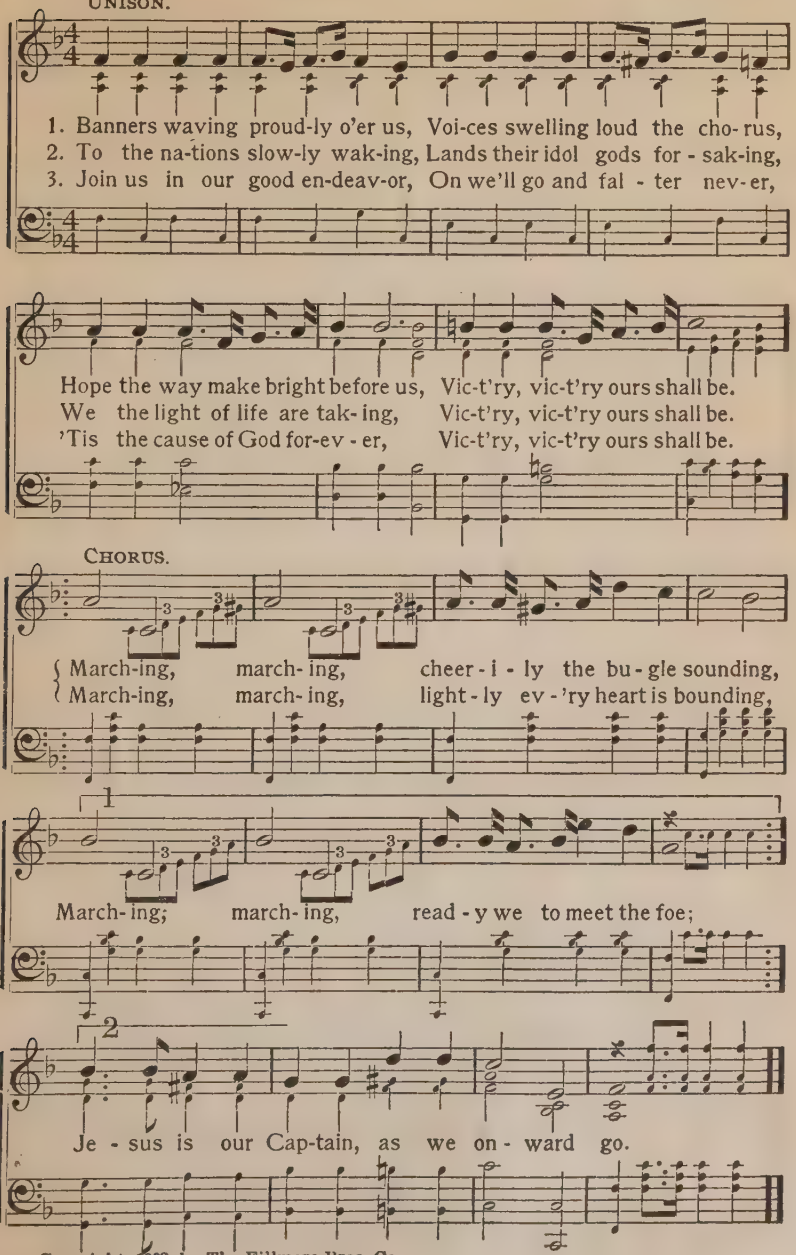
480 (137) Victory Ours Shall Be.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

UNISON.


1. Banners waving proud-ly o'er us, Voi-ces swelling loud the cho-rus,
2. To the na-tions slow-ly wak-ing, Lands their idol gods for-sak-ing,
3. Join us in our good en-deav-or, On we'll go and fal-ter nev-er,
Hope the way make bright before us, Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.
We the light of life are tak-ing, Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.
'Tis the cause of God for-ev-er, Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.
CHORUS.
March-ing, march-ing, cheer-i-ly the bu-gle sounding,
March-ing, march-ing, light-ly ev-'ry heart is bounding,
1
March-ing; march-ing, read-y we to meet the foe;
2
Je-sus is our Cap-tain, as we on-ward go.

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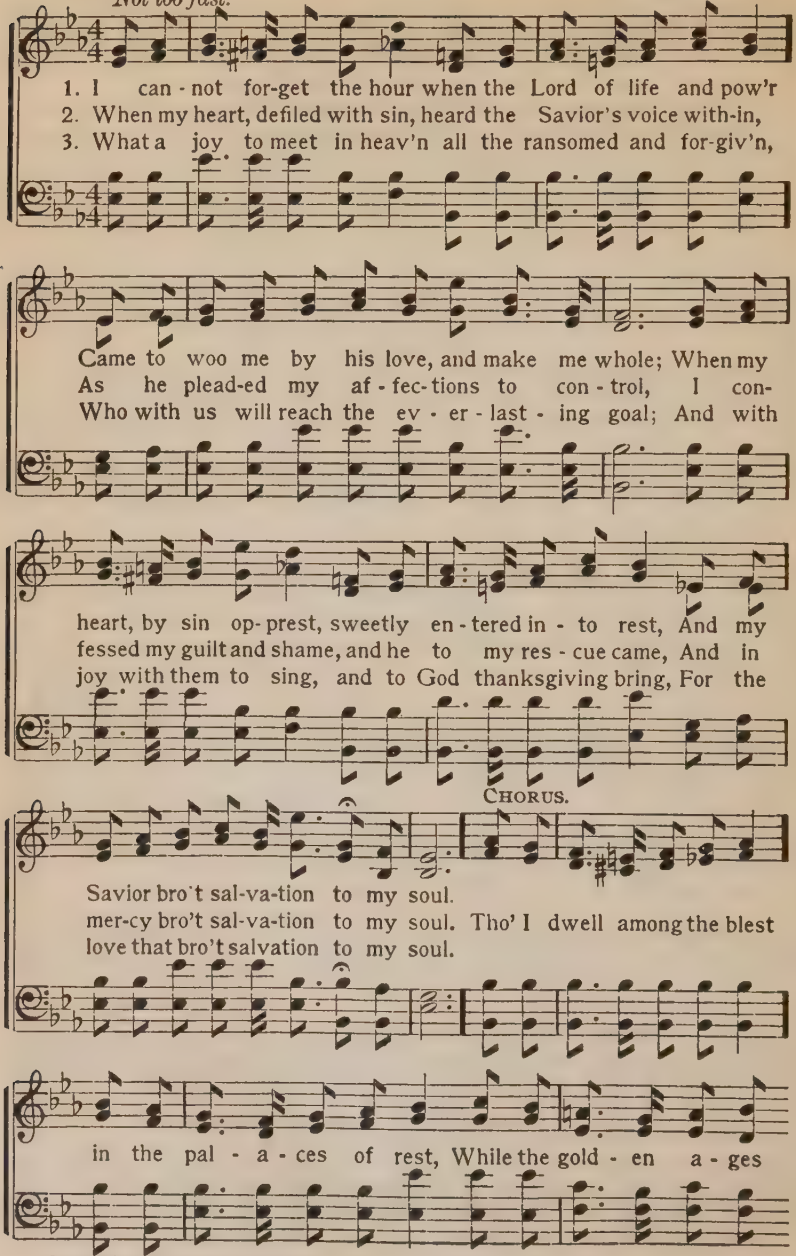
481 (138) I Cannot Forget the Hour.

G. M. Bills and E. A. H. M. L. McPhail.

Not too fast.


1. I can - not for-get the hour when the Lord of life and pow'r
2. When my heart, defiled with sin, heard the Savior's voice with-in,
3. What a joy to meet in heav'n all the ransomed and for-giv'n,
Came to woo me by his love, and make me whole; When my
As he plead-ed my af - fec-tions to con - trol, I con-
Who with us will reach the ev - er - last - ing goal; And with
heart, by sin op-prest, sweetly en - tered in - to rest, And my
fessed my guilt and shame, and he to my res - cue came, And in
joy with them to sing, and to God thanksgiving bring, For the
CHORUS.
Savior bro't sal-va-tion to my soul.
mer-cy bro't sal-va-tion to my soul. Tho' I dwell among the blest
love that bro't salvation to my soul.
in the pal - a - ces of rest, While the gold - en a - ges

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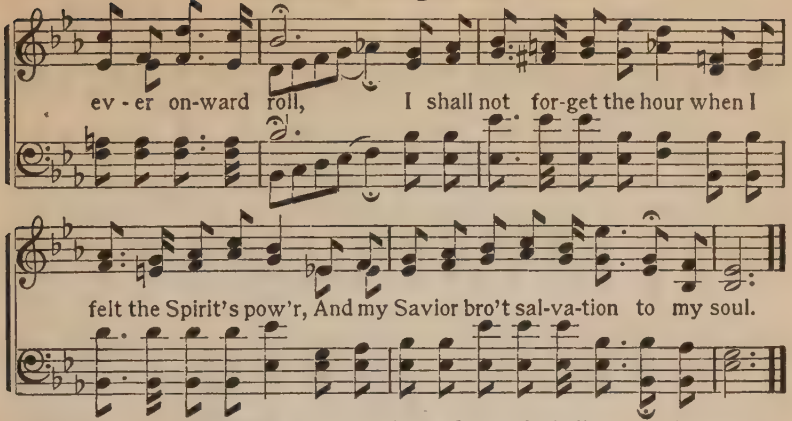
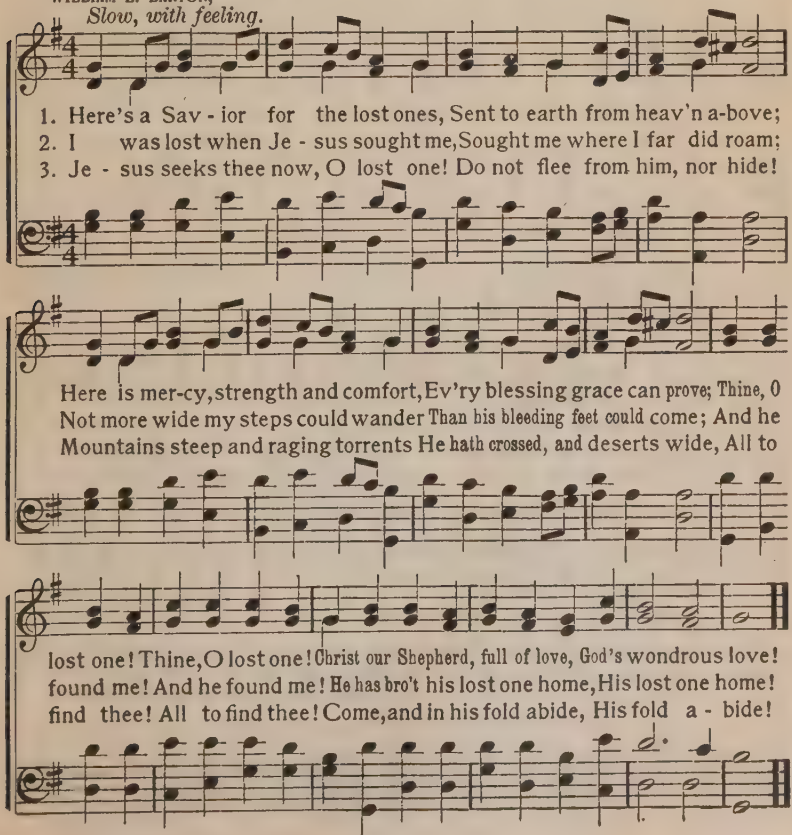
I Cannot Forget the Hour.



482 (139) Here's a Savior for the Lost Ones.

WILLIAM E. BARTON,

Slow, with feeling.


1. Here's a Sav - ior for the lost ones, Sent to earth from heav'n a-bove;
2. I was lost when Je - sus sought me, Sought me where I far did roam;
3. Je - sus seeks thee now, O lost one! Do not flee from him, nor hide!
Here is mer-cy, strength and comfort, Ev'ry blessing grace can prove; Thine, O
Not more wide my steps could wander Than his bleeding feet could come; And he
Mountains steep and raging torrents He hath crossed, and deserts wide, All to
lost one! Thine, O lost one! Christ our Shepherd, full of love, God's wondrous love!
found me! And he found me! He has bro't his lost one home, His lost one home!
find thee! All to find thee! Come, and in his fold abide, His fold a - bide!

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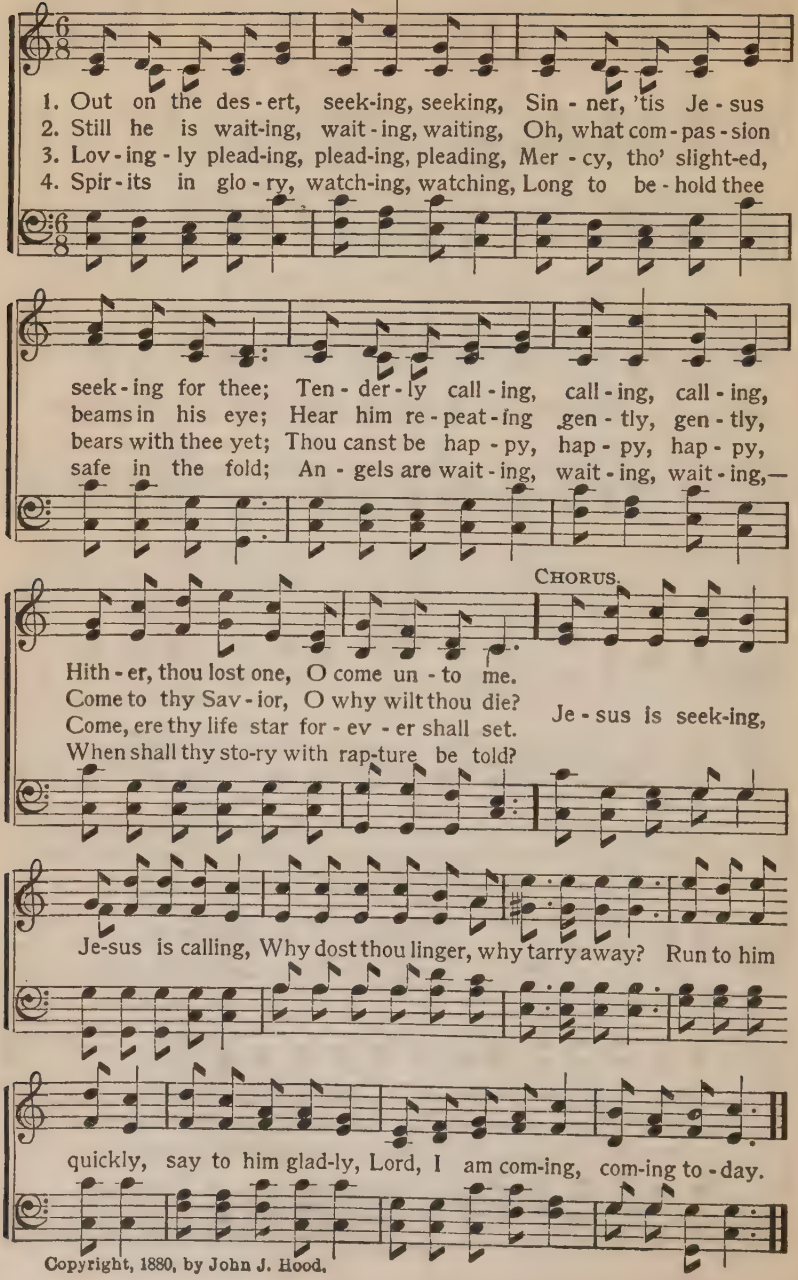
483 (140) Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Out on the des - ert, seek-ing, seeking, Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus
2. Still he is wait-ing, wait - ing, waiting, Oh, what com - pas - sion
3. Lov - ing - ly plead-ing, plead-ing, pleading, Mer - cy, tho' slight-ed,
4. Spir - its in glo - ry, watch-ing, watching, Long to be - hold thee
seek - ing for thee; Ten - der - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,
beams in his eye; Hear him re - peat - ing gen - tly, gen - tly,
bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
safe in the fold; An - gels are wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing,—
CHORUS.
Hith - er, thou lost one, O come un - to me.
Come to thy Sav - ior, O why wilt thou die?
Come, ere thy life star for - ev - er shall set.
When shall thy sto-ry with rap-ture be told?
Je - sus is seek-ing,
Je-sus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tarry away? Run to him
quickly, say to him glad-ly, Lord, I am com-ing, com-ing to - day.

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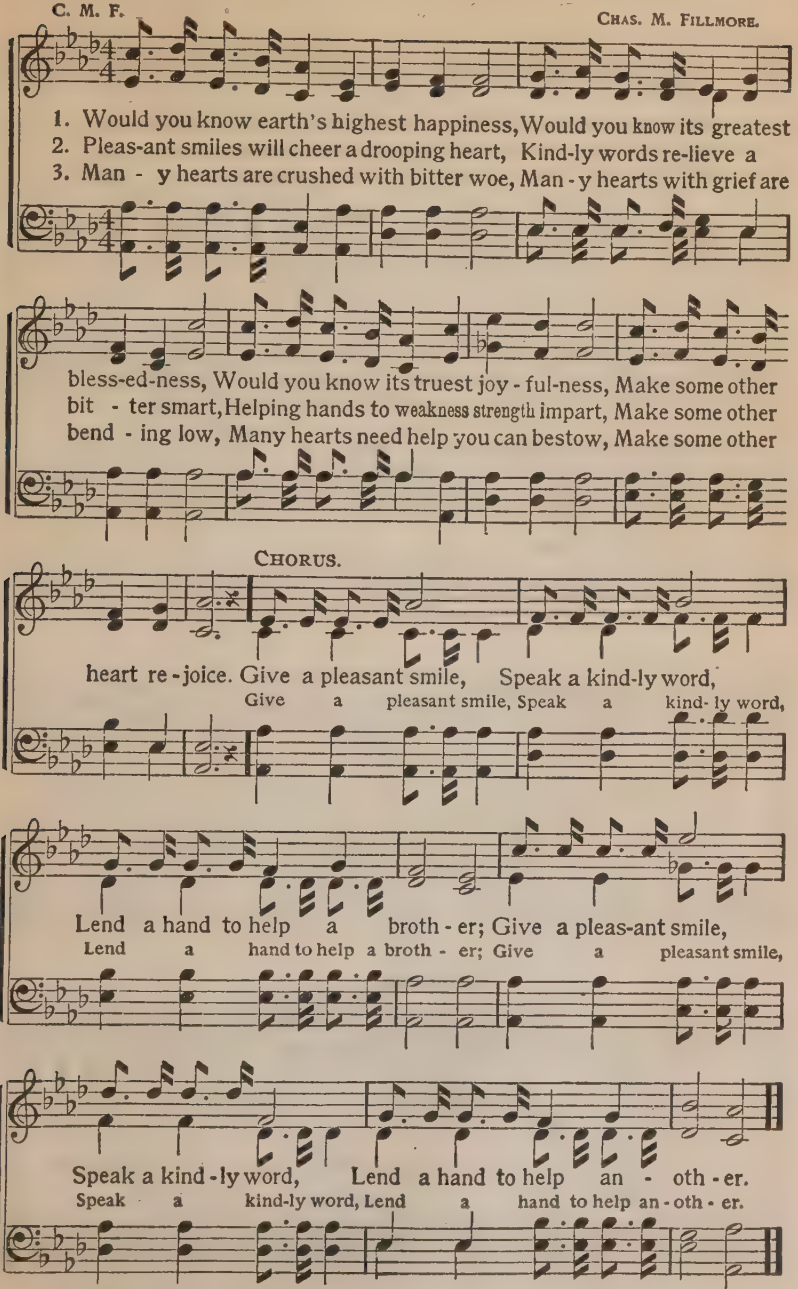
484 (141) Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest happiness, Would you know its greatest
2. Pleas-ant smiles will cheer a drooping heart, Kind-ly words re-lieve a
3. Man - y hearts are crushed with bitter woe, Man - y hearts with grief are
bless-ed-ness, Would you know its truest joy - ful-ness, Make some other
bit - ter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some other
bend - ing low, Many hearts need help you can bestow, Make some other
CHORUS.
heart re - joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kind-ly word,
Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kind- ly word,
Lend a hand to help a broth - er; Give a pleas-ant smile,
Lend a hand to help a broth - er; Give a pleasant smile,
Speak a kind - ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.
Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.

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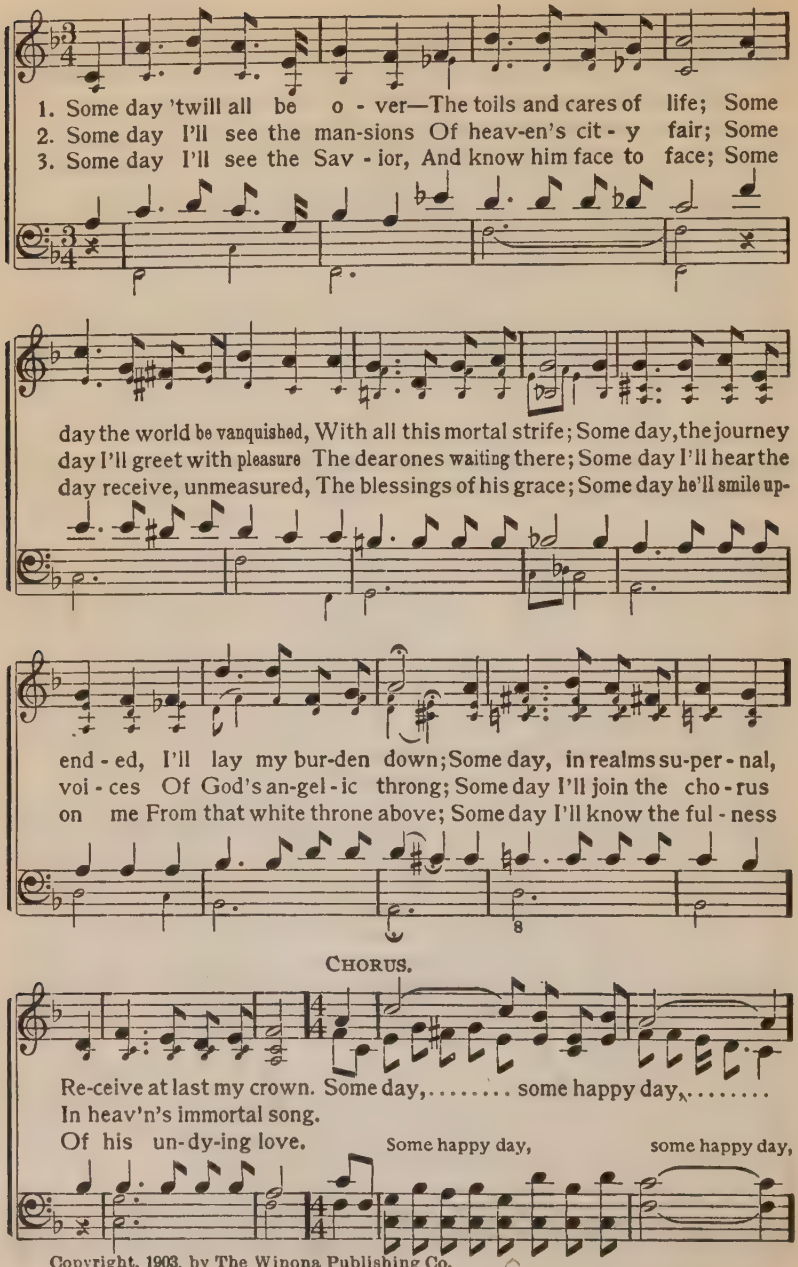
485 (142) Some Day.

VICTOR M. STALEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver—The toils and cares of life; Some
2. Some day I'll see the man-sions Of heav-en's cit - y fair; Some
3. Some day I'll see the Sav - ior, And know him face to face; Some
day the world be vanquished, With all this mortal strife; Some day, the journey
day I'll greet with pleasure The dear ones waiting there; Some day I'll hear the
day receive, unmeasured, The blessings of his grace; Some day he'll smile up-
end - ed, I'll lay my bur-den down; Some day, in realms su-per - nal,
voi - ces Of God's an-gel - ic throng; Some day I'll join the cho - rus
on me From that white throne above; Some day I'll know the ful - ness
CHORUS.
Re-ceive at last my crown. Some day,..... some happy day,.....
In heav'n's immortal song.
Of his un-dy-ing love.
Some happy day,
some happy day,

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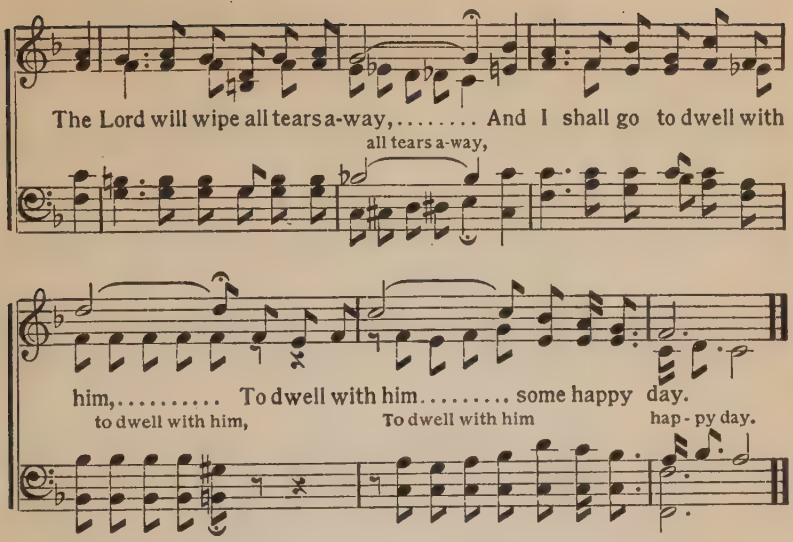
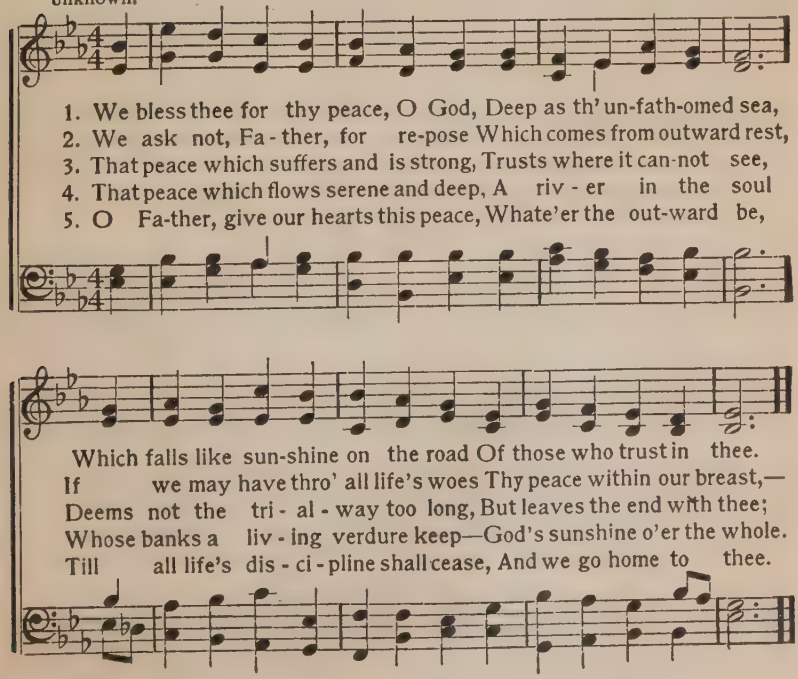
Some Day.


The Lord will wipe all tears a-way,..... And I shall go to dwell with
all tears a-way,
him,..... To dwell with him..... some happy day.
to dwell with him, To dwell with him hap - py day.

486 (143) We Bless Thee for Thy Peace, O God.

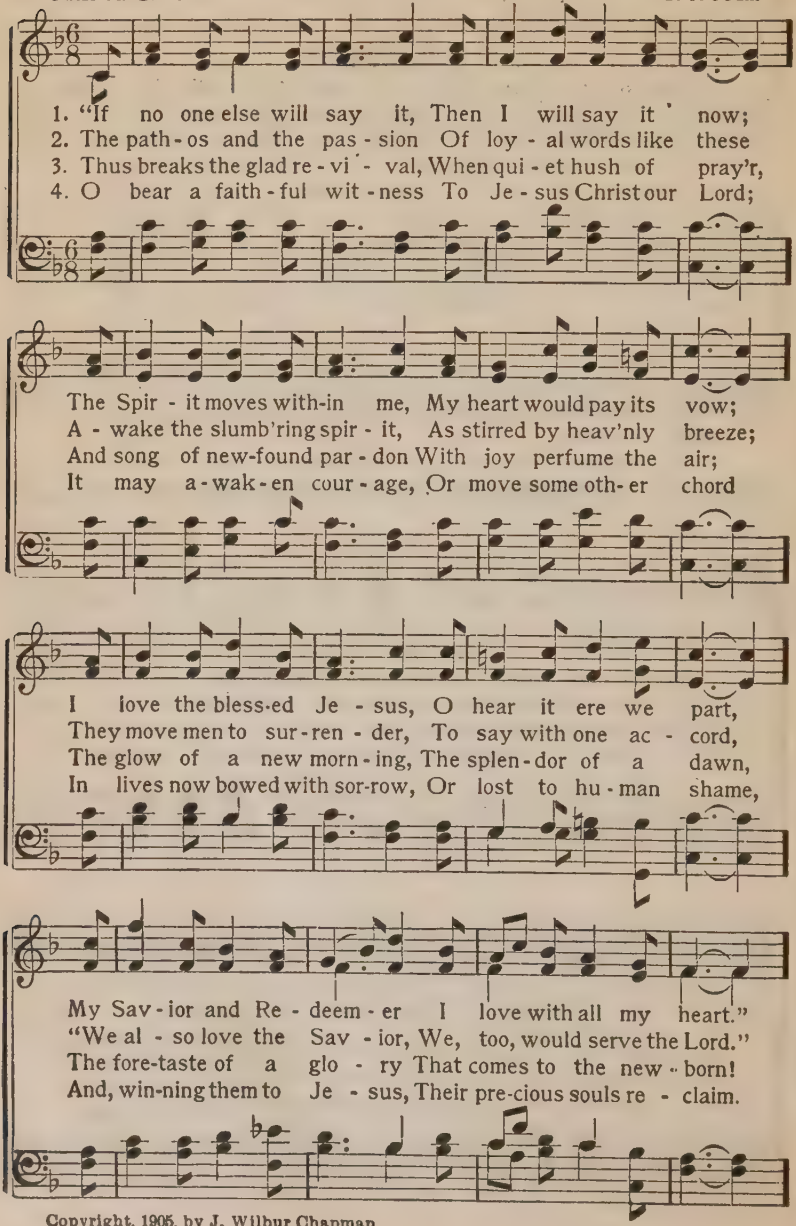
Unknown. A. R. REINAGLE.


1. We bless thee for thy peace, O God, Deep as th' un-fath-omed sea,
2. We ask not, Fa - ther, for re-pose Which comes from outward rest,
3. That peace which suffers and is strong, Trusts where it can-not see,
4. That peace which flows serene and deep, A riv - er in the soul
5. O Fa-ther, give our hearts this peace, Whate'er the out-ward be,
Which falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in thee.
If we may have thro' all life's woes Thy peace within our breast,—
Deems not the tri - al - way too long, But leaves the end with thee;
Whose banks a liv - ing verdure keep—God's sunshine o'er the whole.
Till all life's dis - ci - pline shall cease, And we go home to thee.

487 (144) "If No One Else Will Say It."

(The revival in Wales is said to have been brought about, humanly speaking, by the testimony of a young girl. Her pastor had been urging his people to witness for Jesus Christ, and after a somewhat prolonged silence, she arose, and said, "If no one else will say it, then I will: I do love Jesus with all my heart.")

JAMES M. GRAY. O. F. PUGH.


1. "If no one else will say it, Then I will say it now;
2. The path-os and the pas-sion Of loy-al words like these
3. Thus breaks the glad re-vi-val, When qui-et hush of pray'r,
4. O bear a faith-ful wit-ness To Je-sus Christ our Lord;
The Spir-it moves with-in me, My heart would pay its vow;
A-wake the slumb'ring spir-it, As stirred by heav'nly breeze;
And song of new-found par-don With joy perfume the air;
It may a-wak-en cour-age, Or move some oth-er chord
I love the bless-ed Je-sus, O hear it ere we part,
They move men to sur-ren-der, To say with one ac-cord,
The glow of a new morn-ing, The splen-dor of a dawn,
In lives now bowed with sor-row, Or lost to hu-man shame,
My Sav-ior and Re-deem-er I love with all my heart."
"We al-so love the Sav-ior, We, too, would serve the Lord."
The fore-taste of a glo-ry That comes to the new-born!
And, win-ning them to Je-sus, Their pre-cious souls re-claim.

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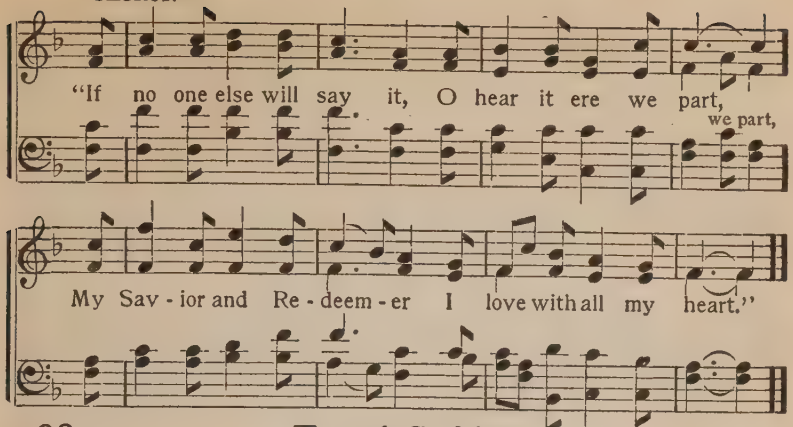
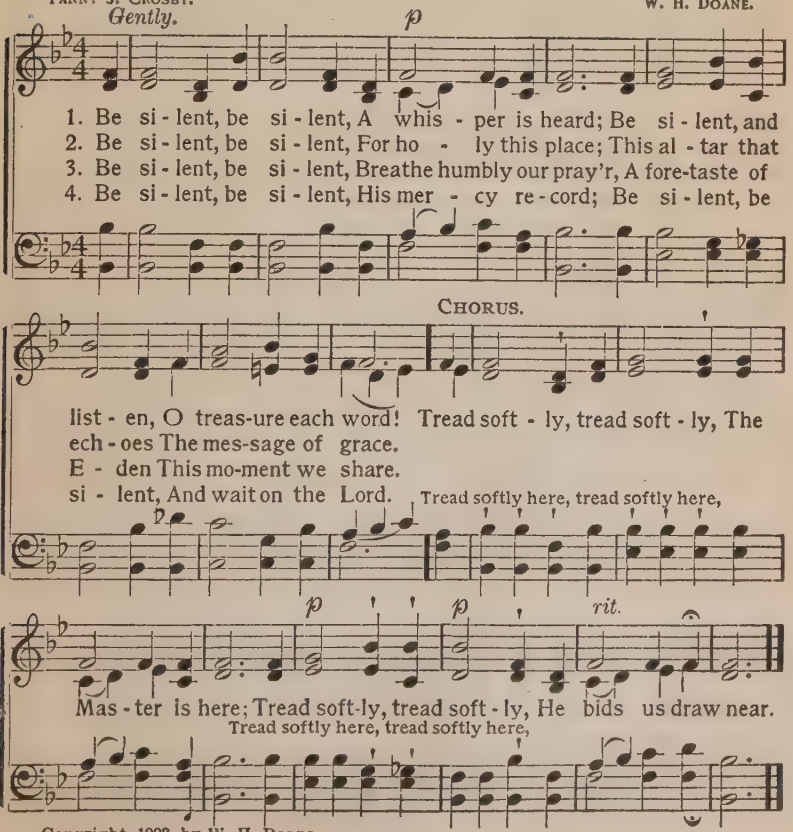
"If No One Else Will Say It."

CHORUS.



488 (145) Tread Softly.

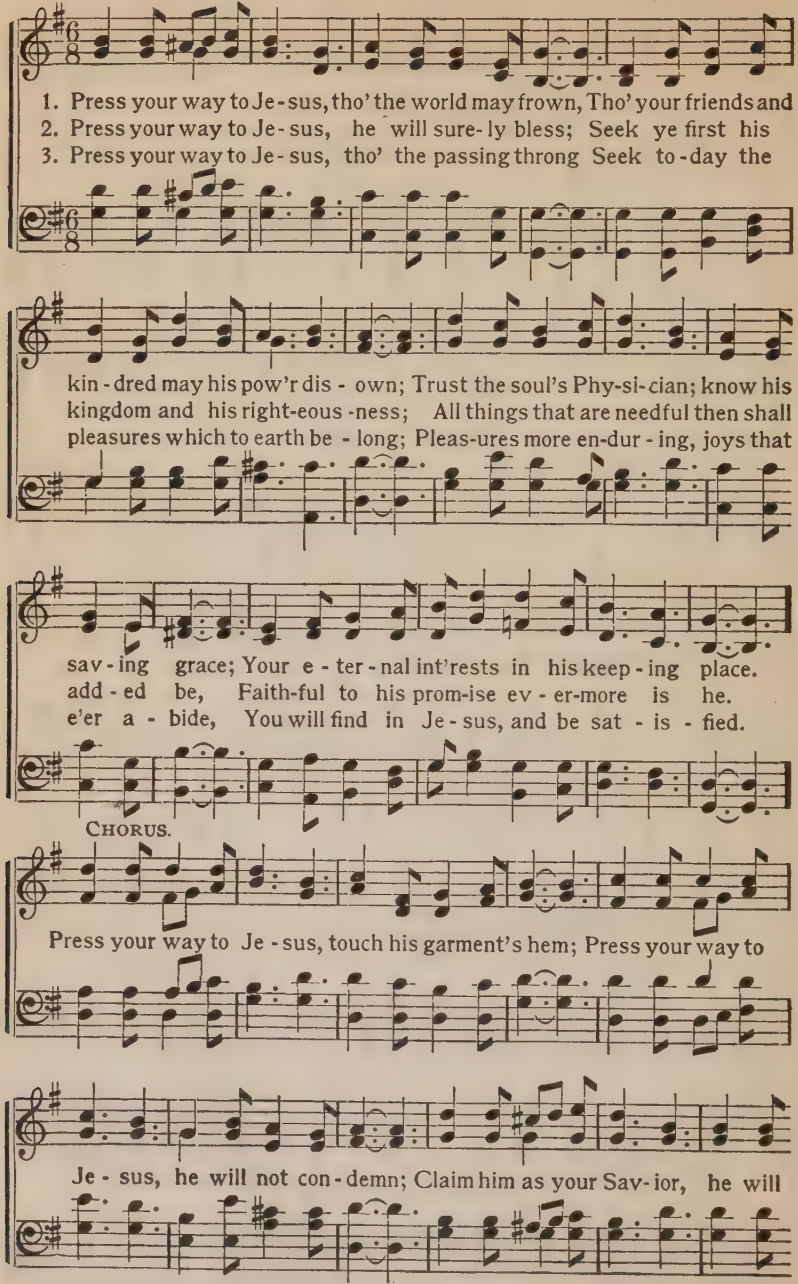
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


Gently.
p
1. Be si - lent, be si - lent, A whis - per is heard; Be si - lent, and
2. Be si - lent, be si - lent, For ho - ly this place; This al - tar that
3. Be si - lent, be si - lent, Breathe humbly our pray'r, A fore-taste of
4. Be si - lent, be si - lent, His mer - cy re - cord; Be si - lent, be
CHORUS.
list - en, O treas-ure each word! Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, The
ech - oes The mes-sage of grace.
E - den This mo-ment we share.
si - lent, And wait on the Lord.
Tread softly here, tread softly here,
p
p
rit.
Mas - ter is here; Tread soft-ly, tread soft - ly, He bids us draw near.
Tread softly here, tread softly here,

Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane.

489 (146) Press Your Way to Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Press your way to Je - sus, tho' the world may frown, Tho' your friends and
2. Press your way to Je - sus, he will sure - ly bless; Seek ye first his
3. Press your way to Je - sus, tho' the passing throng Seek to - day the
kin - dred may his pow'r dis - own; Trust the soul's Phy-si-cian; know his
kingdom and his right-eous - ness; All things that are needful then shall
pleasures which to earth be - long; Pleas-ures more en-dur - ing, joys that
sav - ing grace; Your e - ter - nal int'rests in his keep - ing place.
add - ed be, Faith-ful to his prom-ise ev - er-more is he.
e'er a - bide, You will find in Je - sus, and be sat - is - fied.
Chorus.
Press your way to Je - sus, touch his garment's hem; Press your way to
Je - sus, he will not con - demn; Claim him as your Sav - ior, he will

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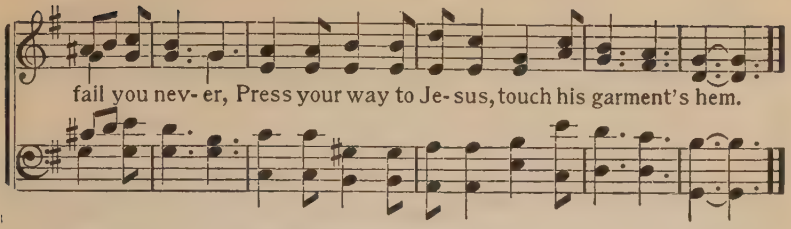
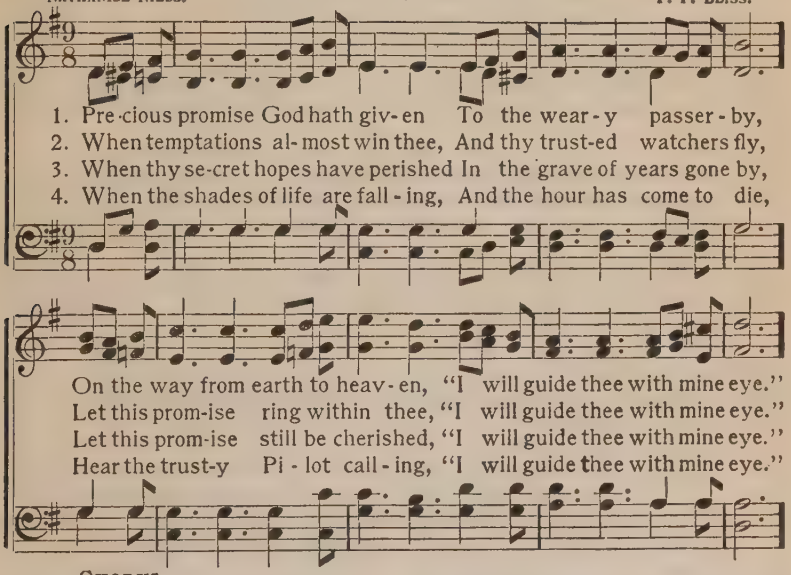
Press Your Way to Jesus.

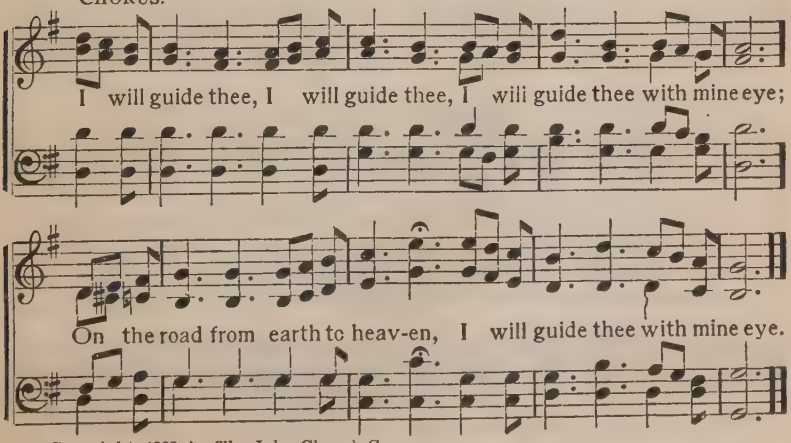


490 (147) Precious Promise.

NATHANIEL NILES. P. P. BLISS.


1. Pre-cious promise God hath giv- en To the wear- y passer- by,
2. When temptations al- most win thee, And thy trust-ed watchers fly,
3. When thy se-cret hopes have perished In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are fall- ing, And the hour has come to die,
On the way from earth to heav- en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this prom-ise ring within thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this prom-ise still be cherished, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Hear the trust-y Pi- lot call- ing, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

CHORUS.


I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;
On the road from earth to heav-en, I will guide thee with mine eye.

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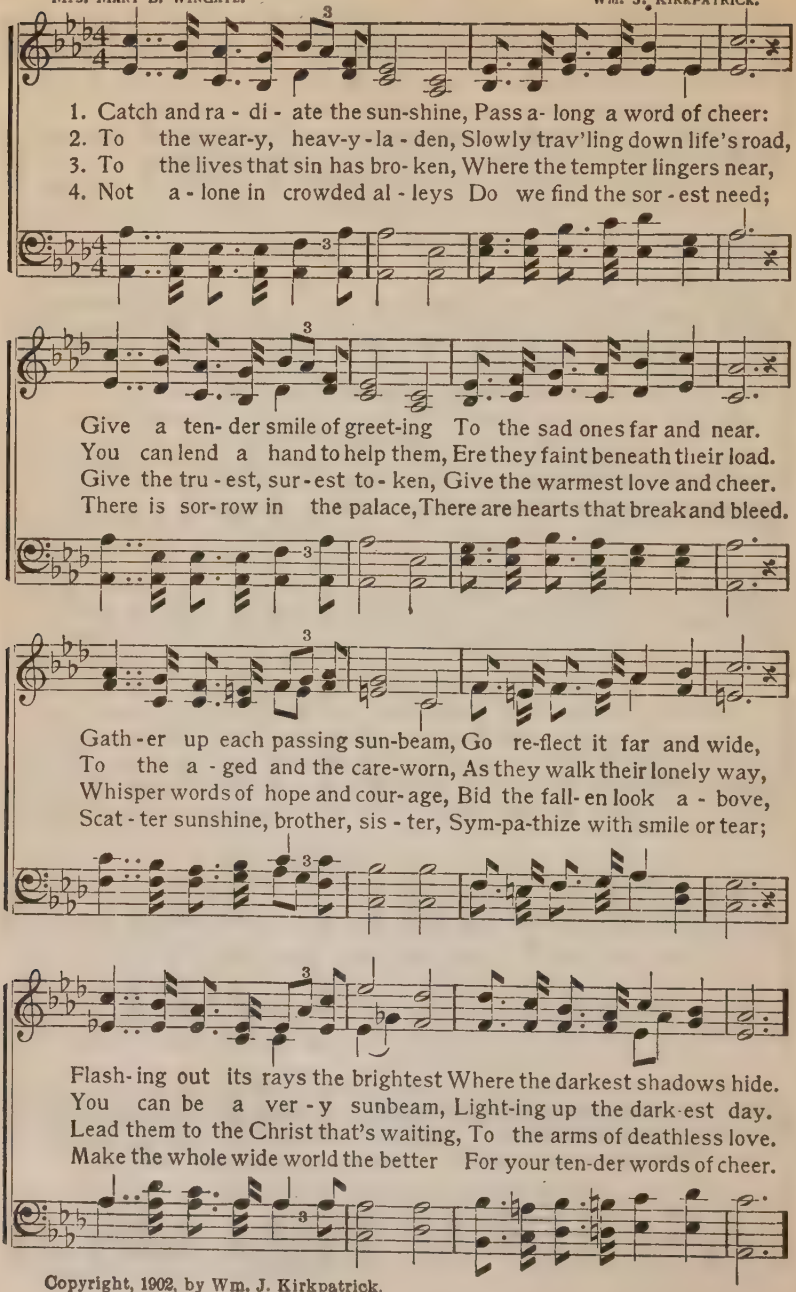
491 (148) Pass Along a Word of Cheer.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Catch and ra - di - ate the sun-shine, Pass a- long a word of cheer:
2. To the wear-y, heav-y - la - den, Slowly trav'ling down life's road,
3. To the lives that sin has bro- ken, Where the tempter lingers near,
4. Not a - lone in crowded al - leys Do we find the sor - est need;
Give a ten- der smile of greet-ing To the sad ones far and near.
You can lend a hand to help them, Ere they faint beneath their load.
Give the tru - est, sur - est to - ken, Give the warmest love and cheer.
There is sor-row in the palace, There are hearts that break and bleed.
Gath - er up each passing sun-beam, Go re-flect it far and wide,
To the a - ged and the care-worn, As they walk their lonely way,
Whisper words of hope and cour- age, Bid the fall- en look a - bove,
Scat - ter sunshine, brother, sis - ter, Sym-pa-thize with smile or tear;
Flash- ing out its rays the brightest Where the darkest shadows hide.
You can be a ver - y sunbeam, Light-ing up the dark-est day.
Lead them to the Christ that's waiting, To the arms of deathless love.
Make the whole wide world the better For your ten-der words of cheer.

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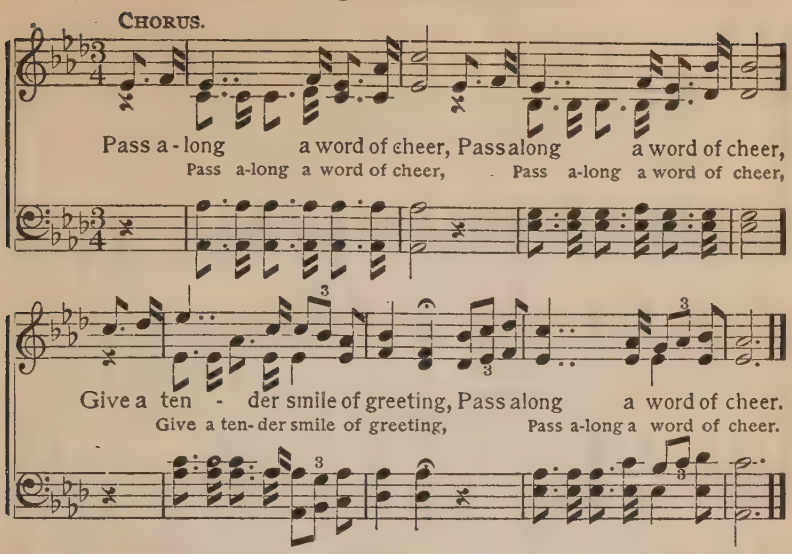
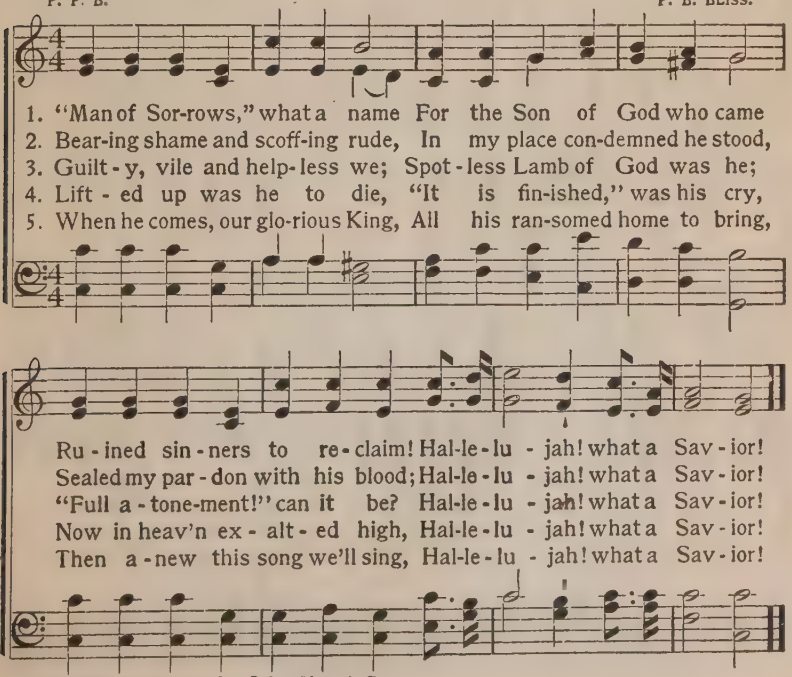
Pass Along a Word of Cheer.


CHORUS.
Pass a-long a word of cheer, Pass along a word of cheer,
Pass a-long a word of cheer, Pass a-long a word of cheer,
Give a ten - der smile of greeting, Pass along a word of cheer.
Give a ten-der smile of greeting, Pass a-long a word of cheer.

492 (149) Hallelujah, What a Savior!

P. P. B. P. B. BLISS.


1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned he stood,
3. Guilt - y, vile and help-less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was he;
4. Lift - ed up was he to die, "It is fin-ished," was his cry,
5. When he comes, our glo-rious King, All his ran-somed home to bring,
Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal-le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Sealed my par - don with his blood; Hal-le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
"Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal-le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal-le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

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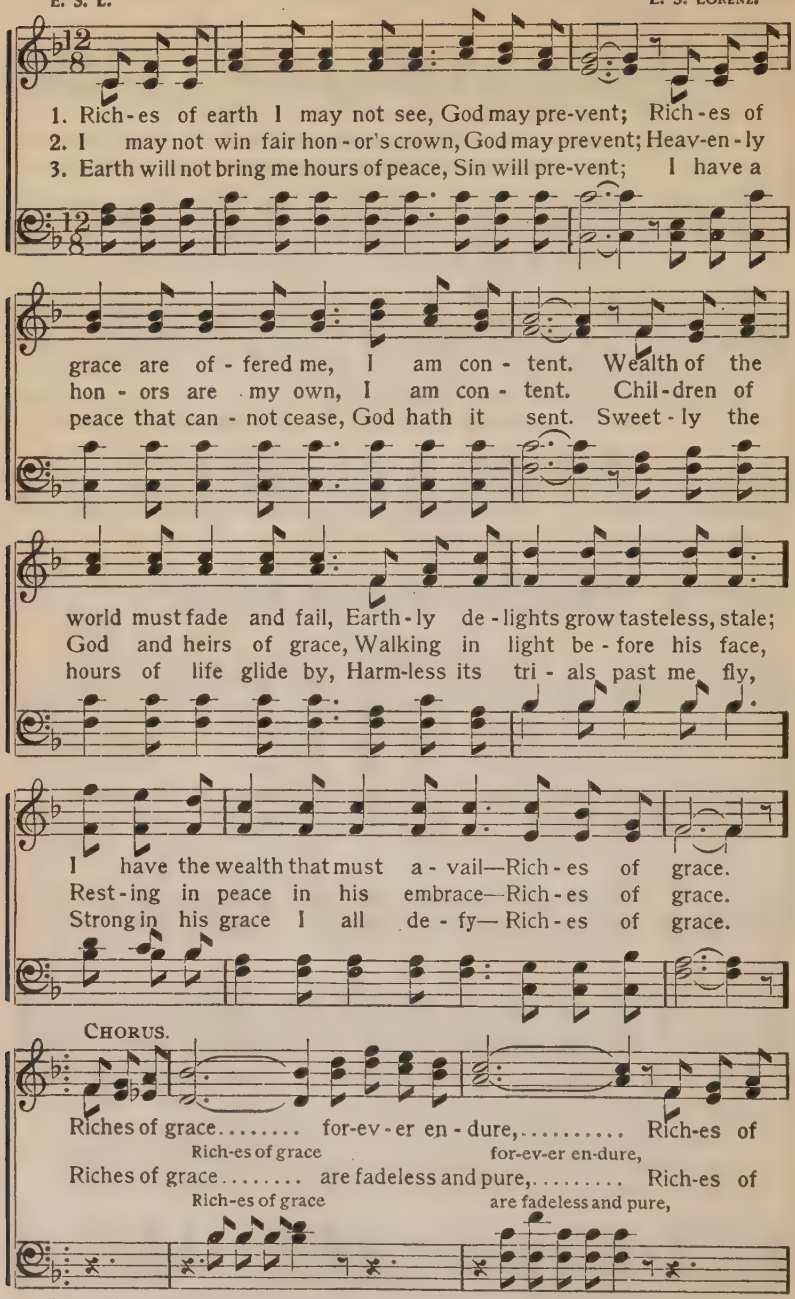
493 (150) E. S. L.

Riches of Grace.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. Rich-es of earth I may not see, God may pre-vent; Rich-es of
2. I may not win fair hon-or's crown, God may prevent; Heav-en-ly
3. Earth will not bring me hours of peace, Sin will pre-vent; I have a
grace are of-fered me, I am con-tent. Wealth of the
hon-ors are my own, I am con-tent. Chil-dren of
peace that can-not cease, God hath it sent. Sweet-ly the
world must fade and fail, Earth-ly de-lights grow tasteless, stale;
God and heirs of grace, Walking in light be-fore his face,
hours of life glide by, Harm-less its tri-als past me fly,
I have the wealth that must a-vail—Rich-es of grace.
Rest-ing in peace in his embrace—Rich-es of grace.
Strong in his grace I all de-fy—Rich-es of grace.
Chorus.
Riches of grace..... for-ev-er en-dure,..... Rich-es of
Rich-es of grace
for-ev-er en-dure,
Riches of grace..... are fadeless and pure,..... Rich-es of
Rich-es of grace
are fadeless and pure,

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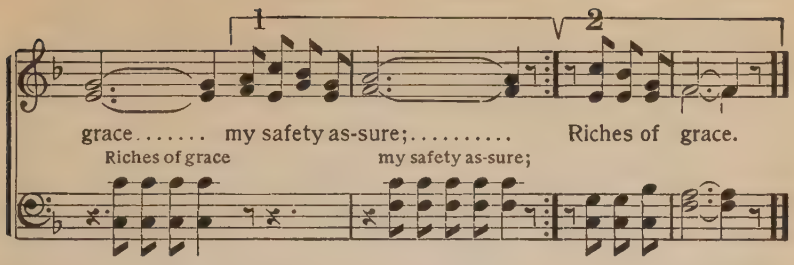
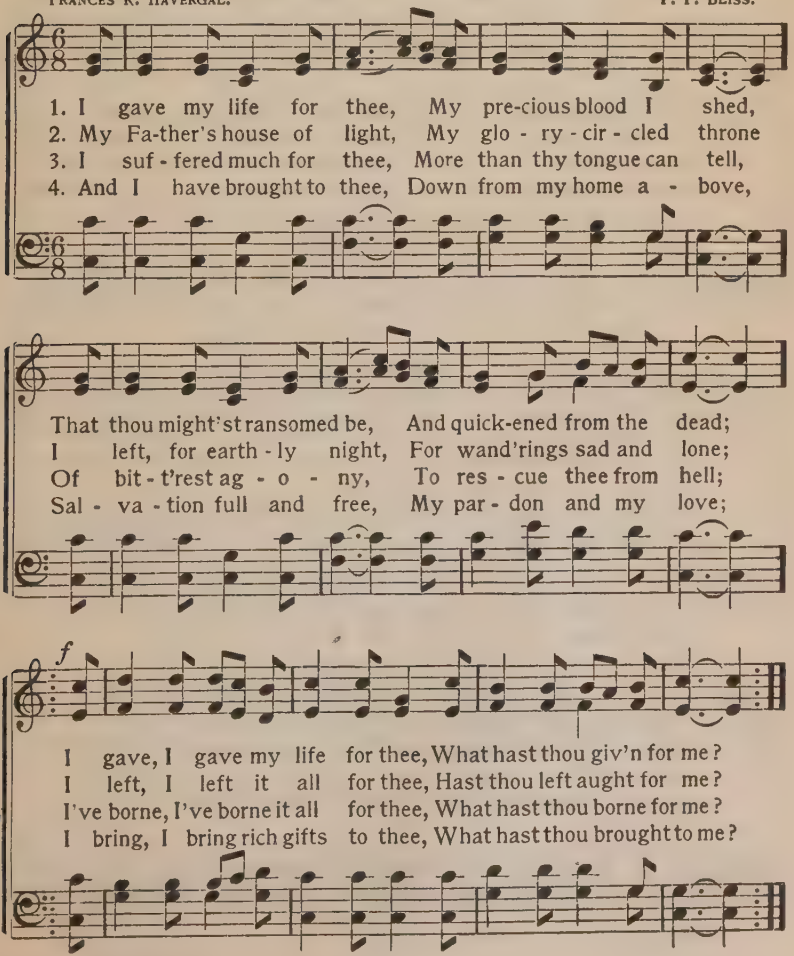
Riches of Grace.



494 (151) I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.


1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove,
That thou might'st ransomed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
I left, for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love;
f
I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?

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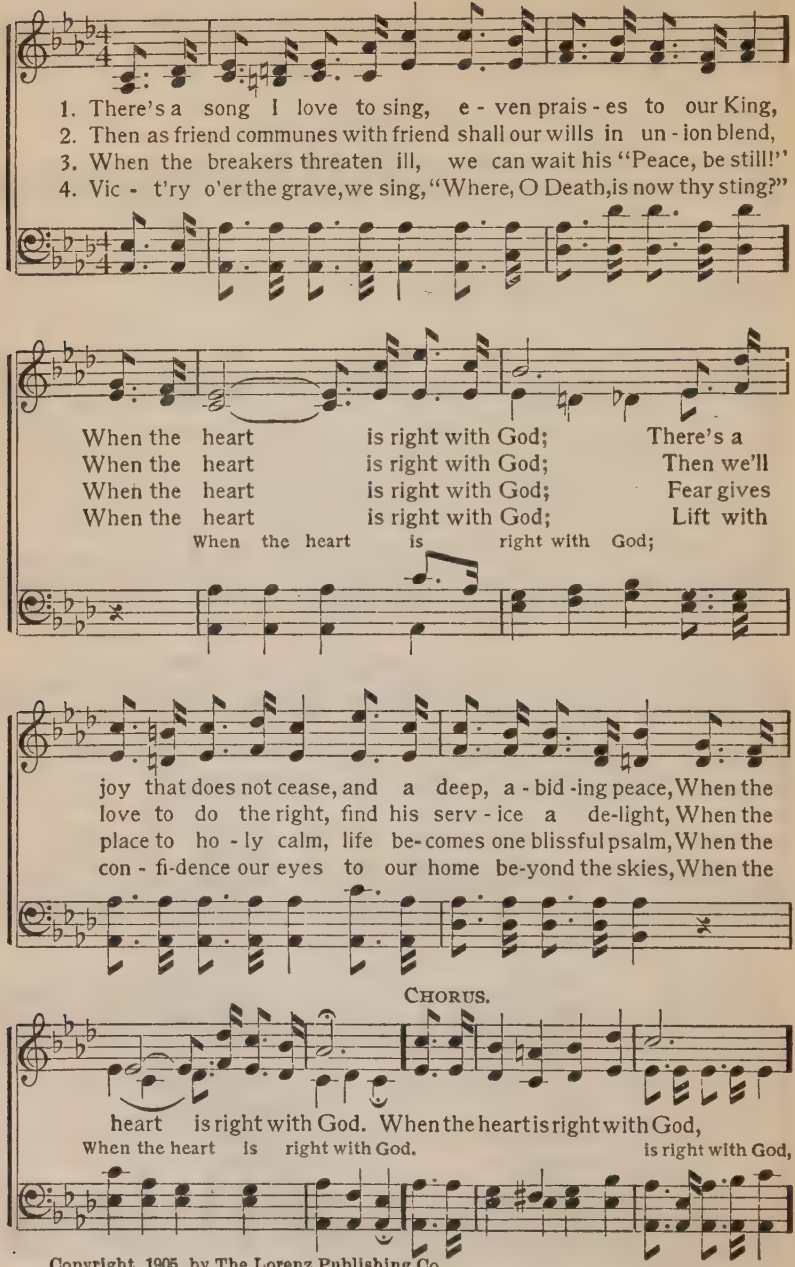
495 (152) When the Heart is Right with God.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. There's a song I love to sing, e - ven prais - es to our King,
2. Then as friend communes with friend shall our wills in un - ion blend,
3. When the breakers threaten ill, we can wait his "Peace, be still!"
4. Vic - t'ry o'er the grave, we sing, "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
When the heart is right with God; There's a
When the heart is right with God; Then we'll
When the heart is right with God; Fear gives
When the heart is right with God; Lift with
When the heart is right with God;
joy that does not cease, and a deep, a - bid - ing peace, When the
love to do the right, find his serv - ice a de-light, When the
place to ho - ly calm, life be-comes one blissful psalm, When the
con - fi-dence our eyes to our home be-yond the skies, When the
CHORUS.
heart is right with God. When the heart is right with God,
When the heart is right with God. is right with God,

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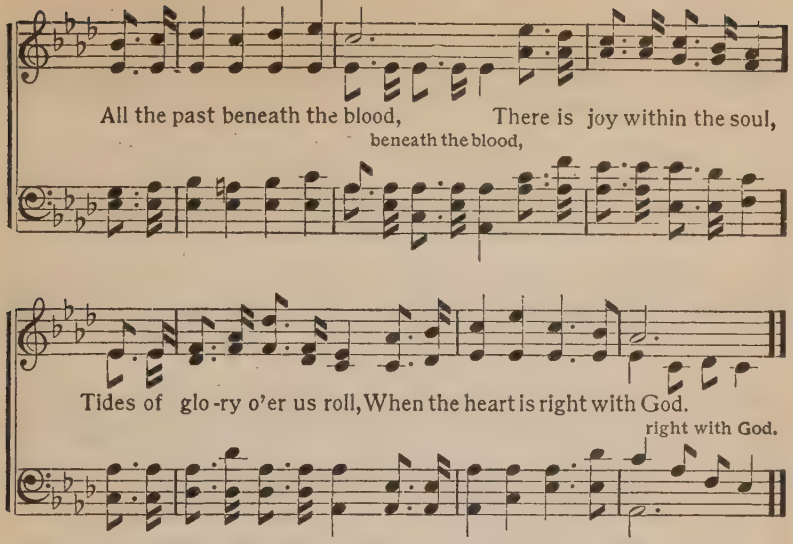
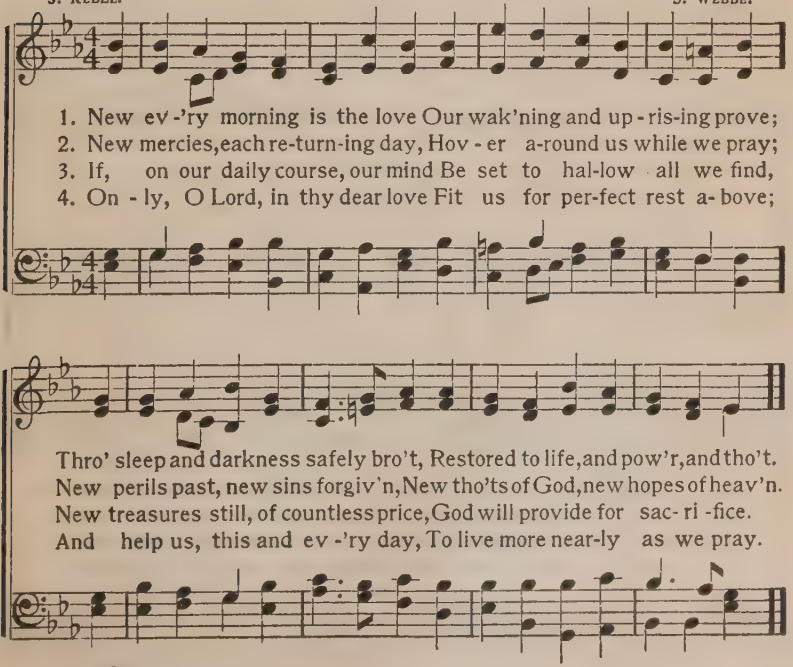
When the Heart is Right with God.


All the past beneath the blood, There is joy within the soul,
beneath the blood,
Tides of glo-ry o'er us roll, When the heart is right with God.
right with God.

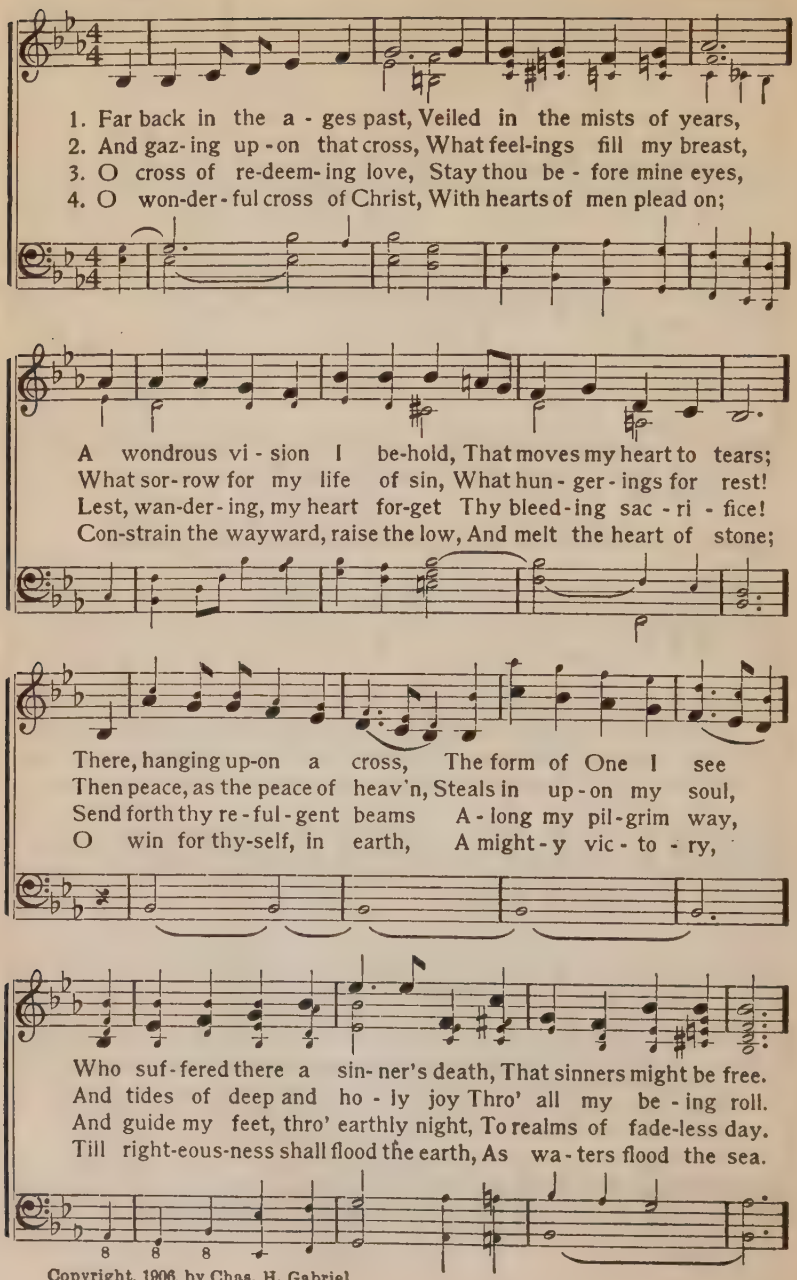
496 (153) New Every Morning is the Love.

J. KEBLE. S. WEBBE.


1. New ev-'ry morning is the love Our wak'ning and up-ris-ing prove;
2. New mercies, each re-turn-ing day, Hov-er a-round us while we pray;
3. If, on our daily course, our mind Be set to hal-low all we find,
4. On-ly, O Lord, in thy dear love Fit us for per-fect rest a-bove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely bro't, Restored to life, and pow'r, and tho't.
New perils past, new sins forgiv'n, New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heav'n.
New treasures still, of countless price, God will provide for sac-ri-fice.
And help us, this and ev-'ry day, To live more near-ly as we pray.

497 (154) **O Cross of Love.**

T. O. CHISHOLM. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Far back in the a - ges past, Veiled in the mists of years,
2. And gaz- ing up - on that cross, What feel-ings fill my breast,
3. O cross of re-deem- ing love, Stay thou be - fore mine eyes,
4. O won-der - ful cross of Christ, With hearts of men plead on;
A wondrous vi - sion I be-hold, That moves my heart to tears;
What sor - row for my life of sin, What hun - ger - ings for rest!
Lest, wan-der- ing, my heart for-get Thy bleed- ing sac - ri - fice!
Con-strain the wayward, raise the low, And melt the heart of stone;
There, hanging up-on a cross, The form of One I see
Then peace, as the peace of heav'n, Steals in up - on my soul,
Send forth thy re - ful - gent beams A - long my pil-grim way,
O win for thy-self, in earth, A might - y vic - to - ry,
Who suf - fered there a sin- ner's death, That sinners might be free.
And tides of deep and ho - ly joy Thro' all my be - ing roll.
And guide my feet, thro' earthly night, To realms of fade-less day.
Till right-eous-ness shall flood the earth, As wa - ters flood the sea.

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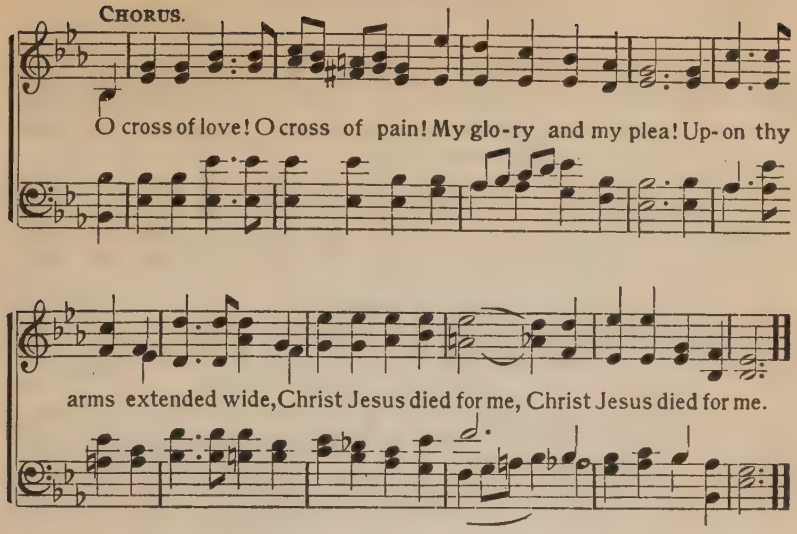
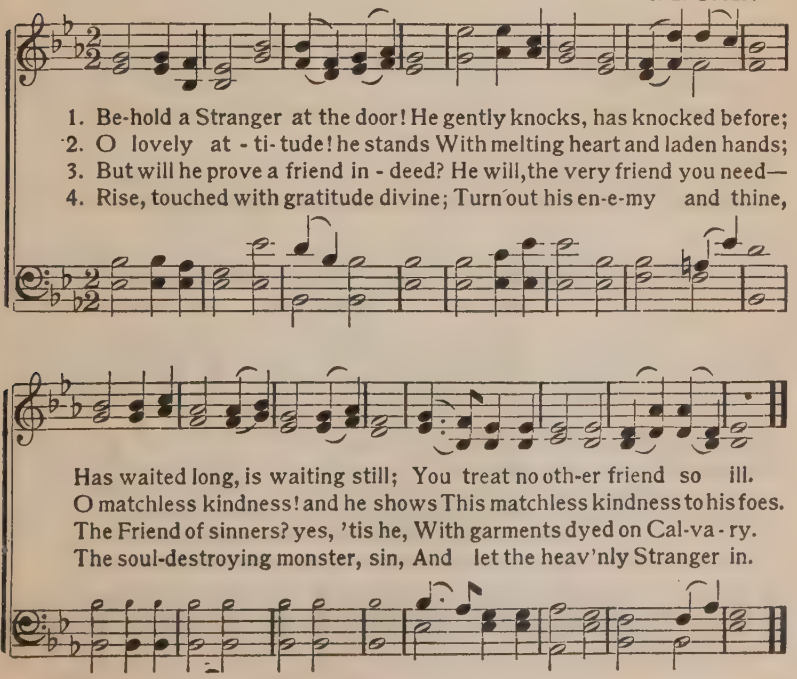
O Cross of Love.


Chorus.
O cross of love! O cross of pain! My glo-ry and my plea! Up-on thy
arms extended wide, Christ Jesus died for me, Christ Jesus died for me.

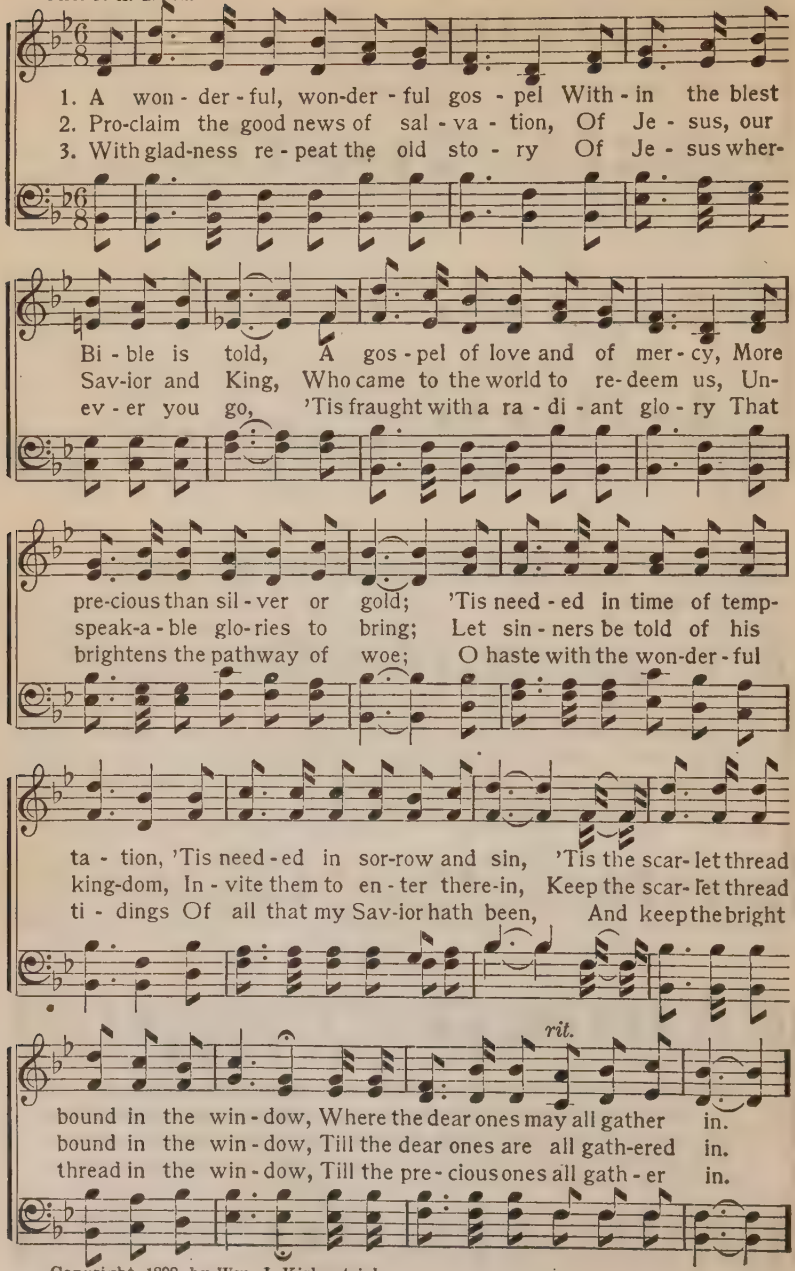
498 (155) Behold a Stranger at the Door.

Joseph Grigg. J. E. Gould.


1. Be-hold a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before;
2. O lovely at - ti- tude! he stands With melting heart and laden hands;
3. But will he prove a friend in - deed? He will, the very friend you need—
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine; Turn out his en-e-my and thine,
Has waited long, is waiting still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The Friend of sinners? yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal-va - ry.
The soul-destroying monster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.

499 (156) The Scarlet Thread.

MRS. F. A. BRECK. FRANK A. ROBERTSON.


1. A won - der - ful, won-der - ful gos - pel With - in the blest
Bi - ble is told, A gos - pel of love and of mer - cy, More
pre-cious than sil - ver or gold; 'Tis need - ed in time of temp-
ta - tion, 'Tis need - ed in sor-row and sin, 'Tis the scar- let thread
bound in the win - dow, Where the dear ones may all gather in.
2. Pro-claim the good news of sal - va - tion, Of Je - sus, our
Sav-ior and King, Who came to the world to re-deem us, Un-
speak-a - ble glo-ries to bring; Let sin - ners be told of his
king-dom, In - vite them to en - ter there-in, Keep the scar- let thread
bound in the win - dow, Till the dear ones are all gath-ered in.
3. With glad-ness re - peat the old sto - ry Of Je - sus wher-
ev - er you go, 'Tis fraught with a ra - di - ant glo - ry That
brightens the pathway of woe; O haste with the won-der - ful
ti - dings Of all that my Sav-ior hath been, And keep the bright
thread in the win - dow, Till the pre - cious ones all gath - er in.
rit.

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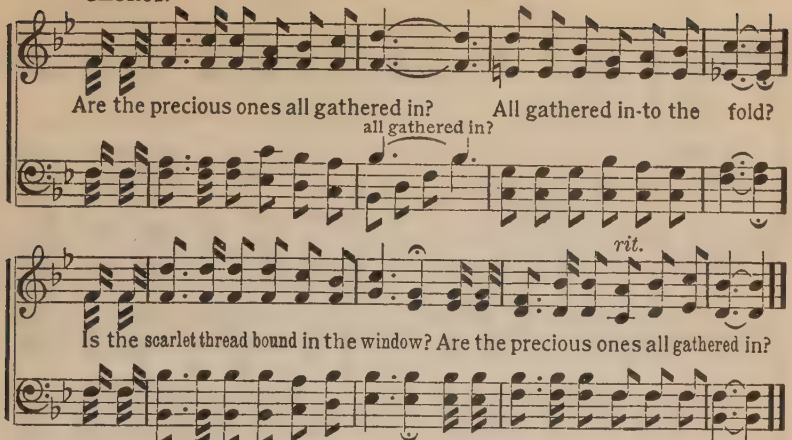
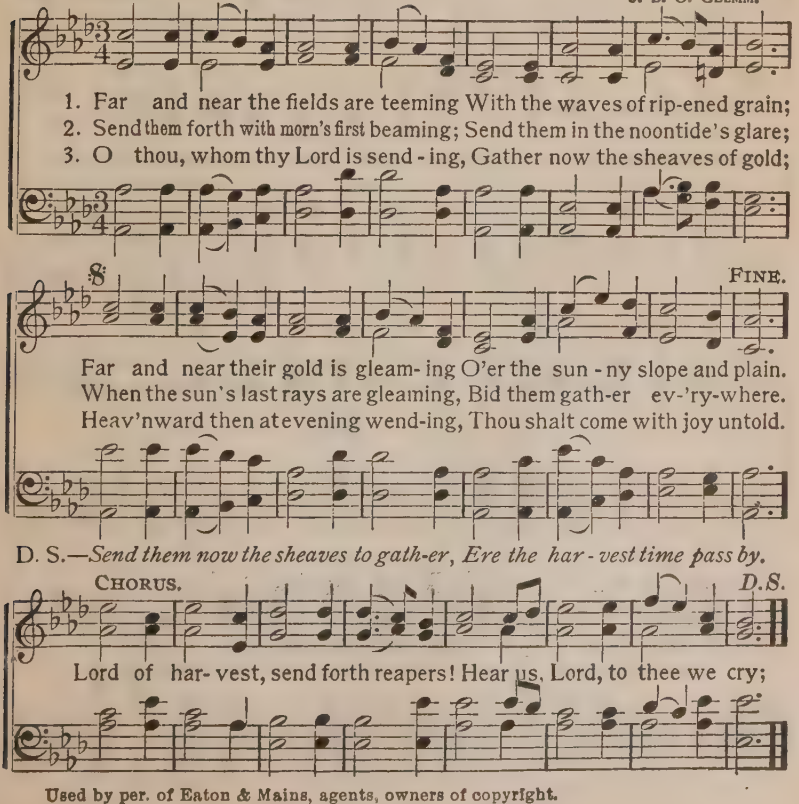
The Scarlet Thread.

CHORUS.


Are the precious ones all gathered in? All gathered in-to the fold?
all gathered in?
rit.
Is the scarlet thread bound in the window? Are the precious ones all gathered in?

500 (157) The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON. J. B. O. CLEMM.


1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the waves of rip-ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gather now the sheaves of gold;
8
FINE.
Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun-ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleaming, Bid them gath-er ev-'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at evening wend-ing, Thou shalt come with joy untold.
D. S.—Send them now the sheaves to gath-er, Ere the har-vest time pass by.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Lord of har-vest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;

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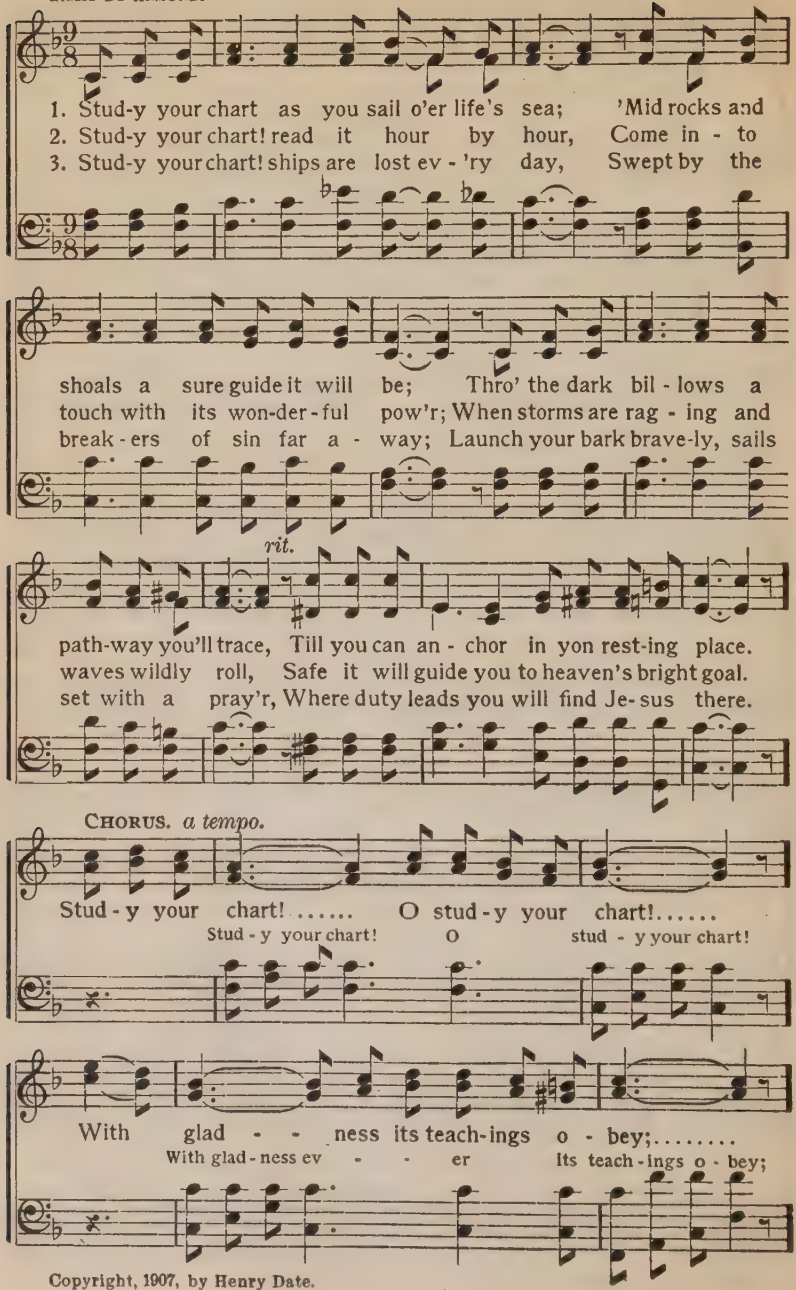
501 (158) Study Your Chart.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. W. A. POST.


1. Stud-y your chart as you sail o'er life's sea; 'Mid rocks and
2. Stud-y your chart! read it hour by hour, Come in - to
3. Stud-y your chart! ships are lost ev - 'ry day, Swept by the
shoals a sure guide it will be; Thro' the dark bil - lows a
touch with its won-der-ful pow'r; When storms are rag - ing and
break - ers of sin far a - way; Launch your bark brave-ly, sails
rit.
path-way you'll trace, Till you can an - chor in yon rest-ing place.
waves wildly roll, Safe it will guide you to heaven's bright goal.
set with a pray'r, Where duty leads you will find Je-sus there.
CHORUS. a tempo.
Stud - y your chart! ..... O stud - y your chart!.....
Stud - y your chart! O stud - y your chart!
With glad - - ness its teach-ings o - bey;.....
With glad - ness ev - - er its teach - ings o - bey;

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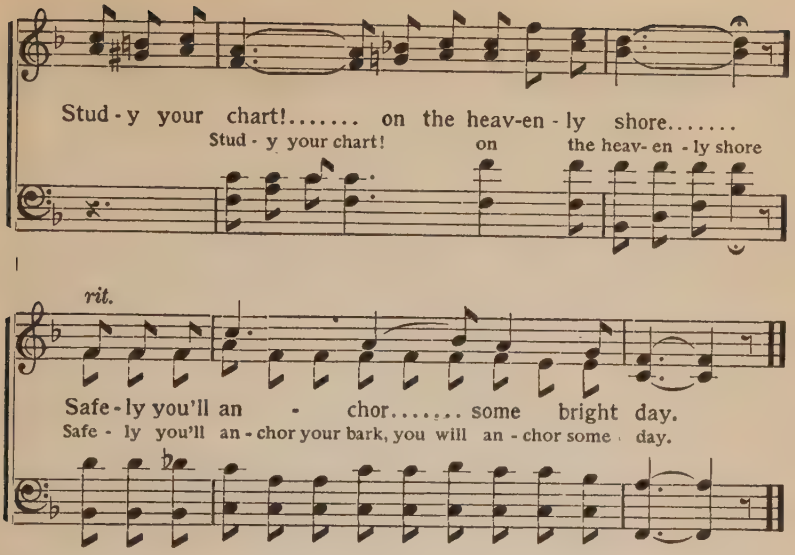
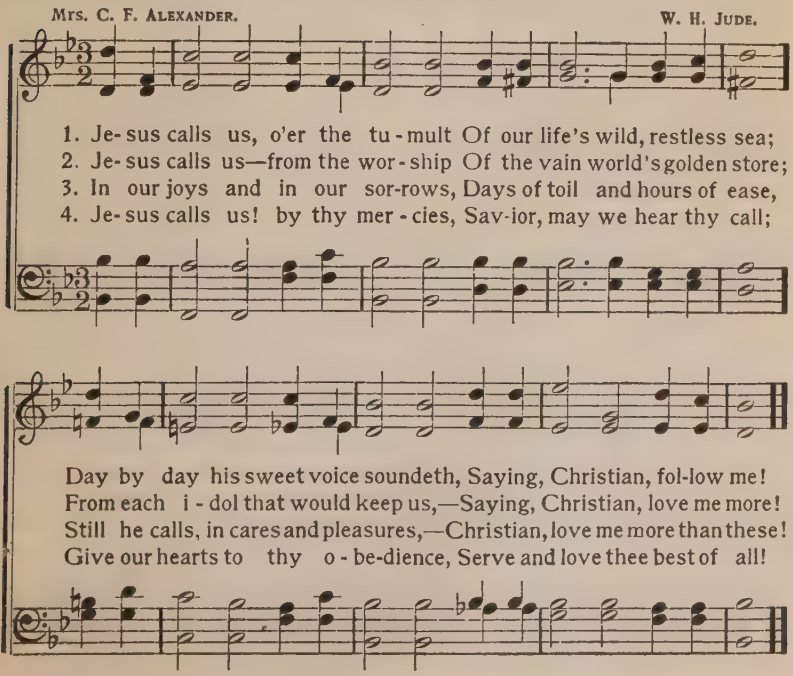
Study Your Chart.


Stud - y your chart!..... on the heav-en - ly shore.....
Stud - y your chart! on the heav- en - ly shore
rit.
Safe - ly you'll an - chor..... some bright day.
Safe - ly you'll an - chor your bark, you will an - chor some day.

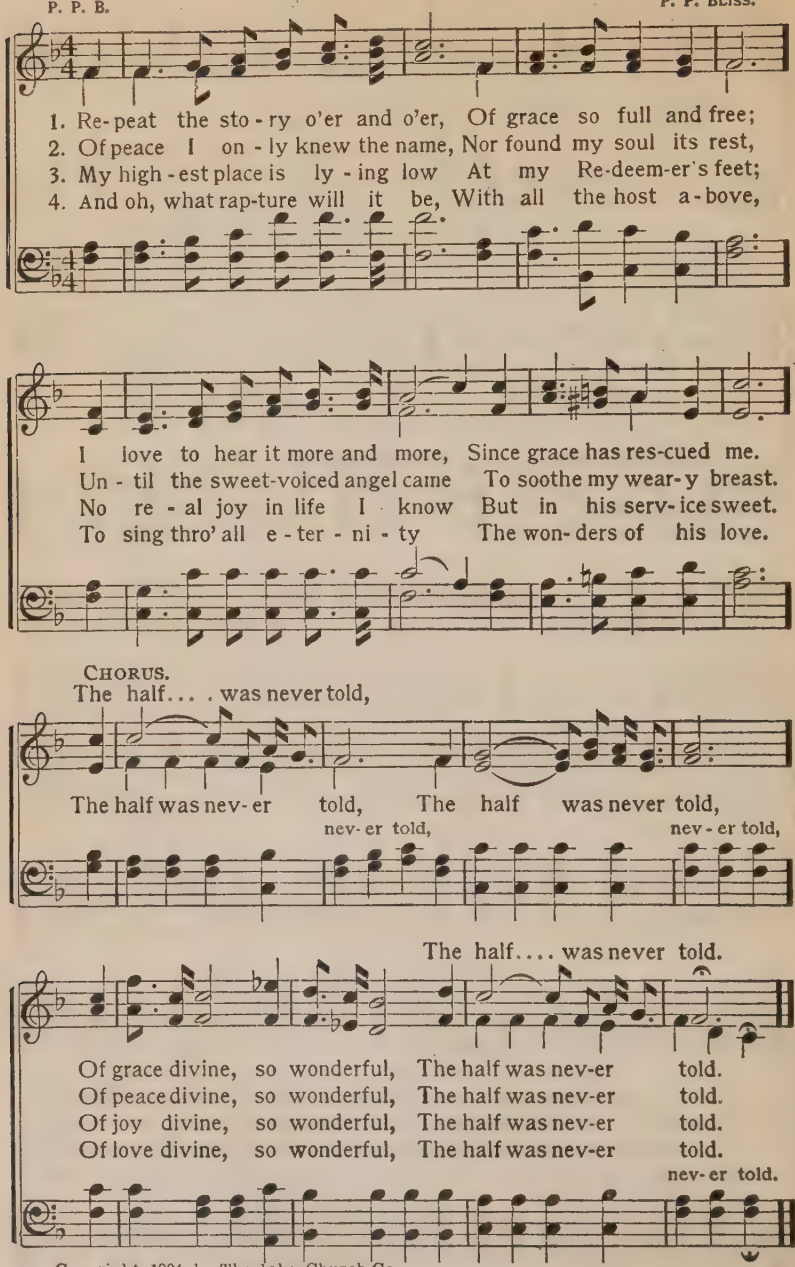
502 (159) Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.


1. Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, restless sea;
2. Je-sus calls us—from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden store;
3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je-sus calls us! by thy mer-cies, Sav-ior, may we hear thy call;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, Christian, fol-low me!
From each i-dol that would keep us,—Saying, Christian, love me more!
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,—Christian, love me more than these!
Give our hearts to thy o-be-dience, Serve and love thee best of all!

503 (160) The Half Was Never Told.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Re-peat the sto-ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free;
2. Of peace I on-ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest,
3. My high-est place is ly-ing low At my Re-deem-er's feet;
4. And oh, what rap-ture will it be, With all the host a-bove,
I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res-cued me.
Un-til the sweet-voiced angel came To soothe my wear-y breast.
No re-al joy in life I know But in his serv-ice sweet.
To sing thro' all e-ter-ni-ty The won-ders of his love.
CHORUS.
The half. . . . was never told,
The half was nev-er told, The half was never told,
nev-er told, nev-er told,
The half. . . . was never told.
Of grace divine, so wonderful, The half was nev-er told.
Of peace divine, so wonderful, The half was nev-er told.
Of joy divine, so wonderful, The half was nev-er told.
Of love divine, so wonderful, The half was nev-er told.
nev-er told.

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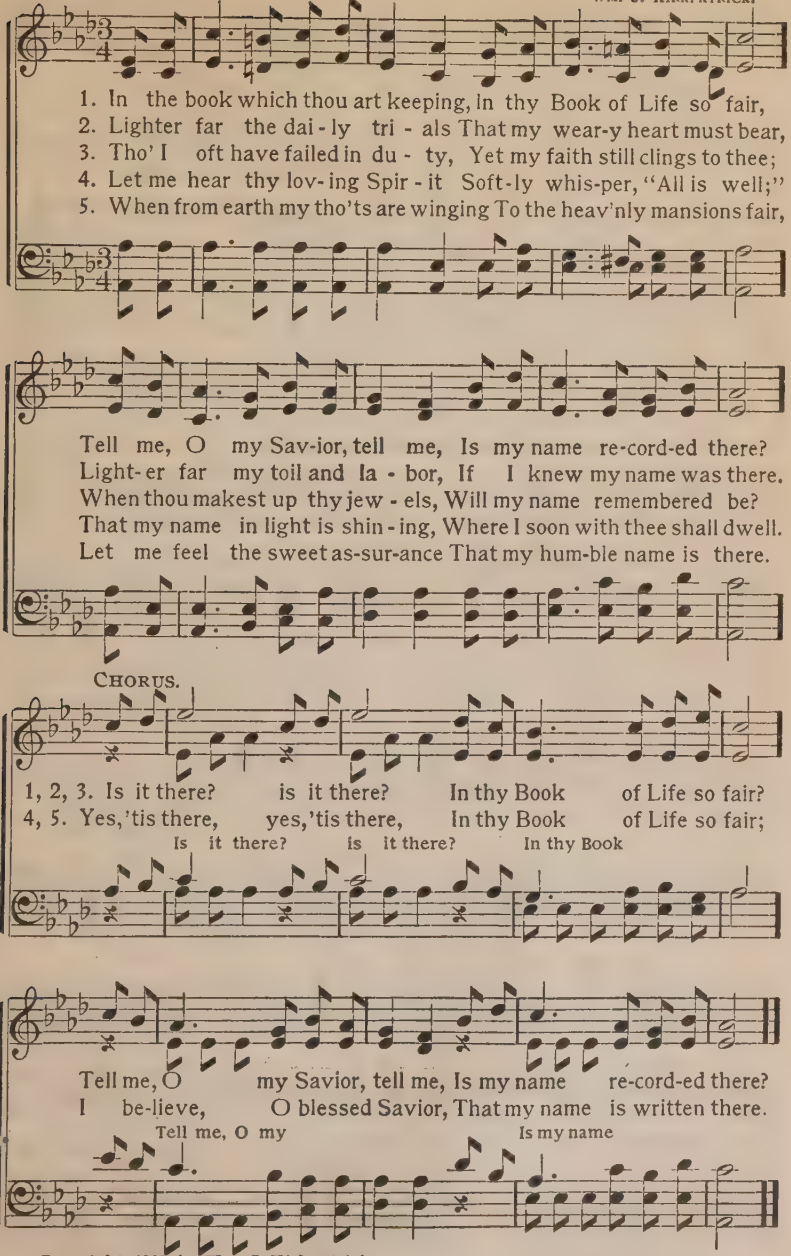
Is It There?

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. In the book which thou art keeping, In thy Book of Life so fair,
2. Lighter far the dai - ly tri - als That my wear-y heart must bear,
3. Tho' I oft have failed in du - ty, Yet my faith still clings to thee;
4. Let me hear thy lov-ing Spir - it Soft-ly whis-per, "All is well;"
5. When from earth my tho'ts are winging To the heav'nly mansions fair,
Tell me, O my Sav-ior, tell me, Is my name re-cord-ed there?
Light-er far my toil and la - bor, If I knew my name was there.
When thou makest up thy jew - els, Will my name remembered be?
That my name in light is shin - ing, Where I soon with thee shall dwell.
Let me feel the sweet as-sur-ance That my hum-ble name is there.
CHORUS.
1, 2, 3. Is it there? is it there? In thy Book of Life so fair?
4, 5. Yes, 'tis there, yes, 'tis there, In thy Book of Life so fair;
Is it there? is it there? In thy Book
Tell me, O my Savior, tell me, Is my name re-cord-ed there?
I be-lieve, O blessed Savior, That my name is written there.
Tell me, O my
Is my name

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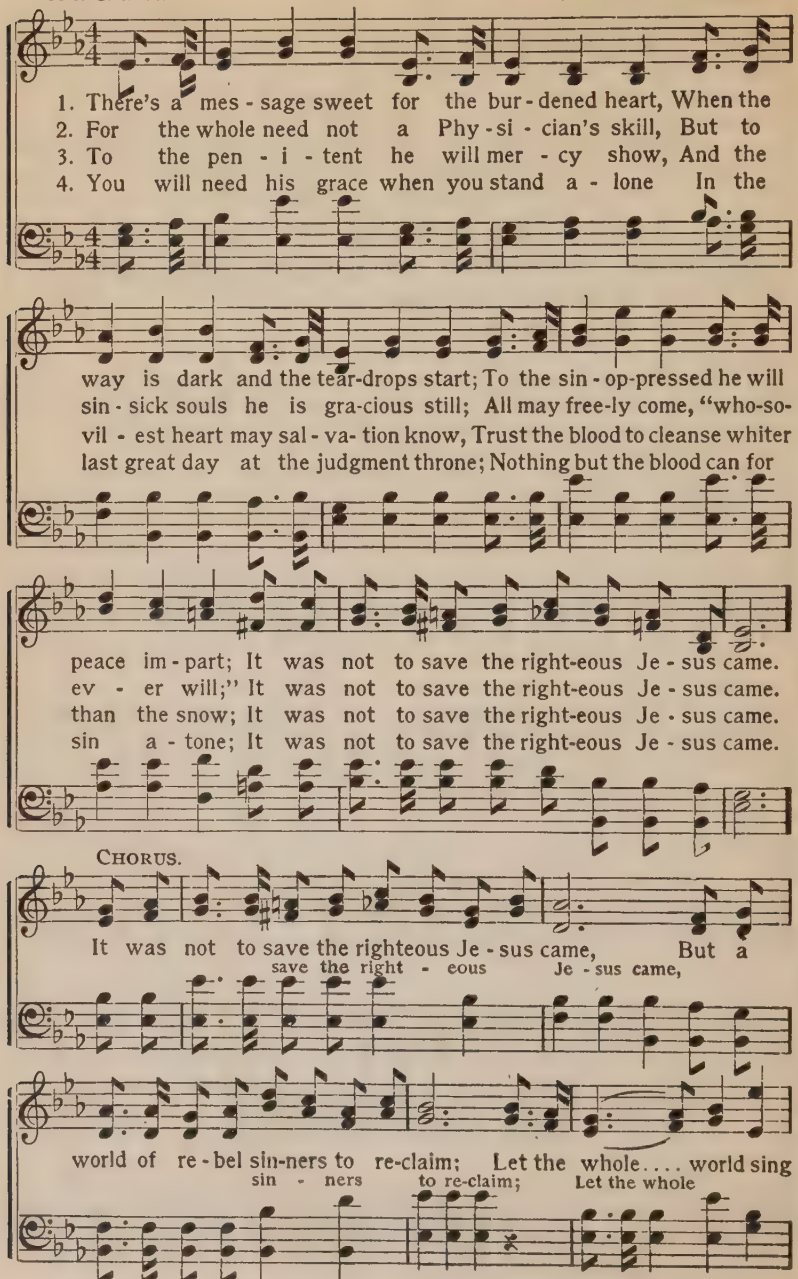
505 (162) Not to Save the Righteous.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. There's a mes - sage sweet for the bur - dened heart, When the
2. For the whole need not a Phy - si - cian's skill, But to
3. To the pen - i - tent he will mer - cy show, And the
4. You will need his grace when you stand a - lone In the
way is dark and the tear-drops start; To the sin - op-pressed he will
sin - sick souls he is gra-cious still; All may free-ly come, "who-so-
vil - est heart may sal - va- tion know, Trust the blood to cleanse whiter
last great day at the judgment throne; Nothing but the blood can for
peace im - part; It was not to save the right-eous Je - sus came.
ev - er will;" It was not to save the right-eous Je - sus came.
than the snow; It was not to save the right-eous Je - sus came.
sin a - tone; It was not to save the right-eous Je - sus came.
Chorus.
It was not to save the righteous Je - sus came, But a
save the right - eous Je - sus came,
world of re - bel sin-ners to re-claim; Let the whole.... world sing
sin - ners to re-claim; Let the whole

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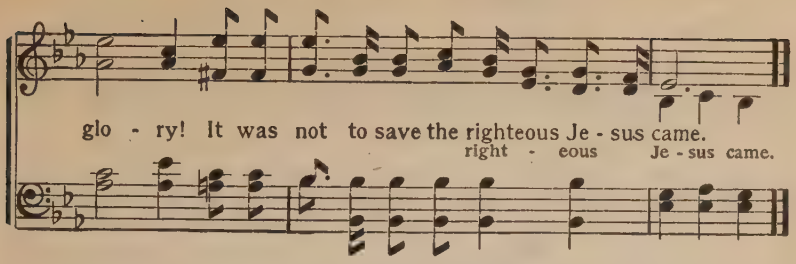
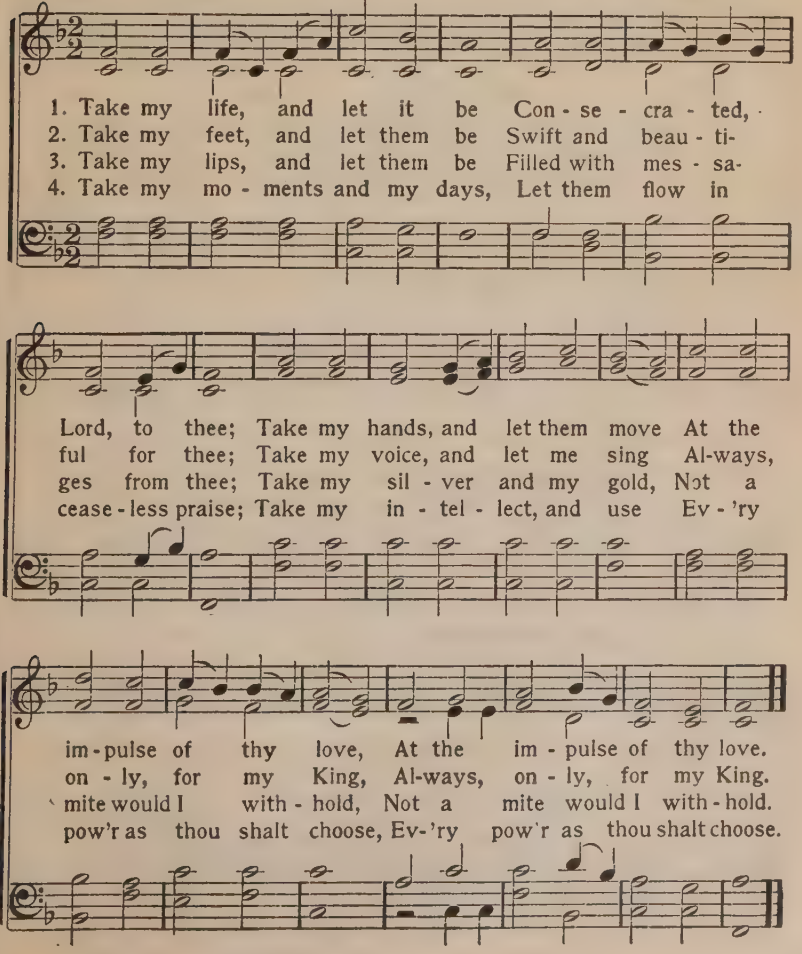
Not to Save the Righteous.



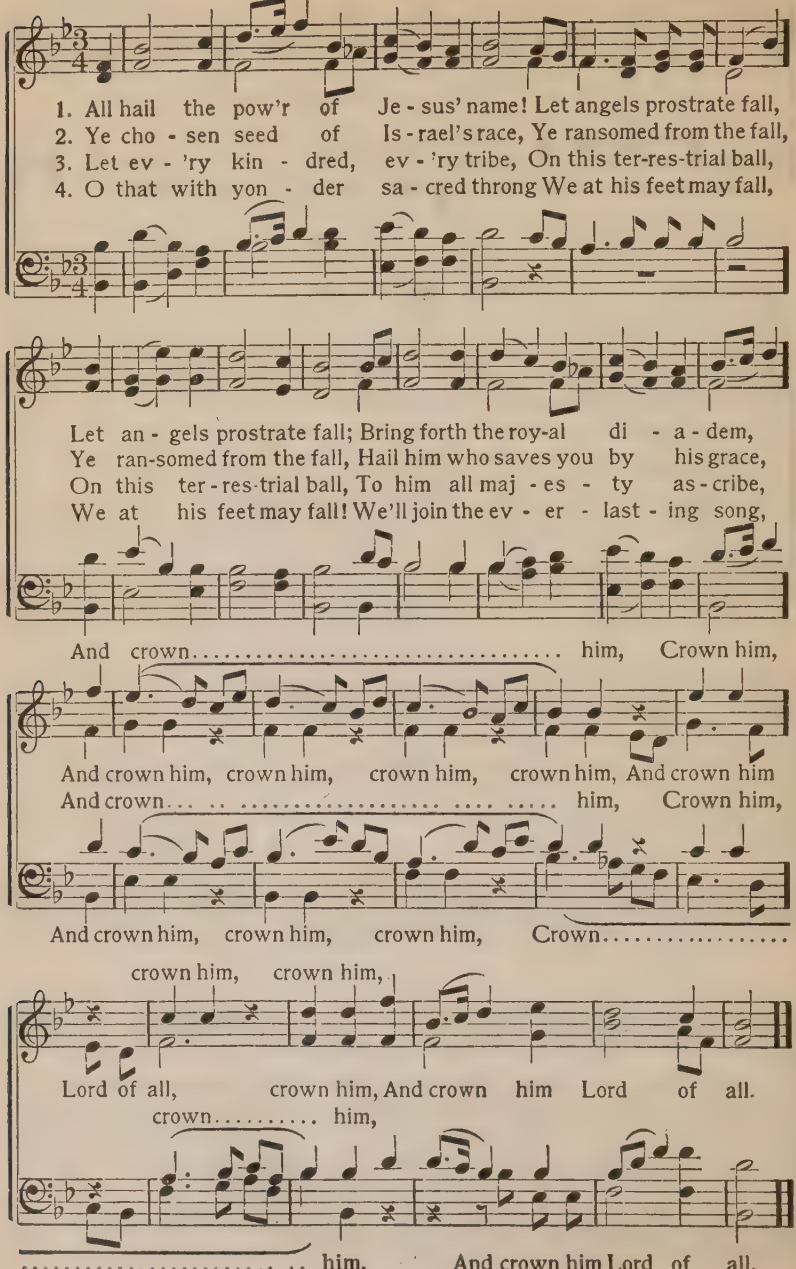
506 (163) Take My Life.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. H. C. MALAN.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted,
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti-
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa-
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in
Lord, to thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the
ful for thee; Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways,
ges from thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a
cease - less praise; Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry
im - pulse of thy love, At the im - pulse of thy love.
on - ly, for my King, Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
pow'r as thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

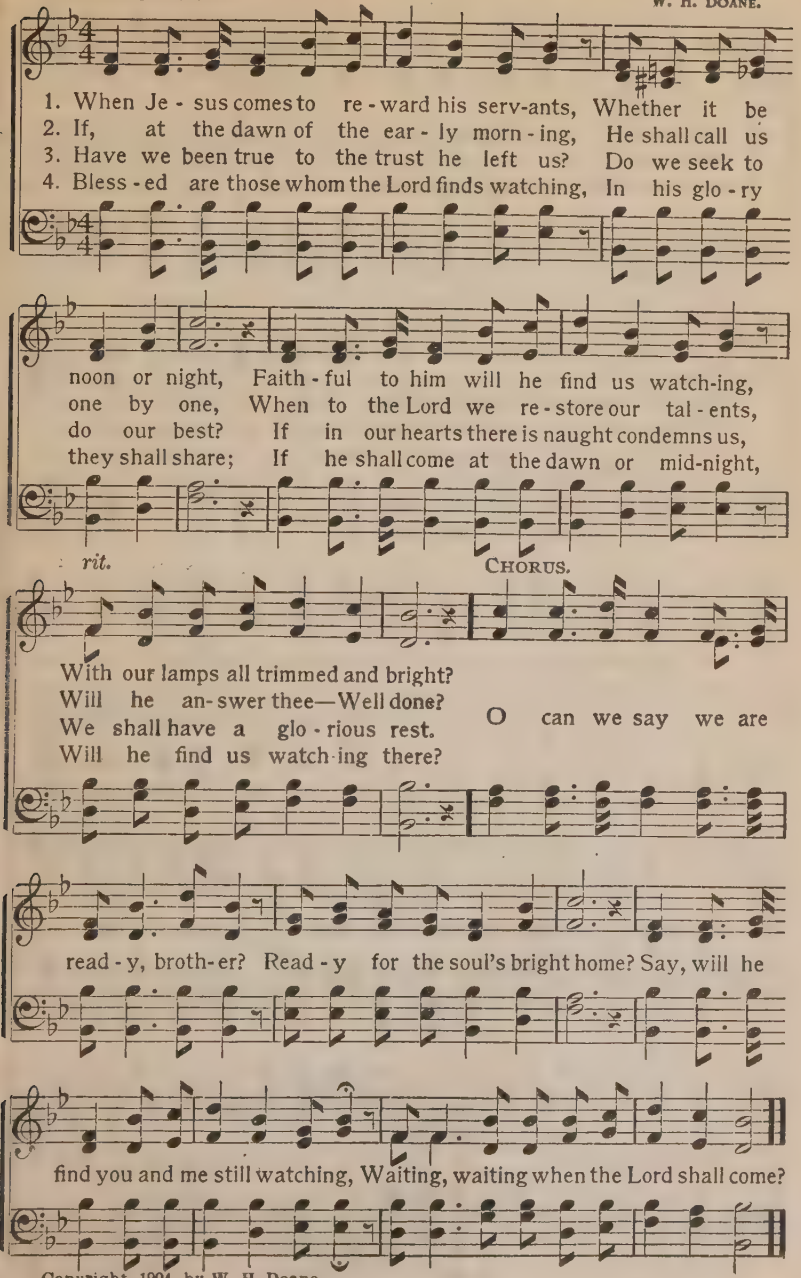
507 (164) All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET. Welsh Tune "DIADEM."


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall,
Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace,
On this ter - res-trial ball, To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at his feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,
And crown..... him, Crown him,
And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, And crown him
And crown..... him, Crown him,
And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown.....
crown him, crown him,
Lord of all, crown him, And crown him Lord of all.
crown..... him,
..... him, And crown him Lord of all.

508 (165) Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward his serv-ants, Whether it be
2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In his glo - ry
noon or night, Faith - ful to him will he find us watch-ing,
one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
they shall share; If he shall come at the dawn or mid-night,
rit.
CHORUS.
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will he an - swer thee—Well done?
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will he find us watch-ing there?
O can we say we are
read - y, broth-er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will he
find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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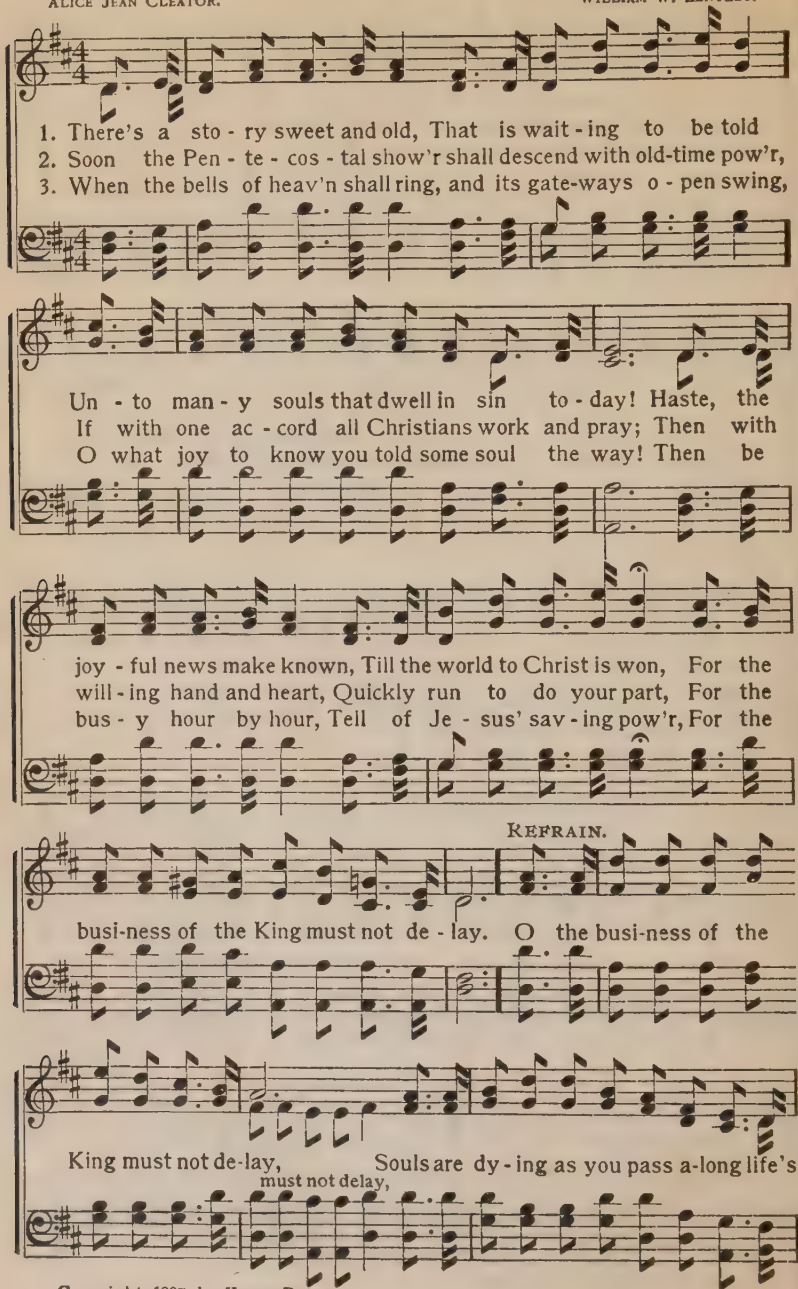
509 (166) The Business of the King.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

1. There's a sto - ry sweet and old, That is wait - ing to be told
2. Soon the Pen - te - cos - tal show'r shall descend with old-time pow'r,
3. When the bells of heav'n shall ring, and its gate-ways o - pen swing,
Un - to man - y souls that dwell in sin to - day! Haste, the
If with one ac - cord all Christians work and pray; Then with
O what joy to know you told some soul the way! Then be
joy - ful news make known, Till the world to Christ is won, For the
will - ing hand and heart, Quickly run to do your part, For the
bus - y hour by hour, Tell of Je - sus' sav - ing pow'r, For the
REFRAIN.
busi-ness of the King must not de - lay. O the busi-ness of the
King must not de-lay, Souls are dy - ing as you pass a-long life's
must not delay,

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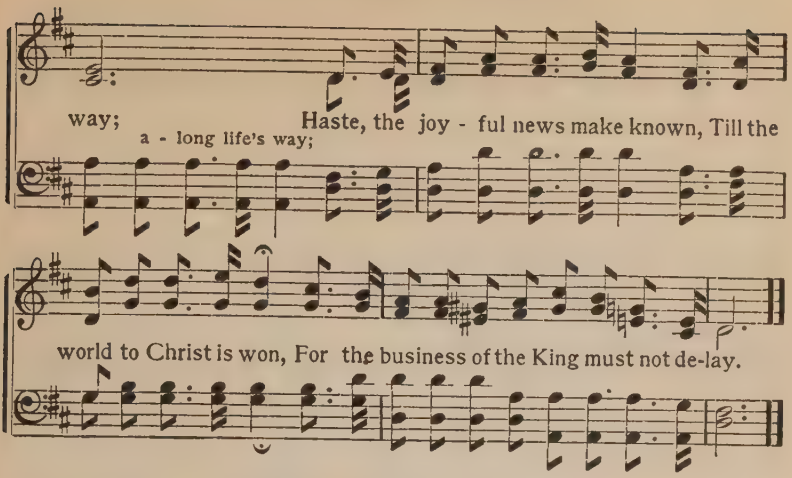
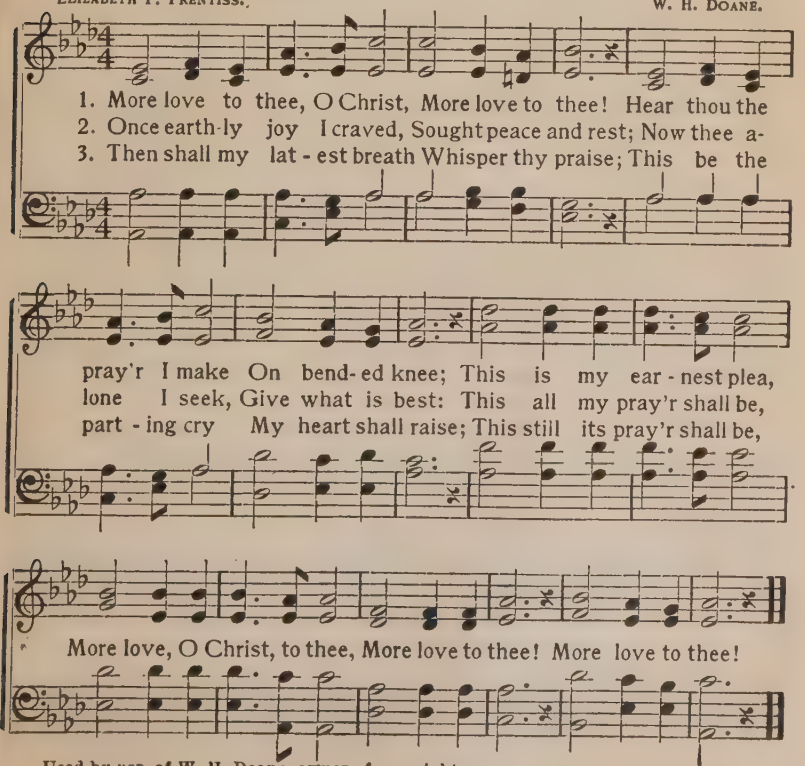
The Business of the King.


way; Haste, the joy - ful news make known, Till the
a - long life's way;
world to Christ is won, For the business of the King must not de-lay.

510 (167) More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.


1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! Hear thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whisper thy praise; This be the
pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

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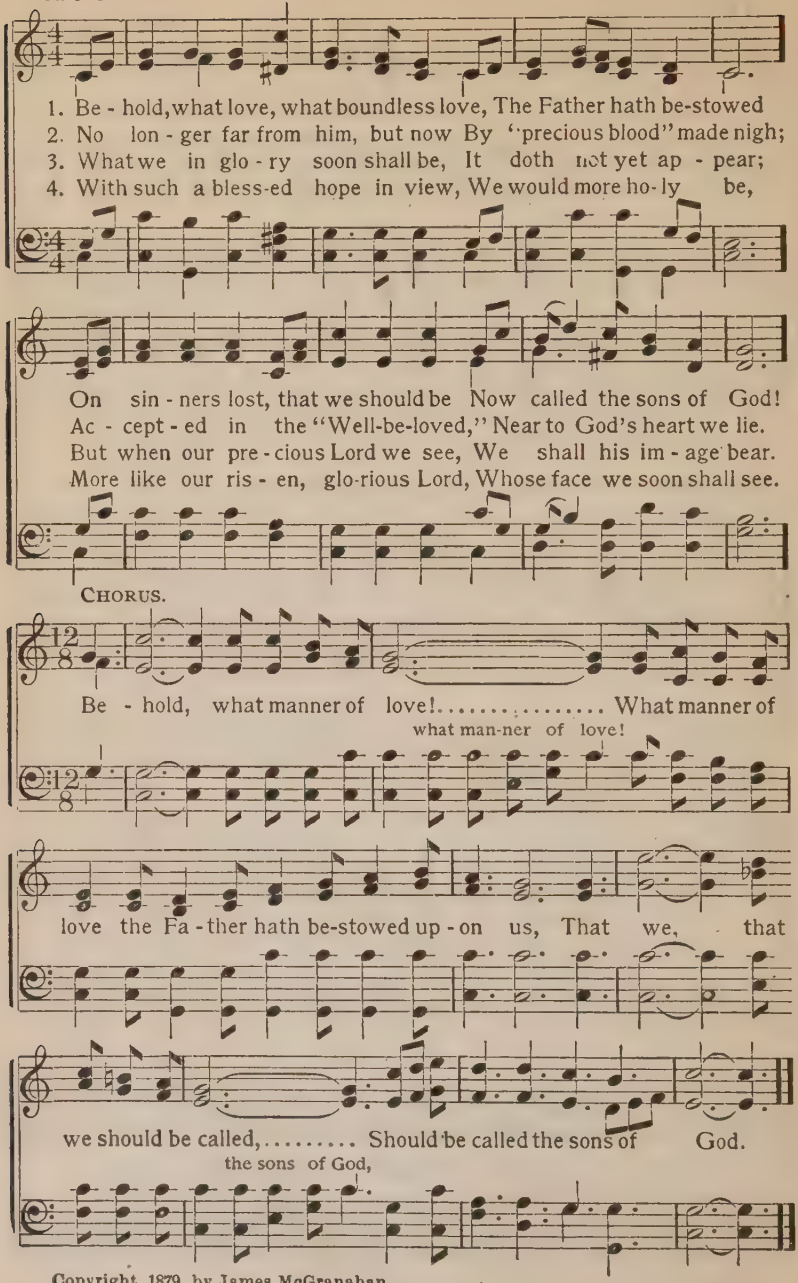
511 (168) Behold, What Love.

M. S S

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Be - hold, what love, what boundless love, The Father hath be-stowed
2. No lon - ger far from him, but now By "precious blood" made nigh;
3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap - pear;
4. With such a bless-ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be,
On sin - ners lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!
Ac - cept - ed in the "Well-be-loved," Near to God's heart we lie.
But when our pre - cious Lord we see, We shall his im - age bear.
More like our ris - en, glo-rious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.
CHORUS.
Be - hold, what manner of love!..... What manner of
what man-ner of love!
love the Fa - ther hath be-stowed up - on us, That we, that
we should be called,..... Should be called the sons of God.
the sons of God,

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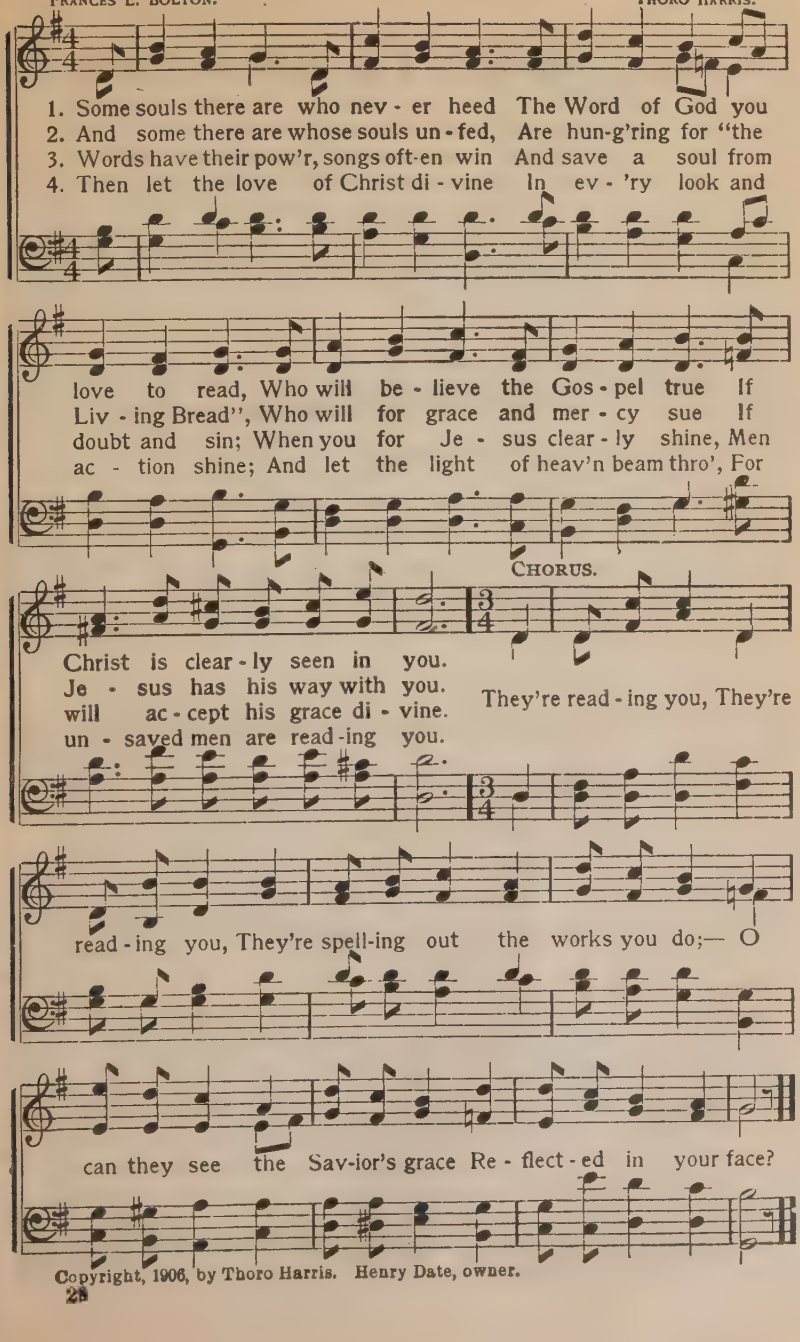
512 (169) They are Reading You.

FRANCES E. BOLTON. THORO HARRIS.


1. Some souls there are who nev - er heed The Word of God you
2. And some there are whose souls un - fed, Are hun-g'ring for "the
3. Words have their pow'r, songs oft-en win And save a soul from
4. Then let the love of Christ di - vine In ev - 'ry look and
love to read, Who will be - lieve the Gos - pel true If
Liv - ing Bread", Who will for grace and mer - cy sue If
doubt and sin; When you for Je - sus clear - ly shine, Men
ac - tion shine; And let the light of heav'n beam thro', For
CHORUS.
Christ is clear - ly seen in you.
Je - sus has his way with you.
will ac - cept his grace di - vine.
un - saved men are read - ing you.
They're read - ing you, They're
read - ing you, They're spell-ing out the works you do;— O
can they see the Sav-ior's grace Re - flect - ed in your face?

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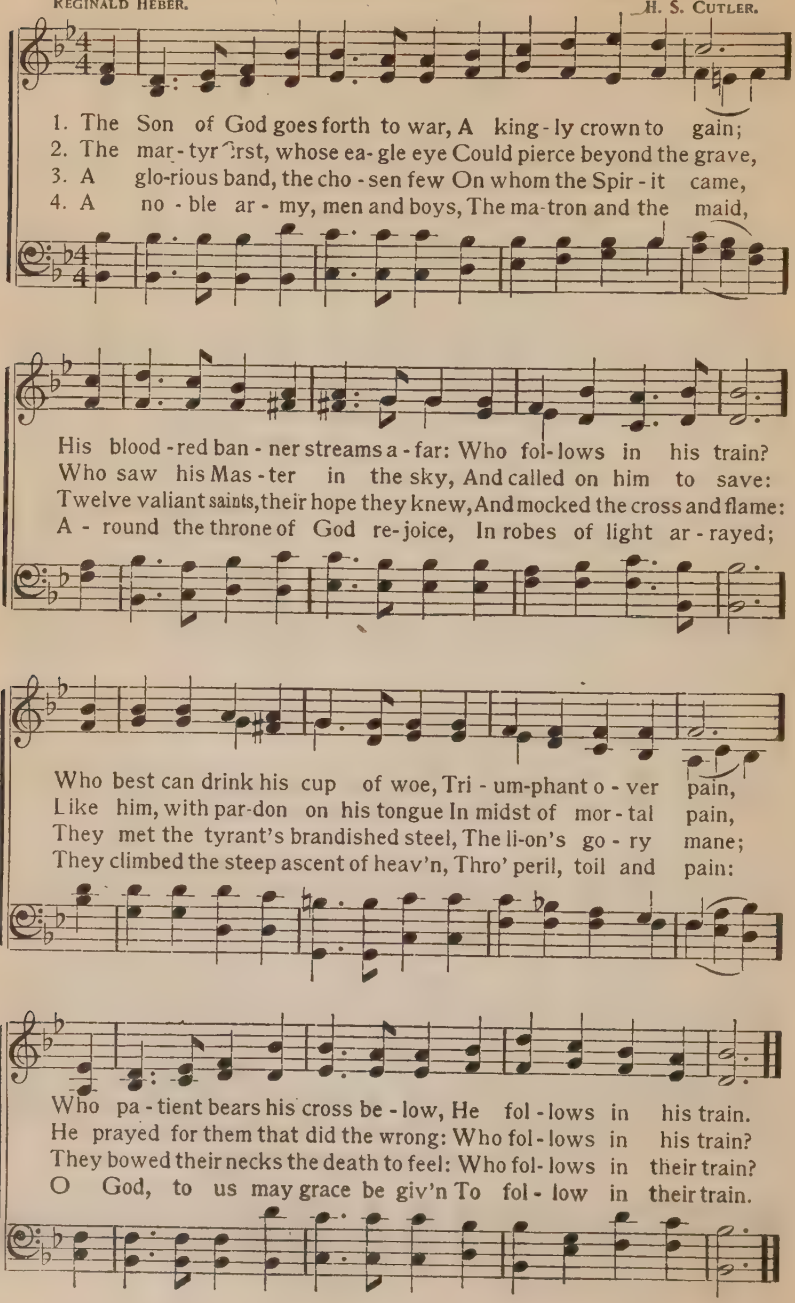
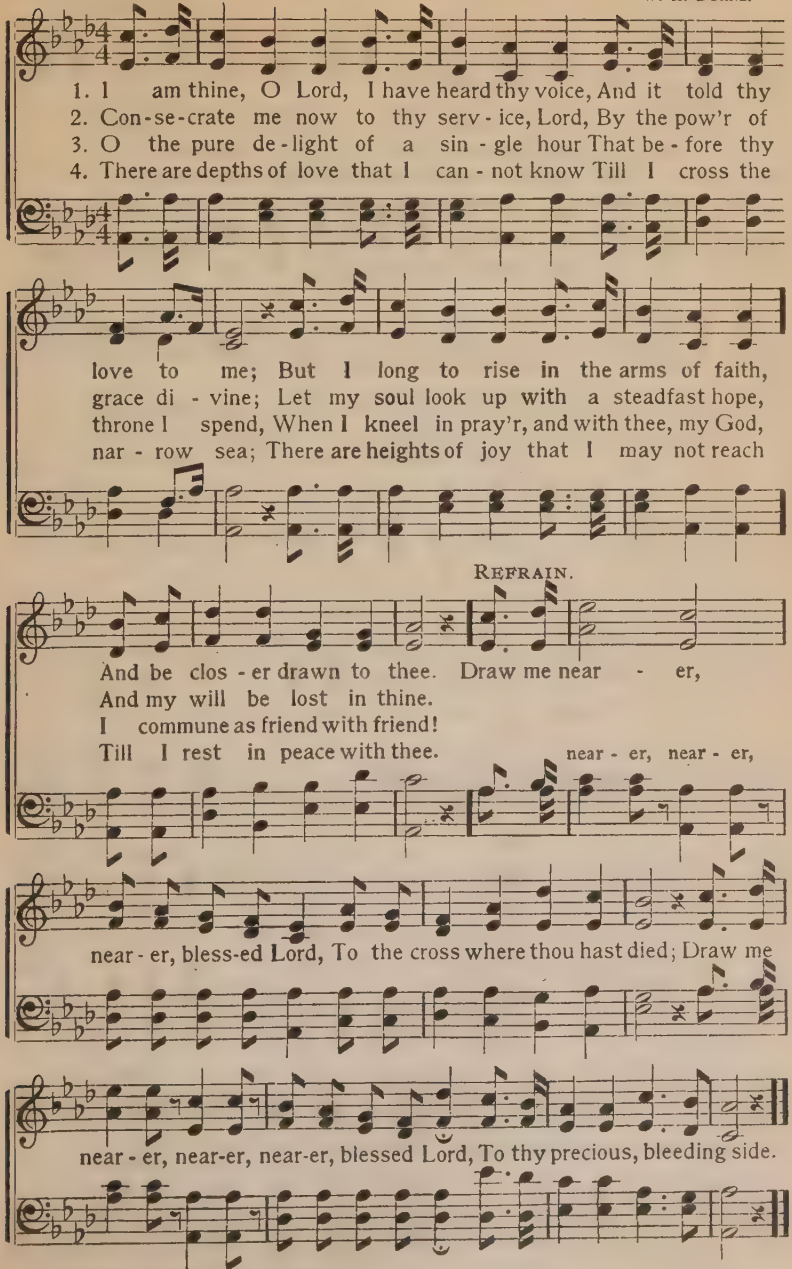
513 (170) The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. H. S. CUTLER.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came,
4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in his train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on him to save:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A-round the throne of God re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed;
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,
Like him, with par-don on his tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,
They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane;
They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n, Thro' peril, toil and pain:
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in his train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

514 (171) Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God,
nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach
REFRAIN.
And be clos-er drawn to thee. Draw me near -er,
And my will be lost in thine.
I commune as friend with friend!
Till I rest in peace with thee.
near-er, near-er,
near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died; Draw me
near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.

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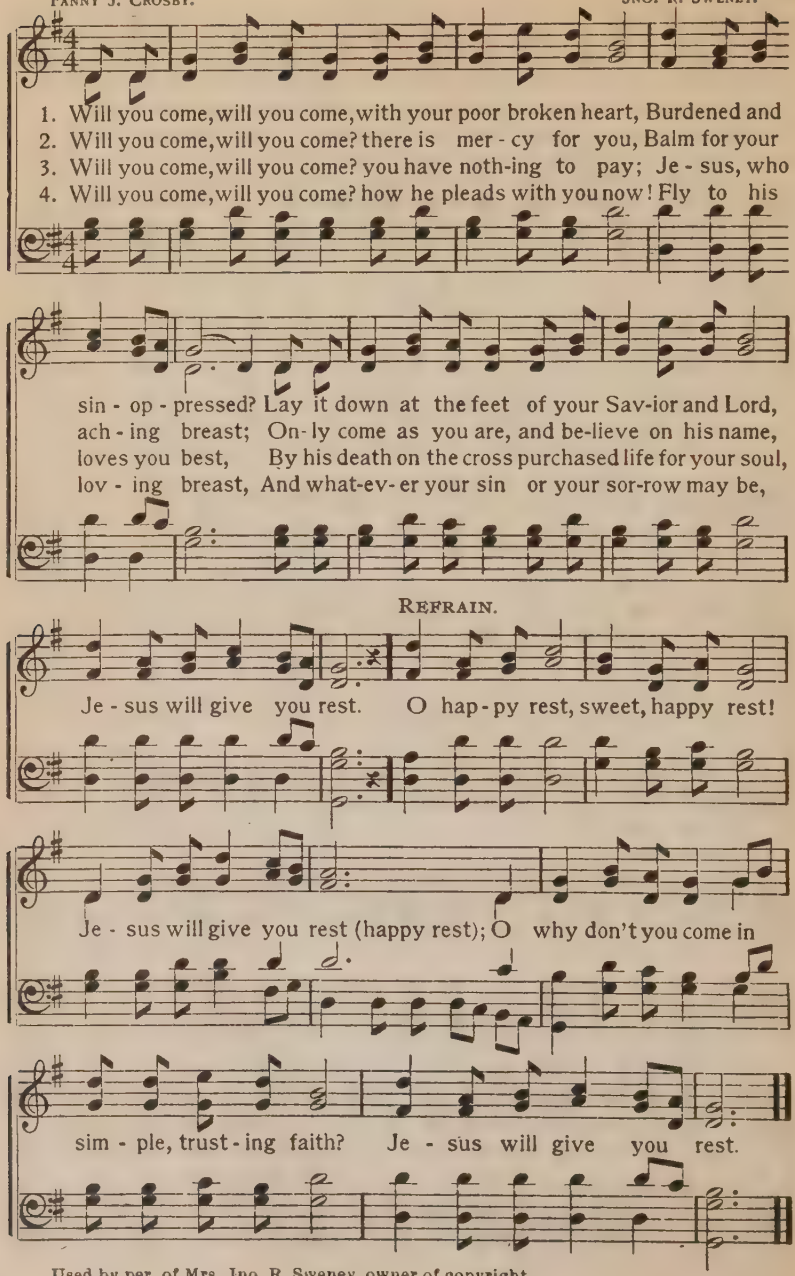
515 (172) Jesus Will Give You Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burdened and
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your
3. Will you come, will you come? you have noth-ing to pay; Je - sus, who
4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his
sin - op - pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-ior and Lord,
ach - ing breast; On-ly come as you are, and be-lieve on his name,
loves you best, By his death on the cross purchased life for your soul,
lov - ing breast, And what-ev-er your sin or your sor-row may be,
REFRAIN.
Je - sus will give you rest. O hap - py rest, sweet, happy rest!
Je - sus will give you rest (happy rest); O why don't you come in
sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

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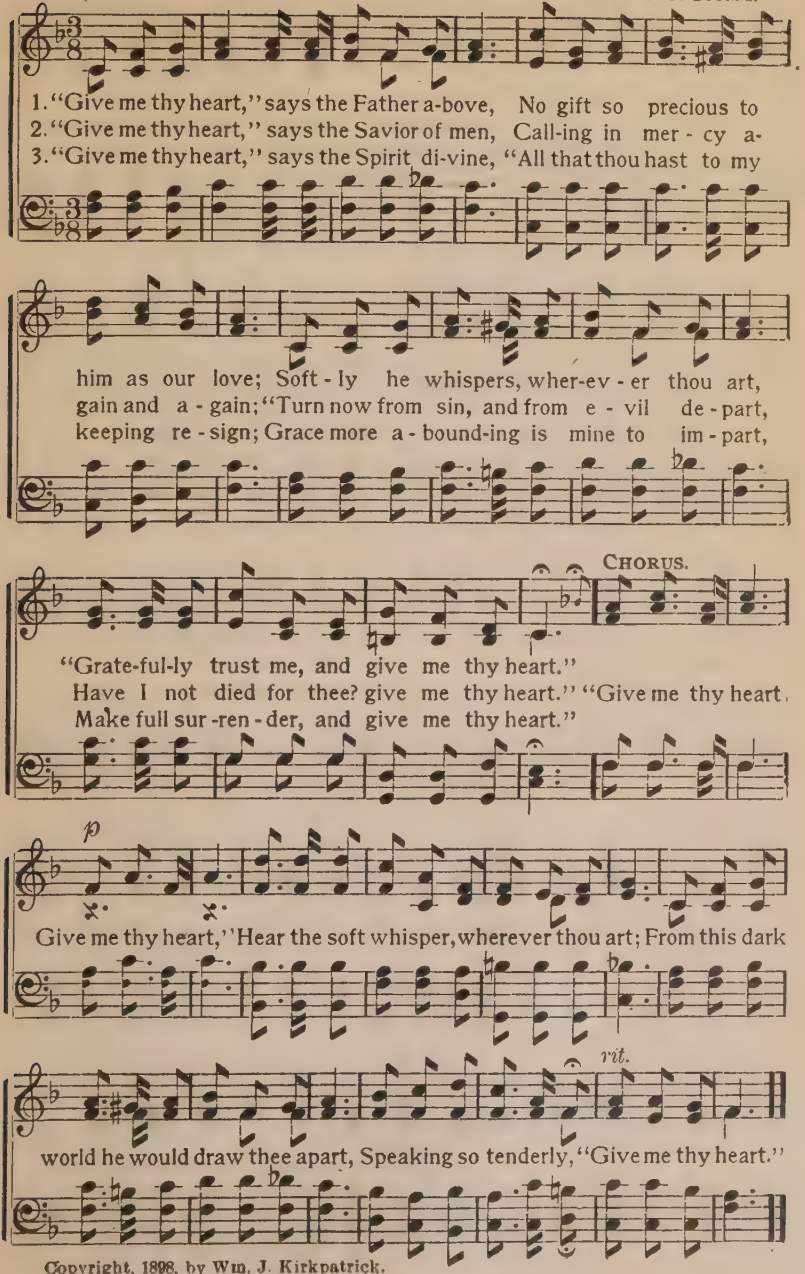
516 (173) Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. HEWITT. ANNIE F. BOURNE.


1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a-bove, No gift so precious to
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Savior of men, Call-ing in mer - cy a-
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di-vine, "All that thou hast to my
him as our love; Soft - ly he whispers, wher-ev - er thou art,
gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
keeping re - sign; Grace more a - bound-ing is mine to im - part,
CHORUS.
"Grate-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." "Give me thy heart,
Make full sur-ren - der, and give me thy heart."
p
Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wherever thou art; From this dark
rit.
world he would draw thee apart, Speaking so tenderly, "Give me thy heart."

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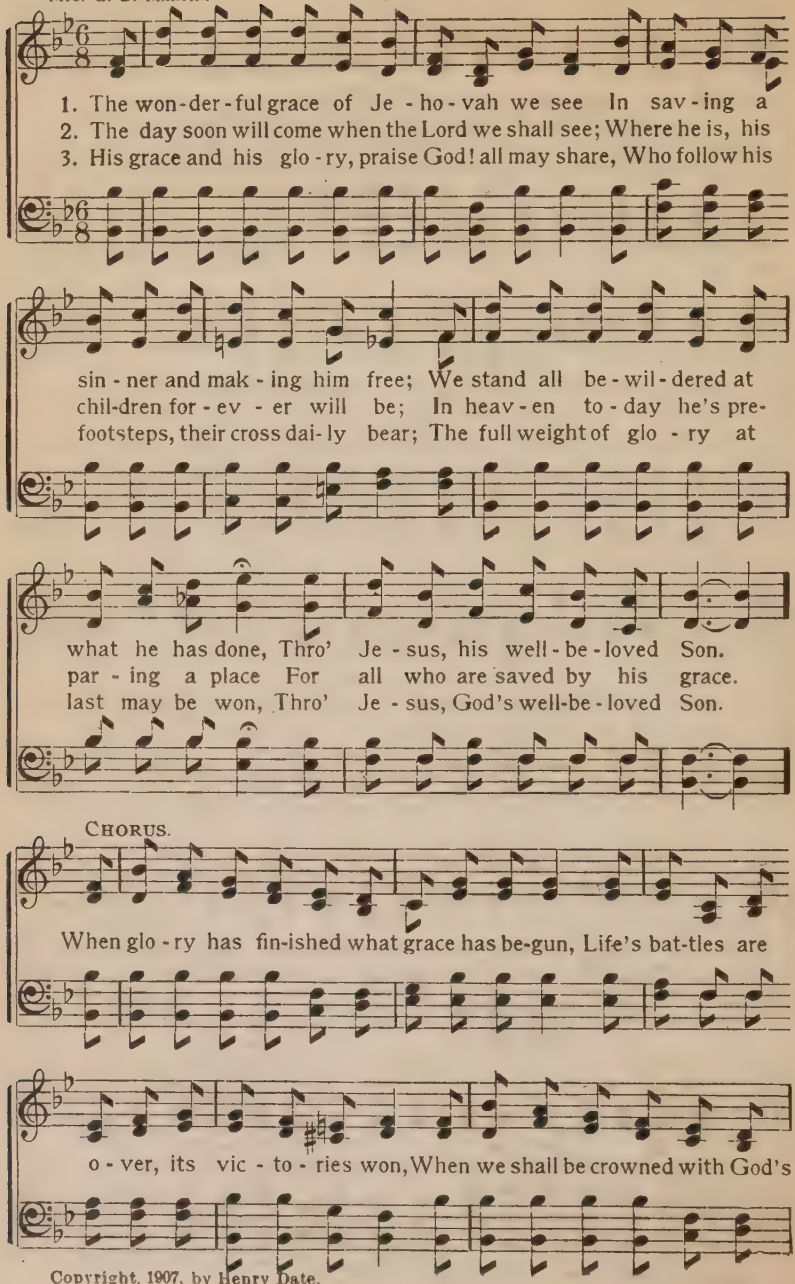
517 (174) Grace and Glory.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. The won-der-ful grace of Je-ho-vah we see In sav-ing a
2. The day soon will come when the Lord we shall see; Where he is, his
3. His grace and his glo-ry, praise God! all may share, Who follow his
sin-ner and mak-ing him free; We stand all be-wil-dered at
chil-dren for-ev-er will be; In heav-en to-day he's pre-
footsteps, their cross dai-ly bear; The full weight of glo-ry at
what he has done, Thro' Je-sus, his well-be-loved Son.
par-ing a place For all who are saved by his grace.
last may be won, Thro' Je-sus, God's well-be-loved Son.
Chorus.
When glo-ry has fin-ished what grace has be-gun, Life's bat-tles are
o-ver, its vic-to-ries won, When we shall be crowned with God's

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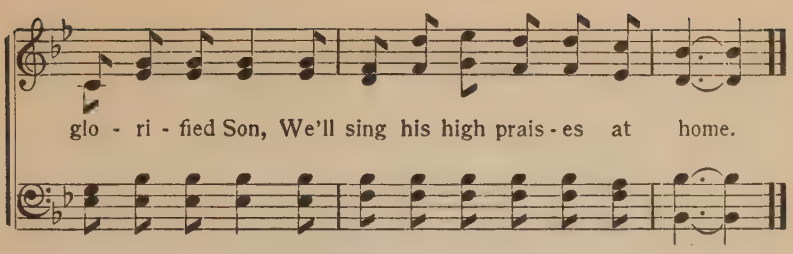
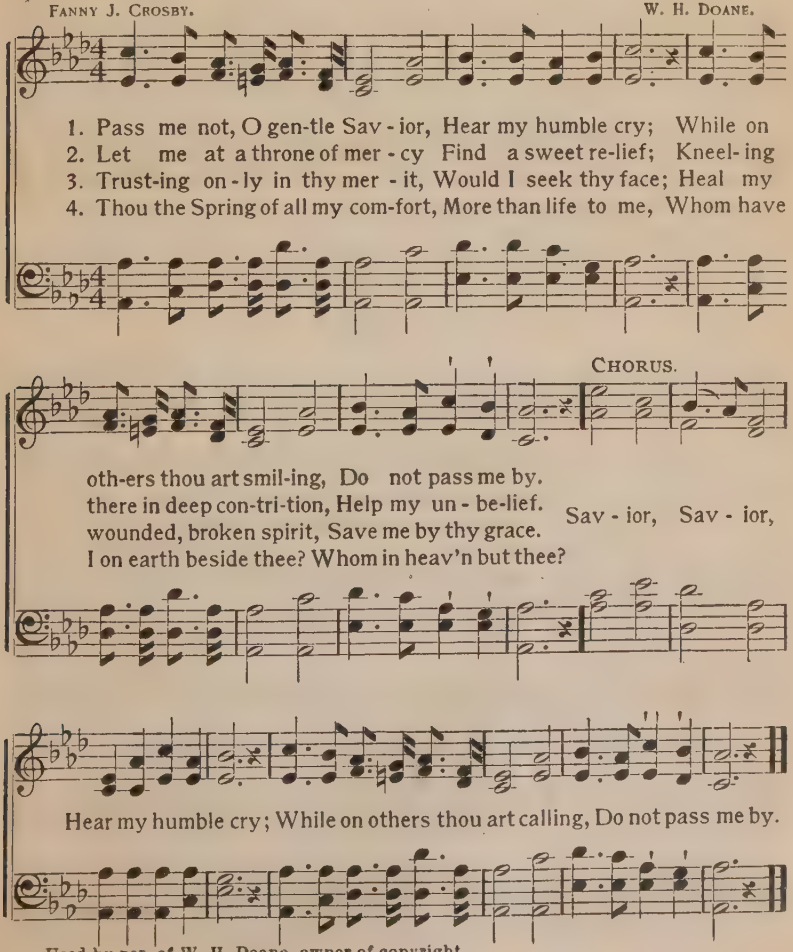


518 (175) Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - ior, Hear my humble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have
CHORUS.
oth-ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un - be-lief.
wounded, broken spirit, Save me by thy grace.
I on earth beside thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?
Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
Hear my humble cry; While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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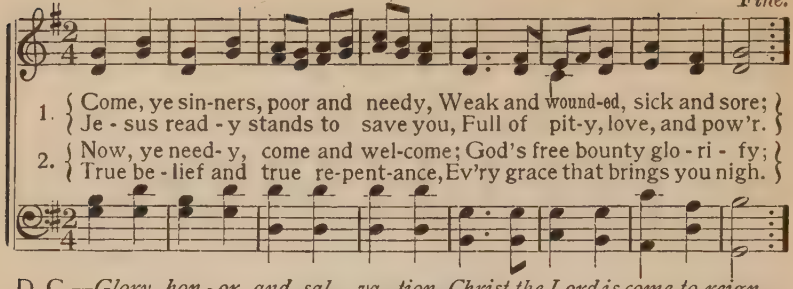
519 (176) Come, Ye Sinners.

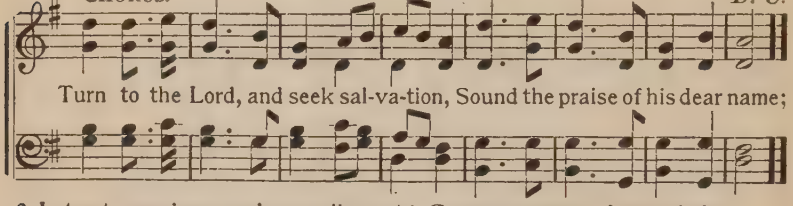
J. HART. J. INGALLS.

Fine.


1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and needy, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r.
2. Now, ye need- y, come and wel-come; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
True be - lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

D. C.—*Glory, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.*

CHORUS. *D. C.*

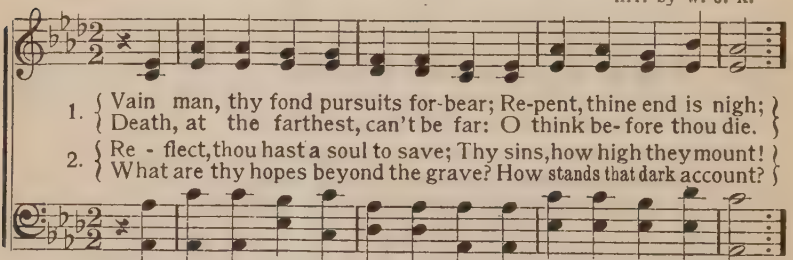


3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.

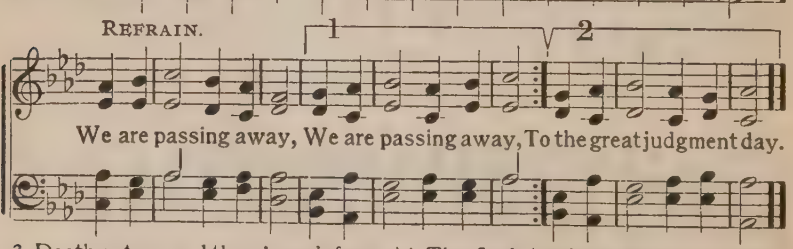
4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

520 (177) We are Passing Away.

J. HART. Arr. by W. J. K.


1. Vain man, thy fond pursuits for-bear; Re-pent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far: O think be- fore thou die.
2. Re - flect, thou hast a soul to save; Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave? How stands that dark account?

REFRAIN.



3 Death enters, and there's no defence,
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

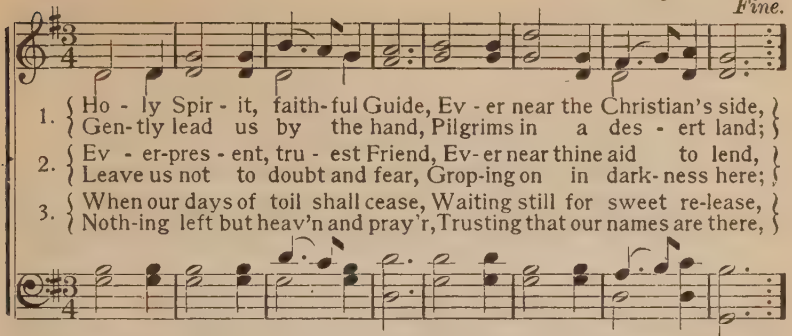
4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction ends not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

Used by per.

521 (178) Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

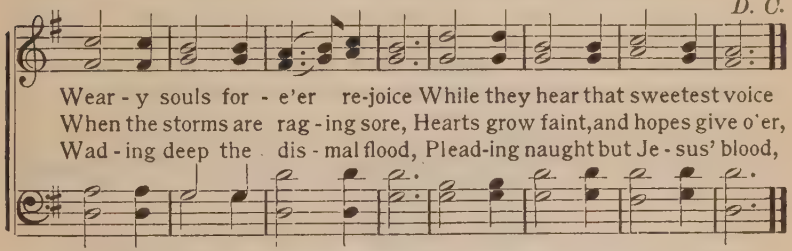
M. M. W. MARCUS M. WELLS.

Fine.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land;
2. Ev - er-pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness here;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease,
Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Trusting that our names are there,

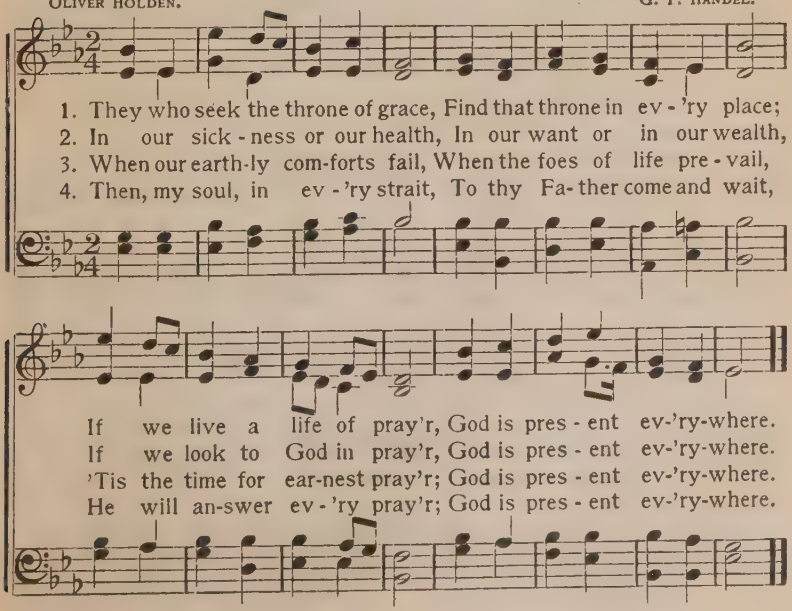
D. C.—*Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."*

D. C.


Wear - y souls for - e'er re-joice While they hear that sweetest voice
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

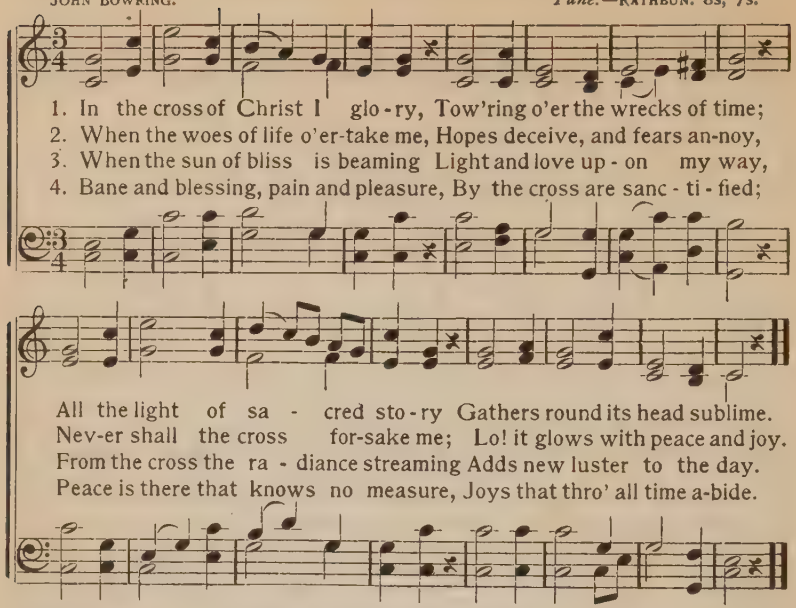
522 (179) God is Present Everywhere.

OLIVER HOLDEN. G. F. HANDEL.


1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev - 'ry place;
2. In our sick - ness or our health, In our want or in our wealth,
3. When our earth-ly com-forts fail, When the foes of life pre - vail,
4. Then, my soul, in ev - 'ry strait, To thy Fa-ther come and wait,
If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres - ent ev-'ry-where.
If we look to God in pray'r, God is pres - ent ev-'ry-where.
'Tis the time for ear-nest pray'r; God is pres - ent ev-'ry-where.
He will an-swer ev - 'ry pray'r; God is pres - ent ev-'ry-where.

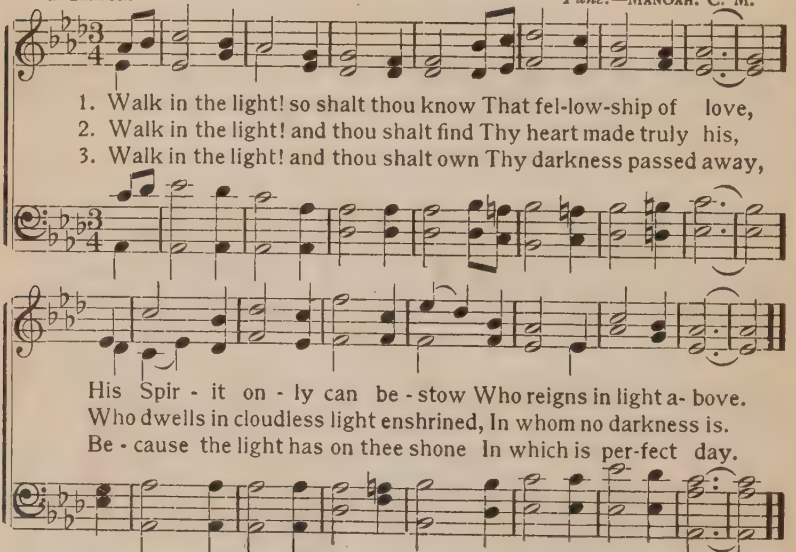
523 (180) In the Cross of Christ.

JOHN BOWRING. *Tune:*—RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new luster to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

524 (181) Walk In the Light.

B. BARTON. *Tune:*—MANOAH. C. M.

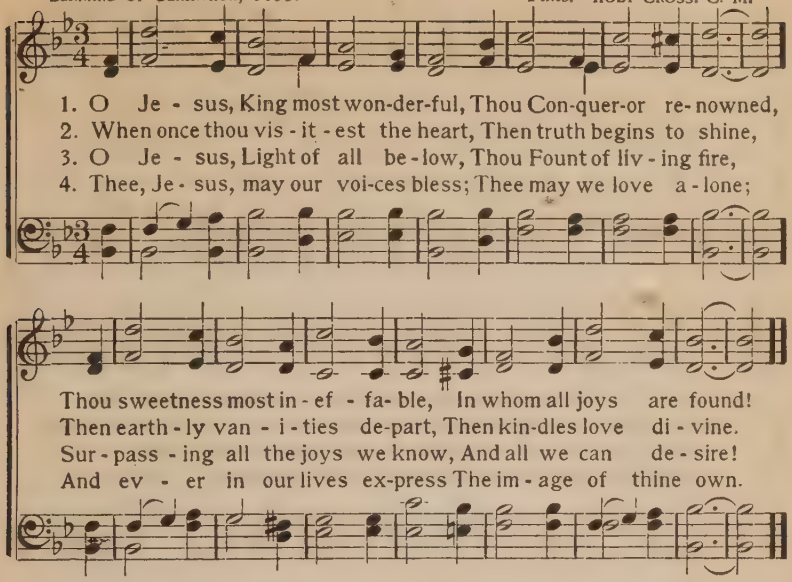

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly his,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away,
His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a- bove.
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.
Be - cause the light has on thee shone In which is per-fect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

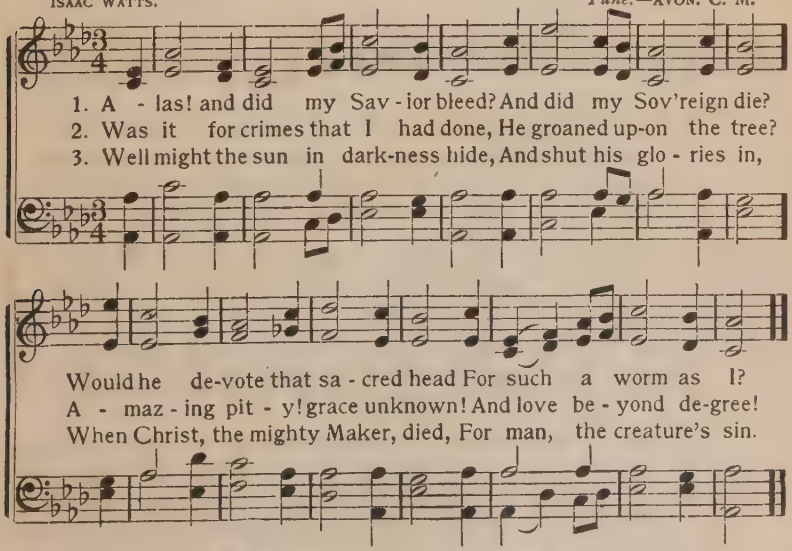
525 (182) O Jesus, King.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1153. *Tune:*—HOLY CROSS. C. M.


1. O Je - sus, King most won-der-ful, Thou Con-quer-or re- nowned,
2. When once thou vis - it - est the heart, Then truth begins to shine,
3. O Je - sus, Light of all be - low, Thou Fount of liv - ing fire,
4. Thee, Je - sus, may our voi-ces bless; Thee may we love a - lone;
Thou sweetness most in - ef - fa- ble, In whom all joys are found!
Then earth - ly van - i - ties de-part, Then kin-dles love di - vine.
Sur - pass - ing all the joys we know, And all we can de - sire!
And ev - er in our lives ex-press The im - age of thine own.

526 (183) Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed.

ISAAC WATTS. *Tune:*—AVON. C. M.

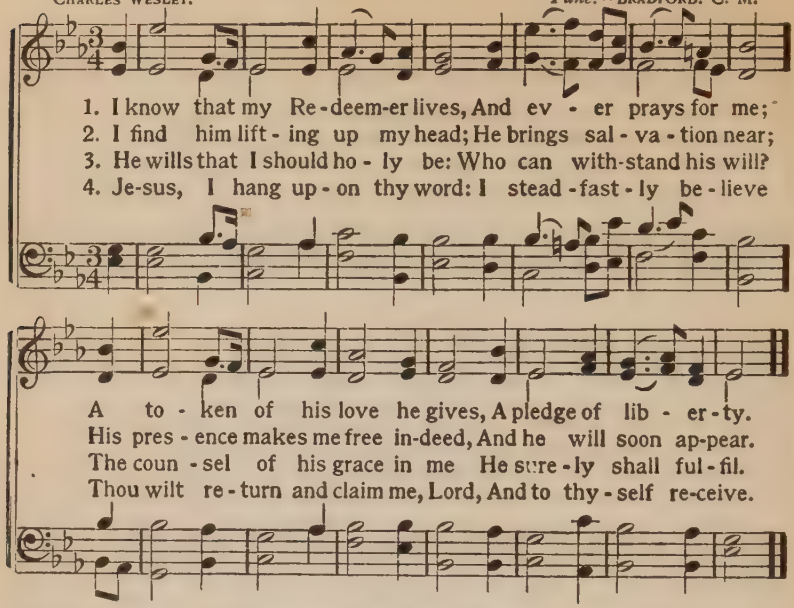

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de-gree!
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died, For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

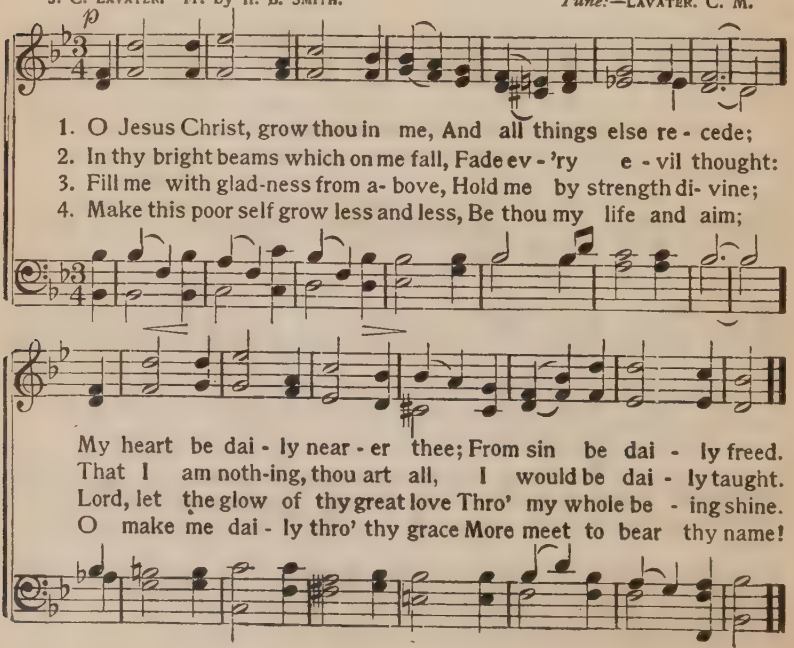
527 (184) I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Tune:*—BRADFORD. C. M.


1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near;
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: Who can with-stand his will?
4. Je-sus, I hang up - on thy word: I stead - fast - ly be - lieve
A to - ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in-deed, And he will soon ap-pear.
The coun - sel of his grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fil.
Thou wilt re - turn and claim me, Lord, And to thy - self re-ceive.

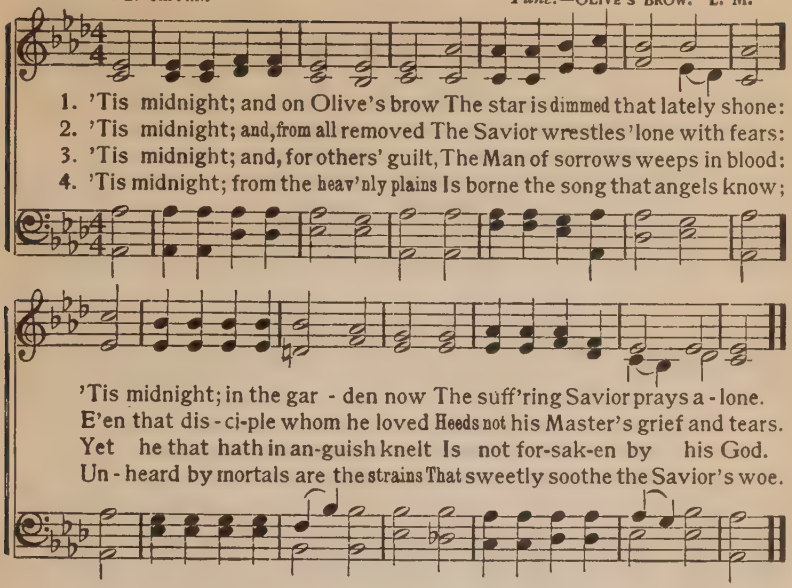
528 (185) Grow Thou in Me.

J. C. LAVATER. Tr. by H. B. SMITH. *Tune:*—LAVATER. C. M.


1. O Jesus Christ, grow thou in me, And all things else re - cede;
2. In thy bright beams which on me fall, Fade ev - 'ry e - vil thought:
3. Fill me with glad-ness from a- bove, Hold me by strength di- vine;
4. Make this poor self grow less and less, Be thou my life and aim;
My heart be dai - ly near - er thee; From sin be dai - ly freed.
That I am noth-ing, thou art all, I would be dai - ly taught.
Lord, let the glow of thy great love Thro' my whole be - ing shine.
O make me dai - ly thro' thy grace More meet to bear thy name!

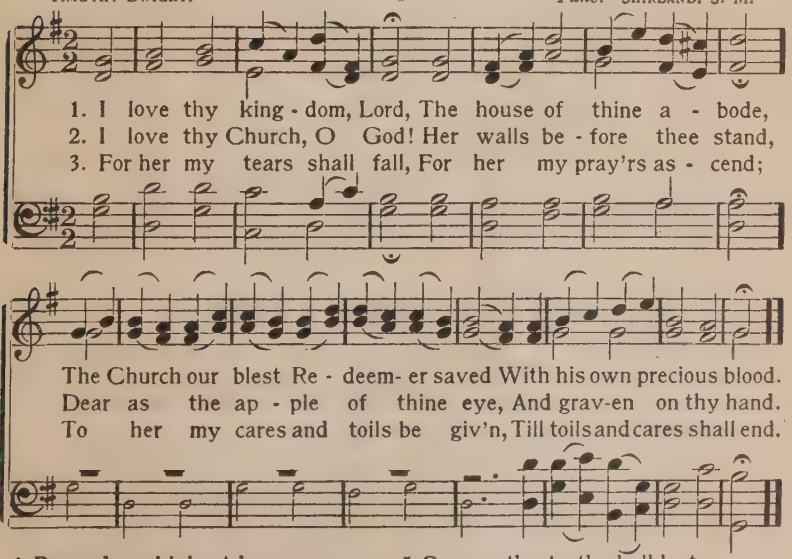
529 (186) 'Tis Midnight.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN. *Tune:*—OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone:
2. 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed The Savior wrestles 'lone with fears:
3. 'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt, The Man of sorrows weeps in blood:
4. 'Tis midnight; from the heav'nly plains Is borne the song that angels know;
'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Savior prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci-ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet he that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by his God.
Un - heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

530 (187) I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. *Tune:*—SHIRLAND. S. M.

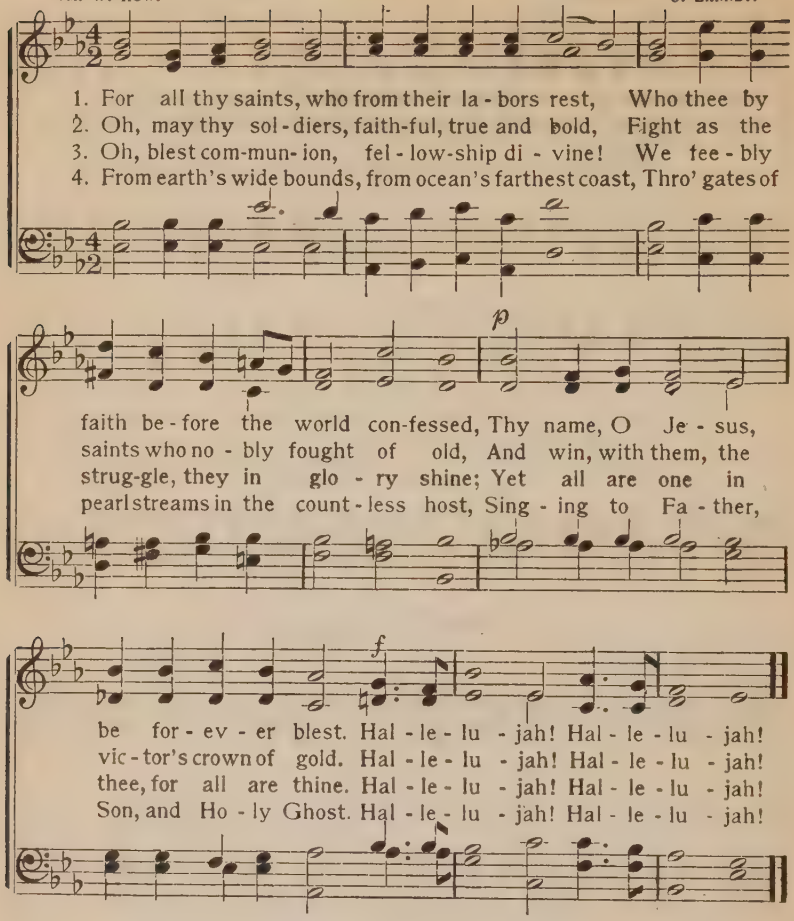

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,
2. I love thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;
The Church our blest Re - deem- er saved With his own precious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav-en on thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

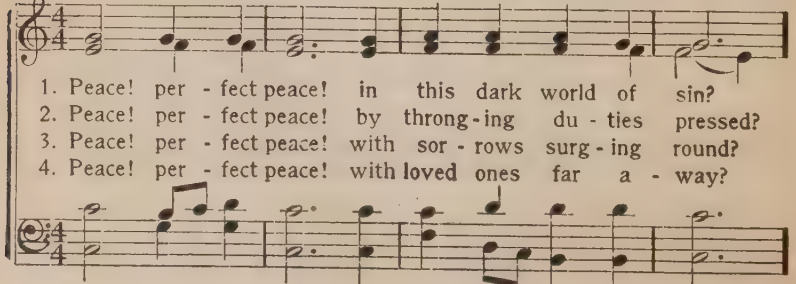
531 (188) The Army of God.

Wm. W. How. J. Barnby.

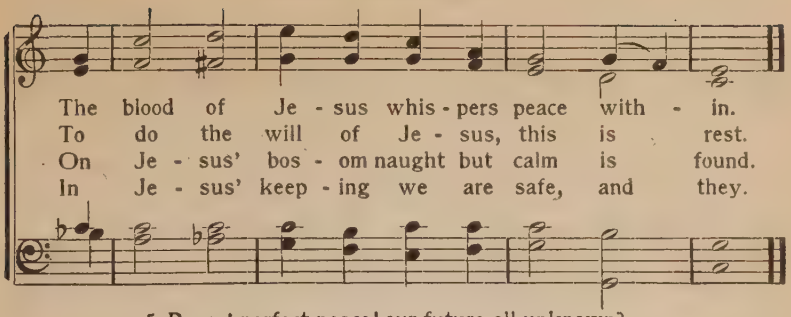

1. For all thy saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who thee by
2. Oh, may thy sol - diers, faith-ful, true and bold, Fight as the
3. Oh, blest com-mun-ion, fel - low-ship di - vine! We tee - bly
4. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, Thro' gates of
p
faith be - fore the world con-fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus,
saints who no - bly fought of old, And win, with them, the
strug-gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in
pearl streams in the count - less host, Sing - ing to Fa - ther,
f
be for - ev - er blest. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
vic - tor's crown of gold. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
thee, for all are thine. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

532 (189) Peace! Perfect Peace!

E. H. Bickersteth. *Tune:*—Pax Tecum. 10s.


1. Peace! per - fect peace! in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace! per - fect peace! by throng - ing du - ties pressed?
3. Peace! per - fect peace! with sor - rows surg - ing round?
4. Peace! per - fect peace! with loved ones far a - way?

Peace! Perfect Peace!


The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
On Je - sus' bos - om naught but calm is found.
In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe, and they.

5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

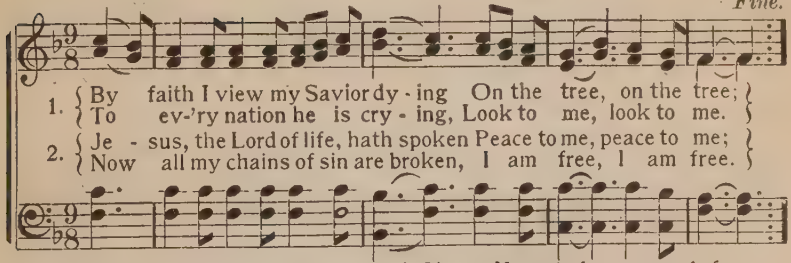
6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

533 (190) Mercy's Free.

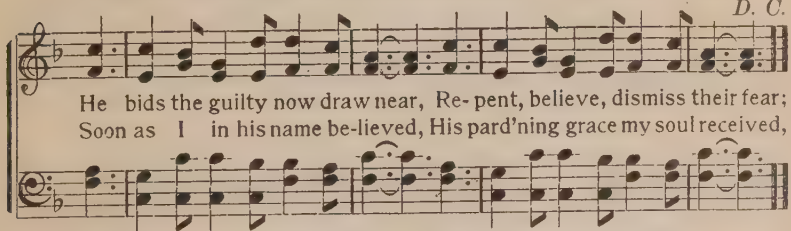
RICHARD JUKES. D. F. AUBER.

Fine.


1. By faith I view my Savior dy - ing On the tree, on the tree;
To ev-'ry nation he is cry - ing, Look to me, look to me.
2. Je - sus, the Lord of life, hath spoken Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken, I am free, I am free.

D. C.—Hark, hark! what precious words I hear: Mercy's free, mer-cy's free.
D. C.—And was from sin and death retrieved: Mercy's free, mercy's free.

D. C.

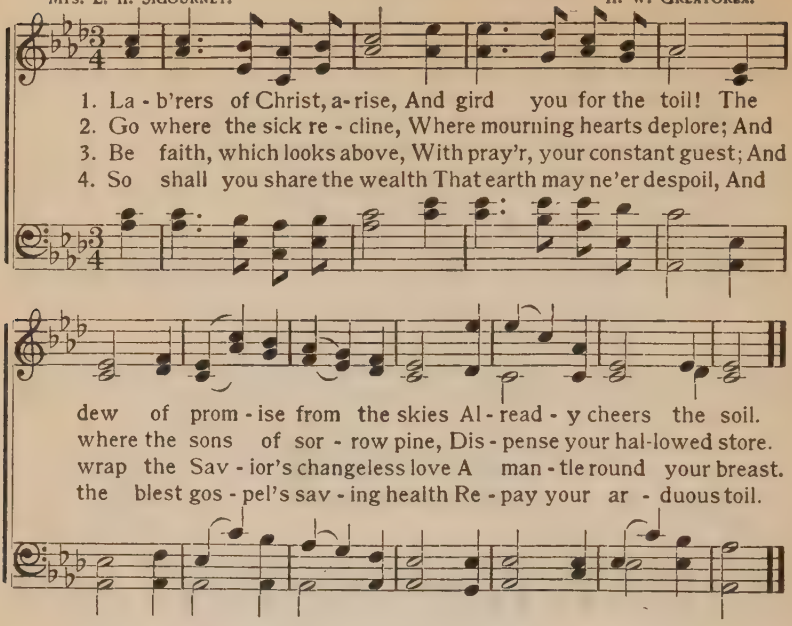

He bids the guilty now draw near, Re- pent, believe, dismiss their fear;
Soon as I in his name be-lieved, His pard'ning grace my soul received,

3 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
Ye ministers of God, declare it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

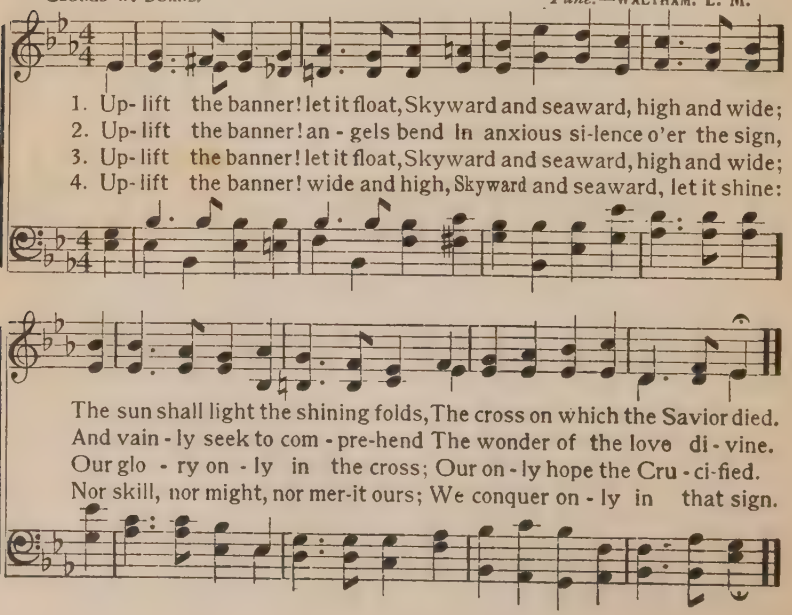
534 (191) Laborers of Christ, Arise.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. H. W. GREATOREX.


1. La - b'rers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil! The
2. Go where the sick re - cline, Where mourning hearts deplore; And
3. Be faith, which looks above, With pray'r, your constant guest; And
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er despoil, And
dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.
where the sons of sor - row pine, Dis - pense your hal-lowed store.
wrap the Sav - ior's changeless love A man - tle round your breast.
the blest gos - pel's sav - ing health Re - pay your ar - duous toil.

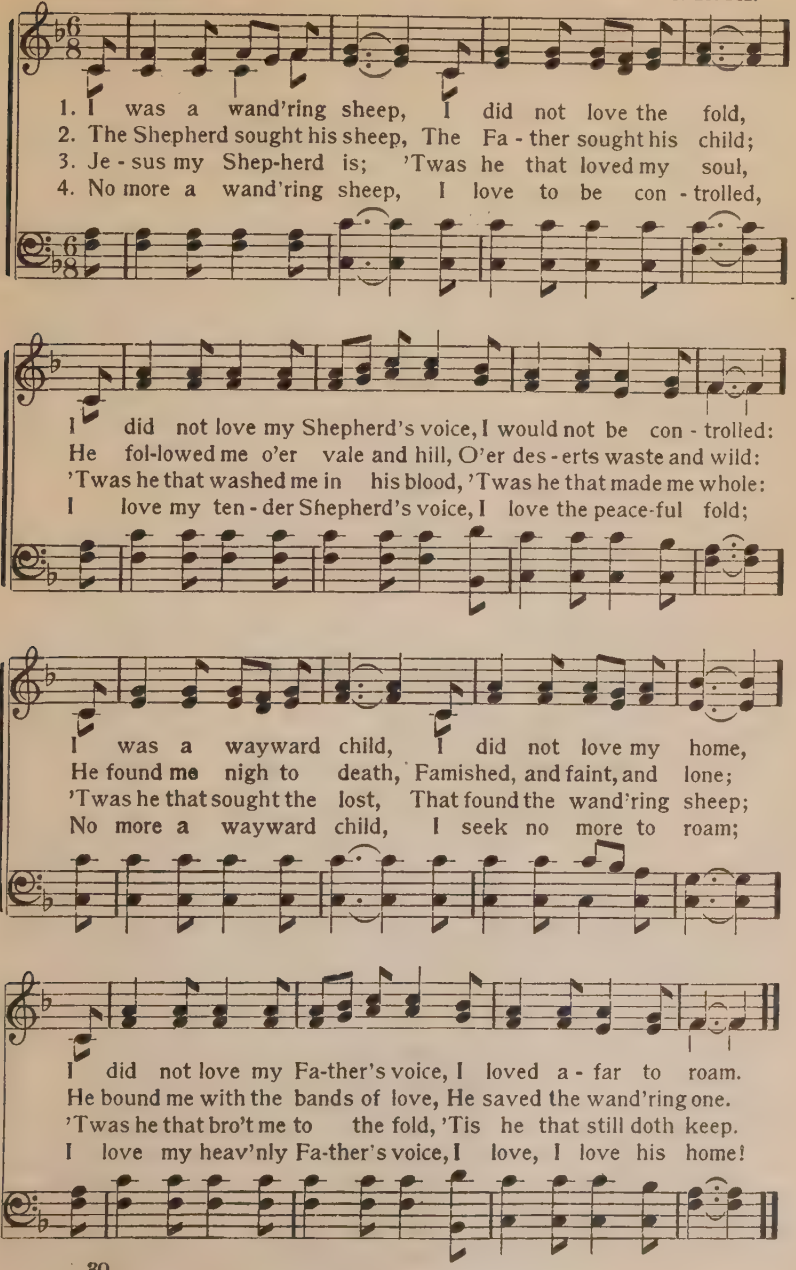
535 (192) Uplift the Banner! Let it Float.

GEORGE W. DOANE. *Tune:*—WALTHAM. L. M.


1. Up - lift the banner! let it float, Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Up - lift the banner! an - gels bend In anxious si-lence o'er the sign,
3. Up - lift the banner! let it float, Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
4. Up - lift the banner! wide and high, Skyward and seaward, let it shine:
The sun shall light the shining folds, The cross on which the Savior died.
And vain - ly seek to com - pre-hend The wonder of the love di - vine.
Our glo - ry on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci-fied.
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We conquer on - ly in that sign.

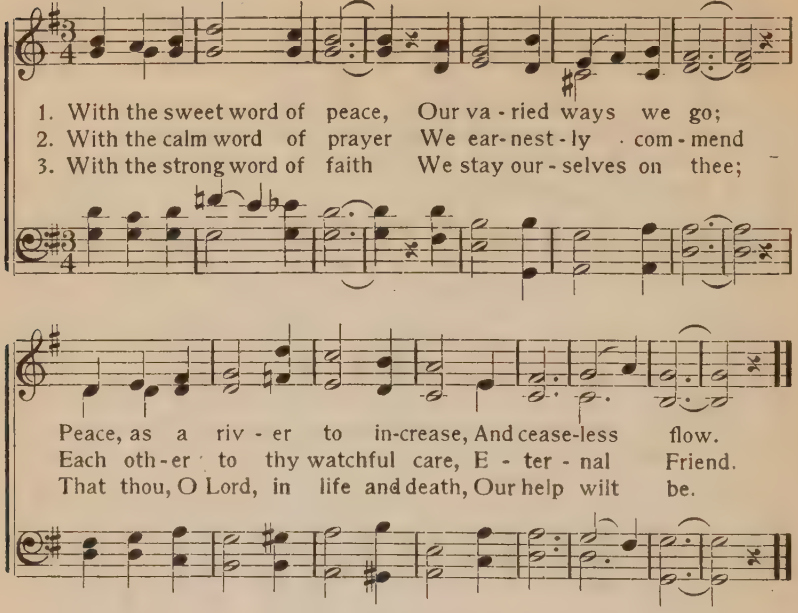
536 (193) I Was a Wandering Sheep.

HORATIUS BONAR. J. ZUNDEL.


1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold,
2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Fa - ther sought his child;
3. Je - sus my Shep-herd is; 'Twas he that loved my soul,
4. No more a wand'ring sheep, I love to be con - trolled,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled:
He fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild:
'Twas he that washed me in his blood, 'Twas he that made me whole:
I love my ten - der Shepherd's voice, I love the peace-ful fold;
I was a wayward child, I did not love my home,
He found me nigh to death, Famished, and faint, and lone;
'Twas he that sought the lost, That found the wand'ring sheep;
No more a wayward child, I seek no more to roam;
I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wand'ring one.
'Twas he that bro't me to the fold, 'Tis he that still doth keep.
I love my heav'nly Fa-ther's voice, I love, I love his home!

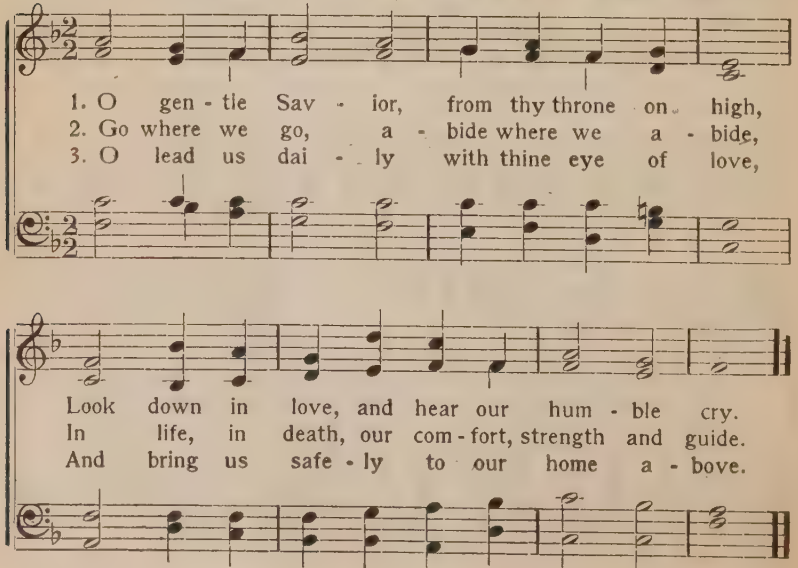
537 (194) Peace be With Thee.

GEORGE WATSON. *Tune:*—VERBUM PACIS. P. M.


1. With the sweet word of peace, Our va - ried ways we go;
2. With the calm word of prayer We ear-nest-ly com-mend
3. With the strong word of faith We stay our-selves on thee;
Peace, as a riv - er to in-crease, And cease-less flow.
Each oth-er to thy watchful care, E - ter - nal Friend.
That thou, O Lord, in life and death, Our help wilt be.

538 (195) Go Where We Go.

T. R. BIRKS. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.


1. O gen - tle Sav - ior, from thy throne on high,
2. Go where we go, a - bide where we a - bide,
3. O lead us dai - ly with thine eye of love,
Look down in love, and hear our hum - ble cry.
In life, in death, our com - fort, strength and guide.
And bring us safe - ly to our home a - bove.

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